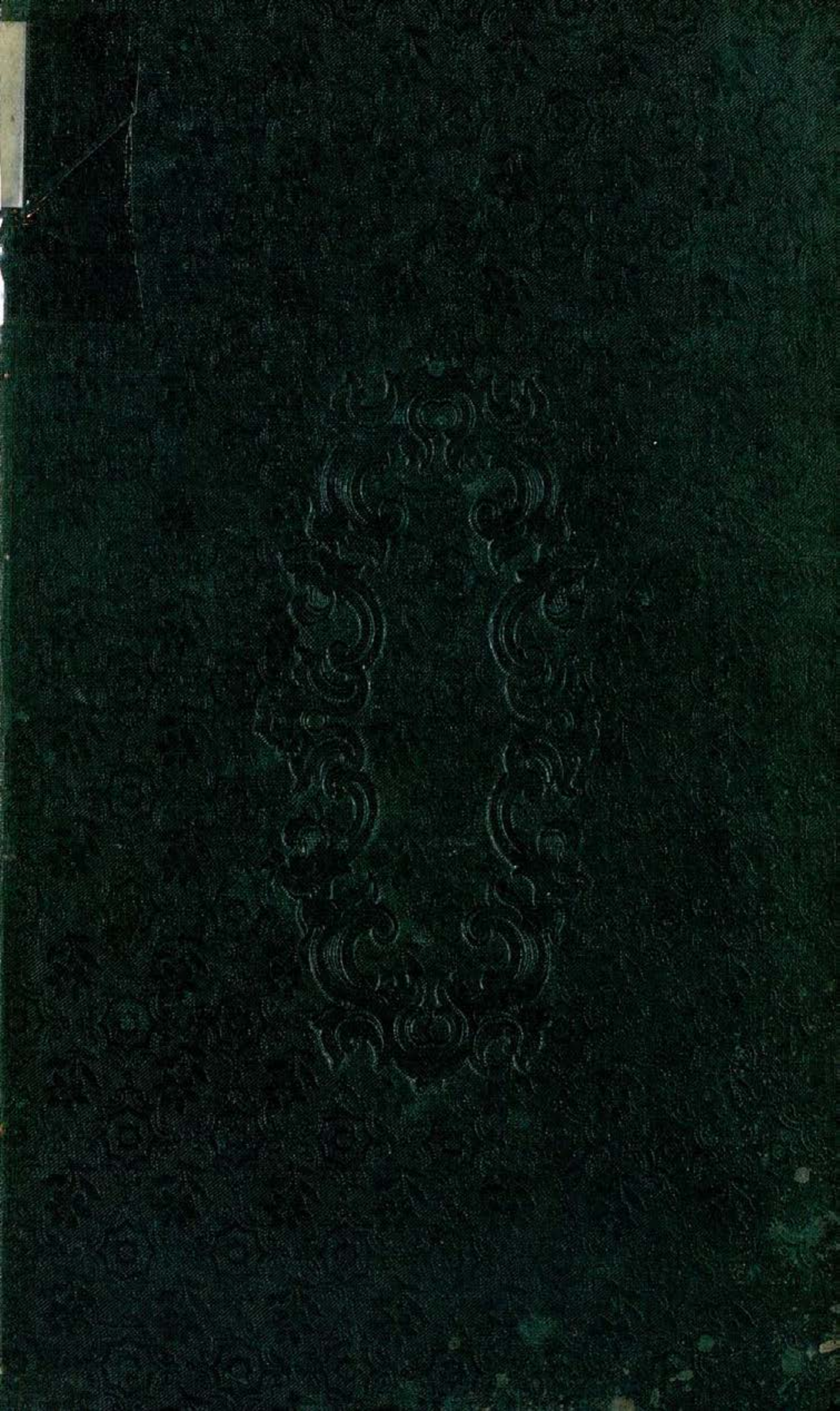

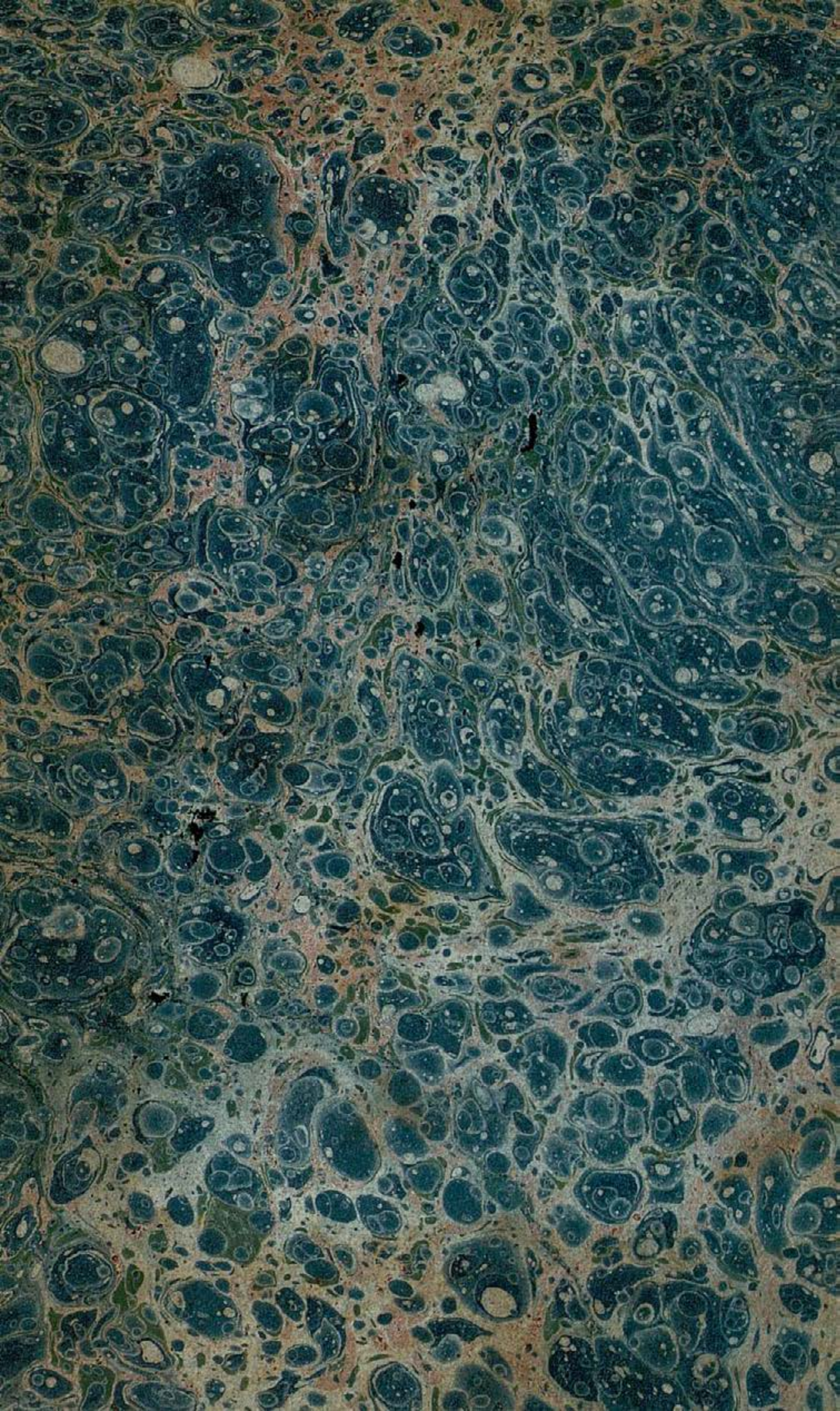

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

VOL. XI.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1842.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND J. BENTLEY, WILSON, AND FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

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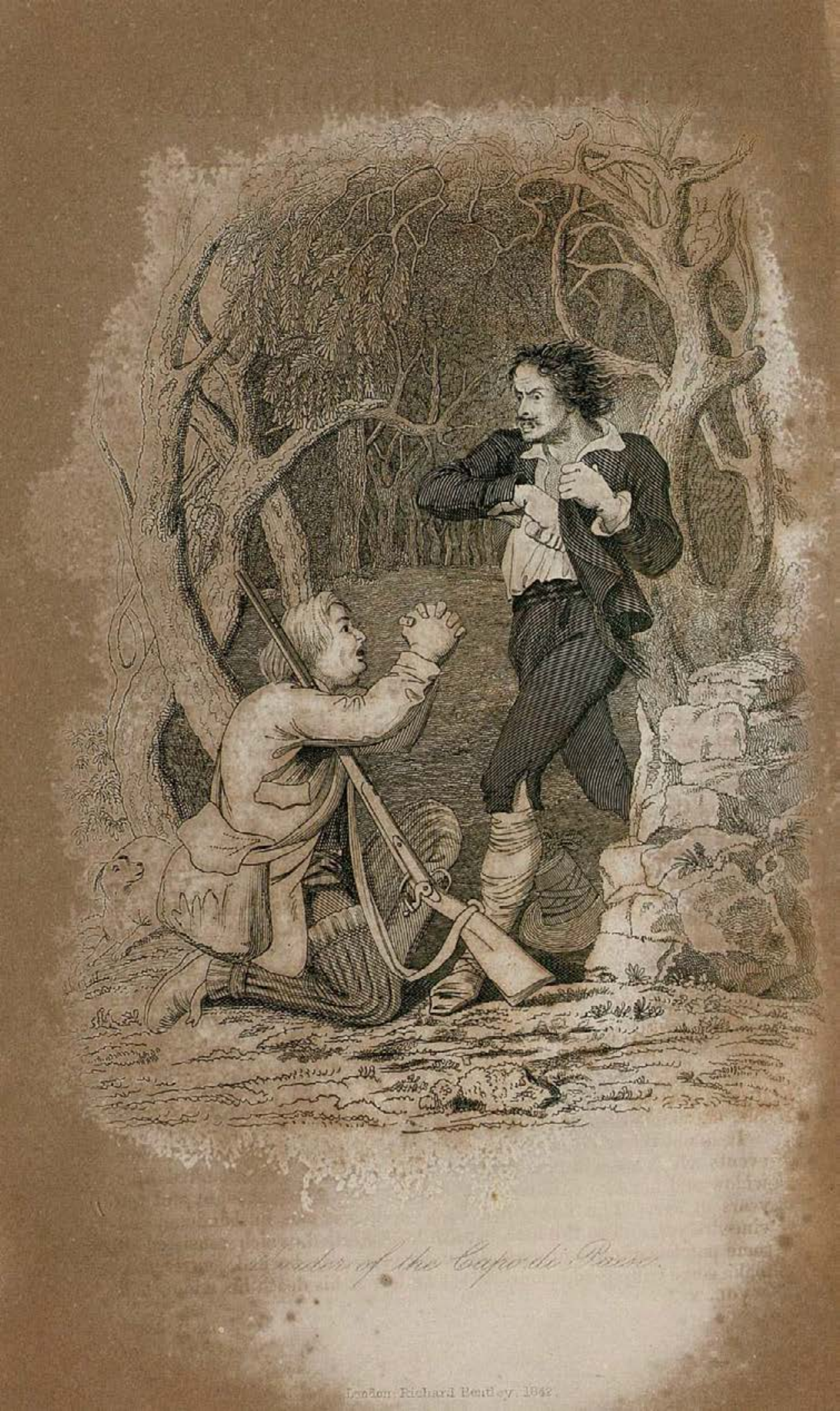


...ader of the Capo di Bove.

London: Richard Bentley, 1842.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE RAZED HOUSE.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION FROM A DESIGN BY V. P. RIPPINGILLE, ESQ.]

In every town and village in the Papal States, a narrow, confined sort of street, or alley, is to be found, called a *vicolo*, and as these *vicoli* are for the most part dark, dirty, and unwholesome, they are of course occupied by the poor. There they live and increase, in apparent proportion to the inconveniences by which they are surrounded; so that it might be imagined that the want of space, daylight, and fresh air, had a tendency to increase their numbers, and not to thin them, by a heavy and unequal tax paid to the fates, of disease, decrepitude, and death. In one of these doomed and narrow retreats of poverty and toil, and in the midst of one of those singular little towns which the traveller sees perched on the sides and the tops of high mountains, once stood a dwelling, humble it is true, but distinguished from those around it by its better condition,—its apparent cleanliness and air of comfort. It exists no longer but—as a heap of ruins.

There is a small church at the back of which this vicolo begins, and thence it runs down to the lower part of the town, with many curious contortions broken into steps and inequalities, paved with rugged stone, and very difficult to traverse. In a little square space on the left as you descend, you observe a ruined house, which exhibits no marks of the mode of its destruction; it shows no signs of having been burnt, nor does it look as if it had been destroyed by decay and the unsparing hand of time. It stands in the midst of others, which are full of the busy stir of life. There still exists a sort of small court or yard, fronted by a low wall, and behind these is an opening, which looks as if it had once been a garden, where a few sickly and unheeded flowers may be still seen, reminding us of the tender hands which plant and rear such frail and sad memorials perishing before them. Between them lie all that remains of a habitation once occupied by those who are now no more, but who are still remembered with respect and sorrow. It is now a mass of blackened and unsightly ruins, stained with damp, and overrun with nettles and moss, where long insidious weeds have crept into the cracks and openings of the walls, mounted from below, and hang pendent from the little shattered casements. Nothing now remains which would tempt even a child to seek a place to put its playthings, and to pass its idle happy hour. It is forbidding in its aspect, dreary and deserted, a shapeless mass of weed-bound rubbish, broken tile, and damp discoloured stone.

It is not thirty years ago since this habitation was the scene of some events which we will now relate. At that time it was inhabited by a widow and her two children, a girl and a boy, of about eight and ten years of age. The father had been an industrious husbandman and vine-dresser, and to the little wealth he inherited, which consisted of some patches of olive ground and stony vineyards, he had contrived to make some trifling additions. What he left at his death his widow had

conserved with care for her children, often denying herself, mother-like, many comforts of which she really stood in need.

At the time of which we speak, the boy had grown to be a man, and the girl had reached that age which usually decides the fate of a woman, and marks her future course with happiness or sorrow. Anna di Santis was doomed, as we so often say, when speaking of the destinies we make for ourselves, to a life of sorrow and disappointment. She had formed an attachment for a bold bad man, one who had fled from society, and joined one of the terrible bands of brigands which at that time infested the mountains around, and whose acts of plunder and deeds of savage cruelty were at this time the terror of the country. This town, which is called Sonnino, lies buried in the heart of the mountains near Terracina and the Neapolitan confines. It was at the time of which we speak, and for some years after, the stronghold of the brigands, where, for five years, they were left to pursue their terrible profession almost without interruption. Lorenzo Bernabai and Gennaro Gasperone were among the first who took to the mountains; but after a short time they were joined by others. The intercourse between the townspeople and the brigands was easy, so that whoever had committed any act of violence, or sought shelter from the penalties they might have incurred, fled to their old companions in the mountains, and found sympathy and protection.

A little earlier than the date of this story, these desperate outcasts of the mountains, whom the Italians called "*fuorusciti*" and "*malviventi*," (outlaws and profligates,) received a terrible accession to their numbers from a circumstance which induced three young men of Sonnino to fly and join them. With an ill-advised severity, the local authorities had made it penal any longer to continue a practice which was common, and had never before been interfered with. It had been the custom for the young Italians to serenade their mistresses, to bring their guitars, and to sing such love ditties as their passion or invention might inspire. This was no longer to be permitted; and three of the young townsmen who had offended in this way were marked, and, to avoid being fined or imprisoned, they fled, and took up a course of life which has left a dreadful memorial and a lasting stain upon the time and place where it happened.

These three men were Antonio Gasperone, Innocenzo Rinaldi, and Pepuccio di Santis.* The first became that terrible leader whose address and daring courage for twelve years set the Papal Government at defiance, and whose success and atrocities are almost without equal, and with whom, in order to put an end to his lawless proceedings, the authorities were obliged to make terms,—to receive his surrender, and that of twenty of his companions, incarcerate, and leave without sentence, as they remain at this hour.

The second of these was the lover of Anna di Santis, and the third her brother. The attachment which had fastened itself upon the heart of this poor daughter of Eve was of the purest and most devoted kind. The object of it, it is true, was unworthy of her; but there is a circumstance in its favour,—it originated before he became so. Whether Rinaldi ever returned her passion, or only felt that liking which men naturally feel for an object that pleases the eye, was ever doubtful to all, and upon some occasions even to Anna herself; but the respect which her gentle nature and real superiority inspired in the manner

* This fact, which may be relied on as true, took place in the month of November in the year 1815.

and bearing of the man towards her was seen and felt, and perhaps, in the boundless charity of the passion which above every other "hopeth all things," might have stood in its place.

The misgivings she now and then felt only tortured her heart without relieving it, or failed in giving force and stability to resolutions which were made and unmade with the same celerity. Perhaps Rinaldi felt as much affection for Anna as he could feel for anybody; for his character was singular, and exhibited the union of two extremes — tenderness and ferocity. He was an orphan; a misfortune which could in no way be touched upon without moving his rugged nature even to tears. On this point he had a sensibility which was highly morbid. In the sanguinary proceedings of his terrible trade, for which he appeared to have a real and a natural affection, he was a block of the hardest and most unyielding stone. His person was fine, and his look energetic and resolute, but not fierce and savage. He was a tall, athletic man, of about five-and-twenty, but appearing much older or much younger according to the mood of the moment, and in this respect the winds themselves were more to be depended on than he. Whether joyous or sad, tender or savage, these contrary moods sat so natural upon him, that they appeared but as the ingredients of one real, though singular compound. There was a bold bearing in his air and carriage; he walked like a proud man, and spoke as a haughty one. He was marked among his companions, and all who knew him, as a superior sort of character, and had been better educated than most of them. Many feared him, but among his acquaintances, none respected him. Peppuccio di Santis had been, and continued to be, his sole associate; and, whether true or false, he had the credit of leading the brother of Anna from his honest vocation, and into many of the perils and acts of cruelty which attached to his present wild and desperate life.

It was the hour which Anna usually gave up to the all-absorbing subject of her heart and thoughts — it was early in the evening of a winter's night, the Ave Maria had sounded at the two little churches of the village, and the hymn to the Virgin had been sung by those assembled in each, finishing its mournful cadence with the closing day. The person who in this little town held the office of crying the warning through all the streets as the night set in, by the performance of which he is freed from a certain dazza, or tax, which others pay, might still be heard tinkling his little bell, and mouthing some part of the following well-conned and well-known oration: — *Sia lodato e ringraziato il Santissimo Sagramento. O fratelli e sorelle, recordatevi d' un Pater Noster ed un Ave Maria all' anime sante del purgatorio: un altro Pater Noster ed un altra Ave Maria a tutte quei che stanno in peccato mortale. Oggi in figura, domani in sepultura! Beato quel corpo che l'anima si procura! Sia lodato Gesu Cristo sempre!* [The Holy Sacrament be praised and thanked! O brothers and sisters, remember to say a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria for just souls in purgatory; another Pater Noster and Ave Maria for all who are in deadly sin. To-day in the flesh — to-morrow in the tomb! Blessed is that body whose soul is secured! Jesus Christ be praised evermore!]

The last words had found a response in Anna's breast, and as she crossed herself an aspiration passed her lips, which, if not tainted by the name of him with whom it was coupled, was as pure as ever escaped the heart of a woman. Perhaps a quarter of an hour might

have passed in listlessness and pensive musing; the long pendent iron lamp of antique shape had been lighted, and, burning its pure olive oil with a light that somewhat resembled that of the glow-worm, was suspended by its hook from a projection in the wall. The room was large and airy; but its dimensions were considerably lessened by a number of those articles which people who think much of neatness and comfort consider as inconveniences, but which the "*benestante*" (wealthy people) in Italy like to see about them, and never feel as "*imbroglio.*" There were several of the long upright wide-mouthed tubs used in making wine; many skins in the shape of the animals they once covered, for conveying the *musto* from the *vasca*, or house where the juice of the rich grape is trodden out; and some of those elegantly-shaped baskets, in which the dark girls of this part of Italy bear the ripe and reeking burthens of the vintage. There were oil-jars, and that curious rustic, home-made, trunk-like utensil, ornamented with thousands of interesting circles, and supported on legs, in which flour and bread are usually kept. From projections in the wall hung the high and heavy saddles used for riding and for burthens, large bunches of Indian corn, and dried figs strung fantastically upon smooth reeds, almost peculiar to this district; whilst in a corner large sheafs of this sun-dried and useful vegetable were piled, which is here employed as a torch by night for traversing the uneven streets, when some urgent occasion forces any of the inhabitants from their houses at that dangerous hour. Near these were piles of wood, the oven, and the *barral*, or *botta*, for wine in current use. The faint light in the apartment scarcely reached this remote part, lumbered as it was with odd shapes and forms of things intended for use alone. Nearer to the garden, however, and which was entered by a short and narrow passage, was a little room. Though humble in its character, still its aspect bore the marks of attention, neatness, and that pleasing taste which always characterizes the affections, the tenderness, and the care of a woman.

This was Anna's bed-room. The door stood open, and a soft and low light was spread over the well-preserved and pretty things that adorned it. According to the custom in Italy, a Madonna was suspended upon the wall, before which a small lamp was kept ever burning; and Anna had chosen, as if some sympathetic influence had directed her choice, the *Madre Dolorosa*, the saddest and severest character in which the Mother of the "Man of Sorrows" is to be found. The illumination of this little closet descended from the lamp placed high upon the wall: a soft, amber-coloured shadow covered the floor and lower part of the room, while above might be seen the neat and humble bed, with its smooth-spread white linen and patchwork coverlid. At its head hung a carved crucifix, and by its side a rosary, with its bright medallions glittering in the light, a small glass receptacle for holy water, and many showy-coloured prints of saints, nuns, monks, and martyrs. On the sill of the window which looked out into the garden stood a square glass-case, curiously wrought with gilt paper, coloured beads, and ornamented with rose-coloured silk curtains, and within, upon a bed of moss, tinted feathers, and imitated flowers, there lay, not ill-executed, the *Bambino Santo*, stretching out its little hands, and turning its soft blue eyes towards whoever might look in upon it. No mean solace was this to Anna, for she never entered her little apartment without greeting it with a tender look, invoking its aid, and that of its dear Mother, in all the little vexations and crosses she had to bear;

and, as her heart was cheered, and she regarded her hopes as answered, she added from time to time some extra ornament or trifle whenever she became possessed of it, as she would have said, *per grazia ricevuta!*

Poor Anna had never known that cheerfulness and peace which a certain set of wiseacres will have it are the never-failing attendants of a pure heart and a virtuous life. From a child she had been unhappy; she had loved solitude and her own thoughts, in preference to society and the fellowship with those of her own age and circumstances. She had never been known even to dance or sing, although she could not account for the indisposition, and was pleased to see and to hear others enjoy themselves. All the pensive feelings of her early life had strengthened with her years; and, although she well knew at the present moment many good reasons for the sorrow she endured, yet she felt this night an extraordinary and overwhelming weight, which pressed down her energies and subdued her fortitude and her natural meekness even to tears. Her work lay neglected upon the table; the spindle and the wheel stood idle by her side; the little half-hour she usually allowed herself for repose after the toils of the day, had passed, but she found herself in no disposition to renew her employment. She felt an anxiety for which she could not account; and, although she had no particular cause for sorrow, she felt more wretched than she had ever done before. As she sat near the little table, over which the lamp was hung, her beauty, expression, position, and costume, made up a picture a painter will rarely find either in reality or fancy — either in real life, or in those records of the eye kept by the memory, which go under the false name of fancy.

The costume of the inhabitants of this little town is peculiar to it, and exceedingly picturesque and primitive, and Anna was of a form and character to set it off to the best advantage. Her profusion of dark hair, braided so as to support the head-cloth, was only partly covered by the ornamented and bright-coloured *panna*, worn in such variety by the peasantry. This was doubled, and one end of it hung obliquely over her fine forehead, while the other hung pendent at her back as low as her waist. Her handkerchief, folded over her bosom, and round her slender throat, was met below and confined by the blue square piece of cloth, which in the civilised world is represented by the gown; it was edged with a sort of narrow binding, and kept up by straps passing over the shoulders from behind and before. Around this simple garment was tied the *cinta*, or sash, most commonly of green silk, with its curious knot at the side. Into this sash the two ends of the square piece occupying the place of a gown were turned up and tucked. The apron, which is precisely of the shape and character of the *panna* worn on the head, was also tucked in front into the *cinta*, and had no other fastening. Under this *panna* the petticoat, which is of a very peculiar texture, is worn rather short, and edged round at the bottom with about five alternate stripes of about an inch wide each, of red and black; or sometimes it is a crimson, with a narrow, bright red edge. The stockings are yellow, dyed with the *titimalo*, a weed growing abundantly,—with black or brown leather shoes.

Like one waking from a painful dream, the poor girl first pressed her hands firmly together, and then, raising one of them to her brow, threw aside, with rather a rapid motion, a portion of long black hair, which had escaped from under her *panna*; then, taking the lamp from

the place where it hung, she stood with it in her hand for a moment, as if irresolute,—as if not knowing whether she had taken it down to trim it, or with any other intention. Her bewilderment, however, quickly passed away, a softened expression came over her face, and, turning with the intention of seeking the sovereign solace of the wretched — prayer, she had made but one step towards her little chamber, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a blow struck on the door which led into the garden. A slight start, and a look not easily to be described, were the consequences; and, placing the light upon the table, she proceeded to lift the heavy fastenings. As the door opened, the man we have described stepped quickly in.

"O Rinaldi!" said Anna, "why have you come to-night?"

"*Dio mio!* Annetta; do I come too often? or, if I am not welcome, I'll go back again."

"No, not that—but—you know what I mean—I fear for you."

"Then you do that for me, Anna dear, which I never do for myself."

"Are you sure, Rinaldi, that no one saw you mount the garden wall. You are too incautious. It is even possible that some neighbour might have been here when you knocked, and ——"

Here, taking her hand, and smiling in her face, the lover said,

"*Carissima mia!* I had ascertained that long before I knocked. My habits, Anna, — my profession, requires caution — practice, you know, Anna."

"O Rinaldi!" said the girl, covering her eyes, and shrinking back, "do not—do not speak of it, pray."

"Well, well," said the man, "never mind, Anna; let us talk of something else. Where is the good old lady, your mother?" laying a peculiar stress upon the term "good."

"Mother is out, Rinaldi, attending the sick man at the house of the *Maestro.*"

"*O peccatore che son' io!* then I shall escape her welcome to-night, and get her benediction upon another occasion."

"Alas! Rinaldi," said the girl, with a sigh, "I cannot expect my mother to look favourably upon you; the wild and terrible life you lead promises nothing for us both but misery and shame." Then, after a little pause, she continued, "I ought not to admit you here, and continue an intercourse of which my mother disapproves so much. I have sometimes hoped that you would change perhaps, for my sake, and become an honest — I mean, be as you once were; or, at least I hoped, Rinaldi, that you would try and persuade my brother to return, knowing how much we need his assistance and support. Mother now is old, and cannot see to our affairs as formerly. We want Peppuccio, or some friend. Oh, Rinaldi! if you were now what you once were!"

"*Ma che!*" said the man abruptly. "Don't talk of what I once was, Anna. Whose fault is it that I am what I am? an *accidente a tutte quante!* Who is to bear their insults and oppression, and insolent meddling, that has the spirit of a man? Must men, because they are poor, lie down, and lick the dust, at the bidding of such as happen to be rich? Is it not hard enough to labour from sunrise to sunset,—to endure heat and cold, and wet, — to be badly fed and badly clothed, and badly paid, — and out of the little got by toil and privation, to spare a part for those who have already too much? This is not

enough; but every silly law these tyrants make must be respected, or their cursed prisons open and shut their jaws upon you. What was the monstrous crime that I committed? I had spilt no blood, taken no man's goods, nor failed in any duty. I attended mass; I worked hard; drank moderately, and owed no man grudge or money: but I chose to amuse myself in my own way. I sang under your window, Anna: I brought my guitar, and with some companions I played, and stayed till late. Others did the same,—and why should they not? until the wise '*governatore*' took it into his head to forbid it."

"*Caro* Rinaldi, those night-meetings often led to broils, and sometimes to bloodshed."

"The devil! and why should they not? I never asked the governor to take my part, or anybody else. If any one interferes with me, let him look to himself. I interrupted nobody, and nobody had any right to interrupt me."

"It *was* hard, Rinaldi."

"Hard! Anna: *maladetto!* You speak of it as if you were one of them. Was I not fined money which I could not pay, so that I was obliged to fly to save myself from prison? In that season of the year, too, when even the streets were white with snow, as well as the mountains, to have been shut up in damp and cold, with straw to sleep on! Who would have brought me food, or tried to set me free? I, who have no *parenti, Dio mio!* neither father, mother, sister, brother, friend, to help or pity."

Here Anna laid her hand on his; and, wiping some bright drops from her dark eyes, implored her lover to think no more of it.

"Think no more of it!" he said, starting upon his feet, and clenching his fist. "A curse on their stony hearts and stupid laws! When I forget it, the ravens shall want food, and the devil amusement."

"O pray, Rinaldi, you terrify me; sit down, and—"

But an Italian, when once roused, is easily carried away by his resentment into a state of frenzy, and loses all control over himself. That livid look, the sure sign of being deeply touched, spread itself over his face, the firmly set teeth, the suppressed breathing, and the hand employed as if seeking for the ever-ready knife, gave unequivocal evidence of what was passing in the mind of the man as he stood foaming with rage and madness. At last the storm vented itself in one long and terrible curse, which made Anna shudder. The words, however, were less terrific than the appearance of him she really loved, who stood before her, changed, as it were, into an absolute demon. He ended with some obscure mutterings. Resuming his chair, throwing his hat upon the floor, and brushing the dark hair from his moistened brow, Rinaldi said, as if speaking to himself,

"*Non far caso maladetto,*—it does not matter; we have given them reason to remember us, if they have given us cause to recollect them. That grey-headed old scoundrel, *birbonaccio infame!* he'll send no more bodies to the *Catauso.* He—" and here, panting and pausing, he muttered something to himself.

Anna, who had witnessed this sort of paroxysm before, and whose heart participated strongly in the feelings of her lover, and with those of the townspeople generally at the adoption of such severe measures, suppressed her own emotion for the purpose of quieting his; yet, hearing one victim indicated, she could not help rousing herself, and asking, "Who, Rinaldi,—who is it you mean?"

"Oh, no matter," he replied, in rather a mysterious way; "you 'll know soon enough, Anna."

"*Madonna mia!*" exclaimed the poor girl.

"*Sangue di Dio!* few tears will be shed, I believe." And then, drawing his chair close to that which Anna had taken at some little distance from him, as if a momentary disgust had seized her, he began in a composed and inquiring tone,

"*Dit' un poc'*, Anna; come, don't look down on the floor: there is something I want to ask you."

Anna looked up hastily, but with some expression of fear and dislike, exclaimed,

"No, no! Rinaldi; pray do not—do not ask me."

With a stare which lasted for half a minute, the man regarded her, and then, assuming a laugh, he said,

"*Corpo di Bacco!* what is come to the girl? Why, what is it, do you think, I am going to ask?"

"I know not," said Anna, with a sigh; "but I feared—"

"Feared what? *madre mia!*"

"Why, Rinaldi, I feared you had brought me some more of those things—to try to dispose of," and here, covering her eyes with her hand, she leant upon the table, and turned her head in the opposite direction.

"*Ma che,* Anna," said he, "it was not *that* I want to ask you about, but something else. But, supposing it were, *Dio buono!* is it worth making such a to-do about? There is Francesca, who sells everything for Rocco, so that he gets three times as much as if they passed through the hands of a *manetengolo,* those thieves who venture nothing, and take everything. There is Meneguccio, Tomaso's wife, she goes to all the towns in the neighbourhood, and never fails to turn what she takes into money."

"Rinaldi, I am not a brigand's wife—nor ever will be."

"Umph!" muttered the man, "*forse si, forse no; chi sa?* Who knows, Anna, what you may be? However, it is not worth so many words, and such dark looks. Come, let me see you smile, Anna. I certainly have brought something; but it is not anything I want to sell. I believe it is worth some money; but it is such a pretty thing that I meant to make you a present of it, Anna, and to ask you to wear it for my sake;" and here the brigand began to search the bosom of his shirt, the usual depository, for the promised gift.

Anna had sat with her head reclining upon her hand; but, perceiving the movement, she started hastily, saying,

"For God's sake! Rinaldi, leave it—leave it where it is. I do not desire to see it, and will not accept it, or wear it, be it whatever it may."

Arresting the progress of his search, and with his hand still where it was, he looked up with a savage expression, and exclaimed,

"*Ma che,* Anna, *cosa è?*"

"Rinaldi, I cannot, and will not look on such things again. The last you brought me—*Madonna mia!*"—

"Well, you sold them, and I gave the money, as you made me promise I would, to the wife of poor Giovanni, whose head now ornaments the gateway—a curse on their souls! What has that to do with it?"

"Heavens! Rinaldi, I tremble when I think of that packet. The money might have saved a starving family; but to save my own life I dare never receive another such from you, and never will."

"The devil take me! Anna, if I understand you. You mean the things I brought wrapped round with buffalo grass—the chain and the ear-rings?"

"I do, Rinaldi. Don't speak of them—I can't bear to think of them."

"*Per Cristo! ch' imbroglio!*"

"The handkerchief they came in!"

"Oh! now I see it. Pooh!—there was a little blood upon it — is that all?"

The poor girl groaned.

"Oh! now I recollect that clumsy fool Giacco, who bungles at everything, could not unfasten them, and so he tore them out."

"*Madonna mia!*" ejaculated Anna.

"Oh! it was nothing, Anna. She did not feel it—she was—"

"No more, Rinaldi—I pray you say no more. But—but let us bid good-night, and—say *addio* for ever. I beg of you never to come again, but let us part, as we must part sooner or later."

With the warmth of an Italian, Rinaldi started upon his feet, seized his hat, and said, in a sulky tone, "Well, just as you like, Anna; so let it be. Open the door, and let me go. Farewell!"

Anna had taken his hand, but she did not drop it at the word "farewell"—she held it still.

"Well," continued her lover, "let us part, if you wish that it should be so."

"Rinaldi," the poor girl replied, sobbing, "what can I do?"

"I ask you the same question—what can I do? Shall I give myself up into the hands of the police? Would you like to see my head by the side of that of Giovanni? *Che volete?*" *

"Leave this desperate life, Rinaldi, I beg of you, and persuade Peppuccio—and—"

"Well, I have said I will—some time or other—when I can."

Here, after a little pause, Anna continued, "Tell me, Rinaldi, tell me: it was not *you* who spilt that blood on the handkerchief."

"No, certainly. I told you that it was Giacco."

Anna breathed more freely, and stood more erect; at the same moment the hand of Rinaldi closed the door behind him.

"Have you anything else to ask, Anna?" he said, in a subdued tone.

"Yes," she replied. "Tell me, Rinaldi, what was it that you wished to ask me when I mistook your meaning just now."

"Oh! it's a long story, and I had better not talk to you about it. I'll tell you another time, or you will hear of it without. I have never anything pleasant to tell you. I wish somebody else had been employed instead of me."

"Then you were sent, Rinaldi, and something has happened. For God's sake, tell me!—has Peppuccio done anything?—tell me."

"Why, yes, Anna, something. But—I wish you would not ask me. It's nothing at all. First, tell me what I wish to know, and then you shall hear all about it."

In a still anxious, although resigned and passive manner, she said, "Well, be it so."

Then drawing his chair close to that of Anna, he said, "I have often heard of a circumstance which occurred some years ago: the old

* An expression used by the Italians deprecatory of their fate.

Captain *Capo di Paese* Lamponi once beat your brother most unmercifully for something he had done. What was it?"

"I would rather, Rinaldi, you had spared me the pain of telling it; but, as you wish it, I will not refuse you. It is many years ago, Rinaldi, just after my father's death, and when Peppuccio and I were both children—I think my brother was about ten years old, and I, of course, must have been younger. Poor Peppuccio had just taken his first service, and was engaged to watch and attend some sheep. It was near the stream which supplies the mills at Fossenova that Peppuccio was sitting among some bushes, when a hare sprung up and passed him. At that moment a gun was fired from the other side of the stream, and the hare fell. Starting up, and looking from behind the bushes that skreened him, he observed that the *cacciatore* (sportsman) who had fired the gun was Signor il Capitano Lamponi. You know, Rinaldi, that few held this man in any respect, but that most feared and detested him."

Rinaldi bit his lip, and smiled.

"He had to make a little round in order to reach the place where the hare fell; but on arriving at the spot, it was not to be found."

"*Capisco*," interrupted the man; "the young one had taken care of it. Bravo, Peppuccio!"

"Say not so, Rinaldi; but so it was. The Captain immediately charged the boy with the theft, and, I am sorry to say, Peppuccio denied it to the last. The old man said but little, and, whistling to his dog, departed."

"*Briccone!*" said Rinaldi; "and what followed, Anna?"

"On the evening of the same day, after my brother had returned home, and just as he was preparing to go to bed, some one knocked gently at the door. My mother opened it, and, *O Madonna mia!* Il Capo Lamponi stood before her. My mother knew nothing of what Peppuccio had done. The Captain was invited to enter, which he did, and in a very civil and gentle way said, 'Signora, do me the favour to give me a bunch of strulia; it is so dark to-night, that without a torch I run the risk of breaking my neck in these rough streets."

"*Un peccato per Dio che lui non ha lo fatto!*" (What a pity he did not do it!) responded Rinaldi.

"When the straw was lighted, he commenced looking about the room. He said nothing; and Peppuccio affected to be, or might have been, asleep. The old man continued his search, until my mother asked him what he looked for. I don't know what reply he made; but after looking under some wine-tubs, into the corners, removing and lifting several things, he at last pulled away the door of the oven, put in the lighted strulia, and there, *O disgrazia mia!*"—

"He found the hare," said Rinaldi.

"I am ashamed to say, indeed," added the poor girl, blushing, and bursting into tears, "that it was so. Without speaking, Il Capitano drew forth the hare, and threw it upon the ground; he then stepped up to the table on which the boy was lying; seizing him by the hair, lifted him up, and dashed him upon the floor! The blood burst from his mouth and nose, and before my mother had time to interfere, he had again lifted the poor fellow up, and was again about to dash him down. This my mother prevented; but she could not stay the blows this cruel man inflicted upon him. Oh! how earnestly she begged him to spare Peppuccio, her favourite and fatherless child! At

first I was so much frightened, that I knew not what I did; but hearing my mother beg as if asking for his life, I fell on my knees, and implored this monster to desist; but Peppuccio uttered not a word or a groan. Oh! Rinaldi, it makes my heart bleed to think on the cruelty I witnessed. Never, never shall I forget it. Peppuccio was but a child; he had done wrong, certainly; but this was too much,—it was savage—it was brutal. We were defenceless, friendless, and fatherless."

Tears had interrupted and broken the last sentence which she uttered. Rinaldi had not spoken; and when Anna directed her attention towards him, she saw that he sat fixed upon his chair, his head bowed down, and both hands grasping the hair he had pulled down over his forehead and forcibly pressed upon his eyes. Anna was moved by what she thought the effect of sympathy for her brother, when in reality the brigand had been deeply and sensibly affected by having the cord touched on which the tenderest affections of his nature hung, namely, his own parentless and lorn condition. Anna was just about to show him some marks of grateful tenderness; but before it could be accomplished the unhappy man had started upon his feet, and for a moment exhibited some strange and fearful symptoms. At last, as if gulping down the sensations that threatened to choke him, he stretched himself to his full height, and lifting his clenched hand until it reached the ceiling, he exclaimed, in a voice which Anna could scarcely recognise,

"*Eterno Padre mio!*—that stab was worth the sun's light! Water will quench fire; but a sea of blood is not enough! Revenge is deeper than hell! Curses, eternal curses!"—then raising his hand, as if in the act of stabbing, he muttered, with clenched teeth, and with a look that struck horror to the heart of Anna—"*Cristo santo!* Peppuccio, that was good—and that—and that—and—Ah! the old devil has not another life—it 's finished!" And here he laughed, and panting with emotion, sat down carelessly upon the chair.

Anna stood looking in his face with hands clasped and pressed upon her bosom. "Oh! for Heaven's sake, Rinaldi," she exclaimed, "tell me what has happened! My heart misgives me, and my fears drive me distracted. For pity's sake, explain to me what you mean. I see, Rinaldi—I fear Peppuccio—"

"Sit down, Anna," said the man. "It is all finished, and it can't be altered now. I saw it; and another time I 'll tell you all about it. *Per Dio!* there is not a child in Sonnino that won't rejoice. You ought, Anna, and you would, if you were like other people; but you are like no one else. *Per Bacco!* many a woman would have liked to be there, and some I know would not have stood and kept their hands idle; but you are so quiet, Anna, that you would submit to be trampled on. No one is like you; and I dare say, if I tell you, you will weep and grieve; and I would rather see blood than tears—yours, Anna."

While this was passing, the poor girl had changed colour several times, and sat rocking herself to and fro on her seat in a state of great agitation. At last, as if able to endure suspense no longer, she seized Rinaldi's hand, and pressing it between both her own, begged for love and pity's sake, that he would tell her all that had transpired.

"Well, well," said the man, "*pazienza, cara mia!*—let me breathe, —give me a moment. You *must* know it, and so I may as well tell you; but, by Saint Antonio, if you look in that way, I shall hold my peace. There is nothing so very terrible in what I have to say."

"Oh! I am glad of it, Rinaldi. Pray tell me."

"*Ebbene.* I will tell you in my own way, then. He was a keen sportsman that old scoundrel. How many years did you say it was since that affair of the hare?"

Anna replied, "Between fifteen and sixteen, certainly."

"And it happened, you say, somewhere near the stream at Fossenova? Well, it was near that spot, to-day, that as an old grey-headed man, with stern features and haughty air, fresh-coloured, and clad in a velveteen jacket and calzone, carrying a gun, and attended by a lean dog, was crossing the olive grounds just below the tower, he was met by a young man."

Here Anna looked anxiously and inquisitively at the narrator, who proceeded without appearing to notice her.

"They encountered each other in a narrow path, and as the young man did not pay the other the compliment of making room to let him pass, they met face to face. The young man appeared to have been running; for in a panting and disturbed voice he inquired, 'So ho! Signor Capitano, what sport have you had to-day?'

"The reply came in rather a sulky tone: '*Eh! così così, non troppo buono.*' (So, so; not very good.)

"'Have you killed nothing?' said the young man, still panting, and then hesitating, he continued, 'You have not shot a hare to-day, have you?'

"'A hare!' replied the old sportsman, looking up with some little surprise and impatience; 'it is not the season for that sort of *caccia* (game);' and he was about to order him to stand aside to let him pass, when looking up again, he met the eyes of the youth, and immediately faltered. He rested the butt of his gun down upon the ground, and supported himself by holding fast the barrel near the muzzle. The dog, which till this moment had stood close at his heels, suddenly retreated several paces, and having turned, stood looking towards his master, crouching and whining with a strong expression of fear. For nearly a minute no word was spoken; no change had taken place in the attitude of the young man, except that his right hand was thrust into the bosom of his waistcoat; each fixed his eyes on the other, and there was an expression about the face of the young man so livid and unnaturally tense, that whoever saw it could never again tear the vision from his memory. The old man quailed under the wild and savage gaze which continued fixed upon him. At length, in a trembling tone and in a mode of address very different from his usual manner, he faltered out, 'I think I have seen you before, eh!'

"'Not often,' was the abrupt reply: 'I have shunned you as I would the devil. Still we are neighbours, ay, and old acquaintances too; but I've kept aloof from you, lest — no matter: and so, you don't remember *ever* to have seen me? *Per Cristo santo!* then, I'll help your memory. Can you recal the time, some fifteen years ago, once sporting near this very spot, you shot a hare, and after having crossed the stream, and searched, you could not find it? There was a boy—a child—a mere child, who tended sheep, and who—curse on the chance! —who took it, concealed it, and denied it. Now, *birbone*, tyrant! wretch! do you remember the fact, and the merciless chastisement you inflicted on the boy? There is one who has never forgotten or forgiven it. Behold him here!'

"Peppuccio!" exclaimed the poor sister, in agony. "Oh! what has he done?"

"Dropping upon his knees, the old man begged mercy in the most abject tone—offered money that his life might be spared—and begged again and again to be forgiven. '*Niente, niente!*' vociferated the young peasant; and then, looking down, as if enjoying the condition of the old man, and with a smile that struck terror into his heart, he said, 'Was it thus on my knees I begged pardon, and asked mercy of you? You are a rich man,—all bow their knees and their necks to you; but I—I have never done so. A word from you opens the prison doors, fastens the wretch within, or sets him loose. Me you have never caught, and *now* you never will. You have lived well and happy, enjoyed life, liberty, and respect; whilst I have become an outcast —a despised wretch, living by the sweat of my brow, and hiding myself in the solitude of the mountains. I could not enter the town, and mix in the society of my fellows, lest I should encounter you, and be called upon to lift my hat to the worthy *Capo*, or take the consequences his influence and his mercy might bring down upon me. Wretch! see, know, and feel the savage you have made me!'

"'*Misericordia!*' ejaculated the trembling old man.

"'Cowardly dog! was it thus the poor wounded boy, whose tender flesh was bruised and bleeding, begged for mercy? His widowed mother and his sister did; but no word escaped *his* lips. You were then, as you are even now, a strong and powerful man. Your bare hands—your gripe was then enough to crush the bones, and drive the blood from the tender flesh of a child; yet, did *he* weep, and cry for mercy? No, brute! no; you brought blood—blood, but no tears. I asked no pardon, though they urged me; nor have I ever done so: but I have waited!—I have watched, still cursing you in my heart, not alone for what you have done, but for delaying so long this sweet moment of revenge, which will settle all. But 'tis come at last,' he said, starting forward, and seizing the trembling wretch by the hair, at the same moment drawing the terrible knife from his bosom,—''tis here, old wretch! Hell and eternal fire! You have lived long enough —too long. Make ready; there is no priest here.'

"'O God! Peppuccio, I entreat you to spare my life. Do not—do not kill an old man!'

"'Fool! have I waited so long, do you think, to let you escape at last? *Carone!* Prepare, I say; for, by all the powers of hell I swear, —lose not your salvation, one Pater noster——die!'"

Before the last word had been fully pronounced by Rinaldi, Anna had fainted, and would have fallen to the floor if she had not been supported. Rinaldi, who perhaps had never seen such a sight before, was more frightened than if the gun of a carabiniere had been held to his head, and while holding her in his arms, began upbraiding himself with having caused her death, calling upon her to speak to him, to look at him, and to forgive him.

"*Madonna mia!*" he exclaimed, "I knew she would be hurt; but I did not expect this. What a fool I was! and yet, if I had not been the first to tell her, there might have been a worse interpreter of the story. Anna—*carissima* Anna, speak to me. What shall I do for you? *Madre mia! come si fa!*—I must call some one to help." And with that intention he loosened his hold, and placed her leaning against the table. He then made his way to the door, and after a moment lost in an attempt to unfasten it, was on the point of calling for assistance, regardless of all consequences to himself; but Anna,

though not entirely conscious, had caught a glimpse of his purpose, and justly fearing to expose him to the danger, of which he appeared reckless, with a violent effort roused herself, and rose staggering from her seat.

"Rinaldi, oh! for Heaven's sake! no, no. I am better now—well; shut and fasten the door. *Dio mio!*" and again she fell back into the place she had occupied.

Rinaldi took her hand, and tried in his rough way to console her. Presently a copious flood of tears relieved her, and soon after her mother's step was heard at the door.

"Now, Rinaldi, go, I beseech you; and remember, as we shall now lose Peppuccio, we have greater need than ever of a friend. Alas! where are we to look? O Rinaldi!—Rinaldi!" and here again her tears burst forth. The man was evidently strongly affected; he attempted to speak, and Anna thought she caught the word, "to-morrow." Hastily pressing her hand, but with much tenderness of manner, he turned away without the usual *addio*, and, before she could close the garden door she heard him leap from the wall into the street.

The next moment Anna's mother entered, holding her apron to her eyes, and sat down without speaking. It immediately became certain that she had heard the terrible fact of the vengeance taken by her son upon the *Capo di Paese.* Anna spoke not, but placing her chair beside that of her mother, took her hand, and leaned her head upon her shoulder.

Leaving the two unhappy women to their sorrow, let us follow Rinaldi; who, on leaving the cottage, found more stir in the usually-quiet streets than he expected. His own situation was perilous, although the laxity of the police was such, that in the ordinary course of things little or no movement was made, notwithstanding the most terrible and daring acts of the brigands were repeatedly made known and talked of; but, in this case, when the murder of the head magistrate was suspected, and his absence known and unaccounted for, it was perfectly impossible to remain inactive, and without making a show of doing something. Several persons were, consequently, to be seen moving from place to place, lighted by the usual torch; and at the door of the lost old man four or five persons were standing in close conversation.

The Casa Lamponi lay in the road the brigand had to pass; and, although it was very possible for him to have avoided it, yet with the fearless daring which characterised him, he passed so close to these people that he actually touched one who had to make way for him. The mountaineers of these parts seldom, in the coldest weather, wear their jackets upon their backs, but hang it over one shoulder; in going by, Rinaldi lifted his with a careless air, but so as to conceal his face, and then walked on with his accustomed bold and rapid step. He was soon free of the little town, and had commenced ascending the rugged path of a mountain with the agile and noiseless tread of a cat, when, at the head of the first flat, whence some branching paths, although now indistinct, led off in different directions, he stopped, and seated himself upon a block of the rugged stone which every here and there protrudes from the turf. As if carelessly feeling about, he took up two small bits of stone, and striking them slowly together, listened with his ear lowered towards the ground, and after a minute's pause, repeated the signal, throwing the stones away. He sat still; and very

soon a rustling was heard among the twigs and leaves, and a tall, slim figure of a man stood near him—it was Anna's brother.

"Rinaldi," he said, in a subdued voice, "you have seen my sister, I suppose, and told her the affair?"

Without turning to look at the speaker, who stood a little behind him, Rinaldi replied, "By my faith, I have; and very little indeed shall I benefit by being the bearer of such news. You might just as well have let the thing take its course."

"It was only to save the feelings of my sister and my mother that I wished you to go and break the news; which, when it arrives, will fall heavy enough."

"Then I am afraid I managed the thing very badly; but, the devil take me if I can see the matter in the light you see it. I told the tale as I felt it—as if I enjoyed it—as, in fact, I do. I wish I had been in your place, and so will every man in the band."

"Every man has not a mother and a sister—such a sister as Anna." Then, in a desponding tone, he said, "I wish, I wish—"

"Oh, I see," rejoined Rinaldi, "you wish you had never done it. To rid the world of an old scoundrel like that must be a heavy crime, to be sure! How many brave fellows has he sent headless to the Catauso? whom, if I had my will, his carcass should follow. *Carone! infame!*"

Peppuccio stood musing and pensive.

"I wonder," continued Rinaldi, "if the bunglers have found his body yet. To-morrow there will be a grand hunt. I wish you had brought away his gun; and perhaps he might have had money about him."

Peppuccio turned with an expression of disgust, but said nothing.

"Umph," said Rinaldi, "*capisco*, I see. Well, let us join the band *an'amo, tira via*—let us go."

The sequel to this sad event is not less horrible than the event itself. After three days the body of the old man was discovered, and it was then found to be covered with wounds from head to foot; but it is now known that these wounds were not given by the perpetrator of the murder itself, but by certain of the brigands, who either searched it out for this purpose, or found it by accident, and who inflicted this indignity upon it through exasperated feelings. Not content with this, the brotherhood of the quiet little convent of St. Francesco were one night disturbed by a noise in the church attached to their dwelling; and, going to see what had occurred, they were horrified to find that a party of brigands had entered, broken open the vault, torn from the coffin its mutilated tenant, and were then in the act of bearing the body away, for the purpose of throwing it into the mouth of a horrible abyss not far distant, called by the people "*Il Catauso,*" into which, as has been said, the bodies of many of the brigands had been thrown, whose heads then, and at the present hour, confined in iron cages, are placed over the principal gate of the town, and whose execution had been mainly effected by the exertions of the murdered *Capo di Paese.*

The terrible death of this man was followed by a number of events full as dreadful, in which the three desperate men already named were the principal actors. The bands of brigands had greatly increased, and that led by Antonio Gasperone and his companions, who were almost all of them natives of this little town, had excited such terror

and alarm that the Government were compelled to adopt some measures, and, if unable to put a stop to the career of these sanguinary men, at least to show some marks of detestation at their frightful deeds. Sonnino, therefore, was ordered to be razed to the ground; some intercession was made, and the severe sentence was only partially carried into effect. Many houses and hovels on the outskirts were destroyed; and, as the crime of Peppuccio di Santis was of a character to call for vengeance, the once happy home and peaceful dwelling, which, until the fatal hour arrived, served still as a retreat for the gentle Anna and her mother, fell under the ruthless denouncement which stained even the records of its existence with blood, doomed it to destruction, and left it for ever a memorial of crime, and a desolate ruin!

ENDYMION.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver-white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,—
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone,
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are life's oblivion,—the soul's sleep,—
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings
A breath from heaven had touched its strings;
And whispers in its song,
"Where hast thou stay'd so long?"

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XV.

Richard Savage unadvisedly rejects a liberal offer. With an instance of the triumph of wickedness, shown in the distraction and death of its victim.

On my way home, I met Mr. Greaves, who had been despatched by his wife post-haste to fetch me.

"Oh! come along, come along, sir," said he; "or you 'll be too late. I 'm sure I wonder that we have escaped with our lives."

"Why, what 's the matter, Mr. Greaves?" I inquired.

"It 's no use mincing the matter, sir; Mr. Ludlow 's gone ramping mad. We can do nothing with him; but what he 'd have done with us if we hadn't got out of his way, the Lord alone can tell."

"Where have you left him?—not alone, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, alone," said Greaves; "better do himself a mischief than unoffending persons, who don't wish to be cut off in the prime of their days."

I quickened my pace. "Will you be so kind as to fetch Mr. Digby instantly?"

He nodded his head slowly.

"When you left us," he said, "Mrs. Greaves prevailed upon him to swallow a glass of brandy, which he did, and then another. And then, sir, he took her round the waist — I thought he was going to salute her—and said she was the best woman in the world,— all the others were not worth a rush, he said. He seemed to harp upon the words 'rush' and 'women;' and all of a sudden jumped up—nearly screwing off Mrs. Greaves's little finger—for he had her by the hand, —and, 'Where is she?' he asks.—'Why, here I am, to be sure, good sir,' says my wife. She 'd better have said nothing, or something more to the purpose, sir; for his face changed dreadfully at that, and he clenched his fists; and, if we hadn't scrambled out of the room and down stairs at the hazard of our necks, it would have been 'Where 's she?' and 'Where 's he?' too, with a vengeance. He 'd have murdered us. He was quiet when I came away. But here 's Mr. Digby's shop."

"Bring him directly," said I; "not a moment must be lost."

Mrs. Greaves, as I passed along the passage, protruded her head through the half-opened door of her own room:

"You may venture up now, Mr. Savage," whispering; "it 's all over by this time, I fear."

I ascended the stairs in silence, and opening the door cautiously, entered the room. Ludlow had divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, his cravat and wig, and was walking, or rather gliding

about the apartment with an open razor in one hand, while the other was tightly clenched upon his throat. His under jaw had fallen, and his eyes were vacant, sightless, blear. So horrible a spectacle I had never seen, and never afterwards beheld—but once.

Although in excessive apprehension of what he had already done, or might attempt to do, I approached towards, but behind, him on tiptoe, and suddenly seizing his arm, wrested the razor from his hand, which I flung to the further end of the room. This aroused him from his seeming trance. An instantaneous light shot into his eyes, and from them, as though a devil were looking out of them; and setting up a wild howl, he made up to me, and closing with me, endeavoured to drag me to the ground. I was tall and strong of my age, and the occasion needed an exertion of my whole strength. With difficulty, and after some time, I succeeded in grasping his wrists, which I held firmly.

"I have you now, infamous wretch!" he exclaimed,—"you cannot escape me. You think to deceive me with your disguises, do you? but, no, you have done that for the last time. Do I not know that eye—that direful face? Ho! ho! Mrs. Brett, have I found you out? You may look grim; but we must now see your heart, madam, your heart, which I mean to have out—which is hidden—but I've seen it, like a dead man's skull, in that bosom of yours."

He now redoubled his exertions, and at one time had well-nigh mastered me.

"Don't you know me, Ludlow?" I cried: "I am your friend, Richard Savage. You would not harm me, I am sure of that—your friend Richard."

He paused, and stared at me. "That's true," nodding his head; "I wouldn't harm him;—he's gone to Burridge, who'll take him back to St. Alban's, where he'll be out of harm's way."

He suffered me to lead him to a chair.

"When I have killed the two hags," said he, "I'll dig up Bennett's grave, and tumble their carcasses into it. What a mound of infamous sin there'll be then! Faugh! No one will be able to walk through the churchyard, except me. No one will be buried in it. And I'll go and tell Lady Mason what I've done, and Dick'll come into all the property, of course,—and high time he did."

Mr. Digby now entered the room, followed at a distance, and with much wariness, by Greaves and his wife.

"I know that man," cried Ludlow, starting up,—"he's the man that saved her life. Tell me what a man deserves who saves a life which God has called for? I know you, Digby: stand off."

"You know me very well," said Digby, stepping forward with professional urbanity; "Mr. Ludlow and I are very good friends,—are we not? Come, my dear sir, you are not very well. Let me feel your pulse. We shall be better soon, I dare say."

So saying, he would have taken his hand, but Ludlow rapidly withdrew it, and dealt him such a slap upon the face as made him skip to the other end of the room.

"You see I know how to deal with 'em," cried Ludlow. "Ha! Dick, is that you? Sit by me. It is our turn now."

Having secured his hands, I looked towards Digby, who stood rubbing his visage as well as Greaves and his wife would permit him,

— that worthy pair having pinioned his arms, stood peering in his face with looks of affectionate solicitude.

At length, Digby somewhat roughly disengaged himself from his officious comforters.

"If staring at my chaps," said he, "would heal them, those huge eyes of yours would have done it before this. Step, Greaves, into the street, and call in two strong chairmen. The man 's mad."

"I thought so," said Greaves, retiring.

"I knowed it when I first clapped eyes on him," said his wife. "All the teeth loosened, sir?"

"Hang it, madam, no!" said Digby. "Hold him fast, if you can, young gentleman, till the men come. Is this brandy?" helping himself to a glass. "This fastens the teeth and loosens the tongue, Mrs. Greaves. Your very good health, and may you never have such another cuff."

"Lord ha' mercy on my three poor grinders, if I was," said Mrs. Greaves with a shrug; "it 's as much as I can do now to get through my victuals."

Greaves now returned with two strong fellows, who, by Digby's orders, came forward and secured Ludlow. He resigned himself to them quietly, saying,

"You cannot hang me till I 've had my trial. I know I 've done it, — and there 's another you 'll find, if you look after her. But, when judge and jury come to know all, they 'll say I 've done right. It can't be helped now, however."

Digby bled the poor creature so copiously that he fainted, and, having placed a strait-waistcoat upon him, he was got to bed; and, a strong opiate being administered, he presently fell into a profound slumber, out of which he did not awake for many hours.

In the evening, Burridge called upon me. He was greatly distressed at the lamentable situation in which he found Ludlow.

"Ah, well!" said he, with a deep sigh, "we are not all men alike, and have not the same to bear — the weakest often the most. What says the doctor?"

"Shakes his head, sir."

"I never knew the meaning of that—it 's profound—ignorance, I take it, Richard. Very safe, nevertheless. Like shaking a box without dice—you can't lose by it."

He drew me to the window abruptly.

"Now listen to me," said he very seriously; "I am about to make a proposal to you which deserves your best attention. This is no place for you. Ludlow is a very worthy fellow, but he can do you no good. You must go back with me. I will prepare you for Cambridge, and you shall be sent thither at my expense. You must not be lost to me, to yourself, to the world. What do you say?"

I thanked him heartily, but declined.

"Could I leave my friend in this state?" said I; "no, that must not be. I cannot desert him."

"Desert him!" cried Burridge,—"Heaven forbid I should counsel you to do that. He will recover. This is a paroxysm, and will not last. Has he no friends to look to him?"

"None in the world."

"Ah, well! so much the better, perhaps, unless they did look to *him*. Friends! I could as soon believe in the existence of ghosts."

"Then you may believe in ghosts," I replied; "I myself have seen a friend. His name is Burridge."

"You rascal!" he cried, — "I won't care a straw for you if you don't do as I please. That's my friendship. Come; you shall stay with Ludlow till he recovers, and then you shall come to me."

I ought to have hesitated — to have weighed his proposal; I know it. But I answered at once, "No, sir, it cannot be. I am grateful to you; but it cannot be."

"Why?"

"Mr. Burridge," said I, "partly you know my nature. Until lately I did not myself know it. I am resolved, sir,—bent—unalterably so, upon bringing the woman, my mother, to shame — to a sense of her own shame. To a sense of the world's scorn I will bring her, if she be lost to the other. I will not leave her, or lose her, or loose her, until she has acknowledged me. She *shall* do it. What care I for her plots or her stratagems? I can plot—I can devise stratagems. I hate her: she shall know it — she shall feel it — she shall fear it—and then I shall despise her, and I will tell her so."

"It is shocking," exclaimed Burridge, "to see a face so young obscured, deformed by hateful passions. What do you mean, Richard—Savage, do you call yourself?—Savage—indeed! *You* hate your mother? You love her, or you would not copy her. Take care, lest she despise *you*. We cannot see ourselves above the eyes,—our noblest part, the head, is hidden from us,— but we can see others. She will see you. This hate is a game at which all lose. Come, come; let it go by. No one can injure a man so much as himself. I'll make her indifferent to you; and when you are, you shall tell her as much. She will like that least of all."

I turned away. "I thank you, sir."

"Why," said Burridge, "there's your old enemy—pshaw! what a fool am I! Your old schoolfellow, Sinclair, is gone to Oxford, and bids fair to come forth a gentleman and a scholar. Dick, you shall be both—I will have it so."

"You distress me, sir," said I, "by pressing an obligation upon me which I cannot—which, indeed, I am not willing to lay under. I must not leave London. If I am to rise in the world — to make a figure in the world, as it is called—it shall be through my own exertions alone."

"So said the man who climbed the Maypole while his friends were eating the leg of mutton," returned Burridge. "Richard," drawing himself up, "I will press you no further. Ah well! froward, not forward—spelt with the same letters, and yet the difference! Two men shall command the same talents,—and one shall lie in down, the other die on a dunghill. Froward—not forward!"

He pressed my hand warmly, though apparently offended, "Commend me to that good fellow. I hope, Richard, you may not repent your refusal of my offer."

"Shall I not see you again before you leave London?" I inquired.

"I go to-morrow morning. I would see you, if I thought you would change your mind. We change in a night sometimes."

I shook my head.

"Richard," said he, descending the stairs, "should anybody ask you where you went to school, be sure you don't tell them."

"And why not, sir?"

"You might do me an injury. You are like Shakspeare; you have little Latin and less Greek."

"An instance in my favour," said I.

He frowned sternly upon me. "Did Briareus wear gloves, or Argus spectacles?" he demanded: "the eyes of the one were not weak, — the hands of the other were not tender; and Briareus had store of hands, and Argus had eyes to spare. Get Shakspeare's eyes and hands—and brains,—and I shall hold up *my* hands and eyes, and cudgel *my* brains to know where you got yours from, and why you hadn't made better use of them now. Go, go: I am ashamed of you, Dick, and yet—God bless you!"

And so he left me.

I could not gainsay a word that had fallen from Burridge — I was sensible of that at the time, and almost repented me, when he was gone, that I had declined his kind and benevolent offer. But, presently, the reasons that had induced me to do so returned with added force when I visited Ludlow's bedside, and beheld the ravage, the wreck, the ruin that lay before me, and which her hands had worked. To think upon it now, I cannot calmly: yet, let me be calm; what if I am? it comes to this — may Heaven renounce me if I forgive her, till Heaven has forgiven her, for that. And still, Burridge had spoken to the purpose; and, but that my cursed pride prevented it, as circumstances befel, unhappily befel, I might have availed myself of his proposal. I have since bitterly regretted that I did not; insomuch that, had I been at any time of my life a weeper and wailer, and had I possessed the hands and eyes of which Burridge spoke, every hand had been raised, with a handkerchief in each, to every eye many times. But a man's sorrows are not to be lessened this way. "All hands to the pump,"— it is very well; but to stop the leak is still better.

And, now, what vain regrets were these to which I acknowledge; as, indeed, all regrets are vain; and how thoroughly I despise the vanity of them, and the weakness that betrayed me into their acknowledgment. For cannot I remember, — and my memory readily thrusts them to the surface,—many men whom I have known, who, with all the advantages of education that Burridge could have provided for me, have nevertheless approved themselves the dullest dogs that ever took nothing in and brought nothing out of their impenetrable skulls? And have I not, moreover, known men who, with all these boasted advantages, have suffered as much as myself—or, if not so much, it was not their education that saved them. For instance, (and he will yet be known and honoured when this hand is dust and ashes, and when this heart, which now beats kindly, full of his memory, is nought—let me, for the sake of human nature, believe this!) how do I know that Samuel Johnson — a man of great learning, of vast acquirements, of infinite sagacity, of comprehensive sense, and, above all, of the most enlarged humanity, is not at this moment (bless and preserve him wherever he may be!) wandering the long, cheerless, ungrateful streets of London, having not where to lay his head —that head which contains more than half the heads in that city, which are now reposing upon soft and luxurious pillows; and more, ten times over, than all the dreary, anxious, over-scratched polls of the poetasters whose lucubrations may have contributed to that repose. At best, I figure him, — my friend, my only friend,—for he

alone told me the truth of myself, and told it kindly, too,—inditing some uncongenial stuff, unworthy of his talents and his time, for which he will be paid grudgingly to-morrow by Cave, whom Moses Browne* used to call the Cave of Trophonius, seeing that no one who had anything to do with him, was ever known to smile afterwards. You must forgive me, friend Cave, for this: but, if you let your left hand know what your right hand doeth in the matter of disbursements, Master Sinister won't think his brother overworked. You may enter St. John's Gate, but you will find some difficulty with Saint Peter. He will tell you to go to "The *Gentleman's* Magazine."

To resume. When Ludlow awoke—perhaps I should with greater propriety say, when he ceased to sleep, he began to talk incoherently of many things, and out of many passions. Now he was colloquial and familiar, and spoke of indifferent and trivial events; then he would burst forth into triumphant exultation over Bennett, whom he had, as he imagined, killed in a duel; then he ran on about his wife's coffin, which he had sealed up, lest she should escape the awful session of the day of judgment: of Freeman and his wife; of myself; of Mrs. Brett with her heart in her hand, and she compelled to gaze upon it for ever and ever—no hell equal to that (this was his unvarying description of her). And there was more—much more of similar dreadful and incongruous talk during the four days he lay in this deplorable state, which I have discharged from my memory, but which at the time I thought was never to be forgotten. If anything could increase the abhorrence I already felt for his wife, it was the fact,—which I could not but infer from his frequent allusion to it, as though in pathetic appeal to her,—of his having frequently sought her out during the last few years, and relieved her distresses.

Digby was a skilful and a humane man. He drew me aside on the third day of my friend's malady, and plainly, but with much concern, informed me that he feared his case was hopeless, and that he must be sent to Bedlam. I begged hard for further time, willing to hope (and youth is too willing to hope) that he was not in so bad a way as he had been represented to be; and at length I obtained a respite of three further days.

It was on the morning of the fifth day that a change for the better was observable in him. He was for the most part tranquil, occa-

* Moses Browne was a frequent contributor to the earlier volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, originated by Cave, and published by him for many years. Browne, although a writer of very feeble verses, was esteemed by Cave, in the booksellers' phrase of that day, a *good hand*. Boswell says that Cave, when Johnson was first introduced to him, was so incompetent a judge of his abilities, that, "meaning at one time to dazzle him with the splendour of some of those luminaries in literature who favoured him with their correspondence, told him, that if he would in the evening be at a certain ale-house in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, he might have a chance of seeing Mr. Browne, and one or two other of the persons employed in the Magazine. Johnson accepted the invitation; and, introduced by Cave, dressed in a loose horseman's coat, and such a great, bushy, uncombed wig as he constantly wore, to the sight of Mr. Browne, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table, in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, had his curiosity gratified."

I fear that Savage is somewhat unjust to Cave, of whom Johnson, who had much to do with him, in his life of the worthy publisher, speaks with affectionate kindness.

sionally stirring, and feeling abroad as if to clutch consciousness towards him. Methought, as I hung over him, I could discover reason slowly, painfully, but surely injecting itself into his brain. Nor was I deceived. He opened his eyes, and looking intently upon me for some time, gently uttered my name. I spoke to him.

"Where have I been?—where am I? Oh! I know—that's all right. I am here. You are Richard Freeman?"

"Richard Savage, now," said I; "you remember me, don't you?"

"Richard Savage, yes; so you are," pressing my hand. "You won't leave me?"

"I will not; but you must not talk now. The doctor will be here presently."

"The doctor! then I have been ill: why, to be sure I have—and yet, Richard, do you know, I have been living the whole of my past life over again? but all a jumble—all out of the order of time; and other terrible things have been added to it."

"Pray, be quiet now," said I; "you have been very ill; but you are now better."

"Why," and he started up suddenly, but fell back again, "I have been mad—out of my senses. Oh! God of mercy! save me from that—let me not die in that. How long have I been lying here—lying thus—mad?"

"Only a few days—compose yourself: the worst is over now."

He muttered something. "Only a few days! I would have every good Christian pray for me. Madness!—madness!—a strong devil that. I'll wrestle with him."

It was well for him, probably, that Digby visited him shortly afterwards. The doctor reasoned with him, or rather, gently proposed, and submitted sensible ideas to his mind, which his as yet struggling reason could lay hold upon; and by a process of delicate induction restored him to the condition of a human being. Enjoining upon him and upon me an absolute avoidance of all topics that might most likely irritate and excite him, he took his leave, with a whispered assurance to me of Ludlow's speedy recovery.

"I will strictly obey Mr. Digby," said he, during the afternoon; "but you must tell me this. Who was it that prevented me from cutting my throat?"

"No matter," said I; "you must get well as soon as you can, and then you shall know all."

"I must know that now, or I am still mad," he replied quickly: "the thing haunts me. I had a razor, I know."

"Well, well; and it was taken from you. Is not that sufficient?"

"Sufficient!" he said reproachfully; "another moment, and I had been a lost man—a lost soul—beyond redemption. I will tell you. But first—I did not injure *her*?"

"Your wife?—no."

"I am glad of it. When I got back from Mr. Burridge I must have lost my senses; not quite lost them—they were going from me. Something whispered to me to make away with myself—to end what I felt to be insupportable. But presently—I remember that—a sense of the enormity of the act crossed—like lightning crossed—my mind. I ran and fetched my razor, intending to fling it out of the window. Can you believe it? Tell me not there are no evil

spirits walking the earth, trying the strong, tempting the weak—for I *was* tempted. I could not *but* open the razor—do all I could, open it must be—open it would. And, when I had opened it—my throat bare—a fiend at my arm thrusting the blade towards it—a ton of blood upon my brains—ha!" shuddering, and shrinking beneath the clothes. "It was that made me mad."

I soothed him as well as I could, and at last succeeded in restoring him to something like calmness.

"That trial over, I am happy—as happy as I can ever be," he said; "I will now be more composed."

All went on well on that and on the following day. So said the doctor. I confess, I thought that if a little more cheerfulness had been prescribed, it would have been better. There was a great deal too much of the "hush!" and the warning finger, which Digby, whenever he came, had to enforce against Mrs. Greaves, and which Mrs. Greaves, whenever he was absent, continually inculcated upon the rest of the household.

"You think I am very quiet," said Ludlow one evening; "but I have been pondering over the occurrences of my life. What a wretch have I been—what a wicked wretch! Lady Mason has been my friend from a boy upwards—she protected me. Mrs. Brett is her daughter. Richard, I would say something about your mother."

I was all attention.

"It is not for me," he began,—"I cannot do it—to explain why your mother hated me. I gave her no cause, that I know of; but I may have done so. If she was wrong in fostering a hatred against me without cause, and in indulging it to the destruction of my peace for many, many years—till now, indeed; I was equally to blame for nourishing a feeling of vengeance against her—a vengeance which has gone, or will go, home to her. I hope you do not think I am canting; but I have brought myself not only to forgive her for all that she has done to me, but to be sorry, and ashamed, and repentant of all that I have made her suffer; and were she here at this moment I would humbly ask her pardon for it."

"I know not what you have done," I returned, "that has not been perfectly right. To protect a helpless child from a woman's unnatural vengeance is, I conceive, an act neither to be sorry for, ashamed of, nor repentant about. You are ill, or you would not talk thus. *You* make her suffer! To do that is reserved for me."

"Don't say so," he replied; "oh! banish for ever and at once all feelings of hatred and revenge against every human being. They will bring remorse—the worst misery to bear, but it cannot be borne—upon you. I hope I have not made her suffer; but I tried to do it, which is the same thing. To me it is. I want to make all square. If I live, it will be better for me,—if I die, it will be best."

"You must not talk of dying," said I; "why, you are getting well fast."

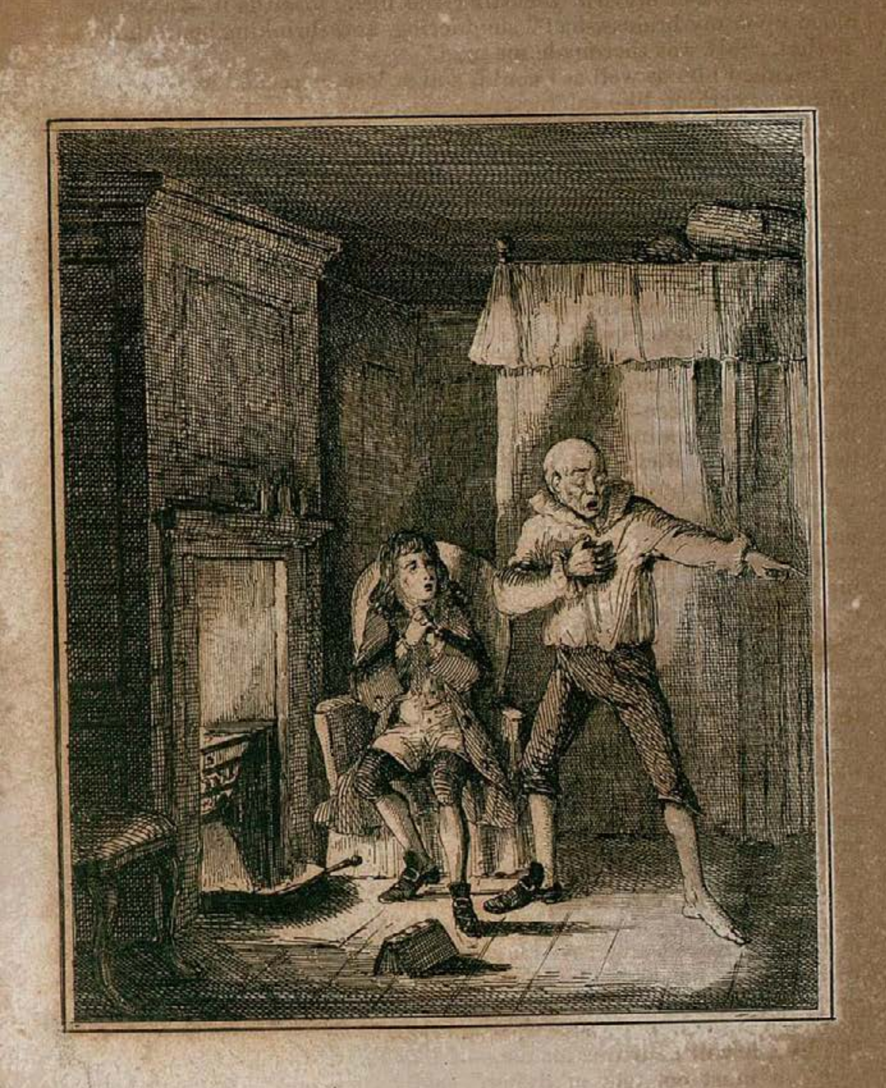
He shook his head.

"Dick, I love you: but I loved you first because your mother hated you. I want you to forgive me."

"For what—my best and only friend?"

Weakness is catching. The man affected me.

"That I mixed up my vengeance with your claims. That has been the obstacle."



Ludlow's Madness.

London, Richard Bentley, 1842.

"Not at all," I replied; "she needed not that, or any, pretext. Lady Mason was wrong in imposing upon her a belief of my death; but she did it for the best. I am alive; that's a comfort to me, whatever it may be to my mother; and perhaps I may live to forgive her yet. Why, I dare say I shall love her one of these days, when I come to know her better. When no one else is forthcoming with that commodity, love, which I am told, is scarce at all times — behold your humble servant with a whole hoard of it, and, 'Pray accept it, madam; it is very much at your service.'"

I said this to make him smile, for grave scenes were ever my abomination; but he moved not a muscle.

"Should I die," he resumed, "I wish you to assure Lady Mason of the deep sense I have ever entertained of the favour she showed to me whilst I was in her service. She was too kind to me always; and, I know well, never intended to injure me, or you either. She has been overruled, controlled by her daughter. We have been made sacrifices to her enmity."

"And yet you can forgive her?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes. If I did not hope myself to be forgiven, I could not. Say you will tell Lady Mason that I prayed for her, and prayed for her happiness."

What was to be said to this? I gave the required assurances, and fulfilled them afterwards. I strove to change the subject; but poor Ludlow, when anything was upon his mind, could not be easy till he had communicated it. How it was that he kept Lady Mason's secret so long is a marvel to me.

"There is one," he said, — "you know whom I mean — I cannot forgive. I have tried, but I cannot; I have wished, but it will not be; I have prayed, but it is useless. There is a positive aching at my heart — there lies my complaint; and it comes on whenever I think upon that woman — oh! how much more wretched than her husband. What a death-bed that will be — hers. That thought should make me forgive her. I *want* to do so. Who knows but she may live to wish — to pray that I had done so! It is her crimes, more than herself, I cannot pardon."

"No wonder," I replied, in words to this effect: "her crimes are unpardonable. You mean that you can forgive the agent, while you abhor the act. To do that is all that Heaven requires, or can itself do. To pardon wickedness is out of the nature of things. It cannot be, while conscience is resident in the human breast. He who can distinguish between right and wrong *cannot*, if he would, pardon the slightest deviation from the former. Even Judas himself *may* be forgiven; his hell-born wickedness never."

"You are more learned than I," said Ludlow; "and yet I have read books too, and good ones. This comes of excellent Mr. Burridge's teaching. But you have not convinced me. I know what you mean; but I cannot yet, I fear, forgive *her*. Sometimes, when I think of it — oh! hell-born, you said just now — hers was, surely, hell-born wickedness— my heart heaves—my hands close—my lips form words, and they are curses—I know they are, though I shut my eyes, and strive not to think—and—I must see a clergyman."

And he did so on the following day, and was much comforted, saying, after the clergyman was gone, that he had been put in the right way,—that he forgave everybody but himself fully and entirely,

and that he was as happy as he ought to be in this world. God bless the man!

And now the doctor took me aside once more.

"Mr. Savage," said he, "I fear no longer for your friend's reason; that is perfectly re-established; but I have many and great fears for his life."

"Good God! you alarm me," said I,—for I had thought him considerably better,—"why, doctor, he appears to me more cheerful than I have ever known him."

"It is not the cheerfulness of this world," said Digby; "I wish it were. No, sir, cheerful as you may think him, that man's heart is broken; to speak in a figure—the spring is snapt. Out of that bed he will never rise again."

I glanced towards it. Ludlow was asleep. It was a light, calm sleep. The tears sprang to my eyes.

"You must permit me to ask a question," resumed Digby, "for I take an interest in my patient. The lady I attended was his wife—so the people below have told me. May I ask why she is not here? She must be sent for."

Wherefore should I not publish the woman's infamy? I told Digby everything.

"O Lord! O Lord! bless us and save us!" cried he. "I thought, from what he said when I got it on the chaps, that there was something amiss. Why, sir, this is a very sad story, and will make me pray on my pillow to-night. I would rather have killed her for nothing than be paid handsomely for saving an honest woman. His wife has killed him, sir, as surely as though she had given him poison. Many a murder done without lead or steel. I have known many in my time; and the murderers go to church, and are made overseers, and sit on juries, and go to see their betters hanged: eh? eh? — true;" with his finger to the side of his nose. "Now, here is the case of a woman. What will you lay she doesn't turn religious one of these days, and consort with snufflers and raisers of eyes, and talk of the wickedness of the world, — of which she will be able to talk knowingly? What! your face seems to say she's too far gone for that. Well, Death will reach her at last; and come too soon for her, though he come at doomsday."

My heart was heavy when Digby left me, and I sat down by Ludlow's bedside.

"How do you feel now?" I inquired, when he awoke. There was a serenity almost angelic upon his countenance.

"Better than ever I did in my life, my dear and constant friend Dick, who are ever near me," he replied; "so light, so airy, as it were. Why, I feel as though I should be wafted into the air if I were to attempt to walk. I have been asleep; but what a dream has my life been! All passing away — well: so that you were not left behind, I should be quite happy. If an humble, ignorant man, like myself, might presume to advise you, to guide you, Richard."

"You shall do so. Oh, Ludlow!"

"No, I might be wrong, after all. *I* guide! *I* advise! What, then, brought me to this, my death-bed—my wisdom? Will human presumption never have an end? Dick," he added, more calmly, "I wish to see Mr. Myte."

"Shall I fetch him? Will not to-morrow do? It is too late to-night."

"To-morrow will do, I dare say; but I will tell you now why I wish to see him. The money I have saved is in his hands. It was honestly got, and will be properly left—to the grandson of my dear mistress — for dear she is to me, who had been nothing without her."

I was about to expostulate; for, to say the truth, I felt I had no claim to the money.

"I have no relations in the world," laying his hand upon my arm; "if I had, it might be different. I shall leave my wife nothing, for it would be mis-spent. You must know that when she first went wrong, — I can talk calmly of it now, — it hurt me very much, and my mind was turned to a consideration of the influence of bad example upon young minds. I had, even then, saved some money. Well, I lodged it in Mr. Myte's hands, and with it a will, devising the whole of it, whatever the sum might be that I had accumulated when I died, to the Society for the Reformation of Manners. And many a joke has the pleasant little man made at my expense, on account of my will, which I now wish to cancel. He can tell me in a moment the exact amount I have in his hands. In the meanwhile, take all that is in the house—in the box, I mean, which was picked up. I almost wish she had taken it with her. Poor thing! But all that is gone by."

I insisted upon remaining with him the whole of that night. I had a book which I particularly wished to read. He was, at length, prevailed upon to let me stay with him.

After he sunk to sleep I drew to the fire, and read for several hours. Unused, however, to sitting up at night then, (not since,) I dropped to sleep. It was what Shakspeare calls, with wonderful happiness of phrase, the "dead waste" of the night, when I was awaked by a slight noise — a noise as of something, or somebody near me. I opened my eyes suddenly, and looked up. A figure—it was Ludlow — stood before me. Merciful God! I could not shriek. No face of living man was ever so shocking. Yet, as I gazed upon it, it was the face of a conscious being.

He pointed to his mouth with one hand, indicating—I discovered that at last — that he could not speak, and motioned with the other as if he wished to write.

I had arisen. "For Heaven's sake, return to bed. Do you want pen and ink?"

An inarticulate sound. He nodded his head. At that moment his eyes were fixed upon the wall, and his head was turned slowly round. He appeared to see some moving object. A strong shudder—his feet carried him to the bed—he fell upon it with a groan, and then taking my hand, guided it to his lips, and thence to his heart—pressing it to his heart. I fell upon my knees and prayed, and when I raised my head all was over. He was gone for ever!

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." So said David of Jonathan, and so say I, after many years, Ludlow, of thee. And yet, no; not so. And yet, again, let the grateful hyperbole stand. Gentle, and dear, and ever-remembered, and never-to-be-forgotten friend, whilst memory holds a seat in this distracted (and now, alas! contracted) brain, once more, farewell!

CHAPTER XVI.

In which Ludlow's will is canvassed by his widow and his executor; and wherein a dying lady implores for justice in behalf of Richard Savage. With the effect of such solicitation upon his mother.

It was on the second day after the death of Ludlow that Mrs. Greaves informed me that a woman was desirous of speaking with me in the passage. I went down to her — a middle-aged, vulgar-looking person, who had been drinking—so two of my senses immediately discovered to me.

"If you please, sir," she said, "I am come from Mrs. Ludlow, who wishes to ask permission of Mr. Ludlow to take away her things, which are now lying here."

"I cannot give them up, unless she herself apply for them; say to her that Mr. Savage told you as much."

"Oh! you're Mr. Savage," continued the woman; "she knows what a kind young gentleman you are, and hopes you'll persuade Mr. Ludlow to forgive her once more. She knows she's done wrong; but thinks it can't do any harm — for the lady was determined to make you out not to be her own flesh and blood, and——"

I stopped her in mid-clack.

"No harm done at all. Tell Mrs. Ludlow her husband is dead."

"Dead! gracious goodness me!" with a set elevation of hands and eyes, "that'll be a sad shock to the poor woman."

"I dare say you will be able to break it to her," said I, opening the door. "Excuse me, I am engaged."

When the woman was gone, Mrs. Greaves came forward, and apprized me that she had seen Mrs. Ludlow and her companion lingering about all the morning on the other side of the way. "I don't know," she added, "what quarrel there might have been between the poor gentleman and his wife; but it's a terrible pity she can't be told what has happened."

There was a knock at the door, which being opened, admitted the cursed woman, weeping or affecting to weep, supported on one hand by her dram-drinking friend, pouring consolatory assurances into her ear.

"Oh sir! is that you?" cried the widow; "do not be too hard upon me, I beseech you. Can it be true that my husband is dead?"

"Walk up stairs, madam, and you shall hear; and if you can, you may see. Your friend, probably, will stay below."

"Pyrke, stay below with this good lady," she said, pointing to Mrs. Greaves. "Mr. Savage, you will not take me into the same room with him?"

"Not unless you wish it," I replied, leading the way. "Be so good, madam, as to cease these sobbings; there are none here that can any longer be affected by them." I directed her to a seat. "You want," I said, after a pause, "the clothes you left behind you when you ran from the house so abruptly some days since."

"Oh! Mr. Savage!" she replied, "I dare not look you in the face after what I have done. I am sure if I had thought it would have ended as it has——"

"Madam," said I, interrupting her, (I could not call her Mrs. Ludlow,) "young as I am, you cannot deceive me. Do not deceive

yourself. You *can* look me in the face, or you had not shown your own here to-day. You want your clothes; they shall be packed up. When you send for them they will be ready. Mrs. Greaves will give them to you."

"How you must hate me!" she began.

"Don't flatter yourself: I do not. I waste no feeling or thought upon you."

This waked the fiend — the old fiend that, never dead, had been slumbering within her. She withdrew her handkerchief from her face, which Ludlow had once thought handsome, and looked at me. Perhaps she felt that words would have been weak after that,— the baffled fury.

"He has left you all his money, I suppose," she said with an eye of malice.

"He has not. He has left me none."

Her eyes sparkled. "What then? Can he have been so——"

"Weak as to leave it to you?" said I. "Oh no! oh no! he was perfectly sensible before he died. If you will call upon Mr. Myte, whom you know, I dare say, and whom you will easily find—for he lives very near Mrs. Brett,—you will learn the contents of your husband's will, which has been made many years. I may tell you, however, that you are not mentioned in it: and I fear you will never derive the slightest benefit from the bequest. He has left the whole of his money to the Society for the Reformation of Manners."

She understood me; but was able to restrain her rage.

"That's very extraordinary," she replied; "for he always said he meant you to have his money."

"He died suddenly, or I should have had it."

"And I am very glad he did!" she exclaimed hastily. "I thank God for it, I'm sure, Mr. Savage. What right could you have to a farthing of it?"

"Were it worth while to bandy words with you, madam," I returned, "I might tell you that there is a document in existence, signed by yourself, which, were it not a base lie, would give me the best right in the world. You know what I mean."

"I do; and, if you had treated me kindly, I meant to have denied my handwriting; or to have confessed, at least, that Mrs. Brett bribed me to do it. But now you have made me your enemy for life."

"Pray let it be for life," said I, rising with her; "and it now strikes me that you have a further claim upon that excellent lady. Had you not better call upon her when you leave Myte, and tell her what you've done here," pointing to the door of the room in which the corpse lay: — "this work is worth good money, I can tell you. Have you any desire to see your husband?"

"No, I have not. Why should I?"

"True—I forgot," I returned; "you have no further wish to see me, I presume;" and I led the way down stairs.

"I hope I may see you on the gallows one of these days," said the woman spitefully.

"I fear you will escape it," said I.

She turned. The look of scorn she bestowed upon me was, I have no doubt, perfectly unaffected. She withdrew her friend from Mrs. Greaves, and hastily left the house, closing the door after her with violence. It was a long time before I saw her again.

My interview with this creature did me good. Ludlow's sudden death had so completely stunned my senses, that until now I had been unable to bring my mind to the contemplation of anything save the calamity that had befallen me, and of that only vaguely and with a sort of incredulity. Greaves and his wife had kindly undertaken, in the first instance, all the necessary arrangements for his funeral, and had asked me many times to communicate with his friends. I had told them he had none. Now, however, I remembered two whom it would be as well to apprize of his death—Myte and Lady Mason. His wife (how I hate to call her so!) was, at this moment, doubtless, on her way to the former—I would write to her ladyship. My then present temper of mind produced the following letter.

"Madam,—Your old and faithful servant, Ludlow, is dead—murdered by his wife—by my mother, and—by you. How he died, should you desire to see me, I will tell you: what he said of you, and the sense he had of your conduct, you shall likewise hear. Meanwhile, I hope this intelligence will cause you as much pain as you ever felt in your life. If it do—I say it not uncharitably, or as wishing wantonly to disturb your peace—it will be some expiation, (unavailing, madam, at best,) of your wicked treatment of a worthy man, and of one not so worthy—I mean, your humble servant, and, would I could truly add, *not* your grandson,

"Richard Savage."

This letter I despatched forthwith by Greaves, with an intimation that it required no answer, and I resumed my seat by the side of my dead friend. The letter I had just written, far from carrying off my evil passions, or such passions as are commonly called evil, had inflamed them to a degree almost intolerable; nor was the sight of that meek, subsiding face, imperceptibly changing, but hourly changed, calculated to calm or to moderate them. The eternal soul, as it passed through the lips for ever, had mantled the face with a transitory expression—the last faint impress of humanity—but it was now gone. I felt that I was alone in the world—a sad feeling, to which nor time, nor use, nor philosophy will reconcile us,—but not this only did I feel. I had been deprived—basely robbed of my sole friend and protector by one whom nature had designed for both, and who had outraged nature. Pitiless devil! but what are words of thee, to thee? Take breath, and curse me if thou wilt. I care not, only that I know it will do thee good.

Whilst I thus sat, brooding revenge—for my thoughts had flowed into that channel, Greaves returned, and acquainted me that he had been overtaken by a footman from Lady Mason, and that the man earnestly requested to see me immediately. He was below. I desired that he might be shown up stairs.

The man entered—my letter open in his hand.

"Oh! young gentleman," said he, "my lady must see you directly. She gave me this letter into my hands, saying I should find out where you lodged by it, and hurried me away. I think she's beside herself, in a manner of speaking. She hasn't walked as well about the room these many years."

"And you have read that letter, Nat, I suppose?" said I.

"Why, yes, sir, I have, I must say. I hope it ain't true."

"Go in and see for yourself. He was a friend of yours, I believe."

The man did so, and came back in a minute, his face bedewed with tears.

"He *was* a friend to me, sir," said he; "you may say that, and the best friend I ever had in the world; the kindest man a servant ever lived under. There 'll be plenty of grieving at the house when I tell it 'em. I hope he died, as I may say, happy, sir—comfortable, like?"

"I trust he did, Nat."

"He deserved both to live and die happy, sir. The good he has done unbeknown ——"

I stopped the friendly fellow. "I can readily believe it," said I, "but time presses now. Tell Lady Mason I will be with her in a few minutes."

I lingered awhile after the man was gone. If I say that I uttered a fervent prayer, I must say also what that prayer was. It was that what I designed to speak to Lady Mason might come home to her,—that I might make her at least feel,—that I might cause her to tremble, —that I might enforce *her* to pray. "Charity! charity!" methinks I hear some worthy, well-conducted, paying-his-way citizen exclaim, whose debtor lately died in gaol, hearing that his wife had hanged herself, and that his children were gone to the parish; "revenge does not become us,—put away this heathen morality." Worthy mouth-maker and citizen, it is not revenge, I tell you; it is resentment, which is just, and human, and Christian. Tell me, expounder of the faith that is in you, whether we are not bidden to *look* for justice, and to *hope* for mercy?

Opening the street-door, Myte stood before me, pale and motionless as a statue.

"Well, sir, do you want me?" I said coldly.

He seized me by the wrists. "Ricardo, don't rate—don't scold me; I know I deserve it, but you mus'n't. I told your prodigious preceptor—what was his name?—I call him Gog,—how sorry I was that I had done you injustice. Who 's to believe a lying world? I won't, till we 're all of us liars, and then lies will be truth. Here! come in—I want to speak with you."

"I am busy, sir—I am engaged," said I, striving to release myself from him,—"Lady Mason particularly desires to see me."

He stared at that, and then, snapping his fingers, "And so it was a lie (how current the lies are!) I heard just now? Take me up stairs. I won't keep you a minute. Woful 's at home?"

He *was* at home,—I did not undeceive him, but brought him into the sitting-room.

"Jezebel has been with me," said he; "where 's Jeremiah? but, never mind, it 's better he 's away for the present. Jezebel has been with me."

"And who is she, sir?"

"Who is she? There can be but one living woman to whom that name belongs: no, no, I don't mean the other—you know what I call *her*. Well, she told me, but what could be her motive, I don't know, for I would scarcely listen to her — she told me that Woful was dead; ay, and she looked as though she expected I should believe her — and she did give me a turn."

"And how did she look?" I inquired.

"As though she wanted to cry, but couldn't. She talked something about a will—a will! She was never solicitous about his will before, I believe."

"She has for once spoken truth, Mr. Myte," I replied; "your friend, that is to say, Mr. Ludlow, once your friend—*is* dead."

Myte jumped out of his chair. "Dead! Ludlow dead! impossible! You are jesting with me. You know, and he knows, how I love him. It was all a mistake, I tell you again and again; and I'll believe him and you the longest day I have to live, though you speak parables."

I opened the door of the inner room, and pointed to the coffin. "Look here, sir, this is truth, I am sorry to say it."

After gazing at the coffin for some minutes, he leaned against the mantel-piece, and fell into tears.

"Why didn't you break it to me?" he said reproachfully,—"you don't know what you do, young man, when you trifle with an old man's feelings. *You* don't cry. Why don't you? You 're a stock, or a stoic, which is pretty much the same thing. Poor, dear old Woful — old? not old. I'm a fool and a liar. O Ricardo! We are quits now. You have wounded me more than I ever hurt you."

His grief affected me. "I did not mean to do so," said I; "forgive me. Come, sir, look upon him for the last time."

"Look upon him!" and he shrank from me,—"I wouldn't for the two hemispheres. I should never recover it — it would kill me. I never saw a corpse in my life, and never will. Lud! Lud! what'll Mrs. Myte say, and Vandal, and Mrs. Langley? Does Lucas know of it?"

"I had forgotten Lucas; but I will send to him."

"The jockey of Norfolk!" cried Myte; "how will old Parr take it? like a pill, to be sure. It'll clap a second winter upon that old white poll of his, and kill him outright. We that have seen such nights together!"

He appeared to brighten at the recollection, but his countenance presently fell again.

"What killed him?" he asked.

"Another weak and wicked invention of my mother's, in which Jezebel, as you call her, sir, took part."

"What! more lies?" cried Myte; "don't let me hear them, I beseech and implore. I won't. You are going to Lady Mason—let me walk that way with you. Heigho! Who could believe women were so wicked? It was because I thought better of them that I thought worse of you."

He ventured to put his head in at the door of the inner room. "God bless you!" said he, "dear old companion, and honest fellow, and good friend, lying there, all cheerless, dark, and deadly, as Lear says; but, oh! that's too shocking.—If you 're not gone to Heaven," and he turned his face, streaming with tears towards me, — "why, then, I shall have a warm place of it—I shall, Ricardo, I shall; and a very warm place, too. He was a good man — good — and a man. Heaven bless him! Say 'Amen.'"

I did so; and he embraced me, crying.

"I shall blubber my eyes out if I stay any longer, and must walk home by guess; or do, as blind beggars do, knock people about the

toes with a stick till I get a clear path. Take me away; and don't let me see the man you sent to me once or twice—Greaves. Greaves, indeed! How many friends has he lost this quarter to whom he owed money, and who never took a memorandum?"

By the time we were got into the street, he had rallied considerably. (Trivial little grig! I must e'en say thus much of thee. Thou wert too merry a man to endure grief for five minutes together, till—for the grim enemy, forerunner, and, like a link-boy, foreshower of death, will press his company upon us,—till, I say, he came to thee with thy wife's last prayer upon his lips, and then thou held'st out some five days. Peace be with thee, and thy joyous spirit!)

We walked in silence till we came to the street in which Lady Mason lived.

"Stay a moment," said he, "one moment. The woman said something about a will. Has he left a will?"

"He died too suddenly to make a fresh one. He wished to see you, but died before morning. He told me you had a will of his, made many years since."

"What! that to the Reformation Society? His Will-o'-the-wisp, as I used to call it, that would mislead his money into the quagmires of vice, and the sloughs of iniquity. I shall burn it, and hand over his money to you."

"You must do no such thing," I replied; "I hold it sacred. Besides, I have already told his wife that such a will is in existence."

"Who, were I to burn it, would come in for her thirds," said he. "Did ever goose hold his head up so high as you, and was ever goose *such* a goose? Why did you open lip to such a harridan?"

"It can't be helped now," I returned; "had he lived, it had been otherwise. No matter. I dare say I shall be able to make my way through the world."

"Ay, and come out at the antipodes, no doubt," returned Myte,—"nothing more easy. Give a man a thousand years, and the first threescore and ten don't count for much. What's to be done?"

"I have no earthly right or title to the money," said I. "It is true, he had no relations; but his wife knows of the will."

"She will have all if I destroy it," said Myte; "and you can have none, whether I do or no. O Lord! I wish I could be a rogue safely—for this once. If I wouldn't, I hope I may never be honest again. Go to Lady Mason, and call upon me on your return."

I promised that I would do so, and was hastening away, when he again detained me.

"Look you here," said he; "I have a large sum of money of poor Woful's in my hands. Well—what must I do? and it must be done, I see that. I must wait upon the society. I shall be ushered into a room — to the committee, where three or four red-faced and round-bellied rogues are seated—rogues, to whom the reformation of manners has not extended, but to whom the cant brings grist—and good grist, too; such as makes the sinners thank Heaven they never thought of being honest, but did think of seeming to be so. Well; behold me: here I come on my fool's errand—of money left—of the testator—of the amount. How their eyes goggle one at each other; 'Pray be seated, sir.'—'Let me beg of you to be seated, sir.' How the elbows are at work at the sides which are about to have another inch covering upon them. Lord! oh Lord! what a born fool will

they think me, and what a fool shall I look! — not a born fool, but a made one — to show how great a fool could be made. I pay over my money, and retire blushing, like a modest man who has done a good deed — for they always look as ashamed as though they had been doing a bad one. Lo! as I pass through the gates, two thieves, one on each side, gauging my empty pockets. 'Walk in, gentlemen, to the committee,—I beg; to the committee, I entreat. They have already saved you the trouble.' And this is the end of Woful's money."

I could not forbear smiling, albeit anxious to get away, at this whimsical picture.

"Don't laugh," said he, shaking his head with a seriousness altogether unusual. "It won't bear thinking upon. There—go. 'Society for the Reformation of Manners!' Why don't they enclose Hounslow Heath, and Bagshot Heath, and Finchley Common, and pension the highwaymen?"

He let me go, and I hastened to Lady Mason. The servant announced me, and retired. She met me half way. Spite of my recent resolve I could not, for the life of me, have uttered a word of reproach to her. She looked like a doomed being — like one whom death had called, and who had heard, and who had seen him.

She laid her hand upon my arm, and said, "Do you know what you have written to me? You tell me Ludlow is dead. Is that true?—oh, no; and that I have murdered him; and *that* is not true. What had his wife to do with it? I cannot make that out. You are a strange youth."

I was about to say something, but she checked me. "How you are grown since last I saw you! This is an odd world, my boy; and I am a strange woman, and very old—as old as I well can be to retain my poor senses. Wandering again, I declare! Come, tell me," and she made me lead her to the window. "You say Ludlow is dead. I cannot believe it. I will not believe it. Look me in the face, and confess that it is not true."

"I wish, madam, from my soul ——"

"You look me in the face," she said, stopping me, "and your face tells me that it is true. It is a sad thing," with a shudder; "but it cannot be helped now. It is a way we must all go. You must let me know how he died; but why do you keep me standing here? Don't you know that I am aged and infirm?"

I took her arm, and helped her to her chair.

"There — there; now we are as we should be. Now, sit down. What did Ludlow say in his last moments—of me, I mean. I want to know that. He reproached me, did he not? He vilified his mistress? well—I say it is a strange world." She fixed her eyes earnestly upon me. "He cursed me—cursed me?"

"No, madam, he did not," I replied. "He enjoined me to tell you that, as you had been his earliest, so had you been his best friend and protectress, — that he was sensible of your goodness, and grateful for it; and on his dying bed he blessed you, and prayed for your happiness."

She shook her head with a sad smile. "He was a good creature; faithful and honest, and only too grateful. But what of the last few months? what of my discharging him? I *did* discharge him from my house, from my service."

"Pardon me, madam, I would rather not answer that question."

"But that question must be answered," she returned quickly, and with an imperious air, which reminded me whose mother she was,—"it must be answered. No, no, sir; I must be obeyed. What did he say," measuring her words, "of my turning him out of doors?"

"He said, madam," I replied after some hesitation, "that it was not your act,—that you had been misled,—controlled by another."

"And that is true — true — true!" she exclaimed, snatching my hands between hers. "Oh! my poor dear boy, how grieved you look. Come, come," patting my cheek, "you must not grieve. It is for old people to grieve; I am sure I do. That is true,—I *have* been misled and controlled, and made to do things in my age at which my youth would have blushed; and which have shamed both youth and age. I thank my good God that I am not well able to reason with myself now. There is a hoop of iron bound round my head,—it seems like it. But for that, I should go distracted. You must not tell me, or write to me, anything more about Ludlow,—murdered! indeed! murdered!" repeating the word many times. "Mrs. Freeman is dead—that's true, is it not? He told me so five years ago."

"It is true, madam; Mrs. Freeman died some years since."

She fell into a long reverie. "Why," she said, at length, suddenly, with a smart blow upon my arm, — "to be sure. Jane Barton was his wife — pretty Jane Barton, as we used to call her. She brought herself to shame; but—mercy on me, that was long ago—very long ago. That never murdered him. Hush! what's that?"

I listened; but heard nothing.

"Hush! she's coming: let us be prepared for her," arranging her head-dress,—"let us be quite serene. Don't stir."

The door opened, and Mrs. Brett walked into the room. There was no symptom of confusion or even of surprise when she saw me. Was there ever such a self-possessed woman? I protest, as she advanced, she bestowed upon me a slight grave smile, and there was an humble depression of the eyelids—mock, that, I suspect.

"Is your ladyship better this morning?" she said, taking the seat which on her entrance I had involuntarily relinquished.

"I have heard news that should make me worse," replied Lady Mason. "Ludlow is dead."

"I know it," returned Mrs. Brett; "and I am glad of it. He was a fool and a knave, and deserved to die. Either may be happy and prosperous; both in one, never."

"You must not talk so," exclaimed Lady Mason; "he was a good creature."

"Nay, I said it out of no enmity to the fellow," cried Mrs. Brett. "He is gone. Let him go. He was not fitted for this world."

"And we that are," said Lady Mason hastily,—"are we prepared for the next? Oh Anne! Anne!"

"I was at church last Sunday, and heard a very long sermon," said Mrs. Brett with a yawn. "But you are ill — your head bad again. Why is this youth standing here? Is he wanted?"

"Your son!" cried Lady Mason almost sternly. "Recollect yourself, child, he is your own son. Now Ludlow is gone I must have no more of this. He was the obstacle."

Mrs. Brett turned to me with a lofty air. "Were you with *your father* when he died, sir?"

Insolent woman! how I despised her!

"No, madam," I replied, "I was not. Were you?"

What a demoniacal face was hers in an instant. She would have arisen, but was detained by Lady Mason, who flung her arms about her.

"The dear boy!" she cried imploringly,—"the dear boy! be merciful to him, as you hope for mercy. See, how grieved he looks! Oh! that I were dead, and in my grave! Anne, you will send me to my grave."

Mrs. Brett gently released herself from her mother's embrace.

"You will kill yourself with these extravagances," she said: "be composed; nay, I will leave you else. We must have no scenes."

"I am quite calm," said Lady Mason vaguely.

"That is well. I am glad the boy is here. Step forward, sir; I have something to say to my mother which you may hear. You will see that I wish you well, for it will be a lesson to you."

I approached, and took a seat.

"Madam," she resumed, turning to Lady Mason, "the wisdom you may derive from my story will come too late. Ludlow, too, might have profited by it. This boy is my son——"

"Heaven be praised!" began Lady Mason.

"At all fitting times Heaven should be praised," interrupted Mrs. Brett. "Restrain yourself, madam, I entreat. This boy is my son; you say so. I will not deny it."

Lady Mason was again about to break forth into a rapture; but a something in the face of Mrs. Brett, as I conceive, restrained her.

"My daughter!" she said piteously, "you must not trifle with us, or play with us."

"I will not," returned Mrs. Brett,—"that I have never done with you. Perhaps I might say, would that you had never played and trifled with me. That youth, if he were my son, or if he be my son, —as you will—might echo, 'would that you had never played and trifled with me.' And I am accounted wicked, cruel, vindictive, unnatural. Look, now, what you and your good Ludlow have done."

She paused, regarding me intently for some time. I was interested, and at the time touched by the expression of her face. Her eyes appeared full of sorrowful meaning—almost of tenderness—feigned, —I know now it was feigned. She passed her hand across her brow. "It is gone—and for ever."

"Madam," she resumed, "when Lord Rivers was dying, he sent for me. He wished to see me. The living who wrong me, I can never pardon; the dying I can forgive. I went to him. He was solicitous to know what had become of my son. I told him he was dead. *You* told *me* so. I thought his brain was touched when he questioned me. What else could I think? And, when he said that you had constantly assured him the child was living, even to the last, within a few months, I was confirmed in my belief. My story is at an end when I acquaint you that the sum of six thousand pounds, which he had left to the child in his will, was struck out of it." She turned to me. "You are vastly indebted to your friends, sir, if you are my son: if not, very little to your fortune."

Lady Mason appeared not to comprehend, at the moment, the tenor of this speech; but when she did —— description of that face were hopeless. Even her daughter was terrified by it. "Speak! speak!" she exclaimed. "Yes — yes — speak? we must all speak when we come to answer God. I must, and so must you. Weep, woman, weep; or, what is better,—pray."

She fell down upon her knees, raising her aged and clasped hands towards me.

"Now, my God,—and thou art a merciful God,—what is left to me but to die? Oh! thou wronged, dear child, — on all hands wronged,—how can I look for forgiveness from thee?"

Her daughter had taken her in her arms, and was attempting to lift her from the ground.

"Rise, madam," she exclaimed; "what strange proceedings are here? The youth must laugh at you. You knew Lord Rivers had left my son nothing. It is but as it was."

"Would that I were as I was, or that I had never been!" cried Lady Mason. "Rise? I may be raised, Anne; but I shall never rise again."

She snatched Mrs. Brett hastily by the wrist, and beckoning impatiently to me to approach, took mine also.

"My daughter!" she said solemnly, "the wicked do not bad deeds for nothing. I have done your will, and it has been wickedness. I ask you now to do my will; it is that you will save two souls, or try to save them. Behold your son — your own son, as Heaven is my witness; as Ludlow, who is now, I trust, in Heaven, is *his* witness, your own son. I will be calm, but you must hear me. We deceived you; but this boy never did you wrong. You cannot hate him for our fault. Come — come — my dear daughter, my Anne, my only child—take him to your arms, to your heart!"

Feebly indeed, but with all the strength of which she was mistress, did the miserable lady strive to join our hands.

"No?" she cried, staring upward wildly at her daughter. "By the Maker we have both outraged, you shall do my bidding. Anne Brett, you *shall* obey me. Oh! speak to her, Richard — join with me in entreaties — in prayers to that insensible woman. You may look, Anne; but I see you are moved" (poor lady! Mrs. Brett moved in my favour!) "you will acknowledge him — you will protect him—you will be his mother."

"Assure yourself, madam, that I will not," returned Mrs. Brett.

Lady Mason relinquished her hold upon us, and fell upon the floor prone—motionless then, as death.

"You have killed her, madam," I exclaimed.

"Peace, dolt!" she replied; "ring the bell, and retire. You can be of no service here."

"I will at least stay, madam, till it be ascertained whether Lady Mason still lives."

She answered not, but, taking her mother's head upon her knee, applied salts to her nose. The servants now ran in, and, raising their lady in their arms, conveyed her to an inner room, Mrs. Brett following them.

Could I believe my ears? I listened; and was at length assured that they had not deceived me. Yes; Mrs. Brett, with the most fond and tender endearments, was endeavouring to restore her mo-

ther to consciousness — blandishments such as I have seen a young mother exhaust, or rather strive to exhaust upon her firstborn, and which a daughter may gracefully and sweetly repay to her aged parent. I heard these. A pang of nature — for it was a pang — shot through my heart,—a thrill went through my frame,—from my eyes gushed forth tears. Then, not till then, I felt that I had a mother. Like a fool, like a great girl, or a blubbering boy, I sat down and wept — sighed — sobbed, that my mother might have heard me. (Would that the worthy housekeeper had never withdrawn me from beneath the bed-clothes!)

I was disturbed at this sorry employment by the entrance into the room of the lady who had unwittingly put me upon it. I dried my eyes hastily, and wiped my beslubbered face. Her own was paler than before, but as cold and callous.

"You are still here, sir?" she said, advancing.

"I waited, madam, to learn the state of Lady Mason."

"She is better. But you have, I perceive, been weeping. If for Lady Mason, you have begun too soon. You should reserve your tears for her funeral. Tears are sometimes scarce at funerals."

("At yours, at least, they will be," I thought to myself afterwards.)

If any moisture had lingered upon my cheeks, the blush that overspread my face would have scorched it off in an instant. As yet, however, something of the woman abided with me. I approached her respectfully.

"Why, madam," I said, "will you ever treat me thus? How have I wronged, — in what way have I injured, — in what manner have I offended you? What is my fault? Tell me, and I will correct it. Would that I knew how I could oblige you!"

"You know very well how you could oblige me," she returned,— "ay, and Richard Freeman, or Ludlow, — whatever be your name, —even to you would I acknowledge my obligation. Let me not see you again. Let me never hear of you or from you more, and I will thank you. Relinquish your absurd—your preposterous claims; return to the honest calling for which your parents designed you, and which, I am told, was that of a cobbler!"

This was too much.

"What, madam!" I cried fiercely, "after the asseveration of your dying mother, will you still reject me?"

"That was so well thought on of Ludlow," she said, with a scornful smile,—"the artful knave to a weak and confiding mistress. To pass you off — his own, or his sister's, or his wife's son, for mine! The creature hated me, I believe. You *are* a clever youth. You have supported him well. But enough of this. Begone! — what *is* your name—is it Freeman?"

"Richard Savage, madam, son of the late Earl Rivers."

"Words—words—forward, well-taught, well-faced stripling; but a bungler, too. Come, I will be plain with you. Had I been as easy, as credulous as my mother, do you think your abrupt, ill-conceived, ill-executed intrusion upon me in my own house would have imposed upon me? Had I previously been shown the best reason to believe that I had a son in existence, could I have mistaken *you* for him—with those player's antics?"

I was silent. To say the truth, I managed that scene—for, after

all, it must be so called—very awkwardly. And yet the case itself was scenic; and upon a little reflection it will be admitted that the manner of performance ought to have very little to do with the question. Tell me, O Eliza Haywood!* thou great genius of modern fiction! thou, who knowest, or sayest thou dost know, all the passions and feelings that work or play in the bosom of mankind, (would that thou wouldst depict them better!) tell me what ought to have been done upon that occasion, and how?

I was silent, I have said; but at length I answered, "Nevertheless, madam, and in spite of my inability to express what it was impossible I should feel, namely, that lively affection for your person which your watchful and tender care of me from my infancy upwards might — I do not say it would—have excited in me; and, in spite of Ludlow, and in spite of yourself, you know I am your son. And, in spite of your barbarous cruelty to me, I know you are my mother."

"And what," she replied with prodigious assurance,—"what if I were to say I know it likewise? What if I do say so?"

"Perhaps you will not be believed. The world, madam, I have heard, more readily ascribe vices than virtues to mankind; and there are some who appear resolved that in them, at least, the world shall not be mistaken. Keep to your story, madam, by all means; I will stand by mine."

This cutting retort—for so I designed it should be,—fell pointless. Perhaps the arrow was shot too high, and missed her. What did she care for the world, — half of which was as bad as herself, and the other half no better. She greeted me with a derisive titter.

"Thou foolish novice!" she said leisurely, between her white set teeth, "and what wouldst thou be? and what wouldst thou do? and what canst thou do?"

"I can tell you what you have done," I replied,—"what you will do, who can tell? Ludlow, he is dead."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Your mother lies dying. These are your doings."

She turned pale at that. "Insolent villain! you dare not say this to me!"

"I dare — I will. I have said it. These are your doings, Mrs. Brett. I will now be plain with you. Not satisfied with disowning your son, you would have spirited him from England. Where was I to be sent? To the West Indies? or was I to be murdered on the passage? But, worse than this — (I thought, madam, you were a proud lady,)—you stooped to accept my mercy; and afterwards suborned an infamous wretch to prop your falsehood with another. You have her hand to it, I hear."

"I have," she replied; "and she has signed to what is false; I know it, and I confess it. What of that?"

She laughed; but it was not carried off well. Oh God! how exquisitely mean she looked at that moment; and she felt she looked

* Eliza Haywood, although now nearly forgotten, attained during her life-time to an enviable celebrity. Pope, in his Dunciad, has heaped terrible infamy upon her head. Her plays I have not seen; but I have looked into her novels—of which "The History of Betsy Thoughtless" and "Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy" are the most considerable. They possess no common degree of merit, but are altogether unfit for modern perusal.

so. She was disconcerted—shockingly, painfully self-abased. Ludlow! thou hadst had thy revenge then, couldst thou but have seen her. Too ample it had been for thy gentle spirit to have borne. I could have wept for the poor soul in that beautiful body, so cursedly employed.

It was some minutes before she recovered her composure. When she did, she said,

"I repeat, I know that what the woman has signed is false. I tell you that you may know me. Beware of me, Richard Freeman."

"I must be Richard Savage, madam. My mother's shame is yours; my father's name is mine."

"As you will," she replied, her bosom heaving, — "Richard Savage, then, — that woman is your mother. You understand me?"

"I do. As you will, as you have said. Upon my word, madam, I believe, after all, you have some consideration for me. Though you yourself disown me, you kindly procure one who is willing to acknowledge me. I ought to be, and am, obliged to you. So little to choose between the two."

She flashed forth at this, coming towards me with an eye of fire.

"Richard Savage," her hand held forth. She checked herself. "But no; we will have no theatrical show. "I hate you. When I *say* that, it is enough."

I threw forth my hand, and caught her descending fingers. "Mrs. Brett, I do not hate—I despise you."

She strove to look me down; but her eyes fell under mine. She measured me from head to heel, and I her. Am I not your son, madam?

And we parted, never to meet again, eye to eye, face to face, breath to breath. And was there to be no theatrical show? Not Booth and Mrs. Barry ever stalked from the stage at opposite sides with a more taking dignity.* I am told Mrs. Brett has a keen sense of the ridiculous. She must have laughed over the remembrance of this often, as I have done. It is well that we should have supplied each to the other one occasion of mirth. And all, perhaps, that has passed between us, rightly taken, *is* ridiculous. Then, if it be so, let others laugh.

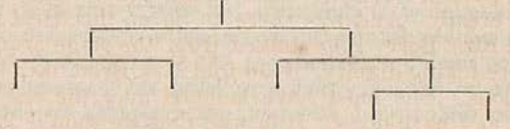
* Of Booth, Betterton's successor, Savage himself, in his narrative, speaks more than once. Of the lady, Cibber says, "Mrs. Barry, in characters of greatness, had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and action superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her. And when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony." It may be added that Dryden spoke of this fine actress in terms almost of extravagant praise: yet Cibber tells us, after a lapse of thirty years, she had become an incomparably greater performer.

WELCH RABBITS.

BY DR. MAGINN.

Upon the existence of ghosts, and the influence of dreams, I know that opinion is divided. The wise, in general, are disbelievers; and, if we allege the credence of Johnson in such matters, we are met by the assertion that, in spite of the doctor's great talents and strong common sense on all ordinary subjects, he was on all subjects "beyond the visible diurnal sphere" deeply tinctured with superstition.

And yet there lingers in the mind a willing belief that such things as communications from the departed may be permitted. I know all that has been said of the absurdity of imagining that, while no ghosts glide along the fields of Waterloo or Cannæ, or emerge from the waves of the Nile or Trafalgar, where many a thousand men passed timeless to their doom, we should find, in some obscure hole or corner, where a single person was done to death, that solitary shade returning to complain of the shedding of its blood. I know, too, that the objects in general assigned for the appearance of the ghost, are not such as we can reasonably imagine disturb the repose of a spiritual being. Crocks of gold, the portion of a fortunate interpreter of a dream, in which the shade of some great-grandmother sends the dreamer in quest of such articles, to find them upon London Bridge; wills abstracted, to be discovered after due admonition, and the adjurations of at least three nights; *laches* in pedigrees, to be filled up, not by the industry of the Heralds' Office, or the ingenuity of the manufacturer of those mystic hieroglyphics of descent which puzzled the eyes of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse in "Ten thousand a year,"=



or something else as plebeian, and as certain to lead into courts of justice, or in some manner or another to help the family of the law. These, I repeat, which (putting murders out of the question) constitute at least nine-tenths of the causes of ghostly visitations all over the world, seem hardly of sufficient importance to call the spirit from its dread abode.

I do not believe that there have been any murders in my family. No maiden aunt drowned herself for love; no grim grand-uncle flung the hapless evidence of frailty, staining the annals of his house, into the fire; no gentleman of the family has to complain of any cruel Barbara Allen; or, on the other hand, no Margaret's grisly ghost to glide to William's feet. I have lived, too, in haunted castles, traversed by ghosts in all directions, and not been molested by anything more dreadful than the larceny of rats behind mouldy wainscots; and I have looked down from dizzy battlements, from which, according to the most authentic and long-derived legends of the country, ghosts, or wraiths, or ladies of the lake, nightly were to be seen in dozens, without catching anything more visionary than the glancing of the moonbeam upon the bubbling spray of the torrent underneath. It is therefore not without some fair reason I may ask the favour of being deemed not re-

markably superstitious on the subject of ghosts or of dreams; and yet, —but I shall let the the reader see, and determine.

My childhood was passed in a remote district of Wales, where, in due course of time I was filled with many a visionary " tradition, legend, tale, and song." Educated under the care of a strict Presbyterian governess, I imbibed from her principles which taught me that belief in the surrounding superstitions was not merely absurd, but sinful. Her education, alas! like much other education, was like Penelope's web. I undid the toil of the morning lecture of the governess by swallowing with thirsty ear the putting-to-bed story of the nurse. Emancipated from the trammels of education, I ran the usual gauntlet of young ladies of my rank. I danced and flirted a season or two; and then my hand was given to a sort of Welsh cousin, whose name was located in some part of our wide-spreading pedigree; given, indeed, with my own consent, and something more than my own consent, — given with full heart, — and, if it was free this moment, dear Llewellyn, and you asked for it, it should be yours with as perfect truth and happiness as if the last ten years, blotted out of time, were to be repeated to-morrow.

His family seat was an awfully venerable castle, of sound tremendous to Saxon tongue, and there I spent (not lonesomely indeed, for it was but one continued feast at Caderyswy,) the first two years of my marriage. We made one formal visit, of a short fragment of the season, to London; but Wales was our abiding home. Ambition suddenly came over my husband's mind; and, during one of these visits to town, his agent, for most disinterested good reasons of course, persuaded him to start for Parliament. There was a great deal of worry about it, and, as I heard, enormous expense; but, after a trial or two in various quarters, he was at last successful, and returned for the ancient and independent borough of Widemouth. As he was very rich, the money did not much trouble us, and the bustle, noise, and racket of the elections gave me no small amusement.

It was now necessary that we should take a London house; and, after some difficulty of selection, we succeeded in obtaining one in Grosvenor Square. We furnished it splendidly, according to all that the hearts of the men of chairs and tables, curtains and carpets, mirrors and pendules, sofas and ottomans, gilding, painting, carving, tracing, taste, goût, virtû, and so forth, could possibly desire. It was an immensely large house, but no part was neglected, from the massive splendour of the Louis Quartorze drawing-room, to my own pretty bijou of a boudoir, a perfect gem,

——" In which Golconda stood confessed,
And all Arabia breathed from many a chest."

We gave very gay parties in our very gay house, and Llewellyn was quite happy with his new toy. I went out a good deal, and attracted as much admiration as generally falls to the lot of a lady who presides over *recherché* dinners, and opens her house to distinguished *soirées*. Yet I felt infinitely lonesome for all that; neither my health nor inclination suited the eternal round of visiting, and I gradually diminished my nights of going out. I missed the hospitable dinner-parties, and the good humoured dances of Wales, where mirth and kindliness compensated for refinement and wit. And, in truth, I was very much alone. The House of Commons, then in the full vigour of the session,

occupied many of my husband's nights, and gave ample business to almost every hour of his day. I saw little of him from the time he rose until he returned to dress, and that was a ceremony very often omitted. He dined at Bellamy's, or at some of his clubs, (he belonged to three or four,) and returned late. Our dinners were either altogether *à l'improviste,* or set portions of his parliamentary life. Being very little of a politician, I could not force myself to feel any great interest in the conversations so keenly carried on around me, except so far as I saw that they amused or excited my husband; and I am sure if he had taken it into his head to follow cock-fighting with as much zeal as he did the political movements of ministries and oppositions, I should have lent as attentive an ear to the controversies of the cockpit as I did to those of St. Stephen's.

It was altogether against his wish that I narrowed my visiting circle; but I felt myself unequal to going through what was to me no more than a fagging duty. If I had a conquest to make, a settlement to win, a daughter to bring out, a cousin to chaperone, or any other such stimulus, it might have been a different case; but I had nothing of the kind. The consequence of all this was, that I spent many evenings alone in my gilded apartments. I have always hated toadies, and far preferred solitude to the mercenary companionship of a lady who had seen better days, or a poor relation degrading her blood and my own by playing the part of being useful about the house, and agreeable to its mistress. I therefore generally occupied myself with reading from the time that Llewellyn left me, and his return very often in broad daylight discovered me still so engaged. I cannot flatter the authors whom I read that the intense interest of their volumes had not, in the intermediate time, occasionally acted as a narcotic. For this waiting up I received many a gentle chiding, which generally concluded by an assurance that the sessions was fast hastening to its close, and that then we should emancipate ourselves from the smoke of London, and inhale the clear atmosphere of the sweet shire of Cardigan. "We shall then forget these cursed politics, my dear Mary," he would exclaim; "I wish, from the bottom of my soul, I had never embroiled myself in them." This would be said with the air of a much enduring man, who was making the most enormous self-sacrifices for the good of his country. I saw that the career in which he was now engaged, gratified him to the very centre of his soul nevertheless, and I encouraged him accordingly to undergo his sufferings with due resignation, for which I was sure of being rewarded with an affectionate kiss, and the seriously-bestowed title of "my dear good little wife."

One evening I had a small dinner-party, at which he barely looked in for a moment, consisting almost exclusively of ladies. We chattered through the hours pleasantly enough, and our numbers gradually fell away to three elderly ladies and myself. We were all natives of the principality; and my companions, though women of birth and fashion, had in a great measure retired from London life, and spent most of their time in Wales, to the customs of which they were most warmly attached, with all the vigour of provincialism. Prattling chiefly on our family traditions—we were all cousins—brought the hours very close to midnight, and such stirrup-cup as ladies can venture to use had made its appearance, when it suddenly occurred to the oldest of the party, Lady Winifred, my husband's maiden aunt by the mother's side, that something in the shape of supper would be accept-

able, and—mention it not in the land of silver-forks, wound not with the awful intelligence the sensitive souls of fashionable novelists,—her ladyship selected—I am ashamed to write the word, but it must come, —her ladyship selected—Welsh rabbits. I can only say in her defence, that they were not prepared according to any of the vulgar recipes. Slices of bread were no doubt cut, toasted, and buttered — that was left to the care of the servants — but, as to obeying injunctions which bid ordinary cooks "cover them with slices of rich cheese, spread a little mustard over the cheese, and put the bread in a cheese-toaster before the fire," which, I perceive, is the utmost that the ingenuity of poor Emma Roberts* can recommend, we never thought of doing anything so unphilosophic and mechanical. According to the practice of our house, derived from antiquity so remote that it would be vain to seek for it in the Triads — my friend, Lady Charlotte G., clever as she is, will hardly find it in her Mabinogion—the cheese is prepared apart—stewed in a silver chafing-dish, into which are gradually introduced, with all the mystery of the necromancers of old, certain ingredients, which, like theirs, are only communicated to the duly initiated. After a proper quantity of watching and incantation, it flows out a creamy fluid, fit to bathe the expectant toasts. It must be poured forth at the moment of projection; and those who have once tasted it need not be reminded that it is to be eaten without delay. It is never suffered to linger long upon the table. In the present case it was prepared by the noble hands of Lady Winifred herself, who had a Welsh anecdote for every ingredient she put into the savoury mixture; and we proved that our voting it excellent was no hypocritical compliment, by the practical attention we paid to her culinary labours. I protest, however, we had no Welsh ale to accompany it. I have confessed the rabbits; I deny the *cwrw*.

The carriages of Lady Winifred and her friends had been diminished to one; and that at about half-past twelve o'clock conveyed my cousin homeward. Llewellyn had not returned; and I retired to my sleeping apartments. They were in a distant part of the house; and when I had dismissed my maid, I was almost as much alone as if I had been under a different roof. The room in which I seated myself, and began to read, was vast, and scarcely lighted by the brilliant argand set upon the table. I felt a troublesome sensation of loneliness. The very splendour of the furniture by which I was surrounded, only augmented the solitariness of my situation. Many hands, I thought, had been here busily employed,—the ingenuity, the labour of many an hour set to work to produce what I dimly see all around; but the workman has departed, and his noise is hushed. I became excessively nervous. I was half afraid to look at the pictures, and the grotesquely carved cornices assumed in my eyes figures and appearances that were anything but agreeable. I got up, and walked about the room, and opened a window. This, except that it let in a draught of fresh air, which in some measure revived me, did me no service, for the back of our house opens upon a mews, the scanty lighting of which showed nothing but what was squalid and disgusting. I closed the sash, and returned to my book; but the same class of ideas recurred. Addison's story of the great Egyptian temple, reared by all the skill of architecture, and adorned by all the gorgeousness of wealth, which, on being

* Miss Roberts' edition of Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery.

forced open by some angry conqueror, was found only to contain a mouse, occurred to my imagination. Here am I, I thought, in this large and splendid mansion, the solitary mouse, and, what is worse, I have no priests to guard me.

The volume I was reading—I do not recollect what it was—contained some dismal stories, and Lady Winifred had been entertaining us, among other "Tales about Wales," with awful narratives of domestic tragedies, in which murders, robberies, and housebreakers occupied no small space. I reflected how utterly defenceless I was, if any one should break into the house through the mews, into which I now regretted having looked. All this was weak enough, I admit; but my situation, then of a very delicate nature, made me fidgetty. I determined to call my maid, who slept not far off upon the same floor, and with her to pass the hours which might elapse before the return of Llewellyn.

I rose to do so, but my purpose was at once arrested as I looked at the door. Was it magnetism? I saw the handle of the lock distinctly turn. There was no one nearer it than myself. I rubbed my eyes,—and looked with the most piercing scrutiny of gaze. It moved again. There was perfect silence all around. I sunk back in my chair; but eyes could not remove themselves from the handle of the lock. It moved once more, and I all but fainted. I endeavoured to rise, for the purpose of ringing the bell, but I had not the power to stir; I essayed to call out, but my tongue refused its office. There I sat in a state of semi-consciousness, looking with fixed gaze at the door. I do not know how long this may have lasted; it could not, however, have been more than a quarter of an hour, perhaps not so much. The lock-handle in the mean time had not moved any more.

"It must be a mere delusion," I said; "and I should be ashamed of giving way to such fancies. I'll go and call Martha, and she must help me in shaking them off." I mustered courage, therefore, to rise; but I honestly confess, when I came to turn that mysterious handle, my very heart sank within me. I conquered my apprehension, however, and turned it without encountering anything very direful or alarming in consequence. I hesitated a little about opening the door; but this feat too I summoned up sufficient energy to perform. I looked into the little antechamber outside. It was dark, but had been undisturbed. Everything was there as I left it; the windows were fastened, the door opposite mine closed, as usual. Ashamed of my silliness, I proceeded towards Martha's chamber, which I found locked, and my fair *suivante* afforded audible proof that she was lying in a slumber from which it was not easy to awaken her. After calling and knocking rather loudly for some time I gave it up; and as the motion had somewhat braced my nerves, I thought I might as well return to my own room to laugh the terrors of the self-moving lock-handle to scorn.

I had to pass a landing-place of one of the staircases on my return, and I saw in a distant room on the floor beneath some flashings of a light, which seemed to be partially obscured. My alarms now returned, but they were supernatural no longer. The servants had long retired to rest, and no one could have placed a light there with any other than a felonious intent. What was I to do? The intruders lay between me and the servants' apartments, and giving an alarm would infallibly bring the enemy upon me. While I hesitated, the matter was decided; my lamp had attracted the notice of the people below,

and they lost no time in running up stairs. In a moment I was surrounded by five men, disguised in immense great-coats, muffling handkerchiefs wrapped in thick profusion about their necks, slouched hats, and pieces of black crape disposed so as to perform the duty of masks.

It is needless to say that I was now alarmed indeed; but they did not do me any personal hurt. The tallest of my assailants knocked the lamp out of my hand, and we were left in the obscurity of their dark lantern. In uncouth and hoarse accents, one of the party assured me "I vos as safe 's if I vos in a chuch;' and in the same dialect, which I confess myself unable to imitate much farther, proceeded to inform me that they had not intended to molest me at all; but that as I had thrown myself in their way, they might as well do their business out and at once, and have an end of it. The meaning of this I soon ascertained to be, that though they had succeeded in sweeping the rooms of all that was valuable in their portable ornaments, and obtaining possession of so much of our plate as was in ordinary use, by breaking open the butler's pantry, success and impunity had given more ambitious impulse to their desires; and though one of the party (the tall one, who had knocked the lamp out of my hand) seemed to suggest, in a whisper quite inaudible to my ears, that enough had been done, and that the best policy would be to retreat as soon as possible, gold was too tempting to be resisted. I was put under a hasty, but most rigorous cross-examination, to elicit from me where my husband's hidden wealth was to be found. The great bulk of our plate was safe at our banker's, but there was still no small quantity in size, if not of corresponding value, locked up in an iron safe in a closet next our bed-room. Thither I conducted them with trembling steps, and delivered up the keys. The plate there stored consisted chiefly of cups, bowls, flagons, tankards, salvers, and other dear-bought trophies of the racing-stand or the hustings, and their gaudy splendour quite dazzled the eyes of the robbers. They would have turned from the finest work of Benvenuto Cellini with all the disdain of ignorance; but here they had some sympathies with what they saw before them. Like all other gentlemen of their profession, they were no doubt amateurs of sporting in all its branches, and the cups, as they trundled them forth, excited vast admiration, and afforded them many opportunities of displaying their knowledge of the turf. Their delight over these unsaleable baubles, and the delay which it occasioned, excited the impatience of the tall man, somewhat as we may imagine Caliban was moved when he found his associates wasting their time over the frippery in Prospero's cave, when valuables infinitely more precious lay unheeded at hand. Something seemed to agitate him, and at last, with a convulsive gripe, he caught me by the arm. I felt that he trembled from head to foot. I endeavoured to burst from him, and get at the bell-handle; but he pulled me back, and said, in a hoarse and evidently feigned voice, at the same time producing a pistol, which he passed along my cheek, "I don't want to harm a hair of your head, — but resistance is death. Besides, it is useless to ring for your servants: some of them *can't* hear you, and some of them *won't*;"—an observation which drew forth an approving chuckle of hearty laughter from his companions. A dreadful suspicion now flashed across my mind. Can these people, or any of them, belong to my household?—and if they do, have they disposed of my faithful servants by murder before they proceeded to rob the house? I was not allowed much

leisure to pause on these reflections; for the man, who now seemed to have recovered his nerve, exclaimed, "D———!" shook me rather violently, and demanded to know where I had stowed away my jewel-case. His violence had an effect which he did not anticipate; it knocked the crape off his face, and I could not help crying out, "Oh, Philip! Philip! can it be you?" He was an old silver-haired butler, or footman, or factotum of our family, who had dandled me a hundred times upon his knees, and who, I had every reason to believe, was at that moment in Wales.

He stood aghast for a moment, and his companions, evidently terrified at the turn affairs had taken, scrambled up as much booty as they could secure, and declaring that the game was up, scampered down stairs as hastily as they could, leaving Philip to complete the more dangerous part of the undertaking in what manner he thought best. I suppose they calculated, that as my murder was now perfectly certain, a chance of safety was open to at least one of the party (and each, of course, determined that he should be *that* one,) by turning King's evidence. I heard the hasty closing of the hall door, and I felt as if in the departure of these unprincipled villains I had lost the protection of trusted friends, upon whom I could rely for my life.

"This never will do, ma'am," said Philip; "I didn't think it would come to this. I thought you were in bed, and tried the handle of the lock of your room; and when I found you were safe locked in, I took it for granted you were asleep in your bed, as you ought to have been, and I'd have moved these chaps away without molesting you. But now it's too late. It's now life for life."

"You'll not murder me, Philip?" I asked, in an agony of fear.

"Not if I can help it; but I have no notion to let you hang me if I can help that either."

"I swear—"

"Nonsense. Your jewels, I know, lie somewhere here about, and if I had them, a few hours would put me out of the reach of the law, or of those cowardly villains who have run away, and left me in the lurch. I'll settle for *them*, at all events. Your jewels, ma'am, your jewels."

"Here, here," I said, "the keys are in the drawer of the looking-glass. They are principally in a large flat box in the next closet."

"Make haste, then."

I tremblingly obeyed. He dragged me after him without ceremony, and soon found what he had demanded. He made a hasty sweep, and was about to retreat, when the sound of carriages was heard in the street.

"Here they are," he cried, with a desperate oath. "I must chance it through the mews; but nobody is to be left behind to tell tales."

As quick as the word he levelled his pistol at me, and fired; but his aim was unsteady, and the ball passed through my thick hair, in which stuck and smouldered some burning wadding. In an instant he drew another from his waistcoat-pocket; but fear, the desperation of the danger, and the chance of coming assistance, gave me more than woman's strength. I closed upon him, and held down his arm with all my might. It was weak, however, even under the circumstances of excitement, as compared to his. My struggles did not last a minute before he had shaken me off, and he fired again. There was a flash, a dreadful crashing noise, a hasty trampling of feet up stairs; the room

was filled with noise and smoke, amid the gloom of which the villain seemed to vanish—and my husband stood over me.

I sunk into his arms. "My brave Llewellyn!" I exclaimed—and he burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear Mary," said he, "what *can* bewitch you to stay up so late—not, indeed, watching, for of that I acquit you—but staying out of bed, in my honour? Would it not have been far better for you to have gone to sleep quietly in bed, instead of nodding uneasily in your chair? See what you have done. Just as I opened the door, you gave a most vigorous jerk forwards, which has knocked your lamp off the table, smashed it all to pieces, and singed one of the prettiest of your curls.

This, then, was the flashing and crashing, the smoking and the burning, which had drawn visions of robbers and pistols, and all the other terrible things, before my dozing eyes. I looked about, and I found it was broad daylight. Their Commonships had sate late, and I had fallen asleep, like the great majority of the members during the debate. In a moment I collected my faculties, and told my husband all the misfortunes which Morpheus had inflicted upon me. He laughed heartily.

"Well, I am glad my plate and your jewels are safe, even though I have lost the honour of being the *preux chevalier* coming in to rescue you in the hour of danger, and earning in good earnest the appellation of 'My brave Llewellyn.' But I must insist upon it, that good Aunt Winifred does not seduce you into any more suppers of Welsh rabbits. They are of marvellous potency in evoking or creating ghosts. As for myself, what kept us so late was this:—we were in the third night of our debate on the Corn Laws, and we hoped to take a division; but there are two great guns to be discharged yet, and, hang them! one is waiting for the other. So, after wasting three or four hours in sham divisions, about half an hour ago we agreed to an adjournment at last. The principal arguments adduced to-night, my dear, were, in the first place, if corn—"

"Nay, Llewellyn, nay," said I, "that is not fair. Come to bed. I have had one nightmare already to-night,—and do spare me the Corn Laws."

Here somebody may say, "Whatever we may think of this as a dream, there is nothing supernatural in the business." Stay awhile.

Have you never heard stories of dreams, in which people thousands of miles away appear to their friends at the moment of their death?

It is admitted; but there is nothing of the kind here. Not quite, but something still worse. The moment of my dream was between six and seven o'clock in the morning,—and precisely at that moment, *Philip, who appeared to me as I have related, was at the distance of nearly two hundred miles from London, putting on his bridal garments, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, to marry Bessy Griffiths, not quite eighteen.*

The story of my dream was talked about in the country, and a couple of years afterwards it came to the ears of Philip. The old man gravely shook his head. "It's no wonder," said he, with a sigh, "my spirit was troubled and wandering about; for, poor thing, it knew what it were to go through, though I, old fool that I was, did not."

CUPID IN LONDON.

BY R. MORE.

Young Cupid, grown tired of his wild single life,
And the pranks he had long been pursuing,
Determined to marry a sweet little wife,
So in earnest he set out a-wooing.

But disdaining to win her by magic or art,
Or aught save his beauty and merit,
Away with contempt threw his bow and his dart,
No longer their pow'r to inherit.

Then to London he came one fine morning in May,
When the full tide of fashion was flowing ;
His purse was brim-full, his heart light and gay,
And his cheeks with fresh roses were glowing.

As a fine handsome youth he was soon known in town,—
All the ladies his manners delighted ;
Not a ball or a rout with the world would go down
Unless Mr. Love were invited.

His cab was "*perfection*," his horse "*quite a love*,"
And his *Tiger* "*the least of the little;*"
No one else ever wore such a hat or a glove,
And his *Stultz* was a fit to a tittle.

The bride that he sought for was easy to find
In the midst of such dazzling attraction;
And soon a fair maiden he met to his mind,
Whom he loved at first sight to distraction.

'Twas at *Almack's* he met with the dear lovely girl,
She was called "*the prize flower of the season;*"
And her exquisite form in the waltz to entwirl
Was enough to deprive him of reason.

So he told her his love, and she whispered "Oh fie!"
As she blushed and looked round for her mother;
And Cupid inquired, with a tremulous sigh,
If her heart ever beat for another.

But her mind was as pure as her beauty was bright;
And she told him no one e'er could win her
Who in frivolous pastime alone took delight—
The *beau* of a ball or a dinner.

Ashamed and dejected, poor Cupid retired,
Resolving to *cut*—cutting capers,—
And chambers next day in *the Temple* he hired,
And filled them with law-books and papers.

Then to study the Law, like a man he went down,
No scholar could ever be apter,
For he bought an arm-chair, with a wig and a gown.
And in Blackstone he read *a whole chapter*.

At the end of a fortnight he grew thin and pale,
And he thought he should die without jesting;
So he dressed all in black, which he thought must prevail,
For it made him look quite interesting.

Then he called on his love, looking grave as a judge,
And to plead his first *suit* was beginning;—
But she laughed in his face, said the law was all fudge,
And *her* heart would never be winning.

Distracted he left her—transported with ire
To think that his plan should miscarry;
He tore up his gown—threw his wig in the fire—
And kicked all his books to *Old Harry*.

Next morning to Melton he rode like a dart,
To adopt a new method to please her,
For he vow'd that he'd conquer her obdurate heart,
Or break his own neck—just to tease her.

So he rode like a madman the wild *steeple chase*,
And followed the hounds like a Tartar;
And he galloped like wildfire at each *hurdle-race*,
To win it or die like a martyr!

Then his fame got abroad as a sportsman of note,
And he thought he was now quite a hero,
So he went to the maid in his bright scarlet coat,
But his ardour soon tumbled to *zero*.

For she told him his deeds were unworthy of fame,
(Her remarks were all true to the letter,)
That a fox or a hare were but pitiful game,
And the riding his groom could do better.

Poor *Love* now indulged in a grief without bounds,
For a week or two "*sans intermission;*"
Then he sold off his hunters, and gave up the hounds,
And purchased a cornet's commission.

In a cavalry reg'ment to battle he went,
And he said not a word of his going;
But resolved that in action his life should be spent,
Or at least that his blood should be flowing.

And soon in a charge which he gallantly led
At the enemy's troops in platoon,
He got a sad cut (while defending his head)
In the arm from a heavy dragoon.

Disabled from duty, he homeward returned,
The news of a victory bringing;
And now with affection his loved maiden burned,
And the town with his praises was ringing.

One morning he called with his arm in a sling,
And attired as a dashing young lancer;
To refuse him this time was a difficult thing,
For she loved him, indeed,—when a dancer.

When he talked of his passion, she listened with pride,
And her heart by assault was soon carried;
And she shortly appeared as the young soldier's bride,
For in less than a month *they were married.*

COMICALITIES OF THE FEELINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

"You 've hurt my feelings," cries the clown in a pantomime, to the policeman who accuses him of pocketing a leg of mutton. A clown's honour is considered to be a joke. Were he a sad scoundrel, it would be otherwise: but he is a funny rogue.

"Love," we are told, "conquers age." Love, for the most part, is a serious affair; but when it conquers age it becomes comic. For old gentlemen generally have wrinkled faces and grey beards, and moreover, "a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams." Love, indeed, is comic in all queer-looking people; in the cock-eyed, the carroty, the dumpy, and the crooked. "Said she,"—that is, said the "Landlady of France,"—

"Said she, 'I love this officer, although his nose is red,
And his legs are what the regiment call bandy O!'"

Our hostess may have been seriously in love, but love was not serious in her. Love is also comic in the followers of mean or vulgar trades. A tailor's love is comical. But, above all, love is most funny in philosophers; perhaps, because the follies of the wise are more conspicuous than those of other people.

Love is likewise comical when comically expressed. A lisping lover is ridiculous; and not less so is one who slaps his forehead, and smites his breast, to show the strength of his affections. Love is laughable, too, when it procures its votaries a ducking or a rib-roasting. So it is when it puts Corpulence into a tight-waistcoat, and sets Gravity capering: in short, whenever it causes a man to make a fool of himself.

It is particularly comical when declared in bad English. Would it not be somewhat strange to say, "Love you, dearest! why you *nose* I do."

Love levels ranks. In this radical capacity it is productive of much amusement; as, for instance, when the heart of a young lady is lost to her papa's footman.

Despair is not usually classed among the lighter feelings, nor is *felo-de-se* regarded as a joke. A paragraph, however, in a newspaper, headed, "Effects of unrequited affection—Attempted suicide of a coalheaver," would, in this hard-hearted generation, be considered a facetious announcement.

Destructiveness is a quality which no one laughs at in the tiger. It is not pleasant to be torn to pieces, either in person or character. Yet, could a scandal-party, composed of those biped allies of the feline race, who, but for their *looks*, might be said to belong to the *fair* sex, be seen in the height of enjoyment,

we should rather shake our sides than shudder.

We have a respect for pride. In reading "Paradise Lost," we are inclined to give the leader of the angelic insurgents more than what he is proverbially entitled to, — more than his *due*. In great rebels pride is grand; but in minor ones, whose rebellion shows most pigmy-like, it is farcical. The "village Hampden," the New Jerusalemite cobbler, who "with dauntless breast" withstands the "little tyrants" (whom, however, he thinks great ones) of his stall, namely, the parson and the churchwardens, is a droll opponent. Could the parson put him in the stocks, and were he to resolve upon remaining there for an indefinite period in preference to submission, even with a hungry cur perpetually gnawing his great toe, the fable of Prometheus—who was himself something of a dealer in *New Light* in his way, — would to all intents and purposes be realized in little.

But if some modern Æschylus were to dramatise the facts, taking the beadle and constable for Strength and Force; the blacksmith of the village for Mulciber; the parish-clerk for Mercury, the messenger of the reverend Jove; a mad milk-maid for Io; a chorus of Jumper and Socialist females for the Oceanides; and the sympathising Sam Stokes, the chimney-sweep, on his donkey, for the old Sea King himself; the whole concluding with a shower of eggs, turnips, and dead cats on the head of the unyielding hero; the performance would excite other feelings than those of pity and terror.

In like manner, the *Maid's* tragedy may be tragic enough: but a "*Servant's* tragedy," the scene the kitchen, and the characters its denizens would furnish,—even though footman, coachman, cook, housemaid, and lady's maid, were left dead on the stage, with none but the butler and housekeeper remaining to moralise over their carcasses,—"very tragical mirth."

Maternal affection, that tender and hallowed emotion, assumes, when the object of it is fat, voracious, or silly, a ludicrous character. Filial tenderness may be carried to an undue excess: one may be mammy-sick, which is a state of mind somewhat bordering upon the ludicrous. The young man, however, who is too fond of his *uncle*, is, of all who love their relations "not wisely, but too well," the most open to raillery.

Othello's jealousy is not comic, unless when portrayed by a comic Othello. In real life, too, jealousy, when it sends hats (with heads in them) flying out of window, or leads to a pressing invitation to "coffee and pistols for two," and so forth, is a grave affair; but it more frequently affords food for merriment. The jealous husband, whose better half—taken, however, or mistaken, as the case may be, for *worse*—is spinning round in a waltz with a young officer, whom in his imagination, gazing through its green spectacles, he regards as "a gay Lothario," whatever torment he may endure himself, is simply ridiculous to the looker-on. Rolling eyes, grinding teeth, clenched hands, and bristling hair may be terrible on the stage; but elsewhere, except in the madhouse, they are droll. Jealousy, in a dame of fifty, likewise, who indulges in hysterics and belabours her spouse, is, to all but that hapless individual himself, a laughing matter.

Joy is not always mirthful: the joy of the enraptured poet, of the inspired musician, or the fortunate lover, is a joy that breaks not forth in laughter. But were the last of the above mentioned personages thus to sing:—

"At length these arms enfold thee!
Our cares at last are o'er;
Thus to my heart I'll hold thee!
We meet to part no more.
Whack fal de ral de rido,
Ri toora loora lay,
Fol de rol lol de lido,
Right fol de rol de ray!"

he would be considered to express himself with levity;—his joy would be jocose.

Rage and indignation are generally terrible; but they are not invariably so. A young gentleman, a "nice young man for a small

tea-party," and who, moreover, has been invited to one, at which, too, he expects to meet the object of his affections, has partially finished his preparatory adonisation. He has but one coat, or rather he has not one coat, in the world; for that in which he is to shine, or which is to shine upon him, at least, as he hopes, is still in the creative hands of the tailor. It should have been received, according to solemn promise, an hour ago, and the young gentleman, half dressed, and more than half frantic, is momentarily consigning the deceiver to Orcus, when behold an imp, the fraction of this ninth part of a man, appears, bearing a parcel and a message; the latter being as follows:—"Please, sir, here 's yer veskit, but yer coat ain't done yet."

Grief, above all things, is serious. Niobe in tears is no laughing-stock; neither is Beauty in tears,—to speak in a general way. But let Beauty cry over a dead puppy, or a lost live one,—whether biped or quadruped,—and we smile at her distress. The woes of infancy excite commiseration, and yet such is the distortion of countenance which they cause, that Georgy, crying for bread and jam, diverts (if he does not annoy) the beholders. We hear of lovers weeping; and looking at this lachrymal secretion in a poetical point of view, we see no fun in it, and some pathos. Were we, however, really to behold an unhappy swain with bedabbled cheeks, with eyes, and probably nose too, swollen and red, we should see more fun than pathos in it. Weeping, however, is one thing, and blubbering is another. Compare the all but divine agony of a "Mater dolorosa" by Carlo Dolce, with a dolorous urchin deprecating his impending chastisement for a misdemeanor just discovered by an angry pedagogue: some difference will be perceptible.

Terror is one of the passions which it is the very object of tragedy to excite. When, however, the cause of terror is comic, the terror is comic too. The terror felt at the appearance of the Ghost in Hamlet is a different sort of fear from that of Hodge, whose bristles erect themselves at the sight of a turnip-lantern on a tomb-stone. It is no joke, certainly, to the person principally concerned, to be pursued by a bull; but it must be confessed that in running away he affords real diversion to the safe witness of the chase.

The present subject is inexhaustible; but we fear that by protracting it we shall try the reader's philosophy, rather than increase it. Besides, to be too long, (whereas brevity is the soul of wit,) would indeed be a "pretty considerable"

High Joke.

A NIGHT IN THE CALCUTTA HOTEL.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

James M'Carthy arrived in the metropolis of Bengal almost direct from Cork. With all the implicit credulity of his country, he had believed every story which had been palmed upon him during the voyage; and, though he was somewhat staggered by the bold assertion of one of his brother cadets, that the race of Anthropophagi (described by Shakspeare as carrying their heads under their arms) actually existed in India, yet as he had been taught devoutly to rely on the fact that St. Patrick floated over from Holyhead (so called, says the tradition, from this miracle,) to Park Gate, seated on his own cranium, why, after all, the thing might not be impossible.

As to the race of the original serpent which tempted Eve still existing in many parts of the East, there was evidently nothing unlikely in that; while rivers of gum springing from forest-trees, colonies of monkeys who sang songs, played at cricket, and got drunk upon cocoa-nut milk, were objects he daily expected to meet with, being not a jot more improbable than one of his own native legends, or even those sporting anecdotes which he not only related as facts, but was ready to fight any man who dared to doubt them.

He had, on his father's domain in Galway, what he called a "t'orough-bred mear, that had jumped a wall sivin feet high, coped and dashed, and sprang a dyke t'irty-t'ree feet wide, during a Rock-rochan* steeple-chase." He pulled the little doctor's nose because he doubted that the M'Carthys had an attendant *banshee* attached to their family; and called out the skipper because he insisted on burning three lights in the cuddie.

Of the terror-inspiring objects of human nature in general Mac felt no dread; but the threat of a banshee, the mischief of a fairy, or the idea of his Satanic Majesty clothed in an earthly form, could at any time nearly throw him into fits. Brave, open-hearted, and generous, he was passionate, superstitious, and credulous. He came, he believed, to a land of horrors, solely with the idea of picking fruit from the pagoda tree. He had about as much idea of Asia as an Indian of my acquaintance had of Europe, who once asked me if I knew "Missy East India Company?" adding gravely, "Missy Company must be very old lady now!"

Mais revenons à nos moutons. M'Carthy having no friends in Calcutta, on landing took up his abode at the hotel. There are now several hotels; but at the time I write of there was but that one, which was almost deserted, so great was the hospitality formerly displayed by the British residents in India. One or two other passengers went to the same house, preparatory to delivering their letters of introduction. By and by the evening looked so fine that he proposed to two ladies, who were of the party, to take a stroll through the town.

"Put on your bonnets, girls, and sure we'll be after looking about us. Faith, and it's a mighty fine place this Calcutta,—it's almost as

* I have here spelt the name of this renowned steeple-chase exactly as it should be pronounced, or rather I should say, as I have heard it pronounced by Galway and Roscommon men.

grand as Cork, only, you see, they 've nothing like Cove in these parts."

The young ladies consented, and the trio were about to sally forth, when, lo! the master of the house stopped them at the door, and with a look of horror assured them that if they persisted in going out during the heat of the day, they would probably be struck down by a *coup de soleil.*

"Thin the divil me ever sich a counthry I ever heard of, bad scram to it," ejaculated Mac as he turned back.

As he was going up stairs, it was his fate to meet a snake-charmer, carrying several of these reptiles with him.

"Ye blackguard of the world," shouted the enraged Irishman, "is it to kill and murder us entirely you come here with yere bastes of the divil? By the piper that played before Moses, if you don't make yourself scarce, it 's my mother's son that 'll bate your four bones to powther."

Now this was an idle threat—perhaps the only one M'Carthy ever offered; for he would just as soon have thrown himself into a well as have approached the juggler, who was not a little surprised to find the exhibition of his powers thus strenuously rejected. Like a true Indian he only salamed, and, with the servile humility of his enslaved race, he mildly and gently retired. The sight of the snakes had made poor Mac nervous.

After a late dinner, one or two old Indians present called for their hookahs. Their *hookabedars* brought them up, unperceived by James M'Carthy, who happened to be deeply engaged in conversation; and, having placed the bottoms, or water-cups, close to Mac's chair, gave the snake (the tube of a hookah is so called) into their masters' hands.

At the first whiff M'Carthy started up. The hubble-bubble noise of the smoke passing through the water seemed to his ears like the sound of a rattle-snake; and, as they came directly from the back of his chair, the unfortunate Irishman sprang bolt upright, and looked round with horror. Presently he perceived the tube twisted round the arm of one of the old residents.

"Oh! milley murthers," cried he, pointing to the apparently dreadful object, "what is that?"

"This?" returned the other coolly; "this is my snake."

"Tunder and 'ouns!" screamed the Patlander, making a rush for the door, "what do you mane by bringing the baste here, you ould blackguard?"

It was now the turn of the other to feel astonished. An explanation, however, at length took place; and, though M'Carthy wanted sadly to fight the civilian for having made him expose himself, yet at length they became friends, and poor Mac, in the true spirit of Hibernian friendship, got gloriously drunk with him, and in this state was led to his bed.

It was past midnight. It might have been one or two o'clock in the morning, when our friend was awoke by a most extraordinary noise in one corner of his vast bedchamber. The fumes of his late orgies still rose through his brain, and to a certain degree confused his senses; but in spite of this, M'Carthy felt assured that strange and unearthly noises proceeded ever and anon from the aforesaid corner of the room. He attempted to battle the idea, and even endeavoured to go to sleep;

but, alas! the mysterious noises again arose, and, in spite of semi-intoxication, — in spite of his desire to look upon the sounds as unreal, poor James was recalled by them to perfect recollection. He raised his head slightly from his pillow, and distinctly heard the same noises repeated. He started bolt upright. It was no delusion; it was no mistake, for alarm had perfectly sobered him. The same sounds met his ear. James M'Carthy defied all the world; he, however, excluded his Satanic Majesty from the list of those whom he thus braved. Before any human power, however overwhelming, he would have scorned to fly. It was, he justly considered, no dishonour to retreat from an attack of Beelzebub; so he jumped out of bed, and made for the door.

The dreadful sounds still continued. Mac trembled like an aspen-leaf. The demon was evidently approaching his victim. James could bear no more. For one instant he uncovered himself, and suddenly hurled the pillow towards the spot whence the noise apparently proceeded.

An instant only elapsed. A fluttering of wings was heard; the imp (or whatever it might be) suddenly seemed to change its form, or rather throwing off its disguise, seemed once more to re-assume its devilish attributes, and spreading its wings actually flew across the bed of poor M'Carthy, flapping them in the face of the unfortunate Irishman.

Words would be too weak to express the feelings of poor James. He was actually for an instant paralysed; but suddenly recovering his senses, he sprang out, and preferring death itself, he raised the window, which for the moment he forgot was two stories high, and boldly jumped out!

"Tunder and ouns! what is the maning of this same?" demanded Mac, as he looked round, and saw every one laughing at him. "Sure I t'ought I was on the second floor! Ah! thin, till me, has the house sank in the night?"

"Not a bit," replied his friend; "but, if you had happened to have looked out of window before you went to bed, you would have perceived that there is a flat roof to the lower apartments, which forms a terrace to the second. So, why or wherefore you chose to hang out of your window in your present improper condition, and wake all the house by your cries, in preference to dressing yourself, and coming down the few steps like a steady man, I can't conceive. Poor Miss H—— is in fits. Mrs. L—— is in such a state that she has sent for the doctor; and it is feared she will meet with an accident (being in a delicate state) before he arrives. Old Chambers has got a fit of the gout from the sudden alarm, and several persons have run off to call the guard; and all this because you chose to get tipsy, swing yourself out of the window, and then roar like a bull, and disturb the whole neighbourhood."

"Arrah, thin, hush, my fine fellow, jist for a bit of a minute, and I'll till ye all about it. Sure the divil's there above."

"The what!"

"Thin may O'Donaghew and his fairies punish me, but it's thrue. You're a 'cute man; sure I'll make ye sinsible entirely," and he led his friend away, and told him all about the horrors he had heard and felt.

Having put on the dressing-gown of his friend—for he feared to

venture alone into his own chamber, he summoned up the landlord and one or two others, to whom he again related the way in which his Satanic Majesty had visited him during the night; first, in the shape of a snake, and then in the form of an eagle. His hearers trembled, and looked at each other; but, as it was now daylight, they could not well refuse to accompany M'Carthy to his room, which they accordingly entered. No vestige, however, of the devilish visiter remained. One or two fancied they detected the smell of sulphur; but others declared this was mere fancy. Every corner was searched; nothing was visible. At length somebody proposed to look under the bed. No sooner did that person approach than a hissing noise proceeded from the spot. The whole group started back in dismay. Their cry of terror brought more persons to their assistance, and amongst others a native, armed with a long bamboo. He was requested to poke it in under the bed, in order to disturb the devil from his snug hiding-place. He did so. The hissing increased. The women actually shrieked with terror, and the men huddled themselves close together. A noise of wings was heard. M'Carthy, who was pale with fright, looked appealingly towards the company, and crossed himself. The native gave a still more violent thrust, when, lo! out flew, not Beelzebub, but A GOOSE! — a poor, harmless goose, that by accident had got into the bedroom of the now-enraged Irishman.

With the discovery of the cause of Mac's alarm, a general laugh arose at the unhappy man's mistake; and those who had fully shared his terrors a few moments before, were now the most forward to ridicule him.

M'Carthy vainly endeavoured to hush the matter up. He called out two of his best friends for talking of a goose in his presence; insulted a young lady to whom he was engaged, because she laughed when she heard the story; threatened and fumed about it for at least two years, at the end of which time, finding it impossible to fight the whole world, our hero suddenly turned round, joined in the joke, and ever afterwards consented to be called "Goose M'Carthy!"

MY FIRST MORNING IN CALCUTTA.

I AWOKE about seven o'clock on the morning after my arrival, and, for an instant, scarcely recollected where I was. I was lying on a hard bed, enclosed in a tightly drawn yellow gauze veil. Daylight was forcing its rays through the closed Venetian blinds. A feverish unrefreshed sensation shed a disagreeable lassitude through my frame; I recalled my present situation, and soon after happened to cough. In an instant, a dusky form stood beside me. The watchful Kidtmutgar had been listening for hours to catch a single loud-drawn breath to announce my waking. He had remained in silence, salaming his respects to me. "What hour is it?" demanded I. The poor fellow seemed terror-struck at finding I could not speak Hindostanee. He placed his two hands together, as we do, in an attitude of prayer, apparently beseeching me not to punish him for not being able to

understand me. In another instant, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He glided noiselessly away.

As I was in no great haste to rise, I did not seek to detain him; but throwing my head upon my pillow (if such a hard thing could be dignified with such an appellation), began to ruminate on my situation.

I had come out to India by the desire of one of the best of parents, who held a high official post in the country, and whose conduct during a long series of years had rendered him an object of respect and esteem to all his fellow-countrymen, of almost adoration to the natives. On my landing the night before, I had learned, to my sincere grief, that the author of my existence had expired some days previous to my arrival. My godfather, at whose splendid mansion I should have taken up my abode, was gone to Penang (the Prince of Wales's Island), for the benefit of his health; and others who ought to have received me, were absent from the metropolis. I had, therefore, cheerfully and gratefully accepted the invitation of Charles Jarvis (an old bachelor), who asked me to take up my quarters at his small house, in Durruntollah, till I was enabled to form an establishment of my own. Here, then, I now lay, building plans for my future guidance.

Presently the servant returned, accompanied by another, who professed to speak English.

"Massa, make ready, for make shabee."

I scarcely understood what he meant; but as I considered it the safest way, I nodded. In the next moment his companion raised the musquito curtain; and before I was aware of his intention, he had lathered my chin all over; then seizing me by the nose, with a finger and thumb of icy coldness, began to shave me. This operation he performed, seemingly, in the most expert manner, as I lay on my back. I say *seemingly*, because the real truth was that I could be no judge, having as yet no beard requiring tonsorial skill. The man, however, went mechanically through the job, wiping the suds on his naked arm, and looking as grave as if he was mowing down the bristling stubble of a hairy veteran. His operation completed, he salaamed, and withdrew. Another servant now entered, bearing my linen, &c. I could scarcely believe that his black paws would not sully the bright whiteness of the objects he carried. I afterwards, however, became thoroughly convinced that no human being on earth is so scrupulously clean as the dingy Indian. This fancy was a mere passing idea; but as I am determined to set down each thought that shot across my brain during my first morning in Bengal, I have accordingly noted it.

The new-comer unclosed the curtains at my bed's foot, and without saying a word, put on my stockings; then coming to the side of the bed, he held open a pair of silk *pigamahs* (loose drawers made of the finest material, extremely large, and drawn round the waist with a silken cord and tassel), for me to jump into. This I did, and approached the dressing-table with an intent to finish my toilette. But all this trouble, all this exertion was spared me. Officious servants surrounded me, and not only handed me, but actually put on me every part of my habiliments, seemingly rather annoyed that I even took the trouble of washing my own hands; which, however, they dried for me.

"Well," thought I, "this is the most lazy proceeding I ever yet

met with. No wonder old Indians on their return to Europe fancy themselves sadly neglected by their domestics. I shall, however, shut my door to-morrow morning, and insist on dressing myself." With this noble resolution, I strutted into the breakfast parlour.

Though the table was laid, and several servants stood round the room, my friend was absent. I learnt that he had gone to take his regular ride, but would return before eight o'clock to breakfast.

"At what hour does your master usually ride?"

"Him getty up at four, massa," was the reply. I confess I could not help thinking him an unconscionably early riser.

At the appointed time Jarvis walked in; and after shaking me by the hand and welcoming me to Bengal, we sat down to our morning meal, which consisted of chocolate and tea, with rice, *ghee* (a mixture of rancid butter and curry-powder), some Bombay ducks (dried fish, so called), sable *mucthy* (something like our salmon), and some prawns. The latter, however, I could not be induced to taste, since I had often heard that the finest and best prawns in India are occasionally extracted from the dead body of a floating black man. The breakfast over, our hookahs were brought, and a bottle of Hodgson's pale ale placed before us; and we sat at least half an hour, silently puffing away. The two *hookahbedars*, and the unfortunate man who sat squatted on the ground swinging to and fro the *punkah*, (an enormous machine, something like the leaf of a screen affixed to the ceiling of every sitting-room in India, the air of which is the only breeze that fans the faces of the residents,) pursued their occupations with patient monotony. The palanquin-bearers busied themselves in putting up *causcus tatties* (thick blinds made of a peculiar kind of grass, which they soon after wetted, in order to cool the air as it passed through them), in the most noiseless manner. The other servants quietly removing the breakfast things, their naked feet causing no sound to be heard, seemed so strangely still, that I could almost have believed we were waited on by a party of spectres.

"And now, my dear boy," said Jarvis, at length breaking silence, "you must begin to think about setting up your establishment. As you say you wish to proceed instantly up the country and take your servants with you, the sooner you make the necessary arrangements the better."

"Well, sir, I will be entirely guided by you in this affair; but as you know my means are unexpectedly cut down, I hope you will start me on a fair but economical scale."

"*Bon*," quoth Charley, who was rather fond of interlarding his conversation with French terms, "*bon*. Now let me see, the first thing I had better do is to acquaint you with the price of provisions, the wages of servants, and other matters, and leave it to your discretion to keep down your expenses."

"Agreed."

"Cloth hats and other objects of dress are now high; buy, therefore, nothing of this kind. In six months the rise in these articles will be known in Europe; in six more the market will be so glutted with them, you will buy them for less than half their cost price. English horses, too, are dear. You will get nothing fit to ride under two hundred pounds; and after all, they are good for nothing but racing, in this country."

"I should prefer an Arab."

"If you get a good one, you will indeed find it a treasure; but good Arabs are very high-priced, and difficult to find. The second class cost from sixty to eighty pounds; and, though showy, are, generally speaking, vicious, and stumble every hundred yards. No, my boy, buy a couple of good country nags, and a *tatty* pony as a hack. They may be less beautiful, but certainly more useful; more enduring than either an Arab or an English horse in India. There is a large sale this morning."

"I will attend it."

"The principal beverages in Hindostan are brandy, which we drink mixed with water, and style brandy-*pawny*, *loll shrob* (claret), and Hodgson's pale ale. The first is about the same price as in England, the second less than half; the last frequently cost three rupees a bottle, and is therefore looked upon as a most genteel drink; one in which ladies and gentlemen may pledge each other's good health at table."

"A sheep costs a rupee (about two shillings). A dozen of fowls may be had for the same amount. Game may be bought for almost nothing. Bread and all other objects of consumption are equally low. The wages of servants, who feed themselves and sleep upon the floor, about eight rupees a month; your lower domestics from four to six. *Gramme* (a grain on which they feed horses in India,) is extremely reasonable, and *bungalows*, up the country, let at moderate rents."

I was delighted. Everything so apparently cheap, I began to pour out my conviction that I should be able to live for next to nothing.

"Stay, stay, not so fast, my young friend; the quality may be cheap, but the quantity required will perhaps rather astonish you. In the first place you *must* keep horses. You *must* live like others, and drink expensive beverages. We have no small-beer, no cheap liquors here to quench your thirst. Again, it is true a sheep costs less than half a crown, but then it will not keep twelve hours; so every small joint you eat will be the same as a whole animal. Your linen dresses may be cheaper than your cloth clothes in England, but you must change them at least three times a day; and so great is the quantity of *chunham* (a sort of starch) put into them, that they will rot and tear in the course of a few weeks. You must furnish your own residence; while as to servants, we will settle that at once. A *consommer*, or head-servant, to attend to your table at eight rupees a month."

"Well, sir," cried I, interrupting him, "at all events, that is cheap."

"Stay. A *surdar*, or principal servant, to look after your clothes."

"What! won't the *consommer* do?"

"By no means; each man has his particular duty, and will not interfere with any other matter; it is against his caste."

"What a bore! But pray go on."

"A *kitmudtgar* to wait behind your chair; a *hookahbedar* to take care of your *hookah*."

"But my dear sir, couldn't ——"

"Hush, not at all. I know what you were going to say. But, as I before assured you, all these persons are indispensable. You must have eight bearers to carry you in your palanquin; a *pune* to convey

your notes and messages; a *dobee* (washerman), a *durjee* (a tailor), and ——"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Jarvis; surely if I like I can get my things made at a shop."

"There are no tailors' shops up the country. I am only naming the servants you will find absolutely necessary."

I groaned audibly. He went on.

"Then you will require a *bestee* (a water-carrier) to bring your water; a *bobichi* (cook), to dress your dinner; three *syces* (grooms), to take care of your three horses, and follow you when riding, and a *grass-cut* (a mower), to supply them with hay. This is the smallest establishment you can possibly keep. Besides, I had nearly forgotten that you must positively have a good *abdar*, to cool your water for drinking, and a *marchee* (an interpreter), as long as you are ignorant of the language."

"Gracious Providence! you cannot surely mean to say that it is necessary to hire two dozen persons to wait upon a single individual."

"Indeed I do."

"Then I'll be shot if I shan't be ruined," grunted I, as I jumped into my friend's palanquin, and by his advice started off for *Tulloh's Outcry* (auction), where several nags were that morning to be sold, and where he told me I should meet all the gay loungers in Calcutta. As we approached the gate of the court-yard in which my friend's house stood, one of the bearers came up to me, and jabbered something; but as I could not understand a word he said, I merely repeated the word *jeldi* (make haste), which Jarvis had taught me, and proceeded. The instant the portals were thrown open, we found ourselves in the midst of a dense crowd. I naturally looked out to ascertain the cause of it. Imagine my horror when I beheld a human being hanging over the archway of Jarvis's gates. It is true, strictly true, they had executed the man on the spot where the murder had been committed, and for which he had been convicted. The spot happened to be at the door of my entertainer. I shrank back, I confess, in horror and disgust.

For an instant I stopped at the house of Major P——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and was immediately shown in. P—— was, for the time being, the director of the private theatricals, the most popular and delightful amusement in Calcutta. A black man, to whom a part had been allotted in one of the performances, was with him. He was about to *jawab* him (send him away), when I begged he might stay. The following dialogue actually took place in my presence.

"Tell me, why do you object to play this part? It is the only one you can perform, on account of your colour; it is the part of a black man."

"Yes, massa, me know; all berry good; but me no understandee not English, massa."

"You mistake me; it is English, but as a foreigner would speak it."

"Can't you give me, massa, what I makee out? me no learny this."

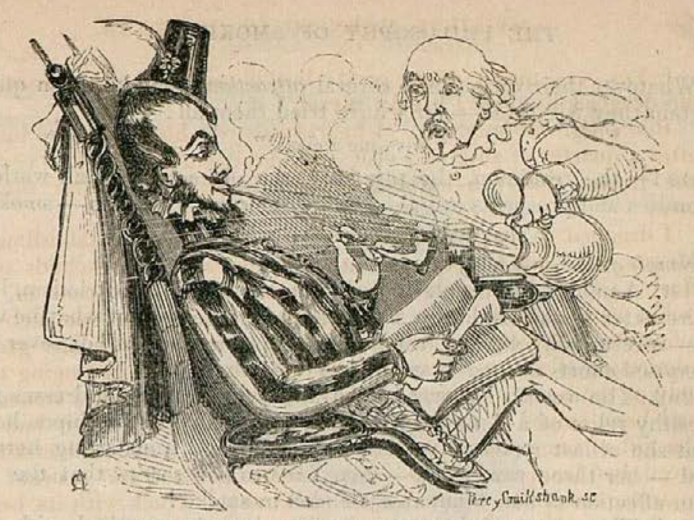
"My dear fellow, you must. It is your part; it is broken English, written expressly for a black character."

" Yes, yes, massa, berry good; but if same thing to massa, give me de good English, I breaky mysel."

P— burst out laughing. I heartily shared his mirth, and left him after a quarter of an hour's visit, still vainly endeavouring to convince the Indian that the author's broken English was better than his own.

I dropped in for five minutes at the magnificent establishment of Messrs. P— and Co., the Leviathan bankers, the Rothchilds of the East. (They have since failed, but at the time I speak of, their riches were supposed to be incalculable.) Never did I see such magnificence. The object, however, which struck me with the greatest admiration of all was the mouth-piece to the hookah belonging to the lady of the house. It was entirely composed of precious stones, and had been valued at twelve thousand pounds. I believe it had been the gift of some native prince, whom John P—, a man universally beloved, had been enabled to serve. On going out, I met a sweet child in arms, carried by a native *ayah* (a nurse). Struck with its beauty, I asked to whom it belonged. " P—and Co., *sahib*," replied the woman. " Thank you," said I, as I again jumped into my palanquin smiling at the mistake of the poor woman.

Arrived at the *outcry*, all was gaiety. Here lounged the artillery officers from Dum Dum, and the staff-officer from the government-house. The cadet came here to throw away his ready money, and the old civilian his superfluous savings. Not that any of these white-jacketed gentlemen (for I must remark that every one was thus dressed, the military only distinguished by their sashes) wanted any particular object announced for sale; but here dropped in, in case a particularly good house, a super-excellent batch of *loll shrob*, a few cases of champagne, or a lot of English hams were by chance put up. This was their almost daily lounge. No wonder, then, that the post of auctioneer in Calcutta is reckoned so good; that the gentleman puffing away before me had given up a troop of dragoons, and a staff appointment to become a knight of the hammer, a post which would secure him at least thirty thousand pounds in less than five years. Like the other glories of India, the great profits of these gentlemen have passed away. During the sale I saw an old man of at least seventy years of age, with one foot in the grave, buy a cellar of wine, sufficient for thirty years' consumption. I beheld a raw boy, unaware of his folly, purchase eighteen bad horses, merely because they went cheap. A civilian bought twelve dozen English hats, which, when he came to look over, he found filled with ants. While, as to myself, I bought a curiously carved ivory box. I seized the treasure, opened a small drawer, and beheld a scorpion ready to rush out. I dropped the desk, which instantly broke into a thousand pieces. I suddenly became an object of commiseration to some, of ridicule to others. I liked neither the one nor the other; so I called my bearers, and in high dudgeon jolted back to Durrumtollah.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.

SMOKE—IN VOLUMES;

A RHAPSODICAL, ERRATIC RIGMAROLE.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.—Horat.

Fus. Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.
Art. I shall smoke short-cut; you smoke what you please.
Bomb. Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name,
Short-cut or *long*, to me is all the same.
Bombastes Furioso.

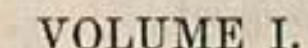
Sublime tobacco! which, from East to West,
Cheers the tar's labours, or the Turkman's rest.—Byron.

" Qui vivra fumera
Qui fumera vivra.—"

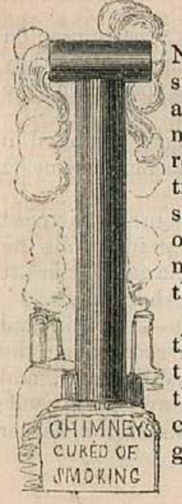
" Qui vit sans tabac, n'est pas digne de vivre."—Moliere.

" Teach me put dry grass, red hot in hollow white 'tick."
Inkle and Yarico

" I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled."
The Woodpecker.



VOLUME I.



IN this age of universal competition, the multitude struggling for notice or notoriety find all their merit and honest endeavours unavailing without advertisement. They must either chalk their walls, à la Warren, or advertise, if they wish to progress with the times. From a country curate's widow left with six small, helpless children, (the eldest only nine years of age,) to a patent razor-strop, all must put their miseries and excellencies in print, in order to attract the notice of a benevolent and discerning public.

I am so confident in the truth of this proposition, that, notwithstanding the generally acknowledged virtues of the hookah, the meerschaum, the chibouque, the calumet, the dhudeen, the cuttie, the " yard of clay," and the more primitive cigar, I am resolved to give them one and all a *puff*!

Whatever their various and several *attractions* may be, I am quite certain they will *draw* — for I have tried them all! —

"Give me a cigar!"

Hem! — the residuum, the terminus, the ultimatum of all worldly promises and prospects are almost invariably resolved into — smoke!

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."

Exempli gratiâ:—

1st. A man of the people — breathing the flames of patriotism, like a fire-eater — and talking to the independent electors of what he will do—is returned, when lo! the deluded "pot-wolloppers" discover his promised efforts all end in smoke!

2nd. The worldly suitor, all sighs and protestations, addresses the wealthy relict of a defunct sugar-baker, and is "so sweet upon her" that she at last resigns her reluctant hand, and transferring herself and — her three per cents. — soon finds to her sorrow that the ardent affection of her "flame" has ended in smoke!

3rd. The valued friend of the family, who takes pot-luck with you three days out of the seven — imbibes your champagne and devours your choice viands — and squeezes your hand across the mahogany at the third bottle, energetically asseverating that he only wishes for an opportunity of verifying his ardent professions of esteem — when the bins and larder are empty, retreats, "more in sorrow than in anger," at your losses, in which he really sympathizes, and you find, too late, that his boasted friendship ends in smoke!

4th. And *ad infinitum* — ditto — ditto! — But —

"Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat."

VOLUME II.

London has, for centuries, been called "smoky." How much more does she deserve the epithet in the present day, when not only the chimneys but the people smoke?

From the bog-trotter of the Emerald Isle with his short dhudeen, and his mouth full of "taith," to the West End exquisite, with his real Havannah, all contribute their quota to make the metropolis appear —like Laputa — *in nubibus!*

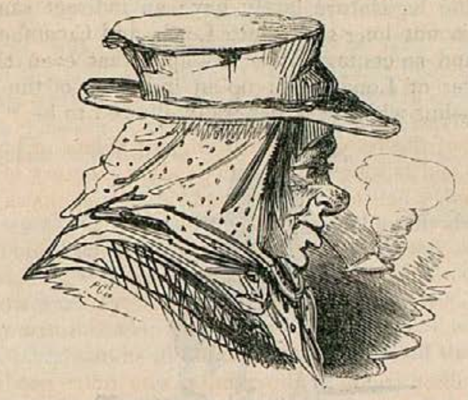
Boys were formerly accustomed to shave, for an "early crop on lip and chin," that they might rank with men; but now-a-days they endeavour to attain the stamp and rank of virility by sporting a pipe or a cigar.

The raspberry puff is abandoned for the "puff direct," supplied in the shape of a penny Cuba, and every little Jack Horner becomes a — smoke-jack!

Delightful, deluding, and attractive weed of a thousand virtues! the dinnerless operative, or rather inoperative, being idle, lulls the sharp gnawings of hunger by a cozy whiff — the gourmand takes it as a peristaltic persuader, and finds it as efficient as Abernethy's.

The fat man takes it as a corrective of corpulency— the thin and sanguine one as a soother — the happy man as a recreation; the miserable as a solace — the medical student as a disinfecter, and generally in large doses, for he, poor fellow, is so much exposed; while the ladies and gentlemen of that celebrated piscatorial bazaar

in the East, called Billingsgate, take it medicinally to keep off the damps and fogs of early dawn, arising from its proximity to the river.



In fine, every one makes a plausible excuse for his indulgence in the pleasure he delights in. Indeed, fashion appears, like an old boatswain, to "*pipe* all hands."

We have not yet, however, quite attained to the glorious perfection of the Dutch and German professors of the art — for a Dutch-

man or a German, without his pipe, would be as great an anomaly as *Paul* without his *Virginia!*

Truly, these are *piping* times, my masters! There 's Sir Edward, who smokes like a Vesuvius — an Etna — like a lime-kiln — like — anything! — and who really pipes to some tune. What volumes he sends forth!—but not with a puff— they need it not. He is a baronet, and the fashionable world read him of course; he is a scholar and a gentleman, and appreciated by all unbiassed critics; he is a poet, and consequently never prosy.

East, West, North and South, the custom has become prevalent, and the fragrant weed is in a rapid consumption.

The carpenter, quitting his bench, characteristically calls for a *screw* of tobacco.

The Jew, prohibited from pork, still indulges in — pigtail.

In most companies the pipe now circulates,— the New River Com-

pany excepted — for, it is well known, that *they* have "laid down their pipes" for many years.

Nay, even the legislature lately gave an indirect sanction to the practice, for 'tis not long since both Lords and Commons were seen — smoking! and so contagious is example, that even the grey and venerable Tower of London got up an imitation of the two Houses of Parliament—but which was generally allowed to be "consumedly bad!"

VOLUME III.

If we require royal authority and example for smoking, can we select one more ancient than the renowned King Cole, of pleasant memory? for the poet distinctly avers, that

"He *called* for his pipe, and he *called* for his glass,
And he *called* for his fiddlers three."

After such an assertion, can there exist a doubt that "he had a call," as Mawworm quaintly expresseth it,—nay, that he was born with a *caul?*

VOLUME IV.

The lisping and loquacious Dr. Parr, who talked so much and did so little,—who, like a Jew's harp, was about one-third tongue! — and whose "*jaw*" was extensive enough for the *mouth* of the Nile — this extraordinary man had such a perfect and loving estimation of the "holy herb," that, although anxiously sought after by the fashionable

world, it was a *sine quâ non*—a sort of Persian maxim with him—that he never accepted an invitation unless his pipe was included.

"No pipe, no Parr,"

was his motto, and he inflexibly stuck to his text. Even the "first gentleman of the age," George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, when he invited the learned Doctor to Carlton House, considerately yielded to his guest's "passion," and had the requisite materials provided for him in a separate apartment.

VOLUME V.

Ye loving smokers, and smoking lovers! who indulge in the sweet vice, and would fain blow a cloud in the presence of ladies, at all hazards, and yet wish to meet "returns," mix a small portion of cascarilla bark with the fumiferous leaf, and fragrant odours will be evolved, that will infallibly prove agreeable to their olfactory nerves. This is a valuable hint!—Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!

VOLUME VI.

Tobacco, in the reign of the royal pedant, James, was sold for its weight in silver. (Is it not veritably worth its weight in gold? O ye smokers!) But even now it is dear enough to be worth the smuggling, and it is smuggled to a vast extent, most disloyally insinuating itself into our sea-girt isle without paying its respects or its *duty* to the Sovereign. In proof of which, we often see in the public prints a notice of a seizure by the officials—who therein most aptly prove themselves tobacco-*stoppers!*

By the by, the prettiest, the most delicate of tobacco-stoppers was that *once* used by the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, who, in a fit of abstraction, actually seized the taper finger of a young lady, and unconsciously applied it to the glowing bowl.

VOLUME VII.

Ladies, who love your lords, do not repine at their addiction to the pipe! Men who smoke seldom get into a passion; it causes the

most irritable to "draw it mild;" it renders them, dear ladies, as smooth as a flat-iron does your muslin 'kerchiefs!

Even the ugliest Turk, with the most *harem-scarem* countenance in the world, becomes, as soon as his lips kiss the soft amber of his mind-soothing chibouque, as amiable and composed as a tortoise-shell Tom on a hearth-rug, purring, as bass, to the tenor of a copper tea-kettle! And the softest sighs may then waft him to and fro, and you will find him as yielding to your slightest breath as the cloud he blows.

VOLUME VIII.

In Spain the love of the Indian weed is so "levelling," that the lowliest tatterdemallion approaches a grandee of the first rank, and presenting his cigar, asks him for a light, for *the* man who smokes is considered equal to *any* man who smokes; and the proud Hidalgo, still preserving all his dignity, promptly proffers the glowing tip of

his best Havannah. How gracious is this sympathy in the high and mighty, which illuminates the low and humble, without losing a tithe of their dignity!

VOLUME IX.

The rude and naughty Pan fell suddenly over head and ears in love with the pretty nymph Syrinx. She, alarmed at his amorous glances, ran off as fast as her legs would carry her; while Pan "trotted along the road" after her, making such a terrible clatter with his worship's goat-legs, that the "light of his eyes," the tender object of his pursuit, not only changed colour but form too, being incontinently transformed, according to the best authority, to a reed.

Pan was inconsolable, until the bright idea crossed his brain of turning the reed into *pipes!* And herein he not only found a solace for his woe, but derived great honour among all the clods, yokels,

chawbacons, and rustics of the district. They sang rude hymns in his praise, and he became the great *Pan* of the dairy among them.

Honour be to the memory of the primitive pipe-maker!

VOLUME X.

That amiable and accomplished poet, Wiffen, entertained a great dislike of tobacco smoke. One day, walking with a friend in earnest conversation, he was alarmed by the sudden exhibition and presentation of a cigar-case. If his companion had suddenly presented a pistol *at* him he could not have been more startled.

"I—I—never smoke," said the poet.

"No!" exclaimed his friend; "and yet you're *Wiffen* — always *Wiffen!*"

VOLUME XI.

Handel, once smoking a social pipe with a friend, had been lost for about a quarter of an hour in a cloudy reverie, when his deep voice was heard pronouncing the following bright commentary on a classic allegory.

"I'll dell you somting—just aroce in my prains! Dey zay the Coddess of Bleasure vos porn of the voam of de zee! Dis is drue! Here is my bipe! de drue and feritable meerschaum—de *écume de mer*—de voam of de zee! De boets vos right! Bleasure *is* porn of de meerschaum!"

VOLUME XII.

Kind reader! there is much *hidden* philosophy in this paper, if you have only the cunning to "smoke it,"—if not, the more's the pity—for it will then simply appear in your impenetrated mind as a mere "bottle of smoke."

A pig-tail piece.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

Perfumed gales from spicy groves
  O'er Ocean's bosom swept,
Where sailors on their moonlit deck
  A jovial "Night-watch" kept.
Brightly their wine thro' crystal glass
  Return'd the lunar beam;
Loud burst the laugh,—oft rose the song,—
  And Home the wand'rers' theme.
A guest was there—unask'd—unseen—
  Hid in the tall mast's shade:
Sadness came o'er the mortal's heart
  His gloomy eye surveyed.
He sipp'd no sparkling wine, yet join'd
  Their laughter with a groan,
And in the choral song his voice
  Swell'd like the night-wind's moan.
    Chorus—Home! home! home!
      In the red wine bright,
      By the pale moon's light,
      This shall be our toast to-night,
        Home, boys, home!

A *lover*, at the festive board,
  Vow'd o'er his wine anew
The promise that his mistress claim'd,
  Ere burst the wild "adieu."
He sang of budding golden hopes;
  Diamonds *his* bride should deck,
Warn'd by the *old* that poverty
  Love's strongest bark could wreck.
Unheard—the strange Guest cried, "'Twas bold
  To leave the young and fair
Unshelter'd from misfortune's blast,
  Nor warn'd of hidden snare.
The *wise* would bid thee seek content,
  Not riches, with a bride;
Grey turn the locks of youth—nor yet
  Is avarice satisfied."
    Chorus—Home! home! home! &c.

A *soldier* raised his brimming glass,
  "And sang in praise of war;
Honour *his* mistress, none so fair;
  No diamonds like a scar."
He scorn'd the merchant's honest gains,—
  The farmer's cares on shore;—
A field of deadly strife *his* home,
  Laurels his only store.
Fiercely their Guest, the Storm Fiend, rose—
  "Arm! arm!" he cried, "for fight:
Crush and destroy the Maker's form,
  While Hell shouts with delight!"
He shook their bark as 'twere a toy,
  Waves roll'd its decks along,
And with its fated crew it sank,
  Checking the choral song.
    Chorus—Home! home! home! &c.

Borkeo.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

About midway of a quiet street leading at a right angle from Tottenham Court Road, stood, in the year 1794, a respectable tenement, the doorway of which advertised Mr. Algernon Hussey, artist, in small Roman capitals.

Lord of himself, and but little else, Mr. Hussey was here pursuing the profession of a painter. He had already been a few years in London, where, by painful diligence, and a solitary favour which Fortune had vouchsafed him in the person of a sound friend, he had collected a small stock of money, and effects to boot, which enabled him to exchange his "*pied à terre*" in Whitechapel for his present house, with the chance of letting off that part of it not immediately required for his own purposes.

But his early struggles had been really severe; for, on his first arrival in the metropolis, a small pie-skin trunk comprised his whole worldly wealth, chiefly the heterogeneous bounty of his two aunts, whose eccentricities, though mixed up in almost everything they said or did, had still left their good intentions uncompounded of any deleterious matter whatever. These ladies being by no means affluent, were enabled only to supply a mere modicum for starting Algernon on his race before him. But they were fully persuaded that the name of Hussey would produce an effect equally talismanic with that of Gresham (and perhaps they were right) in the great city of London, and that his talents, which had been their joint marvel for many a day, would establish his fame before he could comfortably establish himself.

His first efforts had been at Whitechapel, where "*à la faim il n'y à point de mauvais pain*," he had painted anybody and for anything. A corn-cutter's daughter he had "executed in this manner, at five shillings," and signalised the indentures of his son Samuel by taking his hatchet-face at fourteen years of age. He had drawn the heads of some who had drawn teeth for others,—in plainer words, he had painted the barber; and, within the small circumference of a vintner's tobacco-box had compressed the whole of his better-half, namely, a lady weighing eighteen stone. Thus his practice might have been deemed low, but low also were his charges,—sometimes so low as to be positively beneath the regard of those very persons for whom they had been made. In fact, he had taken far more heads than crowns, and had caught likenesses where he could catch little else. Gradually, however, his prospects brightened. He entered on a new residence; was admitted an associate of the Royal Academy; and was in time to hear Sir Joshua Reynolds's last lecture on the genius of Michael Angelo.

It has been already observed that since Algernon's introduction to the metropolis, he had formed an acquaintance, as valuable to one party, as it was honourable to both, with a Mr. Wilmington, a young gentleman of good family and fortune, who, in the course of a visit to London, had taken up his residence in the suburbs of matrimony. Their first acquaintance had been quite accidental,—a brief occasion in the course of Algernon's occupation, yet sufficient to raise in Wilmington a friendly desire for knowing more of the young

artist,—for it must be confessed he was at this time one of the most prepossessing fellows of his day.

Wilmington made several visits to the painter's studio, and so little time was lost in establishing a correspondence, that within three weeks they were the best friends imaginable. As he could not fail to be aware of Algernon's circumstances, Mr. Wilmington soon saw how advantageous at this moment would be a pecuniary loan, and this he offered, but in the most considerate and delicate manner. Suffice it to say, he lent him fifty guineas—a loan which was accepted in the same manly spirit in which it was offered.

Wilmington was not only a man of the strictest probity, but his notions of practical rectitude in others had been perhaps too much put to school. The exigency of existing circumstances was a plea he would not for a moment admit. His judgment certainly savoured of dogma. In the "little kingdom" of his brain he had set up a kind of Bentham, who, playing the Procrustes with human actions, would stretch all alike on a bed of rule, which, though of beautiful proportion itself, exacted rather too severe a discipline. To disguise he had so bitter an hostility that he would scarcely allow his fellow men the custody of their own thoughts, but expected the prison-doors to be thrown open, and the inmates to walk abroad in a state of moral nudity, which might sometimes induce any but philosophers to cover their eyes.

In the service of Algernon's advancement, Wilmington had made so favourable a representation of him in the family of Colonel Malvern, a distant relation of his own, that he was chosen to instruct his daughter Isabella in the art of painting, and for which purpose he had already made several visits in St. James's Square.

The family of Colonel Malvern was a most pleasing specimen of English aristocracy at this period. Himself of honourable descent, and distinguished under the gallant Elliott, had married the daughter of the Earl of ——, a lady who brought him a very considerable fortune. Lady Betty Malvern was a woman of cultivated understanding, amiable disposition, and from her beauty of person had acquired the distinction of the Lily of the North. Isabella, on whom the mother's beauty had descended, was heiress equally to her goodness. She was at this time nineteen years of age,—a frank, warm-hearted girl, and in the South was accounted much such a flower as her mother had been, beyond the Tweed. By all members of this house Algernon was treated with a kindness which rendered him happier than perhaps he had ever been.

On a certain morning, about the period of these events, a double knock at the painter's street-door announced the arrival of the general post. The letter bore the Leek mark, and was a joint communication from Miss Martha and Miss Hannah Hussey, to their nephew Algernon. These ladies were, of a truth, the strangest women in the whole county of Stafford. Tall, upright, and thin, they were by no means less remarkable for a racoco style of costume, to which they had ever shown a positive preference. Their manners were one, their thoughts in common, and their accents vibrated by the same chord, or a kind of cataphonic sound, the one attuned to the other; for Martha, the elder by half an hour, invariably leading off in every sentence, was reverberated by Hannah with the fidelity of Echo herself. Their hats became dingy in the same month,—their commodes were bought and abandoned on the same days, while

their very laces failed in corresponding stitches. They were ever in difficulties by ever doing "all for the best;" and nothing in their opinion was done perfectly unless it was thrown into a world of perplexity by what they termed "an error on the right side."

With some misgivings Algernon broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"OUR DEAR ALGERNON,—Delighted as we both are (your Aunt Hannah says we both are) that you have taken up your residence in a fashionable neighbourhood, and knowing as we both do (your Aunt Hannah says, we both do,) that the name and talents of a Hussey can never fail, we are quite sure we may now congratulate you on having attained the first eminence in your profession. We often think of you (your Aunt Hannah says, think of you), and, so anxious are we again to see and converse with our nephew, of whom we are both so proud (your Aunt Hannah says, we are both so proud), that we have made up our minds to leave Leek on Thursday next by the night coach (your Aunt Hannah says, the night coach), and make a short stay with you in London. As we believe you have a bed to spare, we trust we shall not put you to inconvenience. We have indeed both been longing (your Aunt Hannah says, longing) to catch a glimpse at London town, and hear your fame the leading topic of the great circles. We understand the coach called the "Camperdown" will arrive at the "Old Angel," St. Clement Danes, at six o'clock on Saturday evening. You will, our dear nephew, be good enough to look out for us. Remember the Old Angel (your Aunt Hannah says, remember the Old Angel). With God's blessing, and our watchful regards, we are

"Your affectionate aunts,

"MARTHA HUSSEY.

"HANNAH HUSSEY."

P.S. All your old friends are going on well, and, as to this town, it is just as usual (your Aunt Hannah says, just as usual)."

To forbear a smile on reading the above Algernon found impossible, but reflection gave him some uneasiness; for, having been long forewarned of certain peculiarities in his aunts, he entertained some fears that in "doing all for the best," much mischief was in reserve. However, it was too late to throw impediments in the way of their coming, and had it been otherwise, he was of too generous a disposition to attempt it.

Wilmington called. "I am come, Mr. Hussey," said he, "to impose a fresh trouble on you. You—you are no stranger to the state of my heart, and I take this opportunity for telling you that my marriage with Louise—with Miss Ellesmere—is really at hand." Here Algernon assented by a slight bow. "I have therefore a favour to ask of you in your professional capacity, and which I know you will execute with judgment. See," continued he, drawing from his pocket a morocco case, wherein was deposited a miniature, —"see," said he, slightly perturbed, "this is—this—Louise—Miss Ellesmere—painted before I had the pleasure of knowing you. Now —look—could you not bring that raven lock a little more—the least in the world—over the—the face? You see what I mean, Mr. Hussey—just to the point of my pencil."

Nothing could have been easier than to see what Mr. Wilmington did mean; but Algernon had been so struck with the loveliness of the countenance, that he was in fact compelled to beg his friend's in-

structions a second time; besides which, his sight was not a little dazzled by "the setting to the rarer jewellery," for the said miniature was enriched by a cordon of diamonds of no ordinary size. With some diffidence he accepted the duty imposed, which, though really of no great difficulty, yet was a responsibility which rendered him positively nervous.

This commission, with two further visits in St. James's Square, occupied Algernon until Saturday, the day on which he was to await the arrival of his two aunts at the Old Angel.

It will not be expected we should bear these ladies company throughout a tedious journey of above one hundred and fifty miles, neither must we altogether leave them unnoticed. Full an hour before the coach started they were in attendance at the office, placed within a circle made by nine ample-sized boxes; for so determined were they to be on the right side as to articles which London might not be able to supply, that they had pretty well cleared the house of every commodity therein—the boxes were each legibly superscribed "glass,"—"keep this side uppermost,"—"with speed," &c.

In due course the vehicle approached the mighty metropolis, when it took up a passenger, who, from his manner and costume, appeared to be a foreigner. He talked with fluency, and was remarkable for that perfect ease so peculiarly the characteristic of men who have seen much of the world. Miss Martha was greatly charmed, and so, of course, was Miss Hannah. In fact, long before they reached Whitechapel, they had entirely placed themselves under the protection of their new friend, observing that, as London was so replete with fraud and imposition, it would be as well to be on the right side, and embrace the services of one so evidently a man of honour. Safely the party arrived at the Old Angel, when the two aunts, as though at one glance, espied Algernon.

"Ah! Algernon — our dear Algernon!" cried Martha. "How truly delighted we both are to meet you once again!"

"Bless us! we have had a world of trouble; but 'tis all over, thanks to this gentleman."

"Chevalier De Bossy," whispered the stranger.

"Chevalier De Bossy," importuned Martha.

"Chevalier De Bossy," followed up Hannah.

Algernon made his acknowledgments to the Chevalier in behalf of his relations, and, on receiving an invitation to Charles Street for the next day, he quitted them with an air and grace which never could have been acquired but in Paris.

On the arrival of the party in Charles Street, the ladies once again confessed the fulness of their hearts; for, next to the Lord Mayor and Sir Joshua Reynolds, their high admiration was Algernon Hussey. This torrent was suddenly diverted by a scream from aunt Hannah, (who on this occasion usurped the privilege of screaming first,) indicating that one of the nine boxes was missing! They were counted over and over again.

"One, two, three," said Martha—"Two, three," repeated Hannah; still no more than eight could be made of the number.

Algernon hurried back to the office, but returned with no favourable tidings. The loss, however, was soon forgotten. Inquiries were made respecting the mansions which contained the splendid efforts of their nephew's pencil, of the large sums he had received, and the great lords with whom he consorted.

"My dear aunts," said he, "your affection for me leads you sadly into extremes. I am doing well, but not greatly. My very existence is not known to above fifty persons; and as to wealth, I believe a guinea to be no other than the Phœnix." But when soon afterwards he represented the friendship he really did enjoy in respect of Wilmington, and the patronage of St. James's Square, their congratulations were without bounds.

Algernon's duties occupied him much abroad, especially those to his pupil Isabella Malvern. Wilmington called about this time in Charles Street, and, as he was accustomed, stepped into one of the apartments, in which were seated the two aunts. Conversation was soon entered on—the subject Algernon—one always interesting to Wilmington; while to Martha and Hannah it was the only one which could ever become a subject of conversation at all.

"Ah!" continued Martha, "Algernon is not a young man to boast of these things; but *we* know, Mr. Wilmington, what must not be told, namely, that our nephew's reputation is prodigious!"

"Prodigious!" exclaimed Hannah, in the same key.

"I certainly was not aware," observed their visiter, somewhat coldly, "his success was so flattering."

"Algernon does not desire these things should be much talked about," responded Martha, sententiously; "but there is not a day but some great lord is with him; and the sums of money he receives are positively bewildering."

"Positively bewildering," appended Miss Hannah.

Wilmington again expressed his surprise at this intelligence. He made several attempts at diverting the conversation; but this being impossible—two to one were the odds against him; on no other subject would they converse than their nephew and his successes, with which Wilmington was pursued till he took refuge in the open street.

It was late in the day when Algernon returned home, and a further hour elapsed before he entered the usual sitting-room. His face was pale, and his whole frame agitated.

"Our dear nephew!" exclaimed aunt Martha.

"Our dear nephew!" instantaneously uttered aunt Hannah.

"You look ill—unhappy—what is it? Your friend, Mr. Wilmington, has been here this morning, and I protest we rang a very peal upon your merits—enough to make your cheeks burn."

"You have destroyed me!" exclaimed he.

"Destroyed you?" ejaculated aunt Martha.

"Destroyed you?" reiterated aunt Hannah, an octave higher.

"See—read," continued Algernon, throwing a letter on the table, and himself into an arm-chair,—"read, read."

"DEAR MR. HUSSEY.—My love of candour may possibly lead me sometimes into extremes. You have from time to time concealed from me the true state of your professional situation. That it is cheering, I congratulate you, but out of the abundance of your recent pecuniary returns, you might have been induced to acknowledge your obligation to me on the 26th of last month, by an offer at least more honourable to you than that which I now discover to have been a subterfuge. I am still willing to remain your sincere friend, "HENRY WILMINGTON."

We will not dwell at length on the scene which followed. Martha and Hannah, to do them justice, were as much distressed as Al-

gernon himself, but still protesting that, as they had done all for the best, all *was* for the best. To repay Wilmington his money, and that immediately, was Algernon's fixed determination; and in the course of that day a letter enclosing fifty guineas, was written, wherein, as he could not forbear an expression of scorn at the imputation of subterfuge, he manifested but little desire for further vindication. This done, he turned his attention for the last time to the miniature of Miss Ellesmere, and it was some consolation to him to find he had executed his task with a happy effect.

But Algernon passed a restless night; and rising early, he proceeded to the neighbourhood of Brixton, where he had some professional engagement. He had not long been gone, when the Chevalier de Bossy paid a visit to Martha and Hannah. Anxious as they were to repair the late mischief, they were rejoiced at the prompt attention of one so familiar with the great and wealthy, and desirous of turning this timely acquaintance to Algernon's advantage.

The first subject of conversation was the loss of one of the nine boxes, at which the Chevalier expressed a horror so theatrical that the ladies positively glowed with gratitude, and at once entered into the full history of the inadvertence of yesterday.

"And though," said Martha, in continuation, "Algernon receives astonishing sums from prodigious persons, yet you must be aware, Mr. Chevalier de Bossy——"

"Mr. Chevalier de Bossy," interposed Hannah.

"That there are times when the best gentlemen in the land might require a small matter from a friend. But Algernon is as proud as Mr. Wilmington himself, *we* can tell him."

"*We* can tell him," urged Hannah.

"And Robert has directions this very morning for carrying this enclosure of fifty guineas to his fickle companion."

"Wilmington!" repeated the theatrical Chevalier. "What! Mr. Wilmington, of—of—"

"Beech Park, Suffolk," said Martha, with quickness.

"I have the honour," proceeded the Chevalier, "of this gentleman's confidence, and I am thinking, ladies—"

"Ah! if you would but think, dear Mr. Chevalier de Bossy," said Martha.

"'Tis a pity peculiarities of temper on either side, should interrupt so sincere a friendship. I will be the bearer of this letter myself. This misunderstanding I can reconcile,—and trust me, dear ladies, I will do so."

On which, the gratitude of the two aunts was again in a state of sublimation, and the Chevalier deposited the letter in his pocket, with that peculiar sensation of delight only known to him who has resolved on a charitable action.

"And now," cried Martha, "you are, of course, aware, sir, of Mr. Wilmington's approaching union with Miss Ellesmere?"

"At one time I had reason to suspect it would have been all off," replied the Chevalier, with ineffable self-possession; "but, *de bonne foi*, Wilmington is to be married at last."

"As you say, remarkably *de bonne foi*," responded Martha; "and we fancy we can afford you a little surprise, which——but did you, Chevalier, ever see her picture—her miniature, we mean?"

"Never," responded De Bossy, with great liveliness.

"Then we will indeed surprise you. Algernon is away, and, we think, would not be angry. Will you step into his studio?"

"*De bon gré!*" exclaimed he, starting up. "I have just five minutes at your command."

Martha, with Hannah close at her heels, now descended to the lower apartment, and the Chevalier followed.

"Yes; here it is, Chevalier,—here it is! The key is in the lock of the scrutoire — how very fortunate! Here is the miniature of Miss Ellesmere. Did you ever see anything more beautiful?"

"No — not in Europe!" ejaculated De Bossy, as he received it tenderly into his hands, — "positively, not in Europe! what bewitching eyes! what bril —— *ah charmante! charmante! charmante!*" and he tripped to the window, more minutely to examine the treasure in question.

But his attention appeared to be suddenly drawn aside by some half-finished work at the other end of the room; to which having also drawn the observation of the two ladies, he once again moved towards the scrutoire, and turning the key therein, exclaimed in a kind of mock heroic,

"'Fore Heaven! we must consign the fair *affiancée* to her solitary chamber — there, there! and, believe me, dear ladies, without scandal, flesh and blood would be sometimes safer under lock and key also, in this naughty, naughty town."

Martha here hid her face, and Hannah did the same. The party now broke up — the aunts, to prepare for their morning walk, and the Chevalier, as he reminded them, to deliver Algernon's letter to Mr. Wilmington.

Linked arm in arm, and happy in the consciousness not only of desiring all for the best, but having effected the same, the two sisters presently found themselves at the western end of the town.

"Bless us!" they simultaneously cried, "here we are in St. James's Square—and this, the residence of Lady Betty Malvern. How vastly fortunate! here is an opportunity for thanking her ladyship for her attention to Algernon—well, he deserves it; Isabella too, sweet girl! and to convince her also how constantly she is in his thoughts. It will be an error at least on the right side."

Repeating which, they mounted the steps, and each raising a hand to the knocker, took their joint share in a double rap.

In due course they were ushered up the staircase, and into a small drawing-room.

Lady Betty, who was occupied on some work of embroidery, rose to receive her visiters, who at first were slightly awed, but a smile from the mistress of the mansion restored them to self-possession.

"Lady Betty — Lady Betty Malvern," commenced Martha, "we have taken the liberty, as near relatives of Algernon — our name is Hussey, Lady Betty—"

"Hussey, Lady Betty," added Hannah.

"To express how happy and proud we both are at the favour which your ladyship, and indeed your ladyship's whole family, have shown him. And, as Algernon never fails to mention this wherever he may be, we are sure your ladyship must allow he feels it."

"He feels it," affixed Hannah.

Lady Betty's attention was riveted, but Lady Betty said not a word.

"Your ladyship will be gratified to hear how greatly Algernon is in request,—and were it not so, we know very well many and many would be the half hour he would contrive to look in on your lady-

ship, and Colonel Malvern, and Miss Isabella, nor think anything of it,—we mean, not at all in a professional light."

Lady Betty here rose, and with a dignity which might have become the brow of Juno, said,

"I may perhaps but imperfectly express myself on an occasion which I feel to be so extraordinary. My surprise utterly disables me from that reply best fitting this occurrence. I have at least to beg you will not consider it necessary to prolong this interview."

"Oh, indeed, Lady Betty, the trouble is nothing;" answered Martha, not at all comprehending the personage before her. "Ceremony with us must be quite out of the question. To speak the truth, we both hate it."

"We both hate it," said Hannah.

At this moment a sprightly girl, lovely as Hebe, entered the room. Her cheek slightly glowed with surprise on beholding visiters.

"Miss Isabella Malvern, we presume," pronounced Martha. "How happy—we may *indeed* say—how happy we both are in this testimony to the truth of Algernon's assertion. She *is* beautiful!"

"Miss Malvern," interrupted Lady Betty, "you will find me disengaged almost instantly—in the library, if you please."

And away glided the little goddess.

"Well, Lady Betty, upon our words, we both declare that your Ladyship, as a mother, we mean, must naturally feel great interest in that child—and to see her happily married—for *that* is the word, after all—*happily*, we say—"

"*Happily*, we say," interposed Hannah.

"—Must be your great object on this side the grave. And although we could never approve a young lady of rank sacrificing that rank by marrying positively below her, yet if the choice be a gentleman born—for *that* is the main question—a gentleman born—"

"A gentleman born," assisted Hannah.

"—He takes, as it were, his own natural position."

"My engagements," interrupted Lady Betty, in a hurried manner, as she rang the bell, "totally forbid any extension of this proceeding—" A footman immediately presented himself.

"Nay, dear Lady Betty, suffer us by no means to interfere with any of your domestic arrangements. Consider us not *quite* as strangers, for Algernon's sake."

"Mapelson!" exclaimed Lady Betty, in a tone of voice scarcely her own, as she looked towards the footman.

"Dear me! dear me!" ejaculated Martha, at this moment, "I protest it rains—rains like anything; but we must be going. How monstrous unlucky, Lady Betty. Stop! stop!"

Uttering which, she rushed to the drawing-room window, which was partly unclosed, and stepping into the balcony, began to scream violently for a coach, as a hackney conveyance was at the very moment passing.

"Coach!" exclaimed Martha.

"Coach!" shouted Hannah, who by this time had followed into the above mentioned balcony.

"Coach! here! here!—at Lady Betty Malvern's."

Lady Betty had quitted the apartment.

And now descending, in precisely the same state of happiness they had entered, the two aunts stepped into the vehicle, and pursued, like other heavenly bodies, their eastward journey. They reached

Charles Street; and the exertions they had made during this day for their nephew's advantage produced them much satisfaction; so that they retired to rest in the pleasing anticipation of the morrow.

And the morrow came! — "*Excidat illa dies ævo!*"—the morrow came. Algernon, more composed, yet far from happy, entered not his painting-room till the day was somewhat advanced, and was now about to proceed with some work of his pencil, when Wilmington was announced.

"Mr. Hussey," said he, almost fiercely, "I present myself here on an occasion, which I at once declare has given me greater pain than any occurrence of my life. The affront which has been passed on a connexion of my own, by an act which no ignorance can palliate, demands, sir, an atonement, which I fear might be a matter for the remainder of your days."

Algernon drew up erect like a crested serpent, and Wilmington thus went on,—

"My words have reference to the family of Colonel Malvern. Is it necessary, sir, to name that visit—application—I know not the terms I should use—which took place yesterday in St. James's Square, on your behalf, and, I must conclude, with your sanction?"

"You will still proceed, sir, if you please," said Algernon, calmly. "As yet, your address is altogether unintelligible."

Wilmington surveyed him for a moment in fixed astonishment, and then resumed,—

"The transaction to which I allude, was the expression of a familiarity on your part with the family of Colonel Malvern, to which the nearest relative could scarcely in propriety be admitted,—that you had an influence of no slight nature over the mind of his daughter, and had actually advertised yourself her favoured admirer."

"Great God!" exclaimed Algernon, "what is this? Mr. Wilmington, I implore you—tell me—who—where is the enemy who would thus destroy me?"

Wilmington was for an instant undecided.

"The visit was from your relations — the ladies now staying in your house."

"My aunts!"—and he almost screamed in his distress.

"Yes, Algernon,—here we are!" ejaculated Martha, as the door suddenly opened, and discovered the indivisible sisters; "here we are! Ah! Mr. Wilmington, we knew the Chevalier would make all things comfortable again."

"Woman! woman!" vociferated Algernon, "in mercy tempt me not farther!"

"Tempt you, Algernon!"

"Tempt you, Algernon!"

"What—what is the meaning of this," continued the sobbing Martha, "after the pains we both took to convince Lady Betty how partial you were to the whole family! Have we not done everything for the best?"

Here Algernon groaned from his heart's core.

"And can you behave with so much harshness, Mr. Wilmington, after the trouble the Chevalier has had in returning you that ugly loan of fifty guineas, as he did?"

"Fifty guineas, as he did," energetically added Hannah.

"The Chevalier?" demanded Wilmington. "To whom do these ladies refer?"

"To whom? Why, to the Chevalier de Bossy himself," cried the yet sobbing lady, "who undertook to deliver Algernon's enclosure into your own hands. Surely our request was an error on the right side."

"On the right side," wept Hannah.

Algernon could now scarcely be called himself, but gnashing his teeth he thrust his hands violently through his abundant locks, and stared on vacancy. Wilmington began to feel a spark of pity; he also began to suspect poor Algernon had been the double victim of chance and design.

"Mr. Wilmington," said he, mournfully, "it is no longer possible to contend against events which have so successfully conspired to my undoing. That I have lost your regard would almost render me indifferent to whatever can now befal me!"

The two aunts here set up a cry so audible, that had Wilmington attempted to speak not a syllable could have been heard. At length, however, he said, "Mr. Hussey, I may have been—yes, sincerely do I hope I *have* been wrong. Let me again have an opportunity for seeing you—to-morrow. Come, I will take my miniature," added he, more privately, "and to-morrow you shall know my opinion."

Mechanically rising, Algernon moved to the scrutoire, and unlocking it passed his hands hastily over various articles therein.

"The min—Miss—Mr. Wilmington—I know not—" and then, as he scattered the said articles on either side, "Merciful Judge!" implored he, "why am I tormented thus?—the miniature!—the miniature of Miss Ellesmere!"

"The miniature? Algernon—" clamoured Martha.

"The miniature? Algernon—" reiterated Hannah.

"Free me from torture!—where is the thing, I ask?" On which he would have rushed furiously towards them, but was withheld by Wilmington.

Uniting in one piercing shriek the two aunts dropped into the same chair.

"Is it then lost, Mr. Hussey?" demanded Wilmington.

"Lost!—why, ay!—all, all is lost!" shouted he, franticly; "all life possessed or promised!"

"For goodness, frighten us not so!" said the weeping Martha. "Miss Ellesmere's picture is not lost—*we* can tell that, and the *Chevalier* can tell that; for he locked it safe in the scrutoire with his own hands, and made a speech upon it too—did the Chevalier."

"The what!—the who?" screamed Algernon; "that ruffian cutpurse! for such I swear he is. Hear them! see them!—Sir—these women!—tell them I am driven from my home,—my country!"

Wilmington, really apprehensive something of a serious nature was about to happen, felt himself called on, in pure humanity, to interfere. He could no longer doubt the miniature had been stolen; but the loss of it, which at any other time would have called forth what powers he himself possessed for playing the madman, was now forgotten in anxiety for his friend.

"No, Mr. Hussey," exclaimed he, "your name, your reputation shall be spotless before the world, as I call Heaven to witness I believe them;" and he hurried Algernon from the apartment, who scarcely seemed conscious of his removal.

It would be quite needless to observe that our friends had seen the last of the Chevalier de Bossy.

"'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away—
And Conrad comes not—came not since that day!"

"I will not quit you till these wounds are closed." Such were the last words of Wilmington to Algernon Hussey; and he was faithful to his pledge. All was again well, with this exception only, that the artist could never be persuaded to resume his duties in the Malvern family. One thing we must not neglect to mention. On the day before Wilmington's marriage, Algernon breathlessly entered his apartment, forcing into his grasp the regretted miniature. It had accidentally caught his eye at some shop in Holborn, whence he instantly recovered it, and so truly rejoiced were both friends, that they actually separated without one thought on the missing diamonds. The two aunts once again arrived at Leek, but without the loss of another box. Their quotidian occupation of doing "all for the best" was for many months as much their delight as ever. One only appeal could prevail, and the hour was come. Assailed by the same malady, they expired on the same day, and were buried in the same grave!

THE POET AT HOME.

BY OLD SCRATCH.

I HEAR the bell, yes, I hear the bell—
  Oh! can it be tidings of sorrow bringing?
Does it sound of departed worth the knell?
  Or is it a bridal welcome ringing!
I hear the bell! alas! can it be
  The tocsin, that soon will be echoed by trumpets,
Does it summon to arms the soldiery?
  No! it 's only the boy with the muffins and crumpets.

What sound is that which greets mine ears,
  Through the placid air serenely swelling,
As if in the music of the spheres
  Some seraph his tale to the stars were telling?
How wild the sound! 'tis a strain too bold
  For the serenade of gay deceivers:
I look from my lattice—and 'neath it behold
  These rascally marrow-bones and cleavers!

I hear in the distance the pleasant gush
  Of water, as if from a far-off fountain,
With at intervals a sudden rush,
  Like the cataract sweeping down the mountain.
Oh! what can it be? I feel a glow
  When I think of the torrent boldly dashing
Down the deep abyss.—I look below,
  And see them—*filling the copper for washing.*

I sink on my couch, and the poet's eye
  Is speedily closed by slumber's power;
I dream that my Araminta is nigh,
  And beckons me to some fairy bower,
I hear her voice—it grows loud and wild,
  As if in distress, upon me calling:
I awake—'tis my wife has brought the child,
  Which she wants me to hold, to keep it from squalling.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE;

AN ANCIENT LEGEND, SHOWING HOW THE FAIR HELD EVERY OCTOBER AT NOTTINGHAM WAS FIRST CALLED NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR.

BY GRIG.

In a small pretty village in Nottinghamshire
There formerly lived a respectable squire,
Who possessed an estate from incumbrances clear,
And an income enjoyed of a thousand a year.

The country he loved : he was fond of the chace,
And now and then entered a horse at a race ;
He excelled all his friends in amusements athletic;
And his manner of living was far from ascetic.

A wife he had taken "for better, for worse,"
Whose temper had proved an intolerant curse ;
And 'twas clear to perceive this unfortunate wife
Was the torment, vexation, and plague of his life.

Her face it was fair ;—but a beautiful skin
May sometimes conceal a bad temper within ;
And those who are anxious to fix their affections,
Should always look further than lovely complexions.

Nine years passed away, and, to add to his grief,
No infantile prattle e'er brought him relief ;
When at length, to his great and unspeakable joy,
He the father became of a fine little boy.

The father grew proud of his juvenile heir,
A sweet little cherub with dark eyes and hair ;
And yet, strange to say, his paternal anxiety
Soon debarred him the bliss of his darling's society.

For he thought (and with truth), to his termagant wife
Might be justly ascribed all the woes of his life.
"Had I ne'er seen a woman," he often would sigh,
"What squire in the county so happy as I!"

In a forest retired, some miles far away,
(Whether Sherwood or not the traditions don't say,)
Our hero possessed an Arcadian retreat,
A snug little hunting-box, rural and neat.

Strange fancies men have—it was here he designed
To watch over the dawn of his son's youthful mind ;
Where, only approached by the masculine gender,
No room should be left him for feelings more tender.

To further his plans, he procured coadjutors
In two very excellent pains-taking tutors ;
Who agreed, for the sake of two hundred a year,
His son to instruct, and immure themselves here.

The boy was intelligent, active, and bright,
And took in his studies uncommon delight,
And his tutors declared him "a pleasure to teach,"
So docile, so good, so obedient to each.

No juvenile follies distracted his mind,
No visions of bright eyes, or damsels unkind,
And those fair demi-sisterly beings so gay,
'Yclept pretty cousins, ne'er popped in his way.

Time sped quickly on, years succeeded to years,
Yet brought no abatement of fatherly fears,
Till at length this remarkably singular son
Could number of years that had passed twenty-one.

The autumn was come ; 'twas the end of October,
When summer's gay tints change to liv'ries more sober ;
And, the 3rd of this month, it is known far and near,
There 's a large fair at Nottingham held every year.

Now the father had settled his promising son
Should his studies conclude when he reached twenty-one ;
And a view of the world was the only thing needed
To prove how his singular schemes had succeeded.

He fixed on this fair as the place of début ;—
Strange resolve !—when to keep the *fair* out of his view
Had been his most anxious endeavours through life,
And a bone of contention 'twixt him and his wife.

This point by his firmness he 'd constantly carried,
(The only one gained ever since he was married,)
And he went with a heart beating high with emotion,
To launch his young son on life's turbulent ocean.

As they entered the fair a young maiden tripped by,
With a cheek like the rose, and a bright laughing eye :
" Oh ! father, what 's that ? " cried the youth with delight,
As this vision of loveliness burst on his sight.

" Oh that," cried the cautious and politic squire,
Who did not the youth's ardent glances admire,
" Is only a thing called a Goose, my dear son,—
We shall see many more ere our visit is done."

Blooming damsels now passed with their butter and cheese,
Whose beauty might even an anchorite please :
" Merely geese ! " said the squire ; " don't mind them, my dear,
There are many things better worth looking at here."

As onwards they passed, every step brought to view
Some spectacle equally curious and new ;
And the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds
At the rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry go-rounds.

Now it 's known to all young damsels and swains
That an excellent custom at these times obtains,
When each to his friends is expected to make
Some little donation to keep for his sake.

And thus, when the tour of the fair was completed,
The father resolved that the boy should be treated ;
So pausing an instant, he said, " My dear son,
A new era to-day in your life has begun :

" Though the plans I 've adopted to some may seem strange,
You have never induced me to wish for a change ;
And each day that passes delights me to find
Fresh proofs of a sensible well-ordered mind.

" And now, in remembrance of Nottingham Fair,
As a proof of your father's affection and care,
Of all this bright scene, and the gaieties in it,
Choose whatever you like, it is yours from this minute."
" Choose whatever I like ! " cried the youthful recluse,
" Oh, thank you, dear father,—then give me a Goose ! ! "

DICK DAFTER.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"A thefe he was forsoth of corn and mele,
And that a slie, and usant for to stele."
CHAUCER's *Reve's Tale.*

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Which treats of an early incident in the life of Dick Dafter.

F the birth and parentage of Dick Dafter nothing is positively known; and, as is the case with regard to many others who have become famous in their generation, nobody ever gave themselves the trouble to inquire touching these matters, until it was perceived that he was not an every-day personage. Then conjecture was forthwith busy. Some said he was the illegitimate offspring of a sporting nobleman; others quoted the butler at "the great house;" while a third party talked something still more scandalous, which we don't mean to retail here, our business being to record facts, and not opinions. To begin, then, with the authentic period of Dick Dafter's history: — he was discovered, a helpless squalling infant, on a haystack, by Master Radaway's carter, when he went to procure fodder for the cattle, one bitter cold morning in the month of January. There was no danger of his being cut in two with the hay-knife, for he was squalling with all his might; and Tom Smith, the carter, thought it was the cry of a hare caught in a springe, or fastened upon by a weasel, when he first entered the rick-yard. On reaching the stack, however, he beheld by the grey light of early dawn the little imp kicking and roaring vehemently, and taking it up, he rolled it in his frock, and carried it into the house to show his master. The first person he encountered was Miss Rachel, the farmer's maiden sister and housekeeper, who, supposing it was a new-born lamb which the carter had brought in, began to ask some questions regarding its dam, when the servant, unfolding his frock, discovered to her astonished eyes the little brat he had picked up.

"Massey upon us!" exclaimed the spinster, "what has't got there, Tom? What yelding's brat 's that?"

"I 'm zhure I dwon't know, missus," replied Tom, grinning. "I just picked un up i' th' rick-yard."

"Lor', what did e' bring un here for?" cried Miss Rachel. "We dwon't want none o' them things. Go and put th' little varment where 'e vound un."

"Bless 'e, missus, a 'd be vriz to death if a was to be left where I vound un; do 'e take un in."

"A shan't come in here! a shan't come in here!" vociferated his mistress, waxing warm. "Go and find out the slut a belongs to."

"Depend upon 't, a aint to be vound in a hurry, missus," said Tom, endeavouring to pacify the infant, which now recommenced squalling and kicking. "Won't 'e take un in while I gwoes and vinds somebody as 'll take un to the workhus."

"No, I'll be drattled if I do," cried Miss Rachel. "We've plenty o' live things in th' house a'ready. Go and find out the nasty hussy as left the brat."

"I can't vind un, missus," rejoined the serving man. "Do 'e let m' put un down to the vire a bit, till maester comes in, or a 'll perish wi' cowld vor a zartinty, and then there 'll be a crowner's quest, and that 'll be a ackerdish job vor us."

"Don't talk to me, I tell th'," cried the lady; "don't talk to me about ackerd jobs. I tell th' I'll not have other people's brats in my house; so take the young varment away directly."

Tom Smith, finding remonstrance of no avail, was about to obey this harsh command, when Master Radaway entered.

"Hity-tyty!" cried he, "here's a pretty caddle! What's all this about, Tom? What has 't got there?"

"A *babby*, maester," said Tom, holding up the infant. "Poor leetle zowl! a wants his mother bad enough."

"A babby!" echoed the farmer. "Why, where in the neam o' patience did 'e vind un?"

"Top o' t'hayrick, maester, squallin' away like vengeance."

"Poor little twoad!" said the farmer, in a sympathising tone; "what shall us do wi' un?"

"Do with un! do with un!" cried Miss Rachel, darting a fierce look at her brother; "why, take un to the workhouse, to be sure. What did *you* think of doing with the brat, brother William?"

"Why, take care of un, to be sure, sister," replied the kind-hearted farmer. "A mustn't be left to perish because a's mother ain't a honest woman,—more 's her sheum."

"You don't mean to say you'll *keep* that child, Master Radaway?" demanded the spinster, reddening with passion.

"Why, I dwon't exactly kneow," replied the farmer, thrusting his hands into his breeches' pockets, with an air of affected indifference; "maybe I shall, sister Rachel."

"Then you may get somebody else to keep house for you; for here I won't stay if I lives," was the rejoinder; and Miss Rachel flounced out of the hall.

"Nobody cares much about that," said Master Radaway. "Come here, Tom, and bring the young un to the vire."

"Shall I get a drap o' milk, and tiddle un a leetle, maester?" inquired Tom.

"Ha! to be sure!" said the farmer, rubbing his hands. "Put un into the basket that's in the cheese-room, and get us a bottle wi' some milk."

Tom, who had often assisted the young lambs in the same way, soon procured the wherewith to fashion a pseudo teat, and master and man did their best to perform the office of dry-nurse to the unfortunate foundling.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Which demonstrates the truth of the proverb that "ill weeds grow apace," and also shows that excessive covetousness may lead a man to confound *meum* and *tuum*.

NOTWITHSTANDING Master Radaway's affected contempt for his sister's objections, he was unwilling to try her temper too far, and therefore, with due regard to his own interest, (for Miss Rachel, though a scold, was a good housekeeper,) sent the child to a poor widow in the neighbourhood, promising her a weekly sum for its support. Of course this act of humanity was considered by many as anything but disinterested; but the farmer cared little for ill-natured remarks, and derived a pleasure in watching the growth of his protégé, who thrived apace, and promised to become a strapping lad. Time rolled away; Master Radaway grew old; and his sister, who was some five years his senior, became infirm, deaf, and still more bad-tempered; while Dick, who had taken the name of his foster-parent, had reached the age of sixteen. He had been taught the rudiments of reading and writing at the farmer's expense, at a small school in the neighbouring village; but, if his education was meagre, he was amply compensated for it by a large stock of that low cunning, which in the commerce of life sometimes avails a man more than brilliant genius. He obtained constant employment on Master Radaway's farm, and very often a meal at the house, notwithstanding the evident dislike with which he was regarded by Miss Rachel. Sometimes he was intrusted with a load to the neighbouring town, and Dick did not fail to profit by such trips; for, on market days especially, there is always an assemblage of loose fellows on the look-out for flats. By observing the feats of such gentry, he soon became an adept in the legerdemain of the dice-box and the pea and thimble, and succeeded to admiration in fleecing the poor clowns with whom he mingled at home. With this ill-gotten money he purchased a pig or two, which turned out profitably; for,

> "Satan's wiser than in days of yore,
> And tempts by making rich, not making poor;"

and when his foster-mother died, Dick Dafter rented the cottage she had occupied, and thrived beyond the comprehension of his neighbours. Some persons, however, shrewdly conjectured that he was occasionally assisted by Master Radaway, and this perhaps shielded him from the more rigid scrutiny of the suspicious. But when Dick quitted the cottage, and took a larger habitation, with an outhouse adjoining it, some of his neighbours did not fail to indulge in remarks anything but favourable to his character.

Everybody knows that in remote country places a wary cunning rogue has, under cover of the night, abundant opportunity of robbing his neighbours. Dick Dafter knew this well; for he had often proved it to his own satisfaction, and the loss of those whose homesteads he visited. There was not a padlock in the parish of which he had not a key, and his nocturnal visits had caused the dismissal of more than one honest servant. Of course, farmer Radaway was honoured above all others, and contributions were every week levied on his hen-roost, his

Dick Dafter held fast by Jack Eagleton.

London: Richard Bentley 1842.

[illegible] by his [illegible] the [illegible] who [illegible] themselves to watch [illegible] was the [illegible].

[illegible] with whom Dick Darter [illegible] was [illegible] as he was styled [illegible] house [illegible] followed the vocation [illegible] added to anything likely to [illegible] of general shop-house [illegible] general [illegible] of its tenants. Between Dick [illegible] there was a very close friendship, if the [illegible] may be so designated. If they were [illegible] the neighbours [illegible] on a market day, they came home together, and [illegible] to visit each other at a late hour [illegible] nothing more than rumour and general suspicions were [illegible] by the majority of their neighbours.

At length old Jerome's [illegible] increasing years and infirmities rendered it necessary that he should have [illegible] and accordingly one of his nephews, a powerful [illegible] young man, came to live with him, and [illegible] after [illegible] was almost a death-blow to Dick [illegible] and as may be expected [illegible] mutual and settled hatred between him and the new [illegible] was the consequence. In spite of the former [illegible] to come into the house, and [illegible] by the aunt Rachel whose dislike of Dick [illegible] Hearing that the farm was [illegible] determined to keep a strict watch [illegible] in the dead of the night, and with [illegible] round the premises [illegible] among the poultry [illegible] so well watched [illegible] Indeed [illegible] to [illegible] the most [illegible]

[illegible] Dick Darter possessed [illegible] considered [illegible] to the [illegible] he would have [illegible] the [illegible] young farmer [illegible] but cunning [illegible]

[illegible] neighbour and [illegible] and looked [illegible] to make [illegible] any man?"

[illegible] with a significant shake of the head.

"What [illegible]?"

"[illegible]," replied Dick; "but [illegible] in breath [illegible] than [illegible] to bring the constable, and [illegible] he honestly come by."

[illegible]

"[illegible] devil, [illegible]," said Dick; "[illegible] about [illegible] like."

barn, his faggot-pile, or his hay-rick. Still the thief remained undiscovered; and those who took upon themselves to watch o' nights soon gave it up, so wary was the plunderer.

The only creature with whom Dick Dafter was upon terms of intimacy was one Mr. John Eagleton, or, as he was styled by his neighbours, *Jack* Eagleton, a man who followed the vocation of a wheelwright, but who, like his friend, jobbed in anything likely to be profitable. This fellow also had a kind of general store-house, which was filled with more than the honest earnings of its tenant. Between Dick Dafter and this man there was a very close friendship, if the unhallowed compact of the dishonest may be so designated. If they were at the neighbouring town on a market day, they came home together, and they were often seen to visit each other at a late hour in the evening; still nothing more than vague and general suspicions were entertained of them by the majority of their neighbours.

At length the farmer's increasing years and infirmities rendered it necessary that he should have assistance, and accordingly, one of his nephews, a powerful, resolute young man, came to live with him, and look after the farm. This was almost a death-blow to Dick Dafter; and, as may be expected, a mutual and settled hatred between him and the new-comer was the consequence. In spite of the farmer's intercession, Dick was forbidden to come into the house, and Ned Radaway, backed by his aunt Rachel, whose dislike of Dick could never be suppressed, was all powerful. Hearing that the farm was so often visited by depredators, he determined to keep a strict watch for the thieves. He frequently rose in the dead of the night, and with his double-barrelled gun on his shoulder marched round the premises, and visited every outhouse. At the least noise among the poultry or the cattle he was on the *qui vive;* and the farm being so well watched, the visits of Dick Dafter were rendered doubly hazardous. Indeed, since young Radaway's arrival, he had been constrained to go farther afield, and abandon what had hitherto proved to him the most lucrative locality in the whole neighbourhood.

This infringement of the rights of Dick Dafter possessed him with the most deadly hatred of the man whom he considered an interloper, and the desire of revenge occupied his sordid soul, to the exclusion of every other passion,—even that of the all-engrossing one of covetousness. Had he possessed courage, he would have resented the bitter gibes which he met with occasionally from the young farmer as he passed through the village, by a challenge to fight; but cunning was Dick's weapon, and he knew well how to wield it.

One night he entered the house of his neighbour and friend, Jack Eagleton, and having closed the door after him, and looked cautiously around, intimated that he had an important communication to make.

"Ha!" said Jack, "what 'st got to zay, mun?"

"Ned Radaway," whispered Dick, with a significant shake of the head.

"What ov he?" queried Eagleton.

"I'll tell 'e in a minnit," replied Dick; "but gi' m' breath. You must kneow that thuck chap means to bring the constable, and zee whether all the property y'ave got be honestly come by."

"The devil he does!"

"Ah, devil or no devil, a means to do 't," said Dick; "zo y'd better luk about 'e, and put away anything as looks querish like."

Jack Eagleton uttered a prolonged "Wh—ew!" and a horrible imprecation, which must not be written down.

"A 'll vind *that* a toughish job, I b'leeves," said he, after a pause.

"Ye can't help yerself, Jack," remarked the other, tauntingly; "ye 'd better put up wi't."

Jack swore another horrible oath. "I'd blow 's brains out vust," said he, savagely. "An Englishman's hous' is his cassel."

"Ye won't vind yourn any zuch theng," observed Dick, who could scarcely repress the joy he felt at perceiving that his trumped-up story had the desired effect.

"Let un try 't—let un try 't," vociferated Jack, "and if I dwon't put a ball drough 's yead, I wish I may be zhot m'zelf zome day!"

"A zays a 'll transport th', Jack."

"He!" vociferated the ruffian, "*he!* transport m'! Noa, noa, not quite so vast. If *I* be transported, *he 'll* never live to zee 't."

"What do 'e mean, mun?" inquired Dick, with scarcely-suppressed exultation.

"Mean?" replied the other, with a savage scowl, and in an audible whisper; "why, that if I *be* transported, 'twill be vor riddin' the world of such a varment as he!"

"You dwon't mean to zay you 'd murder un?"

"I means to zay so, and I means to do 't, too," said Eagleton, pulling out the table-drawer, in which lay a couple of horse-pistols, with a bullet-mould, powder-flask, &c. "Here 's the tackle to work wi'. You 'll help m', Dick?"

This question was a poser. Dick had never anticipated being thus invited, and he made several awkward attempts to wriggle out of his dilemma.

"Coom, coom," said Eagleton, in a determined tone, "this won't do, Dick. This is as much your bus'ness as mine; for if he ain't put out o' th' way, he 'll ruin bwoth on us vor a zartinty."

"But how be we to do 't?" inquired Dick, with a rueful look, perceiving that he was entangled in the meshes of his own net. "How be we to do 't, Jack?"

"Do 't!" vociferated Eagleton, "why, when a 's comin' whoam vrom markut, to be zure. A 'll ha' zome money about un then."

"Hush!" said Dick; "speak gently, or zomebody 'll hear 'e;" and drawing his chair nearer to that of his friend, they proceeded to discuss the best method of destroying their common enemy.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

In which the friendship of Dick Dafter and Jack Eagleton terminates abruptly.

Two or three days after the conference described in the preceding chapter, Mr. Ned Radaway was at the market of the neighbouring town. In the evening several farmers were assembled at the inn, among whom was Mr. Ned Radaway, who during the day had received a considerable sum of money on account of his uncle.

"A hunked road that o' yourn, Maester Etherd," said one of the company,—"I shouldn't like to travel un wi'out company."

"Ha, and wi' zo much money about m'," remarked another.

"I shouldn't mind it, though, if I had such a hos as his'n," said a third.

"Oh, ye needn't be afeard o' me," cried the young man, drawing a large horse-pistol, heavily loaded with slugs, from the breast-pocket of his coat. "Here 's enough for *one*, at any rate."

"Lor' a massey!" ejaculated the first speaker, "why, a 's charged up to the muzzle, Maester Etherd!"

"Then a 'll hit the harder," remarked the young man; and, having paid his reckoning, he quitted the room, mounted his horse, and trotted off homeward.

It was a beautiful April evening. The last tinge of sunset had faded away in the west, and the round red disc of the full moon was just rising, and lighting up the valley, as young Radaway descended the hill, when, arriving at a lonely part of the road, flanked on one side by a copse of hazel and ground ash, and on the other by several very ancient elms, two men, in short white frocks, and wearing crape over their faces, suddenly confronted him.

Without saying a word, the foremost man made a snatch at the young farmer's bridle, and at the same instant presented and snapped a pistol, which burnt priming.

"Thank'e! and take that for your pains!" cried Edward Radaway, drawing forth his pistol, and firing on his opponent.

The man, uttering a cry of anguish, dropped his weapon, reeled backwards several paces, and sunk on his knees.

Though a bold fellow, the young farmer was fully aware of his danger, and conscious that by that one discharge he was rendered defenceless, he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and dashed at full gallop down the hill.

The other man, who seemed completely paralysed by the unexpected resistance they had met with, threw down the pistol he held, tore the crape from his face, and approached his wounded companion, who was groaning bitterly.

"Jack, Jack," said he, horror-struck, and in a stifled voice, "bist hurted *much?*"

The wounded man replied by a torrent of dreadful imprecations, and gasped for breath. The closeness of the discharge had actually burnt the crape which had covered his face, and there was a large round black patch on the breast of his white frock, from the centre of which a stream of blood was pouring.

"Cuss th' vor a-coward!" said he faintly, "why didn't 'e shoot un? I 'm a dead man; but thee 'lt be hung,—that 's one comfort!"

Dick Dafter—for it was he who was addressed—seemed spellbound; his knees knocked together, and his whole frame was shaken as if palsied. Meanwhile his companion, writhing with pain, entreated him to procure assistance. This appeal awakened Dick to the danger of his own situation, and he replied,—

"O Lar', noa, noa; what be *I* to do? If I gwoes for help they 'll zeize m'!"

"And zarve 'e right, y' cowardly dastard!" groaned Eagleton,—"they 'll hang th', and I shall die happy to know that thee 'st bin caught!"

Dick believed every word of this; and fear for his own safety prompted him to fly. Eagleton perceived his intention, and grasping him by the leg, with a convulsive clutch, cried,—

"Noa, noa, cuss th'! ye be n't gone 'et! I'll hold th' till zomebody comes."

Frantic with terror, Dick struggled to release himself, while the wounded wretch grasped him with all his remaining strength, and strove to call out and give the alarm; but, his voice becoming each moment more feeble, could not have been heard a hundred yards off.

"Let go," at length Dick said, "and I'll vetch zomebody to 'e."

The expiring villain smiled bitterly and shook his head, for the power of speech had now forsaken him. He knew his man; and, though dying, he held on tightly.

"Let go!" roared Dick again; but still the grasp was firmly fixed on his leg. "Let go, I tell th'."

With these words he renewed his endeavours to escape.

"Well, then, if th' woot ha' 't," he cried, raising his foot, "take 't, and be cussed to th'!" and, dealing the dying man a violent kick in the face with the toe of his heavy-nailed laced boot, he freed himself, and fled into the copse by the side of the road.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Which shows that bolts and bars may not always keep out the thief.

That instinctive cunning which always availed Dick Dafter in extremity, stood him in great need at this critical juncture. He saw that his only chance of safety was to make for home with all the speed he could use. The high road to the village was circuitous, but the distance was inconsiderable across the fields, and over these he flew on the wings of terror, bounding over ditches and through hedges with the speed of a hunted hare.

He soon reached his house, and, entering at the rear, he unbolted the front door, lit his pipe, and sat himself down in the chimney corner, in anticipation of a visit, for he felt assured that the young farmer could not have recognised him, and hoped, in the event of a neighbour calling, to make it appear that he had been at home for some time. This artful trick succeeded to admiration, as will be seen hereafter.

Meanwhile, the young farmer had reached home, and related his adventure on the road, to the great consternation of his uncle and aunt. The news soon spread through the village, and every bad or suspected character far or near was by turns pointed at as likely to have made such an attempt. The mystery was, however, partly unveiled early the next morning, when some labourers, going to their work, discovered the body of Jack Eagleton, dead and stiff, by the road-side, his pistols lying near him.

At the inquest held on the body of the slain ruffian it was proved that one of these weapons had burnt priming, for it still contained the charge, though the powder in the pan had been ignited, and the cock was down, thus confirming the account which Ned Radaway had given of the transaction.

During the investigation, one of the villagers, in answer to a question put to him by the coroner, deposed that at the very time of the attack on the young farmer he called upon Dick Dafter to borrow a hammer, and that he found him at home, quietly smoking his pipe

There was no design in the giving of this evidence, the man stated what he believed to be true; and the answer returned to the question, which had originated with the young farmer, (who, though he could identify neither of his assailants, had a lurking suspicion of Dick Dafter,) tended to remove any doubt which had been entertained to his prejudice.

Freed, therefore, from the *legal* consequences of his participating in the crime of attempting murder, Dick Dafter breathed more freely, but he was perpetually haunted by the fear of encountering the ghost of his late associate. If but a bennet touched the calf of his leg after nightfall, fancy made it appear to his terrified senses like the clutch of the wounded wretch whom he had maltreated and abandoned in his dying moments. Horrible dreams haunted him throughout the night, and in the day time the countenance of Eagleton, writhing with agony, was constantly before his eyes; yet he dared not make any man his confidant.

By degrees, however, this fearful excitement abated, and Dick resumed his peculations whenever an opportunity presented itself. His dishonesty was ingrain, and like a rank weed, which has been cropped, and not rooted up, it now burst forth again with ten-fold vigour.

Meanwhile Ned Radaway's vigilance relaxed, as his uncle's property was respected—at least, so it appeared,—for the same number of fowls came to be fed in the morning, the faggot-pile was not diminished in height and bulk, and the hay-ricks remained as they had been left over night; nevertheless, others suffered by the secret visits of Dick, and the thief remained undiscovered. It happened, however, one day, that the young farmer had occasion to remove a quantity of wheat in the granary. After filling a few sacks, it struck him that the bulk had been unaccountably diminished, but he had no means of ascertaining this until nearly the whole of it had been measured, when it plainly appeared that the heap had been visited by some creature larger than a rat.

Ned Radaway scratched his head, and was sorely perplexed at this discovery, for he was convinced that his uncle had been plundered; and he was considering how the place could have been entered, (the door having a patent lock which could not be picked,) when one of the men struck his corn-shovel on a *cork* sticking in the floor.

"Hallo!" cried the fellow, "what be this, Maester Etherd!"—then stooping down,—"danged if it be n't a *cark!*"

"A *cork!* no?"

"Eez it be, though," said the man, drawing it out; "and there's another, and another! Cunnin' wosbirds as did this, Maester Etherd!"

Ned Radaway scratched his head a second time, and shook it, too. The discovery was confounding: he saw in a moment that with all his vigilance the granary had been robbed, and that to an extent difficult to be calculated. The thief, by boring holes in the floor with an auger had helped himself whenever he pleased, and stopped the apertures with corks, which could be quickly removed, and returned as soon as he had filled his sack.

Our young farmer having recovered a little from his surprise at this curious discovery, began to consider how he might set a trap for the thief.

"I 'd give a pound bill to anybody as 'ou'd find out the rascal," observed he.

"Wou'd 'e, Maester Etherd?" said one of the men; "then I 'll be bound ye 'll vind un out if 'e keeps this a zecret, and takes no notice ov 't. A 'll zhure to come agen if 'e put zome more carn over they carks."

"A capital thought, Tom," said young Radaway; "but mind, if we dwon't find out the thief I shall think zomebody's been blabbing."

"Oh, never vear we," cried the men in one breath. "We 'll take care o' that, maester."

The men, who knew that they might be suspected of the robbery, were delighted at the opportunity of discovering the depredator, and accordingly the matter was kept a secret even from Farmer Radaway himself, the remainder of the corn being left over that part of the floor which had been perforated.

Ned Radaway felt assured that the thief would not renew his operations until the change of the moon, and accordingly deferred his watch till the first dark night, when, provided with good cudgels, a pair of handcuffs, and a dark lantern, they stole unobserved from the house, and laid themselves down on some straw beneath the granary. Here they remained till the village-clock struck one, without hearing any sound to awaken suspicion. It was pitchy dark, and no object could be seen at an arm's length.

"It 's of no use," observed the young farmer in a whisper, becoming impatient, and finding himself growing cold. "A 'll not come to-night, depend upon 't."

"Hush! hush! Maester Etherd!" said Tom, "bide still; I thenks I hears vootsteps."

Ned Radaway held in his breath and listened: something was certainly moving at a distance, — a gate creaked, as if some one was getting over it; then a heavy body alighted with caution, and advanced towards the granary. The watchers remained immovable; they felt their hearts throb as the footsteps came nearer and nearer, and were not a little perplexed at their being unlike those of an ordinary person. The foot-fall, instead of resembling the usual heavy tread of a nailed boot, was like that of some wild animal. In another moment they came under the granary, a sack was thrown down, and the watchers heard the horny hand of a man brush the flooring of the granary, as if feeling for the corks.

It had been agreed that the thief should be suffered to fill his sack, and the watchers accordingly lay perfectly still until they thought he had accomplished his object.

"A runs slowish," said the thief to himself, trying the weight of the sack; "a aint ha'f vull 'et. I wishes I 'd got owld Radaway's cus-sed nephee in un ——"

"Suppose I helps you put him in!" said Ned Radaway, creeping behind, and seizing him with a determined grasp by the throat. "What! I 've got 'e at last, have I!"

"Oh Lard! oh Lard!" roared the terrified scoundrel; "I 'm a dead man! dwont 'e drottle m', Maester Etherd."

"No, the hangman 'll do that all in good time," said the young farmer bitterly. "Show a light here, Tom; though I know who 'tis by 's voice."

"Pray dwon't 'e howld m' zo tight," cried Dick; "I be a'most choked,—let m' gwo. I won't run away."

"No, no,—we'll take care o' that," said Ned Radaway with a laugh. "Show a light here."

The man turned his lantern upon the detected night-prowler, and discovered the well-known features of Dick Dafter!

"Oh y' precious varment!" cried Tom,—"I should like to zee th' hung as high as Haman!—how many poor honest bodies ha' been zuspected vor thee! Why, no wonder we cou'dn't make out thee vootsteps—th'ast got no zhoes on!"

Dick was stupified by terror, and "shook like a dog on a wet sack." He suffered himself to be handcuffed without uttering a word. What, in fact, *could* he have said for himself, thus caught in the very act of plundering his best benefactor? As they led him into the house, to secure him for the night, he mentally wished that he had met the fate of his old associate in villany, Jack Eagleton.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Which treats of the last incident in the life of Dick Dafter.

The next morning the whole village was in an uproar. Everybody had heard of the capture of Dick Dafter in the very act of robbing Farmer Radaway's granary, and scores of people crowded round his house, which was undergoing a search by the constable. It would be tedious to recount what was found on the premises; and it will be sufficient to say that the plunder hidden in various ways comprised specimens of every portable object. Missing utensils of husbandry were found secreted in the most artful manner. Bacon, cheeses, grain of various kinds,—some of which could be identified,—were discovered in places which could never have been suspected by those unaccustomed to such searches. The place was justly likened to the nest of a magpie, for some of the articles could have been "of no use to any one but the owner," and must have been taken for thieving's sake.

Dick Dafter was that day examined before a magistrate, and committed to the county jail. His trial followed shortly after, and the evidence was so conclusive that the jury had no difficulty in agreeing on a verdict. The result was, that Dick Dafter was duly hanged, as a warning to evil-doers, and an example to the rising generation of clodpoles. On the morning of his execution he made to the chaplain of the prison a full confession of all his robberies, and gave an account of his participation in the attempt on young Radaway.

Thus ended the career of a rustic scamp of the first water. Probably some novelist yet unborn may hereafter write his history in livelier colours, and prove him to have been the son of a great man, possessed of generous sentiments, all which may be very edifying; but be it remembered that our history is the *true one.*

RAISING THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"And hast thou nerve enough?" he said,
That grey Old Man, above whose head
Unnumber'd years had roll'd,—
"And hast thou nerve to view," he cried,
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied?
Art thou indeed so bold?

"Say, cans't thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts where'er it lights,—the breath
That, like the Simoom, scatters death
On all that yet *can* die!

"Darest thou confront that fearful form,
That rides the whirlwind and the storm
In wild unholy revel?
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel's once, though ruin'd now—
Ay,—dar'st thou face The Devil?"

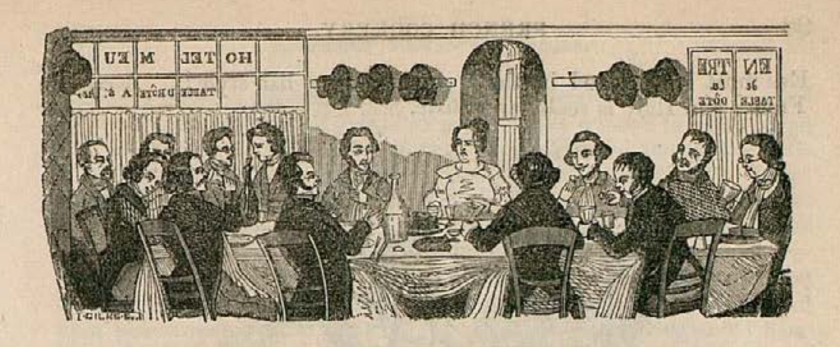
"I dare!" the desperate Youth replied,
And placed him by that Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,
Unblenched his cheek and firm his limb;
—"No paltry juggling fiend, but Him!
The Devil!—I fain would see!

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad
Rejoined in reckless tone.—
"Have then thy wish!" Albertus said,
And sigh'd, and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross-bones fenc'd around;
He traced full many a sigil there;
He mutter'd many a backward pray'r,
That sounded like a curse—
"He comes!"—he cried with wild grimace,
"The fellest of Apollyon's race!"—
Then in his startled pupil's face
He dash'd—an Empty Purse!!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Dec. 27, 1841.



FRENCH COOKERY.

Paris, Rue Rivoli, December 19, 1840.

DEAR TREVOR,

VINEYARDS and viands form an inexhaustible subject. I told you I should make the tour of those restaurants and hotels where a man who has the means of paying for the gratification of the organ of taste may dine as he ought to do. Believe me, it is by no means so expensive an organ as the givers of those dinners, properly called "plain," would make you believe. For my own part, I would sooner pay tavern bills than lawyer's bills, and those who eat together, rely upon it, will seldom quarrel together.

I know your *penchant* for a table *bien servie.* I tell you plainly I make a point of avoiding a man who gives careless, indifferent dinners; you may depend upon it that such a man cares little for his friends. The self-complacency of some whom you and I know is truly absurd, and would be amusing if one were not the victim of their impertinence; but once down before what they are pleased to call, *par excellence,* a "plain dinner," there is no chance of bettering one's condition in England for that day. Frenchmen know very well that to ask a man, accustomed to dine like a gentleman, to a meal at the host's own house, is anything but a compliment to the guest; so those who have not an "hotel," or large establishment of their own, give a dinner where they know they can get it up to the mark and upon a scale commensurate with their estimation of his deserts. This is a sensible as well as economic plan. With us, giving a dinner with a dozen varieties of meats is a serious event in the annals of house-keeping; especially with those who commit such hospitalities but half-a-dozen times a year. The greater part of our kitchens are most miserably arranged, or rather, are wholly without arrangement; we consume more fuel to prepare a dinner of two dishes of meat, with their staff of vegetables on the table, than a good French housekeeper would to send up a *potage, entrées, plats de rôti,* and *entremets,* for six or eight persons. Our extravagance is generally in proportion to our want of refinement, and none are more unnecessarily lavish than those families who conceitedly pride themselves upon the excellence of their "plain dinners." Every English servant imagines herself to be a "good plain cook," if she can but put potatoes into a pot of water to boil, and then, just as they happen to be *done* at a given minute, send them peeled to table; hang a piece of beef or mutton on a jack before the fire till it be *roasted,* and put a fowl or a piece of fish in the most slovenly and ill prepared state into a kettle till they be *boiled;* and with this, which is but the first stage in French culinary operations, the plain cook considers that she has but to dish up, and may wash her hands. Surely Adam and

Eve must have dined in the "good old Eng lish style!" A cook in France and Italy is really an *artiste.*

If the office of the cook be filled by a man, he has gone through a regular education under masters of the art, in good kitchens; and he does not dare send to the dining-room articles upon which no thought or ingenuity has been bestowed. When a woman has the office, as is mostly the case in small families, she shows greater deference to her employer's tastes and enjoyment, than to place before them pieces of flesh bearing but little mark of having made any pause in their way thither from the butcher's shop. The kitchen is, after all, the stronghold of national prejudices, and the most obstinate and perverse of bigoted persons are our *soi-disant* cooks.

Almost a century ago we were stigmatised by a French cynic as a nation who had twenty kinds of religion and but one sauce; and still, after an uninterrupted intercourse with the Continent for upwards of a quarter of that period, the English nation could, I believe, much more easily change its form of government, and the people their religion, than the latter remodel their system of cookery. To eat meat in any other way than in huge lumps soaked in hot water, or with the outside hardened to a cinder before a raging fire, would be a serious innovation upon the palates of nineteen-twentieths of our countrymen! The nonsense that is uttered at our tables about good plain dinners, as the only apology we can find for the ignorance and idleness of our servants, raises many a laugh at our expense amongst the French; who never make an apology for any dinner they give you, because they feel the unpoliteness of offering one that needs it. If our dinners need the old canting apology of "you see your dinner,"—"nothing for you but a plain dinner," why do we continue to do what those who do not understand our habits must think we are ashamed of?

I revere a man who gives *good* dinners. It is vulgar-minded to at-

tempt to despise what contributes to the pleasure of the many; and to how large a majority of mankind is the palate created to be an organ of enjoyment! That "plain dinners" were despised among the well-bred Athenians, we learn from Athenæus, who describes a Deipnosophist as making a sad wry face at the mustard, when, as he gracefully extended himself upon his triclinium, he perceived that it was the sole condiment on table wherewith to season a very primitive repast. I know a dozen families, at least, in London, who have good men cooks, and two or three dozen others whose female cooks can send up a pleasurable repast; but in the great towns of England I have been shocked, in houses where the owners ought to know better, and whose means are fully competent to the discharge of this important part of their duty to society, at the *really* "plain dinners" which have been ostentatiously put before me. This results from prejudice and want of perception, not illiberality; for no man spends more money in procuring liquids from all parts of the globe to pour down his guests' throats than an Englishman. With little trouble, and less expense, what good and luxurious repasts might we not always have, without going five miles beyond our dwellings for the materials? Neither would our senses be gratified at the expense of our other faculties. At *Meurice's* and at the *Hôtel des Princes*, what a splendid dinner one can sit down to for five shillings, and with wine of any and every sort for ten or fifteen. Why, in the name of wonder, cannot we have the same rational enjoyment in London? Dinner, by the *carte*, I have found to be about two-thirds to one half cheaper in Paris, at the first restaurateurs, than in the clubs in London,—where the cookery is in general quite as *recherché;* but beyond the clubs, there is no hotel in London which can supply a similar dinner to one I had yesterday at the *Trois Frères Provençaux* for six times as much as what I paid there for it.

Cookery, with all polite and well-educated nations, England excepted, has ever been a favourite subject of cultivation. It was essentially so among the ancients. What people like in fact, they like in description. If you turn to any part of Homer, particularly the Odyssey, you will find numberless passages relative to the modes of cookery known in that early age. In that immortal epic, no matter whether it be a religious ceremony, an embassy, a treaty, a meeting of the gods, or a funeral procession—eating and drinking come along with it. The poet always describes the process minutely, and at great length—killing, flaying, frying, or broiling the various parts of the animal, in a strain of unsurpassable eloquence. In the ninth book of the Iliad, Patroclus, in person, performs a long operation of the culinary kind. In the first book, too, and at the end of the eleventh, where old Nestor cooks the dinner, there are long and elaborate descriptions of the culinary processes. In the Odyssey, again, the description of the court of Alcinous, the reception of Ulysses by Eumæus, reception of heralds, and the general manners and conduct of the suitors, will furnish ample instances of the gormandising tastes of those days. Socrates and Plato, to say nothing of their own symposia, daily sat "at many good men's feasts." Aristophanes and Athenæus are full of cookery; cooks are constant butts in Plautus and Terence; Horace is the prince of Amphytrions; and Mecænas was at once the patron of cooks and poets. Mahomet, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Rabelais, all loved and lauded good cheer. Even the sage Montaigne applauds cer-

tain modes of cookery. Lord Bacon's tastes were rather medical than gastronomic; but his recommendation of "viperine broth" is highly gustatory. It is evident that Falstaff, Sir Epicure Mammon, or Justice Greedy, or Beaumont and Fletcher's Gastrologen, and the gourmand magistrates and aldermen of our early dramatic writers, delighted, like their successors of the present day, more in the quantity than the quality of their food. Molière constantly ridiculed the physicians, those most inconsistent enemies to all good cheer; but his own taste in this respect is evident, from his only serious play. When he thought of tragedy, he chose for his subject "*Le Festin de Pierre;*" and though he had a ghost to introduce, he could not help bringing him in to *supper*. Milton is a graver name; but his palate appears to have been as exquisite as his ear; and though, from his subject, he had not so much room for touching on cookery as his Greek and Roman models, he panegyrizes Eve's skill in blending the materials she had, (Par. Lost. b. v.) in verses that prove him to have had a delicate perception of what the best cookery (*i. e.* French) ought to be. In "Paradise Regained," the Devil spreads a splendid feast in the wilderness:—

"In ample space, under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in royal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook; of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name; for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Africk coast."

—and certainly by no means a bad bill of fare. Even the sun himself, in Milton's grand verse, "sups with the ocean." Lesage delighted in describing dinners and suppers; Dr. Johnson was at once a gourmand and a gastronomer; and in our time, Dr. Parr, as you and I have witnessed. Voltaire's taste in cookery was exquisitely delicate. Our fashionable novels are full of dinner parties. Moore, indeed, is less a *gourmand* than a *gourmet* in his tastes, like his prototype, Anacreon, from whom he derives his cognomen; but Scott would, in his favourite days of chivalry, have been worthy to sing in hall, during the intense mastication of those vast venison pasties immortalised in his more modern lays. There is not much eating and drinking, to be sure, in Lord Byron; but this is only an additional proof of his misanthropy and splenetic hatred of all rational enjoyment. "I can dine any day off bread and cheese," is a vaunt which I never hear without pitying its stupid ejaculator. "Give me good roast beef," says another, with a look of humility; "none of your French kickshaws for me." Frenchmen and Italians thought at one time that this "rosbif" was a dish in the fabrication of which the whole culinary talent of England had been concentrated; a dish, in fact, worthy of the tastes and pretensions of a nation whose wealth appeared, from the ostentatious display of it everywhere by her sons, to be inexhaustible. When the truth became known to them, with the dish, Englishmen sank fifty per cent. in their opinion in the scale of civilization;—feared for their courage, flattered for their wealth, ridiculed for their inherent tastelessness. Whilst our countrymen still stick to their plain roast and boiled, their holocausts and seething-pots, I am enjoying the good with which Providence and the *chefs de cuisine* provide me amongst a people, whatever be their demerits in other respects, foremost among

all nations in the cooking art; and who do not insult Nature by treating with contempt all endeavours to aid with art the bounties her hand bestows.

I made expressly for you a memorandum of our dinner (there were twelve of us) at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, Palais Royal, and here it is. Do not attempt any of the dishes. Your *coquus barbaricus* will assuredly give you warning, and you may search in vain for as good a "plain cook." First course—our *relevé de potage* consisted of *potage au riz, purée de carottes, turbot sauce aux huîtres*. Six *entreés, pâte chaud de cailles, côtelettes de mouton à la soubise, chartreuse de légumes, poulard au consommé suprême de volaille aux truffes, sauté de filets de perdreaux*. Our *hors d'œuvres* were *beurre, radis, anchois*, and *cornichons*. The second course consisted of a splendid centre dish of *Sultane à la Chantilly*; two roasts, *canard sauvage*, and *poulard aux truffes*; six *entremets, gélée de marasquin, fromage Bavarois à la vanille, cardons à la moëlle, èpinards au consommé, navets glacés, choux-fleurs à la sauce*, and salad, of course. After we had done justice to all these good things, we had dessert, which consisted of cheese and fruit, &c., the former of which, in England, we banish from the table when dinner is said to be over; the dessert, however, is a third course in France. In the centre, as with us, was an epergne stuck full of horrible indigestibles,—two tambours, one *garni de biscuits à la cuillère*, the other with *macarons* and *massepains*. Four *compotes*; to wit, *fromage à la reine, poires de martin sec, pommes de reinette blanche, marrons au vermicelle*; also Neufchâtel and Gruyère cheese. Oranges, *pommes d'api*, grapes and *poires de Saint Germain*.

This is what my companions called a "plain dinner." What wine did you drink? I hear you inquire. Each course has its wine. But I forgot to tell you, we began with oysters, which is always the case here, though I think the custom would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." With them was handed round Chablis, Montrachet, Château-Grillé, with one or two sorts of white Bordeaux, such as Sauterne and Grave. Before the soup, it is orthodox to sip a glass of Absinthe or Kermont, and after it one of Madeira or Sherry. In our first course came round Côte St. Jaques and Auxerre, as specimens of common wine. We had, at the same time, some Mâcon and Thorins; with Beaune and Chassagne. Some Bordeaux, such as Saint Estèphe and Saint Emilion, came next; the latter of which I prefer to most red wines. At the second course came the Haute-Bourgogne wines again; Nuits, Chambertin, Clos-Vougeot, and Côte-Rôtie, with Champagne. With the dessert we had some red Champagne *non mousseux*; and you may now judge whether this wind-up be more enjoyable for the palate than our universal practice of destroying the delicate reminiscences which rest upon it, by swimming the viands we have eaten in strong-brandied Portuguese wine. That it is a tacit acknowledgment of the valueless nature of the repast, is evident; and plainly infers that, conscious of the mortification inflicted upon ill-used stomachs, we wish to wash it away in strong ale and spirits. Why then do not we reform our dinners, if only to avoid the necessity of such temptations to intemperance?

Ten or twelve years ago, I looked through a variety of French cookery books, of which I think the best were Ude's and Beauvillier's; at the same time, too, I read Dr. Kitchener's Cook's Oracle. This amusing old fellow seems to have aimed at the production of an English rival to the French books;—in which he has as egregiously failed

as in his attempt to imitate the gay and mocking vein of the *Almanach des Gourmands*. Dr. Kitchener's art is better fitted for the taste of the kitchen, than his cookery for the dining-room. There is a fatness, a redundancy of grease about his dishes, which seems to communicate itself to his style. Everything about the book is pinguinitescent. There is an air of quackery, too, about the minuteness of his instructions — his *sauce boxes, magazines of taste*, and his directions for making various things, "in a minute," or "directly." In his receipt for making "punch directly," for example, if I remember rightly, after detailing the process of making syrup of lemonade, he says,—"A table-spoonful of this, in a pint of water, will *immediately* produce a very agreeable sherbet: the addition of rum and brandy will convert this into *punch directly*." This is just as if I should say, "Take a screw, add to it a piston, cylinder, crank, boiler, and condenser, and you will have a STEAM ENGINE DIRECTLY." I can have better punch than the doctor ever made at the Café des Anglais and Café Tortoni, and made as soon. By the by, the doctor is wrong in saying that the word punch is of West India origin: it comes from the Hindostanee word, *pancha*, five: water, sugar, acid, rum, brandy, being the five ingredients of punch. Rum is, I believe, a Charib word.

All the English cookery books, with the exception of Mrs. Rundell's, are chargeable with want of economy—the thing they are perpetually lauding. Upon the cookery of vegetables,—which make such elegant entremets, and in which so much of the variety, beauty, and economy of the French table consist — the English cookery books are almost wholly silent. In their method of roast and stewing, too, as I have before observed to you, they are quite as expensive as the French.

Avoid the cheap restaurateurs; I mean those who give you five or six dishes, which you select out of 260, at 32 sous *par tête*. The dishes are mysterious excellences, savoury and satisfying to your heart's content; but, if you have an inquiring mind, speculations will arise not calculated altogether to strengthen your digestion. Horse-flesh and cat's-flesh are reported to be employed as substitutes for beef and rabbits, or hare's-flesh; and not long ago the police took the liberty of prying into these doubtful points. The result of their inquisition has had the sad effect of shaking the faith of the Parisians in the identity of the dishes with those described in the *cartes;* and which, a seizure of two thousand kilogrammes of horse-flesh by the octroi officers at the Barrière du Combat last week will not, I fear, tend to re-establish. This cargo of carrion was on its road to one of the great dining-houses at thirty-two sous a head; and the police have since been ordered to visit all these cheap houses forthwith. The discovery of a few score cat-skins on the premises of a *traiteur* in the Rue Montmartre has raised a prejudice against these unsuspicious-looking innocents; and economical bachelors, who had fattened on their maiden friends' lost pussies, for years past, now join in the cry against the *restaurants par tête*.

When I repeat to myself, as I often do in happy mood, the rhymes of Ingoldsby, as I sit on the benches of the Tuileries or the Palais Royal at sunset in summer, after repletion at the Café Vefour, the Rocher de Cancale, Very's, or the Café de Paris, what a dessert do I not enjoy! The sweet breeze plays round my face, and the fall of waters from the fountain lulls any unpleasant thought that may presume to crisp the surface of the mind: an eupepsia is in fact achieved, and all is bland and beatific. Your ever faithful, SEFTON GLOSSMORE.

STANLEY THORN.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Arrest—The Proposal—The Duel and its Result.

Being totally unacquainted with the imperative character of the legal instruments then in his possession, Stanley knew not what course to pursue; but, as Sir William had been from the first cognisant of the speculation into which he had entered, he eventually decided on soliciting his advice under the circumstances, conceiving that this might be done without his poverty being exposed. He accordingly laid the whole matter before him; and Sir William appeared to be not only greatly surprised, but extremely indignant.

"However," said he, "the thing is too gross to succeed. Take no sort of notice of these writs; treat them with contempt."—I should not care," said Stanley, "if it were a bonâ fide debt."—"Of course not; of course not; you'd settle it at once. But this is a fraud! a positive fraud! It is all very well for them thus to try it on; but it is sure to come to nothing, unless, indeed, you are disposed to be frightened out of your money!—"They'll not *frighten* me," replied Stanley. "If that be their object, they'll fail."

"Then let them pursue their own course. You will receive other papers in a few days, doubtless—burn them! When they find that you set them at defiance, they'll very soon relinquish their swindling scheme. It would indeed be monstrous if, in a country like this, a fraud so glaring could succeed."

Acting upon this advice, of course the very worst that could have been given, Stanley troubled himself no more about the matter. The declarations came, then the order to tax; but no notice whatever was taken until one of the parties had obtained final judgment. Unconscious of the nature of the position in which he stood, Stanley went about as usual; but the day after that on which the party had entered up judgment, he was accosted near the Albany by a person, who having approached him with an air of great mystery, touched his arm, and said in an interesting whisper, "Mr. Thorn, will you walk on? I'll follow you."—"What do you mean?" inquired Stanley, who had not the most distant idea of the fellow's object.—"Walk on?"

"Yes, and then no notice will be taken. I wouldn't have seen you myself, but you have just been pointed out to me."—"What *do* you mean?" The man smiled; and although he felt sure that his meaning was well understood, expressed himself quietly to the effect that the thing, in all probability, had not been expected.

"Will you," said Stanley, "explain yourself at once?"—"Don't you know a sheriff's officer?" inquired the man, who really thought it a capital joke. "But perhaps you have never been taken before?"

Stanley now clearly perceived how it was, and he turned very pale. "Step this way with me," said he, "I wish to consult a friend on this subject."

"Anything to oblige," returned the officer, who followed him at once to Sir William's chambers.

"It appears that I am arrested," said Stanley as he entered.—

"Arrested!" echoed Sir Willlam. "What, at the suit of those swindlers? Impossible!"

"Here is the officer! It does not *appear* to be impossible!"—"Well, I am amazed. The impudent scoundrels! However, we'll soon settle this. You must go of course now; but I'll walk down with you, and ascertain what can be done. I'll work the rascals. Leave them to me."

Stanley felt that Sir William was his friend more strongly than ever. Having accompanied him to one of those establishments in which respectable debtors usually receive their first impressions on the subject of the deprivation of social liberty, Sir William reassured him that he would immediately call upon the attorneys, and that nothing that could be done should be left undone by him.

"But Amelia," said Stanley; "how are we to conceal it from her?"—"Oh, I'll manage that. You have been unexpectedly called into the country, or something of that sort."

"No," said Stanley, "no—no—that will not do; suspicion would at once be excited; she would never believe that anything could induce me to go out of town without taking leave of her. No; perhaps, as it appears that there is not much chance of my getting out of this place to-day, it would be better to explain it to her—gradually."

"Well, you know her best. Will you write, then, or shall I prepare her to receive the intelligence, and then bring it out in the course of conversation?"

"Why, you can explain it in that way with greater effect than I can in a letter. You can say, you know, of course that the thing has been done to annoy me, and so on."

"I'll manage it. But I shall see you again before then; I'll return directly after I have seen the attorneys, in order that you may know the result."

Stanley thanked him warmly, and he left; not, however, with the slightest intention of calling upon the attorneys, but solely to perfect that scheme, which he conceived might be then carried into execution. With this view he went to a neighbouring tavern; and having sufficiently, in his judgment, dwelt upon the course to be pursued, he returned to Stanley, to whom he stated, with an expression of disappointment, that the attorneys could not be seen until the following morning; when, promising to be with them early, and to come direct from them to him, he left, ostensibly, in order to explain to Amelia the nature of Stanley's position.

Amelia, whose happiness had daily increased since Stanley had become less impetuous, and who fondly conceived that that happiness would be permanent, as his passion for the gaieties of life had been materially subdued, was expecting him home when Sir William arrived. She was alone; the widow had just before left her; but when Sir William had been announced, he was shown into the drawing-room, and received as a much valued friend. "I expect Stanley every moment," she observed. "He is sure not to be long."

"Has he not been home within the last hour or two?"—"No; he has been out the whole of the morning."

"Then you are probably not aware that I am to have the honour of dining with you to-day?"—"The honour will be ours," returned

Amelia with a smile, which was lightly appreciated by Sir William, who bowed, and then entered into the various topics of the day, which were discussed on both sides with great spirit.

At length, however, Amelia began to get impatient. "How tiresome," she exclaimed, "it is more than half an hour past the time! But you gentlemen are all very tiresome creatures."—"All, did you say?"

"I said all, certainly; but Sir William, on this occasion, must of course be excepted."

This led to a playful debate, which occupied another half hour, when Amelia exclaimed; "Well, now really, this is indeed very vexatious. I cannot conceive what can detain him!"

"I begin to fear now," observed Sir William, "that we shall not have the pleasure of dining with him to-day."

"Oh, dear yes, I hope so! We'll give him one quarter of an hour longer. If he should not return by that time he must have, when he does return, a very severe scolding."

The next quarter of an hour was passed in most lively conversation, and the next; when, as Stanley of course did not make his appearance, Amelia, with great reluctance, rang the bell, and having given the necessary instructions, was led by Sir William into the dining-room with an expression of disappointment which she could not conceal, although feeling, as a matter of courtesy, bound to be, if possible, gay.

During dinner, politeness the most refined alone characterized the conduct of Sir William, but that ceremony ended, he called all his brilliant conversational powers into play. As a man of the world, he had too much tact to permit precipitation in any case to weaken the chances of conquest, and while he knew that any direct attack upon virtue forms virtue's most invulnerable panoply, he attached due weight to the fact that wit and irony, highly tempered, are the most potent weapons that can be used, when the object in view is virtue's gradual subversion. He therefore sought to assail it imperceptibly at first, and then to proceed to an analysis of its nature, and having opened the subject of marriage he pursued it in a most lively strain, dwelling playfully upon its varied characteristics, and ironically darting at married persons, in the aggregate, the most highly polished shafts of ridicule.

At length, conceiving that he had made an excellent beginning, and having dwelt upon the credulity of married ladies in general on the subject of their husband's fidelity, he spoke of Stanley, and after alluding to his personal attractions, observed, "Now, I should not be at all surprised if you, even you, were to repudiate the idea of his being unfaithful."

"Why, it would not be very surprising," returned Amelia, "if I did; and I certainly should, if it were possible for such an idea to be entertained."

"Just as I expected! You would not believe it!—No, not for the world!"

"I would not believe it for the world, without cause, nor would I, for the whole world, have cause to believe it."

"Of course you would not! I knew that! Nor would you hold anything to be a sufficient cause."

"Why—yes—that I might do."

"Impossible!—surely!"

"Why," rejoined Amelia smiling, "the circumstances certainly must be very strong! But you surely do not mean to say that such a man as Stanley would be unfaithful?"—"Why, I don't know that he is so much unlike the rest."

"I have not so unworthy an opinion of the rest."—"Which proves the amiability of your character."

"Nor have you, I feel convinced, seriously."—"I cannot be serious on a subject of this kind; I cannot be tranquil," cried Sir William with a smile, "I feel much too indignant! But men are clever creatures,—I allude more especially to married men—who certainly do inspire with confidence those whom they constantly deceive, to an extent that is perfectly amazing. Let them remain out the whole day, or even all night, it's a matter of no importance; the most absolute impunity awaits them. As far as our dazzling friend Stanley is concerned, you would not believe anything prejudicial to his reputation, were you even to know where he is, where he has been the whole of the day, and where moreover he is likely to be the whole of the night."

Amelia's countenance instantly changed. "Are you serious? Have you the slightest knowledge of where he is now?"—"It is manifest, by his continued absence, that he is in most attractive company."

"But do you know where he is?"—"Why I *could* give a pretty shrewd guess!"

"Where then do you imagine him to be?"—"Nay, that is a question which I must not answer. It would not be exactly fair between man and man. No, although his treatment of me to-day in remaining there when he had invited me here has not been, perhaps, precisely the thing, I am not at all disposed to retaliate in that way. If, indeed—"

"Sir William," interrupted Amelia, "I would submit that this is a subject which ought not to be pursued."

"Why not, my dear madam?"—"Because, setting all ideas having reference to your friendship for Stanley aside, it may lead us beyond the strict bounds of delicacy."

A pause ensued; during which Amelia dwelt with unenviable feelings upon the various intimations she had received. Why—why did not Stanley return? Where was he? In whose society? What could have detained him? It was very strange!—Surely he had not been seduced into the vortex of vice! His honour surely had preserved him! He was faithful and virtuous still! And yet, why—why did he not return?

Sir William, who watched with delight the development of those feelings which these unhappy thoughts had induced, and who exhibited every disposition to remain, although he saw that Amelia was most anxious for him to leave, suffered silence to prevail for some considerable time: but, at length, he exclaimed: "Well! you see, he does not return—nor will he to-night!"—"Oh, do not say so; I hope, nay I feel quite sure that he will."

"I can bear this no longer!" cried Sir William, with a gesture which was intended to convey the idea that his feelings had been

wound up to the very highest pitch of endurance. "Entertaining, as I do, the most exalted respect for your character, knowing, as I do, the confiding gentleness and unexampled amiability of your disposition, I feel myself bound by every principle of manliness, friendship, and justice, to conceal no longer the fact of his being utterly unworthy of you."—"Sir!" exclaimed Amelia, fixing her eyes upon him with a flash of indignation.

"Do not misinterpret my object," he observed.—"What is your object?"

"To rescue an amiable creature from one who is as vain as he is heartless; one who can neither appreciate her admirable qualities nor love her."

Amelia, darting a look of contempt at him, instantly rose and rang the bell; but although this prompt proceeding in some slight degree amazed him, he, instead of appearing disconcerted, smiled, and remained silent until the servant entered.

"Is Sir William's carriage at the door?" inquired Amelia.—"I believe not, ma'am," replied the servant.

"Let me know when it arrives," said Sir William with perfect coolness, and as the servant immediately bowed and retired, he added, "Why, my dear madam, why will you not hear me? I know that these truths are unpalatable, yet they are truths nevertheless—truths of which you ought not to remain in ignorance."

"Sir William Wormwell," said Amelia firmly, "I have, up to this hour, regarded you as a most sincere friend, but I now look upon you as a most specious, treacherous enemy."—"My dear creature, do not apply such harsh, cruel terms to him who adores you!"

"Leave me, sir, instantly!"—"Amelia!"

"Sir—how dare you thus address me? What have you ever perceived in my conduct to lead you to imagine that this insult would be endured?"—"My dear creature, since you will not allow me to call you Amelia—loving you better than all the world, I would not for the whole world insult you."

"But you have, sir, insulted me grossly."—"Then on my knee I beg pardon—and while on my knee—since love is no crime—let me entreat you to listen to me but for a moment."

"Rise, sir, and leave me!"—"I will not until I have, at least, declared that ardent passion, which consumes my very soul."

Again Amelia rose and seized the bell rope, but her hand was arrested by Sir William, who exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, for the sake of your own reputation, which I prize far more highly than life, do not ring that bell again. Amelia!—my soul's idol—you are the only one on earth ——"

"*Will* you leave me! I now ring the bell again," she added, suiting the action to the word. "It is therefore for you to decide."—"Is Robert below?" she inquired when the servant had made his appearance.

"He is, ma'am."—"Desire him to come up. You perceive," she continued, addressing Sir William, "that I am resolved."

"My dear soul, the servants could never force me from the house, were they to make the attempt; but having too much respect for you, to cause any disturbance, I will, as you wish it, at once take my leave: but in the perfect conviction that before many hours have

passed, you will have ample reason to believe that all I have stated, with reference to him by whom you are thus heartlessly neglected, is true."

"Robert," said Amelia, as Bob at this moment entered; "show Sir William out."

Bob bowed, and looked precisely as if a slight explanation would have been very agreeable, for he did not pretend to understand it. Collecting his faculties, however, he vanished, and Sir William, having offered his hand to Amelia, by whom it was proudly rejected, slowly followed him to the door.

Although the firmness of Amelia never forsook her for an instant, while in the presence of Sir William, the very moment he had left her she burst into tears.

"Stanley!" she convulsively exclaimed—"dear Stanley! why, do you not return to me?—why by your absence thus seem to confirm the suspicions awakened by that vile man? Can it be?—No! I 'll not believe it!"

Tortured by apprehensions which could not be calmed, she paced the room in a state of mind bordering on distraction until midnight, when in piercing tones, she fervently ejaculated, "God! grant me patience!"

The agony, the excruciating agony, she endured between midnight and dawn may be conceived. Nor when the time, which after a weary lonely night usually brings with it some consolation, had arrived, when the glorious sun had mounted, and shedding his lustre upon the earth, seemed designed by a beneficent God to inspire every creature with happiness — was she less sad: indeed, as the day advanced her anguish increased, for she knew not what to think nor how to act. Sir William, whose vanity the repulse he experienced had seriously wounded, conceiving that the spirit of Amelia would be subdued by the continued absence of Stanley, resolved about noon to renew the attack. But feeling persuaded that, unless he had recourse to a *ruse*, Amelia would not see him, he sent up his card, with an intimation that he had a message from Stanley which he was anxious to deliver without delay. The first impulse of Amelia on receiving this card was to cause herself at once to be denied; but, on reflection, being naturally anxious to hear in any shape from Stanley, she directed the servant to show him up. With apparent humility and penitence Sir William thereupon entered, while Amelia stood firmly and proudly, although impatient to receive the communication he had to make.

"My dear madam," said he, bowing profoundly, "I have to offer ten thousand apologies for my conduct last evening, which may have appeared—"

"I presume," said Amelia with dignified firmness, "that your object in obtaining this interview with me is that which you announced." —"It is. But why treat with this cruel coldness, one whose every hope is centred in your smile, and whose highest aspirations—"

"If, sir, your object be that which I have been led to presume it is—"—"Nay, why so relentless? why so impatient?"

"Have you a communication from my husband; or have you not?" —"Beautiful Amelia! On my knee, while worshipping the idol of my soul, I implore you—"

"Albert!" exclaimed Amelia, rushing towards her brother, who at this moment entered the room.—"Halloo! I say! well? what's the row?" cried Albert as Amelia clung to him convulsively. "Anything broke? That's a pretty position for a man to be diskivered in! But, Meley, you don't mean to say you've been insulted?"

"Grossly, Albert, grossly!"—"You have!" exclaimed Albert, leading her to a couch. "Well, I say, old boy!" he added, turning to Sir William, "what do you mean?"

"What is it to you?" cried Sir William indignantly.—"What is it to me? Oh! that's it, is it? Ah; well, I'll soon explain to you what it is to me. Do you ever do anything in this way, old fellow?" he added, striking him fairly to the ground.

"Your card, sir, your card?" demanded Sir William. "I insist upon having your card!"—"Don't trouble yourself, old fellow, to insist! I'll leave it exactly between the eyes;" and planting a tremendous blow in that precise spot, he added, "now you'll not forget the address."

"Who are you?" cried Sir William, bleeding profusely as he rose. "I insist upon knowing who you are!"—"Timothy Snooks, Esquire, I tell you: isn't that sufficiently explicit? But, I say, where's Stanley, Meley?"

"I don't know, Albert: he knows, but he will not tell me."

"I say, old fellow, where is he? I'll give you my card, and bet you fifty pounds to sixpence that I'll lick you to a mummy if you'll tell me now where Stanley is?"—"Your card, sir, is all that I require."

"Oh, if that's what you mean," said Albert, "here, old fellow, I'll accommodate you in any way: here you are—now then—."—"Sir," cried Sir William, "you shall hear from me again!"

"Well, let it be soon! But before you go, just let me explain to you, quietly, *Sir* William, that you are a most degraded coward, a most contemptible poltroon, and a consummate villain. I shall be here," he added, shouting at the top of the stairs—"I shall be here for the next three hours!"

Sir William heard him distinctly, but made no reply; and when he had left, Albert returned to Amelia, who explained to him in confidence all that had happened. It had been the intention of Sir William to solicit the forgiveness of Amelia, if he found it impossible to attain his object, and to beg her to keep the affair a secret, having, of course, no desire that it should reach Stanley's ears; but as he now felt that concealment was entirely out of the question, he resolved to meet it boldly, and with so much promptitude did he act, that in less than an hour after having left the house a note arrived from Colonel Coleraine, in which he called upon Albert to refer him to a friend, with a view to settle the preliminaries of a meeting. This somewhat puzzled Albert at first, for, at the moment, he knew not to whom to refer, feeling sure that General Johnson would not take upon himself the responsibility of allowing him to go out. At length, however, it occurred to him that Villiers, a Cambridge man, who had twice been a principal in an affair of the kind, was then in town: and to him he, therefore, at once referred Colonel Coleraine.

Villiers undertook to act on the part of Albert, and as everything like an amicable arrangement of the matter was utterly out of the

question, a meeting was appointed to take place that evening at Wormwood Scrubs. Of this Albert was duly advised, and he prepared himself accordingly, but remained with Amelia—whom he, of course, kept in ignorance of the affair—until Villiers called for him in his cab, and drove him to the place appointed. On their arrival they found Sir William already on the ground, and he certainly looked like a man who had been cruelly ill-used. He and Albert, however, took no notice of each other, but paced the field with folded arms. The seconds consulted. The weapons were examined and prepared. The ground was measured, and the principals were placed.

"Now," said Villiers, "understand, when I drop this handkerchief, fire!"

Sir William took a cold-blooded aim: he was evidently bent upon mischief, while, as Albert stood, not a muscle moved: he was pale, indeed, and thoughtful, but firm as a rock.

"Are you ready?" cried Villiers. "Now!—One—two—three!"

The signal was given. Both at the same instant fired!—and the next, Sir William fell. The surgeons—for two had been engaged—rushed at once to the aid of the fallen man; and it was evident that the pain he endured was excruciating, for, as he writhed and rolled about the ground, he groaned dreadfully. The wound was discovered promptly, and examined; and the result of that examination was, that the patella of the right knee was found to have been shot clean away, and that Sir William had been thus lamed for life.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

FROM HERDER.

Light and lovely thing of sky,
Butterfly!
Flutt'ring ever amid flowers,
Fed on buds and dewy showers,
(Flower thyself, or leaf with wings!)
Say, what finger rosy-red
Thy rich colours brings?

Was 't some sylph that o'er thee threw
Each bright hue?
Raised thee from morn's fragrant mist,—
Bade thee through thy day exist?
Ah, beneath my finger prest,
Palpitates thy tiny heart,
E'en to death distrest.

Fly away, poor soul! and be
Gay and free!
Thus, no more a worm of earth,
I shall one day flutter forth;
And—like thee—a thing of air,
Clothed in sweets and honeyed dews,
Each sweet flow'ret share!

THE MISLETOE.

A DITHYRAMB.

BY FATHER PROUT.

I.

A prophet sat in the Temple gate,
And he spoke each passer by
In thrilling tones—with words of weight—
And fire in his rolling eye.

" *Pause thee, believing Jew!*
" *Nor make one step beyond*
" *Until thy heart hath conned*
" *The mystery of this wand.*"

And a rod from his robe he drew;—
'Twas a withered bough
Torn long ago
From the trunk on which it grew.
But the branch long torn
Showed a bud new born,
That had blossomed there anew:—
That wand was "Jesse's rod,"—
Symbol, 'tis said,
Of Her, the Maid—
Yet mother of our God!

II.

A priest of Egypt sat meanwhile
Beneath his palm tree hid,
On the sacred brink of the flowing Nile,
And there saw mirror'd, 'mid
Tall obelisk and shadowy pile
Of ponderous pyramid,
One lowly, lovely, Lotus plant,
Pale orphan of the flood;
And long did that aged hierophant
Gaze on that beauteous bud;
For well he thought, as he saw it float
O'er the waste of waters wild,
On the long-remember'd cradle boat,
Of the wond'rous Hebrew child:—
Nor was that lowly lotus dumb
Of a mightier Infant still, to come,
If mystic skiff
And hieroglyph
Speak aught in Luxor's catacomb.

III.

A Greek sat on Colonna's cape,
In his lofty thoughts alone,
And a volume lay on Plato's lap,
For *he* was that lonely one;—
And oft as the sage
Gazed o'er the page
His forehead radiant grew,
For in Wisdom's womb
Of the Word to come

A vision blest his view.—
He broached that theme in the ACADEME
Of the teachful olive grove—
And a chosen few that secret knew
In the PORCH's dim alcove.

IV.

A SYBIL sat in Cumæ's cave
In the hour of infant ROME,
And her vigil kept and her warning gave
Of the HOLY ONE to come.
'Twas she who culled the hallowed branch
And silent took the helm
When he the Founder-Sire would launch
His bark o'er Hades' realm :
But chief she poured her vestal soul
Thro' many a bright illumined scroll,
By priest and sage,
Of an after age,
Conned in the lofty CAPITOL.

V.

A DRUID stood in the dark oak wood
Of a distant northern land,
And he seem'd to hold a sickle of gold
In the grasp of his withered hand,
And he moved him slowly round the girth
Of an aged oak, to see
If an orphan plant of wondrous birth
Had clung to the old oak tree.
And anon he knelt and from his belt
Unloosened his golden blade,
Then rose and culled the MISLETOE
Under the woodland shade.

VI.

O blessed bough ! meet emblem thou
Of all dark EGYPT knew,
Of all foretold to the wise of old,
To ROMAN, GREEK, and JEW.
And long, God grant, time-honor'd plant,
Live we to see thee hung
In cottage small as in baron's hall
Banner and shield among !
Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
Aloft in thy place of pride,
Still usher forth in each land of the North
The solemn CHRISTMAS TIDE !

L'ENVOY

TO MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

Quam penès arbitrium est et jus et Norma canendi.

While thousands bless thee, DRUIDESS !
Bright daughter of a gifted line,
From an aged priest of a distant hill,
Firm friend to thee and thine,
Take, take one blessing still !

Watergrasshill, Dec. 25th.

The Dead Drummer.

London, Richard Bentley, 1842.

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

Oh, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
At least so I 've heard many people declare,
For I fairly confess I never was there;—
Not a shrub, nor a tree,
Nor a bush can you see;
No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house, or a cottage, for miles;—
It 's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
When night 's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I 'd have you to know
That, a great while ago,—
The best part of a century, may be, or so,
Across this same plain, so dull and so dreary,
A couple of Travellers, wayworn and weary,
Were making their way;
Their profession, you 'd say,
At a single glance, did not admit of a query;
The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers, worn then,
With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,
The jacket,—the loose trousers "bows'd up" together—all
Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,—
The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion,
Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,
And show'd in a moment their real charácters,
(The accent 's so placed on this word by our Jack Tars.)

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
With arms uncommonly bony and long,
And his Guernsey shirt
Was all pitch and dirt,
Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.
He was very broad-breasted,
And very deep-chested;
His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,
Except as to height, for he could not be more
At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,
And if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.
Dame Nature, in fact,—whom some person or other,
A Poet, has call'd a "capricious step-mother,"—
You saw, when beside him,
Had somehow denied him
In longitude what she had granted in latitude,
A trifling defect
You 'd the sooner detect
From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.
Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humoured and gay,
With his collar and countenance open as day,
The latter—'twas mark'd with small-pox, by the way,—

Had a sort of expression good will to bespeak ;
He 'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek !
And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,
He was just such a man as you 'd say, at first sight,
You would much rather dine, or shake hands, with than fight.

The other, his friend and companion, was taller
By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller ;
From his air and his mien
It was plain to be seen,
That he was, or had been,
A something between
The regular " Jack " and the " Jolly Marine."
For, though he would give an occasional hitch,
Sailor-like, to his " slops," there was something, the which,
On the whole, savoured more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—
Such were now the two men who appeared on the hill,
Harry Waters the tall one, the short " Spanking Bill."

To be caught in the rain,
I repeat it again,
Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain ;
And when with a good soaking shower there are blended
Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter 's not mended ;
Such was the case
In this wild dreary place,
On the day that I 'm speaking of now, when the brace
Of trav'llers alluded to quickened their pace,
Till a good steady walk became more like a race,
To get quit of the tempest which held them in chace.

Louder and louder
Than mortal gunpowder
The heav'nly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,
The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,
While they, helter-skelter,
In vain sought for shelter
From what I have heard term'd " a regular pelter ;"
But the deuce of a screen
Could be anywhere seen,
Or an object except that on one of the rises,
An old way-post show'd
Where the Lavington road
Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes ;
And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd tending,
Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,
To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,
Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose ;
While Harry kept " backing
And filling " and " tacking,"—
Two nautical terms which, I 'll wager a guinea, are
Meant to imply
What you, Reader, and I
Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

But here, once for all, let me beg you 'll excuse
All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use
'Mongst themselves, on a cruise,
Or ashore with the Jews,
Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,
Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women
Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.
The fact is, I can't say I 'm vers'd in the school
So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole;
(See the last-mentioned gentleman's " Admiral's Daughter,"
The grand *vade mecum*
For all who to sea come,
And get the first time in their lives in blue water ;)
Of course in the use of sea terms you 'll not wonder
If now and then I should fall into some blunder,
For which Captain Chamier or Mr. T. P. Cooke
Would call me a " Lubber " and " Son of a Sea-cook."

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression
At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.
" Hillo, messmate, what cheer?
How queer you *do* steer!"
Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.
" Why, what 's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?"
For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

—" Fear? " stammer'd out Waters, " why, HIM ! — don't you see
What faces that Drummer-boy 's making at me ?
How he dodges me so
Wherever I go?—
What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?"

—" What, Drummer-boy, Harry?" cries Bill, in surprise,
(With a brief exclamation, that ended in " eyes,")
" What, Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,
We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here ! "

—" Why, there!—don't you see
How he 's following me ?
Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be?
Keep him off, Bill—look here—
Don't let him come near!
Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—Oh, dear!"

Bill remarked in reply, " This is all very queer—
What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh !—well, I never—
I can't see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever ! "

" Not see him!—why, there;—look!—he 's close by the post—
Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he 's a Ghost!"

" A what? " return'd Bill,—at that moment a flash
More than commonly awful preceded a crash
Like what 's call'd in Kentucky " an Almighty Smash."—
And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees;

In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum!
"Hollo! Waters!—I says,"
Quoth he in amaze,
"Why, I never see'd *nuffin* in all my born days
Half so queer
As this here,
And I 'm not very clear
But that one of us two has good reason for fear—
You to jaw about drummers, with nobody near us!—
I must say as how that I thinks it 's mysterus."

"Oh, mercy!" roared Waters, "do keep him off, Bill,
And, Andrew, forgive!—I 'll confess all!—I will!
I 'll make a clean breast,
And as for the rest,
You may do with me just what the lawyers think best;
But haunt me not thus!—let these visitings cease,
And, your vengeance accomplish'd, Boy, leave me in peace!"
Harry paused for a moment,—then, turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began "spinning" what nauticals term "a tough yarn,"
Viz.: his tale of what Bill call'd "this precious *consarn*."

* * * * *

"It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintery day,
The forked lightning seem'd to hiss,
As now, athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried—
Yon livid form was by my side!—

"Not livid then—the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore!
And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine—
Those eyes which now are blasting mine!

"They beam'd with confidence and love
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner fear'd yon frighten'd dove
Than harm from Gervase Matcham's hand!
—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

"And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From Heaven, whose virgin whiteness came
Upon the newly-frozen lake;
Commander, comrade, all began
To praise the Soldier,—like the Man.

"Nay, muse not, William,—I have said
I was a Soldier—staunch and true
As any he above whose head
Old England's lion banner flew;
And, duty done, her claims apart,
'Twas said I had a kindly heart.

"And years roll'd on,—and with them came
Promotion—Corporal—Sergeant—all
In turn—I kept mine honest fame—
Our Colonel's self,—whom men did call
The veriest Martinet—ev'n he,
Though cold to most, was kind to me!—

"One morn—oh! may that morning stand
Accursed in the rolls of fate
Till latest time!—there came command
To carry forth a charge of weight
To a detachment far away,—
It was their regimental pay!—

"And who so fit for such a task
As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
Who spurn'd the inebriating flask,
With honour for his constant guide?—
On Matcham fell their choice—and He,—
"Young Drum,"—should bear him company!

"And grateful was that sound to hear,
For he was full of life and joy,
The mess-room pet—to each one dear
Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy.
The veriest churl in all our band
Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.—

"—Nay, glare not as I name thy name!
That threat'ning hand, that fearful brow
Relax—avert that glance of flame!
Thou seest I do thy bidding now.
Vex'd Spirit, rest!—'twill soon be o'er,—
Thy blood shall cry to Heav'n no more!

"Enough—we journey'd on—the walk
Was long,—and dull and dark the day,—
And still young Andrew's cheerful talk
And merry laugh beguiled the way;
Noon came—a sheltering bank was there,—
We paus'd our frugal meal to share.

"Then 'twas, with cautious hand, I sought
To prove my charge secure,—and drew
The packet from my vest, and brought
The glittering mischief forth to view,
And Andrew cried,—No! 'twas not He!
It was The Tempter spoke to me!

"But it was Andrew's laughing voice
That sounded in my tingling ear,
'Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,'
It seem'd to say, 'are gawds and gear,
And all that wealth can buy or bring,
Ease, wassail, worship—every thing!

"'No tedious drill, no long parade,
No bugle call at early dawn;
For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,
The downy couch, the sheets of lawn;
And I thy Page, thy steps to tend,
Thy sworn companion, servant, friend!'

"He ceased—that is, I heard no more,
Though other words pass'd idly by,
And Andrew chatter'd as before,
And laugh'd—I mark'd him not—not I.
'*'Tis at thy choice!*' that sound alone
Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.

"I could not eat,—the untasted flask
Mocked my parch'd lip,—I passed it by.
'What ails thee, man?' he seem'd to ask.
I *felt*, but could not *meet* his eye.—
'"*Tis at thy choice!*'—it sounded yet,—
A sound I never may forget.

"'Haste! haste! the day draws on,' I cried,
'And, Andrew, thou hast far to go!'—
'*Hast far to go!*' the Fiend replied
Within me,—'twas *not* Andrew—no!
'Twas Andrew's voice no more—'twas HE
Whose then I was, and aye must be!

"On, on we went;—the dreary plain
Was all around us—we were *Here!*
Then came the storm,—the lightning, rain,—
No earthly living thing was near,
Save one wild Raven on the wing,
—If that, indeed, were earthly thing!

"I heard its hoarse and screaming voice
High hovering o'er my frenzied head,
'*'Tis, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice!*
But he—the Boy!' methought it said.
—Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,
I lov'd thee when I struck thee down!

* * * * *

"'Twas done!—the deed that damns me—done
I know not how—I never knew;—
And *Here* I stood—but not alone,—
The prostrate Boy my madness slew,
Was by my side—limb, feature, name,
'Twas HE!!—another—yet the same.

* * * * *

"Away! away! in frantic haste
Throughout that live-long night I flew—
Away! away! across the waste,—
I know not how—I never knew,—
My mind was one wild blank—and I
Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly.

"And, still the lightning ploughed the ground,
The thunder roared—and there would come
Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
Familiar once—it was—a drum!
Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
Streets, houses, spires—the hum of men.

"And Ocean roll'd before me—fain
Would I have whelm'd me in its tide,
At once beneath the billowy main
My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide;
But HE was there!—HE cross'd my track,—
I dared not pass—HE waved me back!

"And then rude hands detained me—sure
Justice had grasp'd her victim—no!
Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
A captive thrall, it was not so;
They cry 'The Frenchman 's on the wave!'
The press was hot—and I a slave.

"They dragg'd me o'er the vessel's side;
The world of waters roll'd below;
The gallant ship, in all her pride
Of dreadful beauty, sought her foe;
Thou saw'st me, William, in the strife—
Alack! I bore a charmed life;

"In vain the bullets round me fly,
In vain mine eager breast I bare;
Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,
And every sword falls edgeless there!
Still HE is near, and seems to cry,
'Not *here*, nor *thus*, may Matcham die!'—

"Thou saw'st me, on that fearful day,
When, fruitless all attempts to save,
Our pinnace foundering in the bay,
The boat's-crew met a watery grave,—
All, all save ONE—the ravenous sea
That swallows all—rejected ME!

"And now, when fifteen suns have each
Fulfilled in turn its circling year,
Thrown back again on England's beach,
Our bark paid off—HE drives me *Here!*
I could not die in flood or fight—
HE drives me HERE!!"—
"And sarve you right!

"What! bilk your Commander!—desart—and then rob!
And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy's nob!
Why, my precious eyes! what a bloodthirsty swab!
There 's old Davy Jones,
Who cracks Sailors' bones

For his jaw-work, would never, I 'm sure, s'elp me, Bob,
Have come for to go for to do sich a job!
Hark ye, Waters, — or Matcham, — whichever 's your purser-
name,
—T'other, your own, is, I 'm sartain, the worser name,—
Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother!
Now—your course lays one way, and mine lays another!"

"No, William, it may not be so;
Blood calls for blood!—'tis Heaven's decree!
And thou with me this night must go,
And give me to the gallows-tree!
Ha!—see—he smiles—he points the way!
On, William, on!—no more delay!"

Now Bill,—so the story, as told to me, goes,
And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
Was a "regular trump,"—did not like to "turn Nose;"
But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
Of those that preceded, though they were so many;
And hark!—as its rumblings subside in a hum,
What sound mingles too?—By the hokey—A Drum!!

* * * * * * *

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say,
That some sixty years since he was going that way,
When they show'd him the spot
Where the gibbet—was not—
On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot;
It had fall'n down—but how long before, he 'd forgot;
And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes,
Some town where the Sessions are held, or the 'Sizes,
That Matcham confess'd
And made a clean breast
To the May'r; but that, after he 'd had a night's rest,
And the storm had subsided, he "pooh-pooh'd" his friend,
Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end;
Said "he 'd only been drunk—
That his spirits had sunk
At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
And found out, in short, he 'd been talking great nonsense."
But one Mr. Jones
Comes forth and depones
That fifteen years ago he had heard certain groans
On his way to Stone Henge, (to examine the stones
Described in a work of the late Sir John Soanes,)
That he 'd followed the moans,
And, led by their tones,
Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones!
Then the Colonel wrote word
From the King's forty-third,
That the story was certainly true which they 'd heard,
For, that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham,

Had "brushed with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.
So Justice was sure, though a long time she 'd lagg'd,
And the Sergeant, in spite of his "Gammon," got "scragg'd."
And people averr'd
That an ugly black bird,
The same Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,
Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd,)
To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet;
An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it,
However, 's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
Next morning they add, that "black gentleman" flies out,
Having picked Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out.

MORAL.

Avis au Voyageur.

Imprimis.

If you contemplate walking on Salisbury Plain,
Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain
From selecting a day when it 's likely to rain!

2°.

When you 're trav'lling, don't "flash"
Your notes or your cash
Before other people—it 's foolish and rash!

3°.

At dinner be cautious, and note well your party;
There 's little to dread where the appetite 's hearty,—
But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle
When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle!

4°.

If you chance to be needy,
Your coat and hat seedy,
In war-time especially, never go out
When you 've reason to think there 's a press-gang about!

5°.

Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
Nor blab secrets, especially when you 're in drink,
But, keep your own counsel in all that you do,
Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you!

6°.

Discard superstition! and don't take a post,
If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost!

Last of all, if by choice or convenience you 're led
To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,
Don't do 't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer,
And be sure, above all things, the MAN 'S NOT A DRUMMER!!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Jan. 24, 1842.

THE SULTAN MAHMOUD AND THE GEORGIAN SLAVE.

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER.

On the western side of the harbour of the Golden Horn at Constantinople, beyond the district called Blacherne, and a little removed from the Mosque of Eyoub, (where the Ottoman Sultans at their accession to the throne gird on the sacred sabre of Othman,) is situated that beautiful structure, rich in all the fanciful luxury of Oriental architecture, known as Eyoub Serai, or the Palace of Eyoub, which was built under the immediate superintendence of the good and gentle Sultan Selim as a residence for his only sister, and bears the impress of his refined and elegant taste. Thither he was wont occasionally to retire from the cares and tumult of public life, to seek amid its quiet shade snatches of that repose denied to him in the imperial *Salaamliks* of the Seraglio, to cultivate those mental accomplishments for which he was so justly celebrated, and to mature those plans of political reform to which he ultimately fell a victim. In later years Eyoub Serai became the residence of the Asmé Sultana, the sister of Selim's successor, Sultan Mahmoud, by whom it was constantly occupied until the Sultan presented to her one of the innumerable new palaces which his passion for building induced him to construct along the shores of the Bosphorus; and then, in compliance with his wish, she quitted the lovely solitudes of Eyoub Serai, and never again made it her permanent abode.

Everything around that favoured district combines to render it worthy the predilection which its illustrious occupants long manifested for it. The palace itself, with its sumptuous decorations, its gorgeous reception hall, profuse of gilding and elaborate sculpture, its ceilings of azure sprinkled with golden stars, its marble baths, sparkling fountains, and mysterious harem, is admirably adapted to satisfy the exigencies of the most refined female taste. The immediate vicinity of the holy tomb and miraculous well of Eyoub imparts a sacred character to the spot, calculated to tinge with solemnity the feelings of the pious Moslem, ever susceptible to the exaltation of devotional enthusiasm; while the richness of the alluvial soil produces a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in other districts, enhancing the natural beauty of the scene. During the summer months, when the sandy environs of Constantinople only offer here and there patches of stunted grass, parched by the ardour of an eastern sun into the resemblance of russet-coloured moss, the cool shades of Eyoub, like some garden of the West, cluster in all the grateful freshness of their exuberant verdure over turf green, and bright as the grassy slopes of Windsor. No where else do the fruits of the earth so speedily attain to the same rich maturity; nowhere do its flowers exhale so delicious a perfume, or exhibit hues more varied and dazzling. The lofty cypresses of the beautiful cemetery of Eyoub are more luxuriant in their funereal gloom, more aromatic in their exhalations, than those of any other receptacle for the dead around the city. Their dark branches are the favourite haunts of innumerable nightingales and turtle doves, whose clear liquid notes and cooing murmurs, blended into gentlest

harmony, dispose the mind to soothing meditation during the long still evenings of summer, or cheat it into the fanciful belief that the winged minstrels are the spirits of the just made blessed, pouring forth their songs of triumph over the perishing dust which they once animated.

Still farther westward of Constantinople, and at the head of the Golden Horn, is a valley through which the little river Babyses winds, before emptying itself into the harbour. This district, in Turkish called *Kiadhané*, is better known to the Frank population of the city as "the Sweet Waters of Europe," (in contradistinction to the *Ginuk Sucy*, or "Sweet waters of Asia," on the Bosphorus,) and is the Sunday resort of Greeks, Armenians, and Perotis, who amuse themselves during the fine season with pic-nic parties beneath its spreading trees, eating, drinking, smoking, and ruminating through the livelong day. Wandering bands of Wallachian minstrels there tempt the gay Greek girls to figure in the mazes of the graceful Romaika to the wild notes of their pan-pipes, guitars, and hautboys; and here and there a Bulgarian peasant, leading a tame bear, amuses the old men and children with its antics, performed in cadence to the rude music of his mountain bagpipe.

There is an imperial summer palace and garden at Kiadhané, of small dimensions, but tastefully adorned with reservoirs and marble fountains in the style of Versailles; and contiguous to it is a charming kiosk, a chaste and elegant specimen of Turkish taste. This kiosk, circular in its form, contains only a single apartment; the exterior, of that rich style of architecture peculiar to the Orientals, is of white and gold, profusely ornamented over the doors and windows with compartments encircled in arabesques, containing, upon a green ground, verses from the Koran, executed in raised characters of gold. From the tent-shaped roof of green, with its crowning crescent and elaborate gilt eaves, which project all round the building like a vast verandah, descend green curtains, reefed up like the sails of a ship, and which can be unfurled at pleasure, when the green lattices of the apartment do not sufficiently exclude from it the fervid beams of the noontide sun. The interior, like all Turkish rooms, contains nothing but sofas and piles of cushions, but they are of the most elegant form, and covered with the finest white Indian Cachemire, flowered with green palms. The floor of inlaid wood is overspread with delicate Egyptian matting; and in the niches between the windows are placed low tables, beautifully wrought of perfumed Mecca wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, for which the bazaars of Constantinople are famous. The kiosk is completely surrounded with artificial cascades, descending in broad sparkling sheets of water over steps of pure white marble, tempering the air, even during the sultry heats of summer, into a delicious freshness, which renders less oppressive the rich odours of the flower-garden that surrounds the palace. Beyond is the imperial archery ground,—the scene of Sultan Mahmoud's favourite recreation, where many a marble pillar, with its inscription in gold letters, perpetuates the spots where his arrows fell, and the almost fabulous dexterity and strength with which he sped them to such incredible distances. Farther on are the beautiful meadows where, annually, on the festival of St. George, the Sultan's magnificent stud is conducted in state by his Bulgarian

grooms, and turned out to grass. The ceremonial attending the removal of his highness's horses from the stables of the seraglio to the pastures of Kiadhané is always the occasion of great rejoicings to the inhabitants of Constantinople, who throng from every part of the city in multitudes to witness the procession.

In former years it was the custom of Sultan Mahmoud to repair to his palace of Kiadhané, on the festival of St. George, and to pass the whole month of May in that delicious retreat, accompanied by five ladies of his harem. But that custom was abandoned by him in consequence of an event which occurred there, and embittered many years of his life. A young slave, to whom he was so passionately attached, that for her sake he had withdrawn his smiles from every other woman, died there, in the flower of her years; and the affliction into which her loss plunged her imperial master, rendered the séjam of Kiadhané ever afterwards distasteful to him.

Of the Asmé Sultana much has been said and written by European travellers, and but little really known. In her own country public rumour and private scandal have been busy with her name; and that love of detraction and taste for the marvellous, which flourishes in all lands alike, has confounded the terrible traditions connected with the sister of Sultan Selim with the everyday actions of the sister of Sultan Mahmoud. By the Rayah inhabitants of Constantinople she has been accused of unbounded gallantry; by the Osmanlis madness has been charitably imputed to her as an excuse for her occasional violation of Moslem decorum. It may be presumed that the real state of the case is that, possessing, as she is known to have done, the same free unshackled mind and prompt decided temper that characterised her brother, she was too much given to act upon impulse; and in her ardent thirst for knowledge and amusement, (such as the moral stagnation of the harem precludes,) she was too prone to disregard the prejudices of her countrymen, and to sin against the code of isolation and hauteur which eastern pride and jealousy have prescribed as the only safeguard for the honour of their women. Certain it is, that Asmé Sultana was accustomed, in her drives about Constantinople, to accost strangers of both sexes whenever they came across her path; it was her pleasure to beckon them to the side of her Araba, ask them questions (and embarrassing and unanswerable are, indeed, some of the questions which Turkish women, in their *naïveté*, and ignorance of worldly breeding, address to their interlocutors), ascertain their place of abode, &c. Not only did she contrive that her yasmak should display more of her face than orthodox Mussulman principles warrant, but she also permitted that those of her female attendants should be of a texture sufficiently transparent to allow of their beauty being more than *guessed* at. It is but charitable to suppose that her indiscretions went no farther, especially as she is known to have enjoyed the affection and respect of her brother, the haughty Mahmoud, whose deference for her led him on more than one occasion to wave prerogatives, and to yield up his own wishes to her's when he found that they interfered with her dignity as the "head of a harem."

Among the numerous female attendants that composed the retinue of the Asmé Sultana while she yet inhabited Eyoub Serai, was one superior to all the rest, not less from her exquisite beauty than from

the rare skill she possessed in music and dancing—the only education that is ever bestowed on female slaves in Turkey, for whom the cultivation of the mind is completely overlooked. But besides these accomplishments, Adilé, the young Georgian in question, possessed a natural gift, as rare as it is captivating; she was a poetess and an improvisatrice; and the grace and facility with which she sung or recited her verses, the brilliant imagination which she displayed in the composition of her tales and fables, added to the charming expression of her countenance, and the inexhaustible sweetness of her disposition, soon raised her to the highest degree of favour with her imperial mistress. It was from the hands of Adilé that the Princess chose always to receive her diamond-studded chibouque when inclined to smoke; Adilé was selected to fan her with perfumed white heron plumes during the languid hours of noon; to sit next to her upon the cushions of her Araba when she drove out; to lull her to sleep with some plaintive Turkish love-song, chanted to the low chords of her mandoline; and, oh! rare privilege! Adilé was permitted to occupy a cushion at the Sultana's feet during those weary hours when the other slaves were obliged to remain standing barefoot and motionless at the lower end of the apartment; and to receive that greatest of all proofs of Turkish courtesy and hospitality from her mistress's hand while attending upon her during her repasts — namely, the daintiest morsels of each dish, for which the Princess would dive with her own fingers into the silver bowls that contained them.

Such extraordinary preferences manifested for one individual over a whole household was calculated to excite jealousy and heart-burnings in all the rest; and had Adilé in any degree presumed upon her good fortune, and indulged in the airs of a favourite, she would inevitably have drawn upon herself the " envy, hatred, and malice " of every female in the harem. But, she bore her honours so meekly, there was so much sweetness and kindness in her disposition, she was ever so ready to find excuses for the faults of her companions, so eager to screen them from detection when she *could*, and when that kind effort failed, so prompt to intercede for them with their mistress for pardon; above all, she appeared to be so unconscious of her superior beauty, and so thoroughly divested of vanity on the score of her talents and accomplishments, that she disarmed envy by the all-powerful charm of her goodness and humility, and forced those who would have hated, to love and admire her. She was, like a sun-beam, all warmth and effulgence, and wherever she appeared diffused an atmosphere of brightness and joy around her; but, alas! the innate charm that so magically repelled hatred and enmity, but too surely served to invite the approaches of an opposite sentiment, and exposed her to the insidious attacks of an assailant far more dangerous and difficult to contend with,—one that knocks at the young heart in the harmless guise of a friend, and too often gains admission only to spread ruin and desolation there! A cloud gathered upon her horizon in the very noontide of her years, and threatened to burst into storms over her devoted head. Adilé, the Mahometan slave,—the favourite of a Mahometan Princess — loved, and was beloved by, a Giaour!

Notwithstanding the terrible penalties awarded to the indulgence of such sentiments in Turkey, notwithstanding the rigid seclusion to which Mahometan women are condemned, and their total exclusion

from the society of men, even of their own persuasion and kindred,—yet "such things are," and are not of very rare occurrence. Perhaps their very seclusion renders the women more susceptible to the first demonstrations of admiration that are bestowed upon them; the stagnation of feeling to which they are doomed by the idle monotony of their lives makes them rush headlong towards any excitement calculated to diversify it and to arouse them into new sensations; and the lamentable state of moral debasement in which they are brought up, destined not to be man's companion and friend, but his slave, and the mere plaything of his idle hours, deprives them of the self-respect and dignity of feeling inseparable from a free, trusted, and responsible being. They are thus left defenceless against the encroachments of inclinations which they have indeed been taught to look upon as sinful and forbidden, but which they have not been taught to combat by any wholesome habits of self-control, any fortifying system of pure morality, or any developement of reasoning powers or mental strength. Besides, love in the East partakes of the fiery character of the clime,—it is not a sentiment, but a passion; hearts are suddenly ignited by a flashing eye-beam, and burst forth into a blaze before reason can quench the flame. Let not Adilé be harshly judged, therefore, if her young heart acknowledged that mysterious power that tyrannises over the wise as well as the weak—the power of love,—and gave itself up a willing slave to the captivations of one of whom she knew nothing, except that he was young, beautiful, and an infidel. The doctrines of her faith taught her indeed to look upon love for a Christian as the deadliest of crimes; but the belief in predestination with which Islamism is so strongly imbued, and which inculcates non-resistance to every misfortune, led her to oppose no struggles to the passion that soon absorbed her. She believed that it was her *kismet* (fate) to love a Giaour, and she reconciled the matter to herself in the true oriental spirit of submission to the decree. "*Allah kierim!*—God is great!" she could repeat to herself; "it is a misfortune, but it is my destiny! who can resist their fate? what more can I say—what can I do?" And she *did nothing* but continue to cherish her most fatal partiality.

The object of it was a young Greek from Athens, named Spiridion Metaxa, whose singular beauty of form and countenance, set off to the greatest advantage by that most splendid and picturesque of all the Eastern costumes—the Greek dress—had attracted the Asmé Sultana's notice in one of her excursions, and induced her to accost him. In the course of the colloquy, the glances of the stranger wandered from the Princess to the person seated next to her in the araba, and became riveted in admiration of the glimpses of beauty which the envious folds of her *yasmak* and *ferigee* but partially disclosed. Her lustrous eyes, however, were perfectly developed, and were fixed upon him with an expression of wondering admiration,—and such eyes! "half languor and half fire—all love!"—large, and black as midnight, with the "*lungo sguardo*" that penetrates to the soul, their snowy lids fringed with those long, thick, black lashes peculiar to the Georgians, and surmounted by a pair of eyebrows, whose natural perfection of form and hue defied the possibility of improvement from any of those artificial aids which Eastern women are in the habit of applying to that feature. The disposition of her *yasmak* permitted a tress of light-brown hair, dashed with a golden

gleam, to be visible on each temple, and revealed just sufficient of her cheeks to give an idea of the purity and delicacy of her complexion. The remainder of her face was shaded by folds of transparent muslin, through which the lower features could only be dimly distinguished; and to the fanciful imagination of Spiridion suggested the idea of a fair opening rose, to whose fragrant leaves has clung, as though enamoured of their freshness, one of those light gossamers that float through the air just after sunrise, veiling but not concealing the blushes with which the Garden Queen greets the presence of the day-star.

Enough, however, had been discovered of Adilé's beauty to produce a deep impression upon the susceptible feelings of the young Greek; and during that short interview he contrived to convey to her by one speaking glance the extraordinary admiration she had excited; and, in return, received from those lovely eyes a tacit avowal of her participation in his sentiments. For several days afterwards, whenever the Asmé Sultana appeared in public, Spiridion was to be found hovering near; glimpses of him were seen at Kiadhané, at Guiuk Suez, on the blue waters of the Bosphorus, and in the grove-like cemeteries, that are the favourite promenades of the Turkish women. He was always mixed up, however, with groups of his own countrymen, and apparently so occupied with them as to afford no grounds for suspicion of the real motive that influenced his movements,—except, indeed, to her who was the magnet that alone attracted him, and who soon divined the meaning of the lightning glance that each time for a moment sought hers, and was then as quickly withdrawn. Fatal glance! that too truly told the secret of his heart, and suddenly initiating Adilé into the mysterious eloquence of that sentiment "whose best interpreter is a sigh," enabled her to read and comprehend the strange sensations that were passing within her own bosom; and she shuddered as the conviction flashed upon her that she loved the infidel.

It was in this early stage of the affair that the Princess was attacked by an indisposition, which for some time confined her to her apartments. The constant attentions of her favourite slave were now more than ever indispensable to the comfort of her mistress: on no pretext could she absent herself during the day-time, even to breathe the fresh air in the palace gardens; and thus the interviews which had of late imparted such a mysterious charm to the existence of Adilé were suddenly suspended. Unused to this conflict of feelings, she drooped and sickened under the unlooked-for privation; her days became restless, her nights sleepless, her appetite failed her, her spirits were now raised to feverish excitement, and now sunk into the depths of gloomy abstraction. When questioned, she protested that nothing ailed her; yet daily her step grew more languid, and the white rose usurped the place of the red on her soft cheeks. Many insisted that "*the evil eye*" must have shed its blighting influence upon Adilé; and an old Jewess, named Mariamne, who had acquired an extraordinary reputation for her sagacity in discovering and counteracting such sorceries, as well as her skill in the healing art, was called in and consulted.

What passed between them during that first visit never transpired, but certain it is that Mariamne, in speaking to the other inmates of the harem, appeared to favour the belief that to the influence of *the*

evil eye might be attributed the wasting languor of Adilé; and, after prescribing certain charms and amulets, to be worn by the patient, she dwelt upon the necessity of daily air and exercise for her, and specified an hour to be passed under the beautiful cypresses of the cemetery of Eyoub each forenoon, before the mid-day heats came on. The very first time that the Jewess's injunctions were put into practice, a beneficial result became apparent in the whole bearing of the young Georgian. Like a delicate flower, that has drooped on, being deprived of air and light, and which suddenly revives when revisited by the zephyr and the sunbeam, she appeared to have recovered in that morning walk some portion of her former animation. What had happened to produce this rapid amendment? In the morning Adilé had secretly received from the hand of Mariamne the first charm that was to effect her cure—a bouquet composed of myrtle, anemones, and acacia blossoms,* bound together by a long tress of glossy dark hair. The token-flowers thus mysteriously conveyed, were tremblingly examined by her, and then concealed in her bosom. Afterwards she had gone, accompanied by some of the women of the Sultana's household, under the charge of a black eunuch, to pass an hour in the cemetery; when, tired of walking, they had spread their carpets under the trees, and reposed themselves among the tombs. A *sougee* (or vender of ice-water) soon drew near: Adilé complained of thirst, and, beckoning him to approach, arose and met him half way. As he filled out for her a cup of water filtered through snow from Mount Olympus, she unfastened the lower part of her *yasmak* to enable her to drink, and in so doing revealed for a moment the whole of her beautiful countenance to him; then hastily re-adjusting her veil, she put a few *paras* into his hand, and contrived at the same time to drop from her sleeve a little bouquet of green leaves, in the centre of which was a Marguerite blossom.† The *sougee* stooped to pick it up; but before he had time to rise Adilé had returned to her companions, and resumed her seat; nor did she, while the other women severally applied to him for iced water, once turn her eyes in that direction. This, then, was the incident that had sufficed to restore her spirits for the whole of that day. Apparently so trifling in itself, and so perfectly natural to those who had witnessed the occurrence, it was, nevertheless, one of vital import to the young slave herself—one that involved not only the happiness of the moment, but the safety of her life. The pretended *sougee* was no other than Spiridion Metaxa, thus disguised that he might meet her; and Adilé had that day entered into a secret correspondence with one whose love, if discovered, would lead her, as well as himself, to a dreadful death. Yet, closing her eyes to the future, and living only in the present and its precarious, imperfect joys, she *did* continue that correspondence, and allowed her whole soul to become absorbed in the passion she had inspired. Each morning, the flowers that so ingeniously varied the avowal of that tender flame were mysteriously conveyed to her by Mariamne. Each day the *sougee*, with his water-jar and his vase of snow, was seen lingering beneath the cypresses of Eyoub; and each day his unwearying devo-

* The Orientals have devised a language for flowers, which enables them to express, through the medium of those charming interpreters, every sentiment of which the human heart is susceptible. Throughout the East, myrtle signifies *love*; anemone, *perseverance*; and acacia, *mystery*.

† A tuft of green leaves signifies *hope*; the Marguerite or aster, *patience*.

tion was rewarded by a transient glimpse of the glories of Adilé's face,—or a low-breathed word of tenderness from lips that rivalled the freshness of young budding roses,—or a glance whose eloquence rendered all words cold and powerless,—or an answering flower dropped at his feet! Such were the trifles that constituted the felicity of these two young hearts for a time; trifles to the indifferent—priceless favours to the loving. Oh, beautiful season of early affection—spring-time of the heart, as fair as it is fleeting! when each day some opening leaf or tender bud puts forth luxuriant promise of fruition at no distant period,—when everything is tinged with the vernal hues of hope and expectation! Why do the blight and the canker-worm lurk in your undeveloped blossoms?—why must your fresh verdure be ravaged by the hail-storm,—your limped skies be darkened by the thunder-cloud? Alas! it is the law of Nature that "all that's bright must fade!"

It was on the afternoon of a Friday (the Mahometan sabbath) in the early part of May, that Sultan Mahmoud, after having gone to the mosque of Anadoli Hissar, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, repaired, as was his custom whenever he performed his devotions there, to Guiuk Suey (the Sweet Waters of Asia), to pass the afternoon in his favourite amusements of archery, or shooting with a rifle. The weather was delicious, literally such as the poets have loved to describe it — serene, balmy, and perfumed, — forming a happy medium between the capricious chills of early spring, and the scorching ardours of summer; and the beauties of Guiuk Suey are never so attractive as in that charming season of the year, when its magnificent plane-trees are clothed in their fresh, young verdure, and the bright turf beneath is enamelled with Spring's fairest flowers. The intense azure of the skies was reflected in the clear waters of the Bosphorus, upon whose placid bosom floated many a light caïque, bearing towards those pleasant shades innumerable parties of Turks from the European shore, who follow in the wake of the Sultan whenever he passes Friday there. Arabas gaily gilt, and splendidly appointed, drawn by beautiful white oxen, wearing mirrors between their horns, and escorted by black eunuchs, conveyed many a fair inhabitant of the Asiatic shore towards the scene of amusement; in short, the whole *beau monde* of Constantinople appeared to have given each other rendezvous at Guiuk Suey on that day.

The men congregate at one side, where, having spread their carpets under the trees, they smoke, pray, ruminate, or take coffee and other refreshments, according to their several humours. The women assemble at the other side, their arabas being drawn up in a line, just as our carriages are at a race-course: some of them remain in their equipages, others alight, and, causing their cushions to be placed on the grass in the immediate vicinity of the fountain, repose themselves there *al fresco*. In the space between are stationed the various venders of coffee, sherbet, iced water, fruit, *yaoort*, *mahalabie*,* and the endless variety of delicious sweetmeats for which Turkish confectioners are famous, who gather together there every Friday with a choice collection; such light refreshments being in great request, and consumed in large quantities on these occasions. At a short distance apart from the spot where

* *Yaoort* is a preparation of sour cream, much esteemed by the Turks, and is very cool and refreshing. *Mahalabie* is a sort of jelly made of ground rice, and is served up cut into square pieces, powdered with sugar, and sprinkled with attar of roses.

the crowd assembles there is a plain, surrounded like an amphitheatre by beautifully wooded hills, which is reserved for the Sultan and his immediate attendants, when he chooses to follow the pastime of archery or rifle-shooting. At the various openings that lead to this retreat guards are stationed to keep off the crowd, yet still admitting of a sufficiently near approach to enable the public to see all that passes within; the Sultan alone is seated, and his courtiers standing around, watch with the utmost anxiety and zeal the flight of his arrows. Nearly adjacent to this place is the spot where the ladies of the imperial harem assemble in their visits to Guiuk Suey. When they descend from their arabas, black eunuchs, with drawn swords in their hands, are placed at every outlet, to prevent the approach of any intruder; and thus guarded from the profanation of man's gaze, the fair Mahometans feel themselves at liberty to unveil and indulge in all the freedoms that are allowable within the precincts of the harem.

On the day in question, the Asmé Sultana was conspicuous among the female visitors at the Sweet Waters of Asia: it was the first time that she had appeared in public since her illness, and she had given importance to the circumstance by going there in her state galley, accompanied by the most beautiful of her slaves, attired in splendid new dresses. There she was joined by some of the ladies from the seraglio, with whom part of the morning was whiled away in conversation and mutual examination of each other's dresses and jewels; then, as if by common consent, they dispersed, each following the bent of her inclination, whether it led to wandering alone under the trees; to dozing upon her cushions; to smoking, praying, or forming apart into little gossiping groups. Adilé, whose state of mind induced her to prefer solitude, separated herself from the rest, that her thoughts might dwell undisturbed upon Spiridion. He was there, she knew — for among the crowd of *sougees* and *tchorbagees* (venders of sherbet) she had caught a distant glimpse of his well-known form; and although she dared not speak to him, lest the piercing eyes of the Sultana should detect, under the disguise of a common water-seller, the elegant young Greek, whose striking person had so attracted her attention in their first meeting, still the fact of his being near her — of his having followed her there, was in itself sufficient to make her inexpressibly happy. With her heart thus filled with the sweetest, gentlest emotions, she wandered to a distance from her companions, and prepared to pour forth its fulness in prayer. Her *yasmah* and *ferigee* were soon taken off, and the latter garment having been folded by her, and spread upon the grass as a substitute for a praying-carpet, she knelt upon it, and betook herself to her devotions with that extraordinary abstraction from all outward objects which enables Mahometans to go through their religious practices in the midst of a busy crowd with as much composure as though they were alone in a desert.

At that juncture, the Sultan, weary of his solitary exploits, and satiated with the adulations which every fresh proof of his dexterity drew from his attendants, suddenly threw down his bow, and waving to his suite not to follow him, penetrated into the retreat where the ladies of the imperial harem were assembled.

The first object upon which his eyes fell arrested his steps, and seemed to rivet him, as if by fascination, to the spot; for, leaning

against a tree, and holding in his breath, lest the least noise should betray his presence, he remained motionless there, gazing upon what he beheld in mute admiration. It was a young girl kneeling upon her *ferigee* under a plane-tree, unveiled, and so absorbed in prayer that she was unconscious of his near approach, nor dreamed that the eyes of her sovereign were then contemplating her with wonder and delight. Her little white hands, rendered still fairer by the contrast of the *henna* with which her nails and palms were stained, were spread out and extended before her in the direction of the east; her glorious black eyes, half-veiled by their dusky lashes, were fixed and abstracted from all around; while her lovely lips gently murmuring, moved like rose-leaves rustled by the summer-breeze. Never before had a countenance of such incomparable beauty met the eyes of the Sultan; the features were as perfect as the expression was heavenly; and the contrast of the dark eyes and raven brows with the pure and dazzling complexion and light auburn hair — that colour so prized by the Turks, — which fell in innumerable tresses, braided with pearls, over her neck and shoulders, and which gleamed like gold in the sun-light, left nothing to be wished for in this rare combination of loveliness. She wore a short vest of gold stuff, fastened with pearl buttons, which fitted close to her shape, and displayed to the greatest advantage the symmetry of her waist and bosom; over it was an *auteree* of sapphire-coloured satin, brocaded with gold stars, the long, open sleeves of which falling back, revealed the beauty of her white and rounded arms. A chemise of transparent white gauze, edged with the finest needlework in coloured silk and gold, shaded, without concealing her fair bosom, and was fastened at the throat with a diamond clasp. Her trousers were of white and gold bronzed damask; her slippers of purple velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls; and round her waist was wound a costly striped Persian shawl, the ends of which, loosely tied together in front, descended to her knees. The small Fez cap that formed her *coïffure* was embroidered with seed pearls; and part of her luxuriant tresses were bound in braided fillets around it, and fastened with diamond pins, thus forming a beautiful substitute for the embroidered handkerchief with which the Turkish women generally bind on their Fez caps. Nor had their favourite ornament (natural flowers, which they ever mingle with their jewellery,) been omitted; a bouquet of blue hyacinths was entwined among the sunny braids of her hair, and completed the chaste elegance of a costume singularly adapted to harmonize with a form and face upon which Nature had lavished all her treasures.

The Sultan continued gazing upon the beautiful creature before him with the most intense admiration, and quite unobserved by her, until, having performed her last prostrations, and bent her forehead repeatedly to the ground, Adilé prepared to rise. Then for the first time she became aware that her privacy had been invaded—that within a few paces of her stood a man whose eyes were fixed upon her uncovered face! A cry of terror escaped her, and blushing with resentment at his audacity, she seized her *yasmak,* hastily threw it over her head, and proceeded to adjust it as quickly as her trembling fingers would permit; then rising, that she might fly from the spot where such an indignity had been offered to a Mahometan woman, she perceived that the stranger was no longer there. He had moved

onwards to where the other women were assembled; and his stately step and haughty bearing as he walked among them—their low obeisances at his approach — and the fact of his being there alone, where no other man in the empire would dare to set his foot, without risking instant death, convinced Adilé that it was the Sultan who had surprised her — the Sultan, to whom alone belongs the privilege of beholding unveiled the faces of all his female subjects. She saw that he drew near to the Asmé Sultana, and after conversing with her for a few moments, passed on, and quitted the place without vouchsafing a glance to any of the other women present.

After the first moment of surprise was over, Adilé thought no more of this incident; it never occurred to her that admiration of her beauty had caused her sovereign to gaze so intently upon her; she seemed to be the only person ignorant of the fascination which her charms exercised over every one who came within reach of their influence. The time of enlightenment, however, was not distant.

On the following morning all was bustle and excitement at Eyoub Serai. A black eunuch had arrived from the palace of Kiadhané, where the Sultan was then sojourning, to signify to the Asmé Sultana that his Highness would visit her that afternoon. He was accompanied by two slaves, bearing upon their heads silver trays, covered with scarlet cachemire; one of which contained a present of those costly perfumes which are reserved for the especial use of the seraglio, to be distributed among the Princess's female attendants; the other, a praying carpet, according to the phraseology of the sable ambassador, "sent by THE SHADOW OF GOD UPON EARTH,* HIM WHO ADORNS THE THRONE OF ROYALTY AND WHO EXALTS THE SPLENDOUR OF THE CALIPHATE, THE SULTAN OF OTTOMAN SULTANS, to the slave, Adilé, *whose head has touched the skies!*" It was one of those splendid specimens of art from the royal manufactory of Persia, which are made expressly for the use of the sovereign, or as presents for crowned heads, and had been sent by the Shah to the Sultan. The design was a collection of flowers of the most brilliant and delicate colouring, represented with a fidelity to Nature truly surprising; and round the border was woven, in gold characters, some verses of the Persian poet, Giami, in which, under a fanciful allegory, and in the glowing language of profane love, he has depicted the ardours of a soul inflamed with Divine adoration, aspiring to unite itself to the Most High. More than one of the flowery metaphors it contained was applicable to the declaration which the Sultan intended to convey to the fair slave; and, had not her heart been pre-occupied, she must have felt gratified by the refinement and delicacy which had thus led him to envelope the avowal of the sentiment she had inspired in the mystical language of sacred poetry.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the reception which awaited the Sultan at Eyoub Serai. Crimson velvet had been laid down for him from the landing-place where he disembarked, to the entrance of the palace. Incense-bearers preceded him, burning perfumes in censers formed like peacocks, of gold, enamelled, and studded with precious stones. All the apartments through which he passed were lined with female slaves, attired in the most sumptuous

* The style and titles of the Turkish Sultans, to which are added, "most Illustrious, most Powerful, most Glorious, most Majestic; the just Pachishosh; the Servitor of the Two Holy Cities; and the Master of the Two Lands and the Two Seas."

manner; in the corridor leading to the hall of audience were assembled the Sultan's *chiboukgees* (pipe-bearers,) cup-bearers, and coffee-bearers; but the principal magnificence was reserved for the *salaamlik*, or hall of audience, whose ceilings and walls, exhibiting one gorgeous mass of sculpture and gilding, were admirably relieved by the azure draperies that fell before the doors, and the pale blue velvet divans, embroidered with gold and seed-pearls, that surrounded three sides of the room. The most brilliant Persian carpets overspread the floor, and on the corner of the divan which was reserved for the Sultan were placed cushions of cloth of gold, enriched with the imperial *loograh* (cypher) in pearls and diamonds. At the lower end of the salaamlik stood the most beautiful of the Asmé Sultana's slaves, barefoot, and in a triple row, the singing and dancing-girls occupying the foremost rank, at the head of which was placed the favourite, Adilé, her complexion heightened by the emotions that agitated her, and her lovely eyes bent to the ground in bashful disorder. At the door were stationed the black and white eunuchs, and the mutes of the household, ready to obey the behests of their mistress.

The Sultan took his place in the corner of the divan, and upon a sign from him — and not till then — his sister placed herself upon a lower cushion at his feet. Conversation forms a very inconsiderable part of the *agrémens* of Turkish visits, where every idea appears literally to evaporate in *smoke!* a few questions, and their succinct answers, and all is said! On this occasion, when refreshments and chibouques had been brought in, an awful silence prevailed, which was not broken until the Sultan expressed a desire to be entertained with singing and dancing. Then the Sultana clapping her hands, pronounced aloud the name of Adilé, and the young slave advancing, prostrated herself at her mistress's feet, raised the hem of her garment to her forehead, and then took possession of a low cushion in the centre of the hall, where, her mandoline having been brought to her, she accompanied herself with exquisite skill in a Turkish ballad, admirably adapted to the quality of her sweet and flexible voice, and the words of which turned upon that beautiful eastern compliment: "The moon shines upon many night-flowers, yet the night-flower sees only one moon. To you there are many like me, yet to me there is none like you but yourself. Many luminaries are awake in the skies, but which of them can be compared to the sun?" Adilé thought of Spiridion as she sung, and these words, secretly addressed to him, imparted a tenderness to her voice and countenance, which rendered her beauty still more irresistible. The Sultan believed that they were intended for himself; and, lost in delight, with his eyes fixed upon the lovely songstress, he forgot to applaud save by a deep-drawn sigh!

Dancing succeeded to the song of the young Georgian; and again were her talents put into requisition. Twelve singing girls, seated upon a divan, commenced a low chant, which gradually swelled into a loud chorus, as, swerving their bodies from side to side, they marked the measure with their languorous movements, and the strokes of their tambourines. Adilé, who had disappeared during the symphony, to prepare herself for the exhibition that was to follow, now re-entered, attired in a short vest, and trousers of silver stuff, her waist confined by a carnation-coloured shawl, and her hair unbraided, floating in luxuriant disorder over her shoulders, and nearly descending to her

feet like a golden veil. Mahmoud could not repress an exclamation of delight as she glided into the centre of the hall, and sounded her castanets; but his admiration knew no bounds when the flexible grace of her limbs, and all the poetry of movement which she possessed in such rare perfection developed themselves in one of those pantomimic dances peculiar to the Turkish harems, (and so nearly approximating to the cachucha and fandango as to lead to a belief that the national dances of Spain are of Eastern origin,) which the dignity and modesty of her gestures, and the purity that breathed in her countenance, redeemed from even a shadow of that indelicacy which is their general characteristic.

"*Aferin—aferin!* (well done,)" repeatedly burst from the Sultan's lips as he followed with his eyes every expressive movement of the enchantress; and when the dance was over, he took from his finger the costly diamond, upon which was engraven his toograh, and sending it to Adilé, said aloud: "Let the slave Adilé ask of the Sultan what boon she will, it shall be granted to her upon showing him that ring!" Then turning to his sister, "By the glory of Allah!" he exclaimed,—"by the soul of the Prophet! the slave must be mine!"

To which the Sultana replied, "May your shadow never be less upon earth! the slave shall be yours—provided she be willing!"

But she was not willing. Although Sultan Mahmoud was at that time in the prime of life, and strikingly handsome, with a form full of dignity, and a countenance which, albeit naturally austere and imperious in its expression, became absolutely dazzling when he smiled; although he was yet without male children, and that royal honours awaited the fortunate slave who should give him a son; although an elevation to the seraglio is the object of ambition to every female in the Turkish empire,—yet Adilé remained unmoved. In her young and loving heart there was no room for ambition; a counteracting influence had taken possession of its inmost recesses, and directed its every pulsation. The brilliant lot that courted her acceptance was one from which she turned with cold distaste; *her* sole ambition was to reign paramount in the affections of the man she loved,—the only man, she felt, that she could ever love,—and that man was *not* the Sultan! Although, to adopt the figurative language of the East, "her head had touched the skies," in the estimation of every one, from the moment in which the sovereign's preference for her had been manifested, her heart was sunk to the lowest depths of despondency and dismay as soon as the truth was pressed upon her own conviction; and when the Asmé Sultana communicated to her the demand which the Sultan had made for her to be removed to his harem, Adilé, instead of betraying any exultation, cast herself at her mistress's feet in the deepest grief, entreated that she might remain with her, supplicated that her protection might shield her from the Sultan's love, and, with tears and passionate gestures, expressed her invincible repugnance to the brilliant prospect that had opened to her. "What means this passion of grief, Adilé, my soul?" inquired the astonished Sultana.

"I cannot love the Sultan!" replied the weeping girl. "I am unworthy of the high destinies he offers me—it would kill me to accept them! Let your slave remain near you—here at your feet—the only boon she craves—and never quit you—never!—unless," she added, tremulously, "it be to become the wife of one in her own station."

Too happy to retain her favourite near her, the Sultana communicated to her brother the unqualified repugnance which Adilé had objected to his wishes, and signified her own determination to extend to her that protection from his pursuit for which she had so earnestly supplicated, and to which she was entitled, as belonging to a royal harem. Mahmoud, wounded and surprised by this unlooked-for rejection, refrained from enforcing his wishes; but his passion gathered violence from the opposition it encountered, and, so far from relinquishing the idea of possessing Adilé, he determined to lay siege to her heart and her imagination, by bringing into play all those accomplishments which he so eminently possessed, and by exhibiting the countless splendours that surrounded him. He resolved to enlist her vanity in his favour, by showing her the haughty Mahmoud, the Sultan of the Ottoman Sultans, not as an imperious master, but in the novel light of an humble suppliant at the feet of a slave! He swore by the ashes of his father that he would win her into a reciprocity of sentiment, or dazzle her into a willingness to accept the honours that were tendered to her.

And now commenced for Adilé a system of double persecution, which she knew not how to evade, and could not put an end to. On the one hand Spiridion, whose feelings were not of a nature to brook for any length of time the restricted intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between him and the object of his pursuit, was unceasing in his efforts to tempt Adilé into some imprudence. He urged her to trust herself to Mariamne, who had undertaken to convey her, disguised, to her abode in the Jewish quarter, where they might meet without fear of interruption. He was even anxious to attempt an entry into the harem under the garb of a female (twice already he had, muffled in a *ferigee* and veil, spoken to her in the cemetery); but from these mad projects, communicated to her by the old Jewess, the pure feelings of Adilé recoiled in terror; her heart, besides, had fixed itself upon another *dénouement;* and when the unjust and passionate reproaches with which Spiridion resented her timidity were repeated to her, she calmly replied, "Tell him, if he loves me that he will abjure his faith, and become a true believer; *then* he may ask me in marriage; and the Sultana, my mistress, loves me too well to refuse her consent to my happiness." Spiridion, however, was not prepared to give such a proof of his devotion for Adilé as she, in the simplicity of her heart, expected. She had indeed inspired him with a sudden and most overwhelming passion, and his ardent nature led him not only to rush headlong into any imprudence that was likely to insure its gratification, but also to overlook the probabilities of detection. These rash characters, however, are rarely capable of any important or sustained sacrifice; and the one for which Adilé had stipulated involved conscientious scruples which Spiridion could not overcome, partly because he execrated Islamism with all the intemperate hatred of a Greek, and partly because a marriage had already been arranged for him in his own country. But these objections he forbore to communicate.

On the other hand, the Sultan frequently visited his sister, that he might drink delicious poison from the bright eyes of Adilé. Faithful to his project of captivating her by a system of refined gallantry and magnificence, he devised a series of entertainments, (ostensibly for the Asmé Sultana,) which enabled him to exhibit to the astonished

view of the young slave the incalculable riches of his various palaces, and the fairy-splendour which perpetually surrounded the females of his harem. Delicious pic-nic parties, too, were given by him in the Seraglio Gardens, the Sultan's Valley, and Guink Sucy, at which he always appeared in state, surrounded by all the regal pomp and imposing grandeur so well calculated to strike upon and dazzle the imagination. But the most charming fête of all was given at Kiadhané. After exhibiting to the ladies assembled there his skill in archery, and the grace and dexterity with which he drove four horses harnessed to a European carriage through the meadows, the Sultan caused a sumptuous repast of more than a hundred dishes to be served up in bowls of Indian china and massive gold in the palace. Turkish etiquette forbids that the sovereign should ever eat with his women; but wishing to mark his condescension, Mahmoud walked through the room while they were at dinner, approached the table, and dipping his fingers into several of the dishes, extracted from them sundry delicate morsels, which he bestowed upon his sister and her favourite attendant. After sunset the gardens were beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps, some placed in the grass like glow-worms, others forming brilliant arcades and pyramids, whose Iris-tints (reflected in the sparkling waters of the innumerable fountains, as they ascended high into the air, and fell dashing into their marble basins,) imparted to them the appearance of showers of precious stones; while in the meadows beyond a magnificent exhibition of fire-works, directed by Italian artists, filled the pure skies with their fantastic splendours. The gilded lattices of the lovely Kiosk, before described, were thrown open; and when the Sovereign and his guests had taken their places there, a concert of instrumental music, performed by invisible musicians among the trees, mingled its strains harmoniously with the measured dashing of the waterfalls. Between each piece the singing and dancing-girls attached to the royal harem were called upon to exhibit their powers; but not one among them could equal Adilé. At last the Sultan, whose talents as a poet and a musician were of a very high order, called for his mandoline, and fixing his eyes upon the young Georgian with an expression not to be misunderstood, struck a few light chords, while he sung one of the beautiful songs of Hafiz, which appeared to have been purposely written to convey to the insensible fair one the impassioned sentiments of her illustrious lover.

"Oh! gentle summer-wind! if thou shouldst pass by the abode of her whom my heart adores, bear upon thy wings to me the perfume of her musky tresses.

"For that odour shall fill my soul with voluptuous joy, even as though it conveyed to me a message from the beloved one.

"But if thou art too feeble to sustain so precious a burthen, scatter at least upon my eyelids the dust that thou gatherest upon the threshold of her door—the dust which her feet have pressed.

"My heart, once lofty and unbending as the pine-tree, now trembles and bends like the willow, subdued by the ardent love which her beauties have inspired.

"Although my beloved smiles not upon me, yet does she know that I would give the whole universe in exchange for one tender glance from her radiant eyes.

"How would I rejoice to be emancipated from the toils and cares

of life, that I might devote myself solely to her to whom my heart is destined to be the vassal and slave."

The song over, and the moment of departure having arrived, six black slaves entered, bearing silver baskets piled up with embroidered handkerchiefs, Persian stuffs, perfumes, jewellery, &c. which the Sultan distributed among the ladies. Adilé's share was a passion-flower in coloured stones. She could not mistake the allusion it was intended to convey, and her heart sickened as she placed it among her braided tresses.

Poor Adilé! these proofs of love, so far from gratifying her feelings, rendered her supremely wretched. She felt her powers of endurance fast ebbing away, and, to spare herself farther trials of a similar nature, pleaded illness, and shut herself up in her apartment; when the attendance of Mariamne in her medical capacity at last enabled the young slave to open her aching heart to her,—to tell her how dearer than ever Spiridion was to her,—how hateful the Sultan's visit,—and how utterly impossible that she could ever yield to him.

But this announcement completely changed the aspect of affairs in Mariamne's judgment, and suddenly cancelled all her previous opinions. At one glance she saw the imprudence of promoting an intrigue for a female on whom the Sultan had placed his affections, and the immense personal consequence that she herself would derive from Adilé's elevation to his harem, in becoming the confidante of the great Padishah's favourite. Visions of wealth floated before her eyes, and dazzled her imagination; the various professions of nurse, doctress, bone-setter, and buyer and retailer of the cast-off finery of wealthy harems, which she followed in common with so many other old Jewesses in Constantinople, procured her but a moderate livelihood; but when the royal harem should be open to her as a field for advancement, she felt assured of reaping a golden harvest.

"Ahi! Adilé *guzum!*" she exclaimed, "are you mad? The sun of royalty shines upon you, and you would hide your head behind a cloud! What do I say?—a cloud! You would bury yourself in the mire, and eat dirt! These Greeks are swine—they laugh at Mahometan women!"

"You did not always think so, Mariamne," returned Adilé.

"Oh! my soul! what can I say? I was mad too—we are all mad sometimes. Besides, the Sultan did not love you then. He indeed is a man! Look at his beard — look at his eyes, and then compare this smooth-faced boy, this *sakalsiz* (no beard) with him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Adilé, "I cannot forget Spiridion. Do not abandon me, Mariamne, my soul! Go to him from me, and tell him, that if he loves me he will become an Islamite, and then he can marry me, and rescue me from the Sultan's hateful love."

"Do I look like a fool, oh woman?" interrupted the old crone, with vivacity, "that you think I will set myself up to connive against the Sultan, my master? *Ahli!* his eyes are everywhere—he has a thousand ears, and they are all open. *Ai, ai?* I feel the bowstring already round my throat!" she continued, shuddering. "Forget Spiridion as fast as you can, my Sultana, and you will soon learn how to value a great Padishah's favour."

Nor could Adilé move the crafty old woman to any other answer.

In the mean time the Sultan, baffled in all his attempts to propitiate

the tenderness of Adilé, at last suspected that some cause more powerful than mere indifference must have produced her extraordinary coldness to his suit. Being determined to sift the affair to the bottom, he privately sent for the Asmé Sultana's chief eunuch, and ordered him to watch narrowly over the slave Adilé, and report to him whether he remarked anything extraordinary in her conduct. Almost simultaneously with this command Mariamne, who, after mature deliberation, had come to the opinion, that if Spiridion could be privately got out of the way, or even made away with, and all hope thus destroyed in the heart of Adilé, she would soon submit to her removal to the Sultan's harem,—after turning in her head how such an event might be compassed, came to the resolution of putting it into the hands of the Sultana's chief eunuch. Seeking her opportunity, and taking him aside, she said, "The slave Adilé is mad. She is sick with love for some smooth-cheeked Giaour, and she will commit a folly if she be not watched."

"*Wallah!*" ejaculated the eunuch "Who is the beardless dog that she loves, that we may kill him, and sell his mother and sisters?"

"How do I know?" answered Mariamne, the instinct of self-preservation compelling her to feign complete ignorance of the person of Adilé's lover, lest the part she had taken in promoting their intercourse should come to light, and place her own life in jeopardy. "She would not tell me who he is when she found that I would not be a go-between for them. All that I know is, that she owns her soul to be sick with love for a Christian, curses light upon them all! —and that is the reason why she has refused going to the Sultan's harem. She told me that she would give her eyes to speak with the boy. And so I have come, my aga, to put you on the watch. If you see her slip out and speak to *a man*, then be sure that *he is the man*, and you may safely kill him at once."

"*Bismillah!*" said the eunuch, half drawing his sword from the scabbard; "we will kill the animal when we find him!"

Rifaat took his measures accordingly, and tying up his ankle, as if he had sprained it, delegated another of the eunuchs to take his place the next day when the Asmé Sultana went out, and stealing into the long corridor of the harem, lay *perdu* behind an open door, within sight of Adilé's chamber, watching whether she would leave it or not. He soon saw her venture stealthily forth, wrapped in her *ferigee* and *yasmak*, and after listening for a few moments, and looking carefully all around to see if any one was within sight, she started rapidly forward, threaded the various passages that led to the entrance of the palace, and then gaining the open air, turned immediately into the cemetery of Eyoub. Rifaat followed at a distance, just keeping her in view, and saw that when she had gained the shadiest part of the cemetery she was joined by a Turkish woman, with whom she conversed about a quarter of an hour, and then quitting her, returned alone to the palace in the same hurried manner. For two successive days, exactly the same conduct was observed; on the third, early in the morning, Rifaat reported to the Sultan what he had remarked, and also the intelligence imparted to him by Mariamne. The jealous suspicions of Mahmoud were fired by this communication, and laying his commands upon Rifaat to be secret as the grave on the subject, he told him that he should now take the affair into his own hands, and should not require his farther assistance in investigating it.

At one o'clock that day, the Asmé Sultana and her suite having gone out as usual in arabas, and Rifaat having resumed his attendance upon his mistress, Adilé again stole forth, and wended her way to the cemetery, where the veiled female awaited her coming. They walked about beneath the thickest shade for a short time, so occupied with each other as not to have perceived that three men were standing at some distance from them; then seating themselves under the shadow of a high tomb-stone, they continued their conversation with considerable animation. While this was passing, one of the men cautiously made a circular move in the direction in which the two women were seated, and advanced towards the back of the tomb-stone against which they were leaning, where, taking up his position under cover of it, he could unseen overhear all they said.

"I dare not come again, Spiridion," said one of the voices. "I shall be discovered, and then we shall both be lost. I should not have ventured to-day, had it not been for the last time."

"How, for the last time!" returned the other voice, which was evidently that of a man. "There would be less chance of discovery if you would but meet me at the Jewess's house, as I have long so vainly entreated you. You do not love me, or you would not be thus rigorous."

"Allah knows how I love you!" returned the female voice; "and if your love only equals mine, you will consent to do that which will unite us for ever. Become a Mussulman, and then ask me in marriage, and the Sultana my mistress will give me to you. The Sultan is noble and generous: he will soon forget that I have for a moment pleased his eyes, and he will not oppose our happiness. This is what I came to say to you to-day. You must choose between seeking me for a wife or seeing me no more. We are watched, I know. I can no longer endure this life of terror and deceit."

"Adilé, my soul, give me time for reflexion; only meet me once at Mariamne's house, and I will then give you a decided answer."

"Never—never! I am mad to listen to you," replied Adilé; "I never have, and never will meet you there."

"Is this your love?" interrupted the male voice, in an accent of bitterness. "What have you done to prove it? A few flowers, a few messages sent by an old Jewess! —while *I* adore you with a passion which makes me ready to risk my life! Have I not supplicated that you would admit me into the harem, and if discovered there, should I not be killed like a dog? But you would not—you would not. You know not what it is to love!" And in his passionate excitement he threw his five fingers extended into the air, with that gesture of unutterable contempt peculiar to the Greeks, and which serves as a note of admiration to their intemperate outbursts.

The hand was seized and firmly grasped by some one from behind, who at the same moment advancing, laid his other hand upon Spiridion's *yasmak* to remove it.

"Forbear!" said the young Greek, quickly subduing his voice to almost feminine softness. "I am a Mahometan woman — you dare not uncover my face!"

Adilé looked up in terror at the intruder, whose dress and appearance was that of a merchant; but the moment she caught a distinct view of his countenance she uttered, with a cry of agony, "The

SULTAN!"* and falling upon her face, remained motionless at his feet.

"The Sultan has a right to behold unveiled the face of every woman in his empire," said Mahmoud, tearing off the *gasmak* of the pretended female, and discovering the handsome features of Spiridion Metaxa blanched with terror and surprise. Then beckoning to one of the attendants, who during the whole transaction had remained standing in the same spot where he had left them, "Take him away," said the Sultan, "and let him die this evening at sunset!"

And the unfortunate lover, not daring to resist the stern mandate, was immediately removed.

At these dreadful words Adilé raised her face from the dust, and clasping her hands in despair, exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy!"

"There is no mercy for his crime," returned the Sultan, with a stern inflexibility in his voice and manner, which caused the heart of Adilé to die away within her. "A Giaour who seeks for intercourse with a Mahometan woman incurs death for himself and for her. Away with him!—to-night he dies!"

"We are innocent!" exclaimed the unhappy slave, gathering strength from despair, and fixing her tearless eyes upon him with soul-subduing earnestness,—"we have never met elsewhere but here. Oh! mercy, mercy, dread Sultan! The great Allah is merciful, and are you not his shadow upon earth?"

The Sultan was softened, spite of himself, by her look. Never had she appeared more lovely than in that attitude of passionate entreaty. Her gasmak had become unfastened in the agitation of her disordered movements, and left exposed to his gaze the whole of her beautiful countenance, blanched to marble whiteness by the agony of her emotions. Adilé perceived the impression she had made upon him, and reiterated her supplication in heart-piercing accents,—"Mercy for Spiridion!—mercy!"

But that name reawakened all the jealous rage of Mahmoud, and stamping with fury, he exclaimed, "*He has seen your face, and therefore he dies!*"

"No, no!—you are too just, too generous, too noble to spill his blood for having loved me," continued the young slave, emboldened by her misery, and careless, in the urgency of her fears for Spiridion, whether she exasperated her angry sovereign further against herself: "Has not my lord the Sultan loved his slave too?"

"And for the sake of that infidel you scorned my love!" exclaimed the Sultan, in a burst of passion. "Ye shall both die!"

"I had seen *him* first," replied Adilé, meekly, "and it was my *kismet* (fate) to love him. Dared I give to the Sultan a heart darkened by another's image?"

There was a moment's pause, during which the young Georgian remained kneeling, with her lovely eyes fixed upon the angry countenance of her sovereign, and her clasped hands raised towards him, when, as he motioned her to rise, the brilliant rays of a diamond on his finger flashed in the sun-light with intolerable brightness. Adilé started, as if a sudden inspiration had given her new life, and uttering a smothered cry, thrust her hand into her bosom, and drew from

* Sultan Mahmoud, like the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, had a great propensity for perambulating his capital in disguise, which enabled him to redress many grievances, which would have escaped the observation of the sovereign in his palace.

thence a ring, suspended round her neck by a silken cord, which she held up to the Sultan's view with trembling eagerness.

"When the unworthy slave Adilé first found favour in the Sultan's sight," she exclaimed, "he sent her this ring, and said, '*Let the slave Adilé ask of the Sultan what boon she will, it shall be granted to her upon showing him that ring.*' The great Padishah will not retract his royal word. The boon for which his slave supplicates is the life of Spiridion Metaxa!"

Quite unprepared for such an appeal, and in no degree inclined to redeem the pledge which he had so lightly given, Mahmoud remained in angry irresolution for a moment, looking at her with menace in his eyes, and vengeance stifling every nobler feeling in his bosom. At last, evading the question, "Have you no boon to ask for yourself?" he said, "and do you know the fate that awaits you?—the bowstring and the sack?"

"Your slave is ready to die," she replied.

"Is the Giaour so dear to you, that you would ask his life in preference to your own?" continued the Sultan.

"Yes," replied Adilé, with courage. "Your promise—your promise, dread Sultan! Grant me the life of Spiridion—let him return to his own country, never to leave it, and do with me what you will!"

"Then, by the soul of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Sultan, in uncontrollable fury, "ye shall both die! If he had a thousand lives, he should yield them all up for being so well loved by you! I spit at my promise, and throw it to the winds!"

Then beckoning to the last remaining attendant, a mute, who immediately drew near, he whispered a few words in his ear, and turning to Adilé, commanded her to follow him.

She arose without uttering a word, and scarcely able to drag her trembling limbs, followed the mute out of the cemetery to the water's edge, where, in a little creek not far from the palace, were moored several caiques for hire. He beckoned the nearest *caickgee* to advance his boat, and placing the half-fainting Adilé in it, took his seat at a respectful distance from her, and signified to the boatmen to row to Seraglio Point. Arrived under the walls of the palace gardens, he caused the boat to pull up close to a little door in the wall, (over which is a small projecting wooden bridge with a shelving appendage, something like an open spout, constructed purposely for precipitating into the Bosphorus the bodies of the women who are strangled in the seraglio,) and disembarking, conducted Adilé through the fatal door into a sort of pavilion, or kiosk, close to it, where he left her alone, carefully locking the door after him.

How the hours passed she knew not, for grief and terror had thrown her into a stupor nearly approaching to insensibility; but as the last glorious beams of the sinking sun streamed through the lattices of her prison, and shed a transient glory near the cushions where she lay prostrate, she was roused into an agony of consciousness, for she knew that at that hour Spiridion was to die. Presently all grew dark and indistinct—for *her* the bitterness of death had passed in that brief moment of anguish endured for *him;* and when the door opened, and the same mute appeared with a lantern, and beckoned to her to rise from the ground, although she knew that her hour was come, she obeyed him unresistingly, and without an exclamation or sign of terror. He threw over her a thick covering like a sack, carefully

closing the aperture of it, and raising the poor victim in his arms, carried her through the little door by which they had entered in the morning, and laid her in the bottom of a caique, which immediately pulled off, and rowed them swiftly away.

Their progress continued uninterruptedly for more than half an hour, when suddenly the boat neared the land, and Adilé felt herself again raised in the mute's arms, lifted out of the caique, and borne to a short distance, where she was deposited on the ground, and the fastenings of the sack that enveloped were here untied. A hand then raised up the covering, and Adilé, believing that the last dreadful moment had arrived, looked around her, that she might take a last farewell glance of the earth and skies. A blaze of light flashed upon her eyes, and, after the darkness in which she had so long remained, nearly dazzled her into blindness with its effulgence. Regaining in a moment her powers of vision, she saw that she was in the Kiask of Kiadnané, the lattices of which were closed, and the interior illuminated. Before her stood the Sultan, with an expression in his eyes very different from the ferocity and rage which had flashed from them in their last dreadful interview.

"Adilé," he said, in a grave tone, "your prayer has prevailed, and my royal word remains unbroken. The Giaour lives, and shall return in safety to his own country. As for yourself, you have passed through the terrors of death, but your life too is spared. I heard *all* that passed between you and the Greek this morning, and I know that you are still pure. Live, therefore, Adilé, and remember that for *your* sake your sovereign has sheathed the sword of justice, without shedding the blood of the guilty!"

"Oh! most powerful, most merciful!" exclaimed Adilé, falling at his feet, and raising to her forehead, with a sentiment of mingled veneration and enthusiasm, the edge of the Sultan's robe, "Allah will reward the goodness and magnanimity of the best and greatest of his children!"

"And have *you* no reward for me, Adilé?" inquired Mahmoud, contemplating her with one of those magic smiles, which imparted to his dark countenance such inexpressible sweetness.

And Adilé, bowing her head, and crossing her hands upon her bosom, replied in a low voice, "Let your slave's life be passed at the foot of her lord the Sultan!"

But as such events cannot take place in the East without *some* expenditure of life, the Jewess Mariamne was selected as the victim whose sacrifice was to assuage the monarch's wrath. She was found strangled upon the threshold of her door the following morning, and left exposed there for three days; and, such spectacles being of very common occurrence in Constantinople, no one thought of inquiring for what crime she had suffered.

Adilé, the Georgian slave, whose gentle heart was sensitively alive to every noble and generous sentiment, felt as it merited the clemency which her sovereign had exercised towards her young lover and herself. She attached herself warmly and sincerely to him, and the extraordinary influence she acquired over his mind was never exercised by her for any but wise and noble purposes. The Sultan gave her no rival in his affections, no sharer in his confidence; and to the last day of her short existence she occupied the distinguished position of favourite, without meeting with a counteracting influence.

She died at Kiadhamé in the flower of her years, leaving no children; and her royal master, inconsolable for her loss, abandoned for ever the lovely spot, which too keenly recalled to him the felicity he had enjoyed there with the beautiful and gifted young Georgian.

"Like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
She was all summer: lightning might assail,
And shiver her to ashes; but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for her—she had too little clay."

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

The King sat in his regal pride,
  Proud nobles throng'd the festal board;
High foam'd the wine, whose purple tide
  Was from God's sacred vessels pour'd.

Music and minstrelsy were there,
  Loud echoing to the vaulted roof;
And queenly dames, whose jewels rare
  Blazed in the torch-light far aloof.

With revelry the palace rung;
  Yet sudden 'midst the banquet's cheer
Alarm hath hushed each tuneful tongue,
  And every eye glares wild with fear.

Why start the proud in mute amaze?
  Why quail the mighty? shriek the fair?
Why on one spot in horror gaze,
  With features marbled by despair?
What hand is that whose fingers mark
  With awful characters the wall?
Whose hidden mysteries, stern and dark,
  Can e'en Belshazzar's soul appal?

Stand forth, Astrologers! and read
  That scroll, with dreadful import fraught;
Wealth, fame, and power shall be his meed
  By whom th' interpretation's taught.

What! silent all? And is there none
  That fearful secret to unfold?—
"Lo!" cried the seer, "the Holy One
  To me its mystery hath unroll'd.

"Tremble, proud King! thy reign is o'er,—
  Thy sceptre shall the Median sway,—
Thy pomp and glory are no more,—
  Thy kingdom, it hath passed away.

"Thou hast lift up thy haughty brow
  Against the Lord of earth and heaven:
That God, O King! hath weighed thee now,
  And judgment is against thee given.

"Hark! even now the voice of war
  Is thundering at thy brazen gates;
I hear the battle-shout from far—
  Destruction, Monarch, on thee waits."

The Prophet ceased.—That very night
  Belshazzar's power and life were gone,
And ere the morning star was bright,
  Darius reigned in Babylon.

THE RED-BREAST OF AQUITANIA.

An humble Ballad.

BY FATHER PROUT.

"*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father.*"—ST. MATTHEW, cap. x. 29.

"Gallos ab Aquitanis GARUMNA flumen."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—SHAKSPERE.

"GENIUS, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river."—TOM MOORE.

I.

River trip from Thoulouse to Bourdeaux. Thermometer at ·0· Snow 1½ foot deep. Use of wooden shoes.

OH 'twas bitter cold
As our steam-boat rolled
Down the pathway old
Of the deep GARONNE,—
And the peasant lank,
While his *sabot* sank
In the snow-clad bank,
Saw it roll on, on.

II.

Ye Gascon farmer hieth to his cottage, and drinketh a flaggonne.

And he hied him home
To his *toit de chaume;*
And for those who roam
On the broad bleak flood
Cared he? Not a thought;
For his beldame brought
His wine-flask fraught
With the grape's red blood.

III.

He warmeth his cold shins at a woollen fire. Good b'ye to him.

And the wood-block blaze
Fed his vacant gaze
As we trod the maze
Of the river down.
Soon we left behind
On the frozen wind
All farther mind
Of that vacant clown.

IV.

Ye Father meeteth a stray acquaintance in a small bird.

But there came anon,
As we journeyed on
Down the deep GARONNE,
An acquaintancy,
Which we deemed, I count,
Of more high amount,
For it oped the fount
Of sweet sympathy.

V.

Not ye famous albatross of that aincient mariner olde Coleridge, but a poore robin.

'Twas a stranger drest
In a downy vest,
'Twas a wee RED-BREAST,
(Not an "*Albatross*,")
But a wanderer meek,
Who fain would seek
O'er the bosom bleak
Of that flood to cross.

VI.

Ye sparrow crossing ye river maketh hys half-way house of the fire ship.

And we watched him oft
As he soared aloft
On his pinions soft,
Poor wee weak thing,
And we soon could mark
That he sought our bark,
As a resting ark
For his weary wing.

VII.

Delusive hope. Ye fire-ship runneth 10 knots an hour: 'tis no go for ye sparrow.

But the bark fire-fed,
On her pathway sped,
And shot far a-head
Of the tiny bird,
And quicker in the van
Her swift wheels ran,
As the quickening fan
Of his winglets stirred.

VIII.

Ye byrde is led a wilde goose chace adown ye river.

Vain, vain pursuit!
Toil without fruit!
For his forkèd foot
Shall not anchor there,
Tho' the boat meanwhile
Down the stream beguile
For a bootless mile
The poor child of air!

IX.

Symptomes of fatigue. 'Tis melancholie to fall between 2 stools.

And 'twas plain at last
He was flagging fast,
That his hour had past
In that effort vain:
Far from either bank,
Sans a saving plank,
Slow, slow he sank,
Nor uprose again.

X.

Mort of ye birde.

And the cheerless wave
Just one ripple gave
As it oped him a grave
In its bosom cold,

And he sank alone,
With a feeble moan,
In that deep GARONNE,
  And then all was told.

XI.

Ye old man at ye helm weepeth for a sonne lost in ye bay of Biscaye.

But our pilot grey
Wiped a tear away;
In the broad BISCAYE
  He had lost his boy!
And that sight brought back
On its furrowed track
The remembered wreck
  Of long perished joy!

XII.

Condoleance of ye ladyes; eke of 1 *chasseur d'infanterie legere.*

And the tear half hid
In soft BEAUTY's lid
Stole forth unbid
  For that red-breast bird;—
And the feeling crept,—
For a WARRIOR wept;
And the silence kept
  Found no fitting word.

XIII.

Olde Father Proutte sadly moralizeth anent ye birde.

But *I* mused alone,
For I thought of one
Whom I well had known
  In my earlier days,
Of a gentle mind,
Of a soul refined,
Of deserts designed
  For the Palm of Praise.

XIV.

Ye Streame of Lyfe. A younge man of fayre promise.

And well would it seem
That o'er Life's dark stream,
Easy task for Him
  In his flight of Fame,
Was the SKYWARD PATH,
O'er the billow's wrath,
That for GENIUS hath
  Ever been the same.

XV.

Hys earlie flyght across ye streame.

And I saw him soar
From the morning shore,
While his fresh wings bore
  Him athwart the tide,
Soon with powers unspent
As he forward went,
His wings he had bent
  On the sought-for side.

XVI.

A newe object calleth his eye from y^e maine chaunce.

But while thus he flew,
Lo! a vision new
Caught his wayward view
  With a semblance fair,
And that new-found woer
Could, alas! allure
From his pathway sure,
  The bright child of air.

XVII.

Instabilitie of purpose a fatall evyl in lyfe.

For he turned aside,
And adown the tide
For a brief hour plied
  His yet unspent force,
And to gain that goal
Gave the powers of soul,
Which, unwasted, whole,
  Had achieved his course.

XVIII.

This is y^e morall of Father Prout's humble ballade,

A bright SPIRIT, young,
Unwept, unsung,
Sank thus among
  The drifts of the stream;
Not a record left,—
Of renown bereft,
By thy cruel theft,
  O DELUSIVE DREAM!

L'ENVOY

TO W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WHILOME, AUTHOR OF THE ADMIRABLE "CRICHTON," SUBSEQUENT CHRONICLER OF "JACK SHEPPARD."

which he wrotte by waxlight in the *hostel de Gascoigne* at Bourdeaux, 6 Jan. 1841.

Thus sadly I thought
As that bird unsought
The remembrance brought
  Of thy bright day;
And I penned full soon
This DIRGE, while the moon
On the broad GARONNE
  Shed her wintry ray.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRINKING.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Si quelque jour étant ivre
La mort arrêtait mes pas,
Je ne voudrais pas revivre
Après un si doux trépas:
Je m'en irais dans l'Averne
Faire enivrer Alecton,
Et bâtir une taverne
Dans le manoir de Pluton."

"Saufen Bier und Brantewein,
Schmeissen alle die Fensteren ein,
Ich bin liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute—ah!'

"I can summon *spirits* from the vasty deep."

"Vivo bibere,
Bibo vivere!"

"A *bumper* for Sir William, the friend of the people."

"Wyn! o edele wyn,
Die al de pyn
En zorg, van my terstond verdwynen doet,
Wat geef je my een hart vol moed!
Een stoop twee, drie,
Maakt dat ik geen gevaar, hoe zwaar het is, ontzie,
Noch vliê."

"If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forbear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack."

BUMPER THE FIRST.

E shades of Anacreon, Horace, and Captain Morris, inspire my anserine plume!

Ye shades of Sheridan, George Frederick Cooke, and Toby Philpott, infuse a spirit in my indelible ink!

Ye shades below (London Bridge) lend me a *stave* from your many casks, wherewith to celebrate the virtues of the vine!

Bacchus——

Gentle reader, if elevated by my subject, I run on in a zig-zag fashion, and multiply one mile by three in my progress, pardon me; for although, like a comet, my course may be eccentric, it is the result of the liberal libations I have poured to qualify me for the onerous task I have undertaken. But then, like that comet, I have a *tale*, radiant as the sun, passed through a colander in bright and dazzling rays, which I will presently unfold with all the proverbial humility of a peacock!

Bacchus first introduced the vine into Italy, and, soon afterwards entering into partnership with Apollo, they laid their sapient heads together, and produced a liquor which speedily attracted the attention of a "discerning public," and ultimately of the whole world.

The birth of rosy wine was hailed with the most enthusiastic delight; and old and young, rich and poor, alike saluted the ruby lips of

the young bantling with the most affectionate ardour. Care, a wrinkled and bilious-visaged old dame, who rocked the cradle, fell fast asleep, — was consequently discharged, and never again allowed to appear in the presence of the darling.

Like Mrs. Johnson's "American Soothing Syrup," wine proved not only "a real blessing to mothers," but their numerous offspring imbibed the fermented and exhilarating juice with a gusto that was surprising. In the process of time it was universally called the "milk of old men." Bald-headed philosophers, whose "*capillary* attractions" had slipped, like an avalanche of snow, from the summit of their erudite noddles, and now adorned their chins, waxed eloquent, their languid muscles being duly and daily lubricated with the loquacious liquor.

Long before the invention of spectacles, these far-seeing mortals discovered that the transfusion of a certain quantum of the "blood of the grape" enabled them to see—double! Here was an advantage! and they consequently absorbed large quantities for the benefit of their fellow men. They sincerely believed that they had found the true "pabulum animi," and boldly became bibulous and—bottle-nosed.

But I fear that I am growing too poetical.

BUMPER THE SECOND.

How natural is the simple act—how simple the natural act—of drinking!

Before the glorious invention of wine, that one dissyllable alone was sufficient to convey the meaning of imbibing a certain measure of milk or a "yard of pump-water;" but in these glorious days of "Hock and soda-water,"—Laffitte, Chateau Margot, Champagne d'Ai, Burgundy, &c. &c.—the very vocabulary is enlarged; *exempli gratia:*—

DRINKING!

that is the root (how few are able to decline it!)

Boozing,
Bibbing,
Fuddling,
Swilling,
Guzzling,
Tippling,
Toping,
Lushing,
Cracking a bottle,
Sucking the monkey,
Sluicing the ivories, &c.

And then, again, in those early days (so remote, that even "Early Purl Houses" were unknown) the meanest capacity understood that when a man had drunk his fill, he had "slaked his thirst," and moistened his parched lips; there was then (O ye teetotalers!) no inebriation. Even had a man had the "fee simple" of a whole pump, he never made free with it, or was found lying under it, or attempting to "light his pipe at it."

Now, in this age of rapid progression and "public spirit," our philologists and lexicographers have a most enviable opportunity of enriching the language, by the addition of many words, of which the venerable "Drunk" is the patriarch and legitimate progenitor.

As thus: Drunk—
Bacchi plenus,
Sacrificing to the rosy god,

N.B. These two terms are generally kept stereotyped by the printers of the morning papers.

Fuddled, Snuffy,
Muddled, Overcome,
Elevated, Top-heavy,
Merry, Reeling,
Sunny, Slewed,
Moony, Wound up,
Maudlin, Half seas over,
Muzzy, Three sheets in the wind,
Spoony, Groggy,
Funny, Sewed up like a sand-bag,
Tipsy, Losing his perpendicular,
Inebriated, How came you so?
'Tosticated, Not able to see a hole in a ladder,
Queer, Drunk as a fiddler's *dog*,
Overtaken, Drunk as Davy's sow, and
Lushy, "The worse for liquor,"

which last phrase is customarily used by the police, when they accidentally discover a genteel, well-dressed medical student, or a lawyer's articled clerk, — both "honourable men," — lying quite at home in a gutter, and poking his latch-key at the grating of the gulley-hole, in the vain endeavour to "let himself in."

BUMPER THE THIRD.

How very rational and manifold are the reasons for drinking!

On a wet or a foggy morning a *goutte*, or *schnapps*, is taken medicinally to keep out the damp. On a sultry day in summer, a glass of cold brandy and water—is essentially necessary to supply the waste occasioned by evaporation, and give a tone to the relaxed functions of the stomach. Many of the faculty prescribe it (homœopathically!)

And then who would be such a churlish misanthrope, such a milksop, as to refuse a "social glass," — or to "hob and nob it" with a friend?" If low-spirited, what is so efficacious as a cheering cup? If elevated by the success of some enterprise or speculation, to "pour a libation" may be heathenish; but "it is a poor heart that never rejoices,"—and, as the gay Frenchman sings,

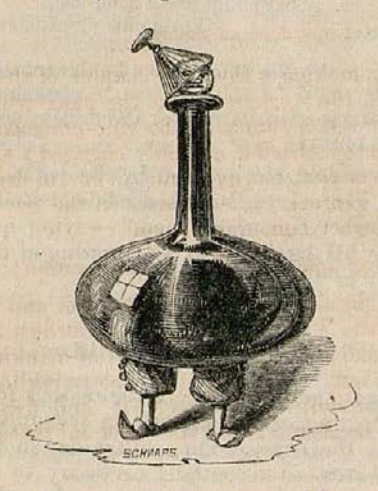
"Le bon vin,
Le matin,
Sortant de la tonne,
Vaut mieux que tout le Latin,
Qu'on enseigne en Sorbonne!"

When excited by good company to indulge a little too freely, and, practically working out the sage maxims,—"In for a penny, in for a pound," and, "You may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,"—you experience the dizzy, disagreeable sensation of being "neither upon your head nor your heels,"—on the following morning, depend upon it, there is nothing more calculated to brace the trembling nerves, and place you "*in statu quo*," than a small, a very, very small dose of "French cream," or Cogniac, in your first cup of tea,—"A hair of the dog that bit you!" You must, however, be particularly cautious in the administration of the specific, or a quatrain of Grimaldi's celebrated

"Tippety-witchet" may, more painfully than pleasantly, recur to your memory:

> "This morning I rose early,
> My malady was such,
> In my tea I took brandy,
> And took a cup—too much!"

There is less cause for the limitation of the licence for drinking to bachelors than to married men, who should invariably be more steady, and the more especially as it does sometimes occur that the latter become pugnacious when the wine is in the ascendant. Bacchus then assumes a front that is very disagreeable to *ma's!*



Poor Tom Dibdin, a convivial, but always a sober man, gives a delicate allusion to this propensity in the following toast: "May the man who has a good wife never be addicted to liquor (*lick her*)."

Wine, mighty wine! exhilarates youth, and invigorates old age, thawing the life-current which the icy hand of Time hath frozen, and making it undulate through the veins as pleasantly as the murmuring rivulet through flowery banks, decked by the delicate fingers of verdant Spring!

BUMPER THE FOURTH.

O ye philosophers! who have so long been seeking to discover and determine whether the sun or the earth is in motion—drink! Corpo di Bacco! follow my example. When I have quaffed twenty glasses of the "molten ruby," I can *distinctly* see the earth turn round! What costly instruments have been invented to measure the "thick rotundity of the globe!"—Drink!—*In vino veritas.* How simple is *my* computation! I (involuntarily) stretch myself at length upon the earth, and measure it without compass, chain, or theodolite.

O ye ambitious men! what is the use of all your vain efforts to rise above your sphere? Nay, what senseless pride in the endeavour; for the cellar is not above, but below! Therefore, descend and drink! Remember and reflect on the rusty old saw: "When the wine is in, the wit is out,"—which indisputably means, that when you have

taken a few deep potations the wit flows—comes out—a deduction as logical and "plain as a pike-staff." Then drink, and be wise; abstain, and be—otherwise!

BUMPER THE FIFTH.

Piron, the celebrated French poet, was once walking in the streets of Paris, when he observed a man who had lost both his legs (not in the service of Mars, but Bacchus), resting his back against the wall of a house, with his shoeless feet dabbling in the kennel.

> "Votre demeure? on vous y porterait,"

said the poet.

> "Portez-moi donc au cabaret,"

replied the drunkard, making a rhyming couplet of the question and answer; and, in truth, the "cabaret" *was* the place where he ordinarily *lived*. Piron (himself a votary of the vine-crowned god) was so pleased with his apt reply, that he not only engaged a stout porter to pilot him to the next *cabaret*, but gave him an *écu* to drink his health.

A drunken man is, however, a *rara avis* in the gay metropolis of France; in England, where gin-shops, those

> "Bright and glittering *palaces*, how beautiful!"

with their brass, and glass, and gas, allure the poor and miserable tatterdemalion to quaff the Lethean draught, and drown his cares, they manage these things differently. The delights of drinking are therein most variously illustrated. How joyous is the twinkling eye of that short-gaitered dustman, with his flapped hat, and flannel jacket, as with a moistened lip he discusses a "kevorten an' three houts" with his two pals.

They form a perfect picture, worthy of the truth-delineating pencil of Ostade. The sensations they experience over their standing drink are almost racy enough to be envied by the *bon vivant,* who, with his rubicund visage, glances with the eye of a connoisseur at the slender glass of iced champagne before he gulps the mantling juice, bubbling and creaming with carbonic acid gas. With what a smack his lips acknowledge the receipt!

Thrice happy is the man who is blest with a good cellar; he will never want a friend while he lives — in that style, or has a bottle to give him! The rosy wine is as attractive to the friends of this sublunary world as flower-beds to the little busy bees! In fine, *wine,* as Dermot O'Donnell says, is the only *oil* wherewith to trim the lamp of life to make it burn brightly to the last.

BUMPER THE SIXTH.

A BACCHANALIAN BOOZE.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
  Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
    Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores,
Sedulus curæ: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub artâ
    Vite bibentem.

—

I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
  Nor for me the linden's rind
  Shall the flowery chaplet bind:
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
  But beneath the mantling vine,
  While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.

"——Sub umbra lusimus."

"He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horses, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pie half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid, at least."

Two and thirty years ago (alas! 'tis so,) as the few straggling grey hairs on my polished noddle do too truthfully testify, —two and thirty years ago, in the autumn of the year—the mellow autumn, —that ingenious artist, Pallet, who only used water in the admixture of his colours, preferring good wine as a diluent for his inward man, invited me to a day's jaunt to the fair park of Greenwich, famed for deer, chestnuts, and wooden-legged warriors. The party was to consist of the mystical number of three,— Pallet, myself, and Spondee, a poet, who had written a work which was never reviewed, and remained unsold,—two circumstances which were attributed by the author and his friends to the decline of the public taste. Whatever the true cause might be, it was quite evident his lines were not cast in pleasant places, for he had not even the satisfaction of a nibble! That he was a scholar is certain; but whether he really possessed the bump of constructiveness large enough to build a cot, or "the lofty rhyme," I know not, for I never perused his lucubrations.

Having arranged the time and place of meeting, and provided a rabbit-pie, we took our places in the dickey of a four-horse coach, (for then, I need hardly say, steam-boats and railways were not,) and soon arrived safely in the quiet little town. It was on a Saturday—the visiters were "few and far between," and the park was a solitude. As we sauntered through the town, Pallet purchased three bottles of sherry,—a very moderate quantity in those days, when three, and even your six-bottle men were in vogue; and Hock and Moselle, and the other wishy-washy Rhine wines were unknown. The bottles were duly packed for the pic-nic *al fresco,* when Pallet, espying a fishmonger's, suddenly parted company, and, without saying a word, entered the piscatory emporium.

"By Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed Spondee, striking a poetical attitude, "our dauber of canvass hath conceived a sudden affection for a lobster. For my part, I hate lobsters."

"Envy, sheer envy," I replied.

"Envy?" cried he; "how mean you?"

"Because they are more favoured than your works—for they are not only *red*, but devoured with avidity."

"Bah! I hate a pun!" exclaimed Spondee. "I shall certainly cut thee."

"Then shall I deem myself more fortunate than your poem—for that will ever remain *uncut.*"

"O thou hydra-headed monster!" said Spondee, "I 'll write a satire upon thee."

"I cry you mercy! pray do not so unfriendly an act; for, being fond of liberty, I tremble at the certain prospect of being *shelved,* and having my circulation stopped. Write upon sheepskin, or vellum, or anything but me!"

Pallet at this moment rejoined us, and stayed the current of Spondee's eloquence.

"What denizen of the sea have you been catering for, Pallet?" asked Spondee.

"You shall see—you shall see," replied Pallet; "such an unexpected treat! A bright idea — a ray of sunshine glanced suddenly across the landscape of my mind, which is worth its weight in gold. Come along."

Having entered the park, we trod with pleasure on the velvet greensward as we loitered slowly beneath the protecting arms of the shady elms and chestnuts. Spondee's poetical, and Pallet's pictorial rhapsodies burst spontaneously forth, and both delighted and amused me. Beneath a wide-spreading tree, in the most retired part of the park, Pallet halted.

"Here let us pitch our tent," exclaimed he.

"We have none, good Pallet," I replied. "Sherry is our only beverage."

"Hear him!" cried Spondee. "What a malady is he infected with! would that he had a neat's tongue in his head, that we might cure it."

"With the attic salt of your own muse, Spondee?" said Pallet; "then would it keep for ever."

"A fair compliment," began Spondee, smiling.

"For," continued Pallet, "no one would touch it."

"Bah!" cried Spondee, "ye are truly two of the veriest double-tongued rogues that ever spoiled the King's English. But, what have we here?" demanded he, observing a man approaching the chosen sanctum. "Let me have no intruders; above all, keep ——"

"—Keep quiet," interrupted Pallet, "or you 'll frighten the poor fellow into hysterics with your histrionics. It 's the fishmonger's flunky. Come along, my man."

The flannel-aproned fellow, with his scaly coat, drawing near, we perceived he bore a pail in his hand.

"Strange!" said Spondee; "I did expect Pisces, and behold Aquarius comes!"

Pallet rubbed his hands with delight, and directed the man to deposit his burthen on the shady side of the tree. The luxurious Pallet had actually purchased a pail of ice for cooling the wine!"

"O! thou Lucullus! thou Heliogabalus!" exclaimed the poet, his eyes at the same time sparkling and kindling at the anticipation of the grateful draught.

The bottles were carefully deposited by the practised hand of the artist in the frigorific mixture of ice and water.

"Now," said he, "while I book that umbrageous chestnut, and that pretty little bit of distance——"

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," interpolated the poet, *sotto voce.*

"Go, and perambulate the hill and dale of the royal demesne, and catch an appetite."

He then drew out his sketch-book and pencil, and Spondee and I roamed about for half an hour. On our return he had completed his studies from nature, and was quite prepared to attack the pie. We soon unpacked, and spread our rural table; and oh! what a delightful feast we had in our "verdant cœnaculum," as Spondee termed our retreat.

The first bottle — cool as the cut of a rich man to a poor acquaintance, but much more palatable, — the first bottle was discussed. Pal-

let became alternately moral, metaphysical, and mirthful,—and Spondee epigrammatic, joining heartily in the jokes we unsparingly cut at the expense of his neglected muse.

"Come, Spondee," said Pallet, tapping the second bottle, "let us have a song; something original."

"Shall I wake the echoes of this tranquil scene?" said he; and then, taking another glass, he commenced singing the following composition, with an excellent voice.

SONG.

A man in his cups is a king,
He laughs at all trouble and sorrow,
The sun seems no shadow to fling,
And he cares not a fig for to-morrow.
Then let no one shrink,
But fill up the wine-cup, and merrily drink, ha! ha!

A king in his cups is a man,
Nor can he taste more of the pleasure;
His will may replenish the can—
He cannot drink more than his measure.
Then let no one shrink,
But fill up the wine-cup, and merrily drink, ha! ha!

"Bravo!" cried Pallet.

"I would encore it," said I; "but, really, Spondee, to hear that song but once is quite sufficient — to attract the universal applause of the auditors; there is a twist—a certain conceit (in the words, not the singer), and a simplicity (in the words, not the singer,) that is admirable."

"The praise of the judicious," said Spondee, "is always as welcome as it is well-timed. But, come, Pallet, I call upon you; for you *can* sing." And this was strictly true, for he not only possessed a fine voice, but was a good musician.

"What shall it be?" said Pallet; "something erotic or bacchanalian? Let me see; I'll give you the Latin canticle of Walter de Mapes—vinous and vigorous."

Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicunt cum venerint angelorum chori,
"Deus sit propitius huic potatori;"

Poculus accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna,
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
Quam quod aquâ miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunum odi tanquam funus.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo;
Nihil possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
Nihil valet penitùs quod jejunus scribo,
Nasonem post calices carmine prælibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur
  Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter benè satur:
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
  In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda fatur.

"Excellent!" cried Spondee; "and you have married the words to a most appropriate air. I know the verses well, and have 'done them into English.'"

"Is it a literal translation, or a paraphrase?" demanded Pallet.

"Almost verbatim," replied Spondee.

"Then, of course," said I, "you begin with 'My eye'?"

Spondee laughed, and tuning, with another bumper, he commenced,

I am firmly resolved in a tavern to die;
  Ply my lips, when I 'm dying, with gen'rous wine,
That the angels, when coming around me, may cry,
  'Great Jove! to this tippler with favour incline.'

The wine-cup enkindles new light in the mind;
  With nectar imbued, the heart heavenward shoots;
And the wine of the tavern is far, to my mind,
  'Bove that which the Governor's butler dilutes.

To each man his gift Nature kindly decrees:
  I never, while fasting, can eke out a stave;
Me, fasting, a boy may e'en vanquish with ease;
  Thirst and fasting are hateful to me as the grave.

As the wine is I drink, so the verse I indite;
  Unless I 've fared well, I can nothing compose,
Nothing worth are the verses which fasting I write,
  But after a bumper they equal Naso's!

And the spirit of prophecy I ne'er attain
  Till my belly with feeding is satisfied quite;
But, when Bacchus triumphantly reigns in my brain,
  Then Phœbus shines forth with a wonderful light.

We now began to wax very merry, and our interrogatories and replies became rather conflicting, observation jostled against remark, and we made the place ring again with our laughter.

At length, Pallet tapped the third and last bottle, and then volunteered a song of his own composition by way of an appropriate finish, for the sun was fast declining. So, without farther prelude, he quaffed another glass, and sang the following words, calling upon us to join chorus.

The lover may sigh for the smiles of the fair,
  The warrior burn for the laurel of fame,
But there breathes not the beauty my heart can ensnare,—
  And glory, when won, is a profitless name.
No; Venus and Mars are ungrateful to all
  Who foolishly bend at their dazzling shrine;
Deep sighs and deep scars to their share only fall,
  While Bacchus, *my* idol, supplies me with wine!
      And I laugh,
      And I quaff,
And drown all my cares in a goblet of wine!

How pallid the lover,—how reckless his air,
  If fickle the maiden, or should she but frown;
And the soldier, cut off in his brilliant career,
  What boots it to him that he lives in renown?
No, give me the bloom that gay Bacchus bestows;
  A crown of vine-leaves round my temples entwine;
I 'll yield all the scars—even Venus's rose—
  While Bacchus, my idol, supplies me with wine;
    And I 'll laugh,
    And I 'll quaff,
And drown all my cares in a goblet of wine!

THE PUMP AND THE SUCKER!

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

"Bring forth my richest robes, and haste, prepare
The choicest unguents; deck with gems my hair;
I go to join my lord: from his loved side
Fate shall not sever me, nor death divide.
By his own hand my Antony is gone
To Pluto's gloomy realms; shall I live on,
To grace proud Cæsar's triumph, and be borne
To Rome, at once my sex's pride and scorn?"
Thus, with unshrinking heart and tranquil mien,
Resolved to die, spake Egypt's vanquished queen.
Of husband, kingdom, liberty bereft;
Of all she prized most dearly, nought is left
That she should live for: kneeling on the ground,
She kisses with pale lips the gaping wound
Through which *his life-blood* wells, and to her heart
Strains that cold form, as though no more to part:
Not parted long,—laid on her throbbing breast,
The poisonous reptile will perform the rest:
A gasp,—a start,—the work of death is done,
And Cleopatra's earthly course is run.
The guard rush in,—too late, alas! to save
Her, whose fond love endured beyond the grave!

THE FEBRUARY SAINT.

Not St. Stephen.

BY THE DOCTOR.

Sir Robert calls the Commons.

" Ye Knights of the shire, barons, burgesses, all—
M.P.'s of all classes, attend to my summons;
Come from manor or mill, come from castle or hall,
From desk, ledger, or counter, come crowd to the Commons."
So Sir Robert's command
Peels aloud through the land,
And high swell the hopes, and the hearts of his band,
But let old St. Stephen's be ever so fine,
He is nothing, dear dames, to your St. Valentine.

Not Sir Shaw Lefevre.

ShawLefevre puts the Question.

" Pairings off," which last seldom much more than a night,
Are made not as matters of love but opposing ;
Our Saint in his pairings is bent to unite
In alliance to last until life-days are closing.
And all the year through,
'Mid yon quarrelsome creed,
On "putting the question" debate will ensue ;
A system far different to yours, girls, and mine.
Say " Yes " to *the* question, cries St. Valentine.

Not Saint Shrovetide.

Shrovetide eats a pan-cake.

Here comes up bold Shrovetide, all rosy and fat,
With pancake and fritters his jolly paunch swelling.
Bœuf gras is his charger ; his bowl is a vat ;
In cellar and larder he fixes his dwelling.
But, alas ! for his Grace,
He 's the last of his race ;
Next day hungry Lent shows his hangabone face.
" When to make people fast I should choose to incline,
'Tis to make fast in wedlock," quoth St. Valentine.

Not any other Saint but Queen Victoria I. and St. Valentine.

God save the Queen.

" Be the Saint of the month our good Bishop—so thought
Queen Victoria the first of her name, (May God bless her !)
When leap-year the privilege gave (as it ought),
To let her own choice as her husband address her ;

Married Leap Year. Married Feb. 10.

Count over days four,
Not another day more—
Comes Her Majesty's marriage, St. Vally's before.
And here let us toast in this goblet of wine,
The Princess and Prince of *that* St. Valentine.

THE STANDARD FOOTMAN.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

THE Art of rising in the world has been inculcated by numberless lessons of wisdom pretending to the minor aim of polishing the manners and enlightening the understanding. But it is, perhaps, only in a single instance that proficiency therein manifests itself from the period the future great man is able to run alone.—No one foresaw the future author of Macbeth in little Will in his swaddling-clothes. No one can have surmised Sir Isaac Newton in the cunning little Isaac, chary of his tops and marbles. But, in the great lanky footboy of twelve shooting up, like a bean-stalk in the fairy tale, in spite of all the wants and miseries that ought to keep him flat and compact, many a starving mother of the lower classes has foreseen the STANDARD FOOTMAN!

The standard footman is the man of genius of humble life, where the only *esprit* recognised is *l'esprit du corps*. The standard footman is the Lovelace of the kennel,—the Rochester of the area-gate. If the link-boy offer a striking burlesque of the Page of chivalry, the standard footman is a moral parody upon the beau of old comedy, the Lord Foppington of the stage. He is, in fact, the only *Marquis* (as a *Marquis* was painted by Molière) extant in Great Britain. The standard footman has "a livery more guarded than his fellows." His wages, which he calls a salary, double theirs. Yet he is as infallibly in debt as invariably in love; deep in the books of his laundress, —deep in the affections of the linen-draper's daughter, who would fain disgrace her family, and descend from the dignities of the counter, to become his wife. "For, bless you!" as her neighbours say, "what can she be a-thinking on?—Richard ben't by no means a marrying man!"

The only falling off, by the way, in the vocation of the standard footman, is this same Richardism. In France, in the days of magnificence, when palaces were constructed like Versailles, tragedies like those of Racine, and comedies like those of Molière, great people had ant-hills of lackeys in their households, who clung behind their coaches and six, on gala days, and ran errands in the absence of that modern locomotive conveniency, the post. But in those grandiose times aristocratic mouths disdained to pronounce familiarly the vulgar appellations bestowed by godfathers and godmothers at the baptismal font.

When a man's name was John, they call'd him,

not "Richard," but "Frontin." Their lackeys were slaves of their vassalry. Their lackeys, who were of the earth, earthy—a mere part and parcel of the clay of their estates, were called, instead of Tom or Harry, "Champagne," "Lorrain," "Picard," according to their province; or Jasmin, or La Fleur, according to their valet de

chambrehood. There was vast magniloquence in this. — "York, you're wanted!" or, "send Gloucester or Dorset to me," would certainly have a grander sound than "I rang for John." "Call Northumberland!" has absolutely a Shakspearian twang with it, and never more so than if applied to a stalwart, well-drilled standard footman.

Premising, however, that for the present these esquires of the aristocratic body are still called Robert or Richard, ("two pretty men,") it may be observed that the man born for the honours of a Marchionessorial chariot in Grosvenor Square, is fated to begin a life of servitude with gloomy prospects. The standard footman is sure to have been in his time an overgrown, lanky boy,—a diminutive sign-post or clothes horse, with the action of a telegraph, or an Irish member. No chance for *him* of the boudoir education of pagehood. At fourteen, he is a great awkward hulk, with uncouth limbs and features, whose only hope of preferment is by enlisting in the household brigade. But his awkwardness and uncouthness are that of a scaffolding promising the standard footman hereafter.

Even such a scaffolding was Tom Scroggs, one of seven sturdy little savages abiding in the cottage of Thomas Scroggs the elder, a locksman on the Paddington canal, domiciled in one of the squalid hovels on Boxmoor, ere Boxmoor became a land of railroads. The mother was a straw-plaiter, according to the custom of the county of Herts; and her children, as soon as their little fingers could move, were taught to fidget between them the coarse rushes of the moor, as a preliminary to the fair and glossy straws which at some future time were to be enwoven by them for the Dunstable market. All was plaiting in the hovel. The children seemed born neat-fingered and adroit. As the spinners of Hindostan possess a peculiar organization of the finger tips, enabling them to draw out the filmy threads that constitute the beauty of India muslins, so the Hertfordshire children possess an hereditary instinct for the manual jerk which accomplishes a first-rate straw-plaiter.

Tom, however, the second boy, was an exception. Tom rebelled against this sedentary employment. Tom had a soul above straws. At twelve years old, he was a Patagonian, towering above his brothers and sisters, and threatening some danger to the bare rafters of his low-browed dwelling; the cobwebs pendent whereunto were fanned hither and thither as he traversed the clay-floored chamber, which "served them for kitchen, for parlour, and all." It is a charming theme for elegiac poets to versify upon the union of poverty and content. Let them only try it for a year or two! Let them observe face to face the contentment of the poor. Sickness and neediness are peevish visitations; and Thomas Scroggs and Martha Scroggs were accordingly as cross a pair of parents as any Earl or Countess in Grosvenor Square, harassed by sons who choose to marry to please themselves, and daughters who do not please to marry at all. The mother was a scold, the father a brute; and Mr. and Mrs. Scroggs cuffed their offspring *ad libitum*, whenever they wanted courage to scold and cuff each other, or perhaps for the sake of variety, for their life was not chequered with much pastime: they had no plays or operas to resort to for diversion; and, under such circumstances, a domestic row may perhaps constitute an agreeable excitement.

Tom, however, was of a contrary opinion; and at length determined upon deserting altogether the hovel whose bread was at once so hard and so scanty, but whose words and blows, though equally hard, were superabundant. He was an extremely bad straw-plaiter; but there was no reason, he thought, that a frame so robust as his might not prove expert at some more manly calling. The Sunday-school at Two-Waters had made a scholar of him; that is, he could write his own name, and spell other people's when written, without much difficulty; and entertained little doubt (at fourteen years of age who does?) of being able to make his independent way in the world.

Most people have a vein of poetry in their souls, if they only knew where to find it. The silver thread in the iron or brazen nature of Tom Scroggs was a fond affection for a little sister two years younger than himself; a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, diminutive creature, the most adroit of the hereditary race of straw-plaiters. To quit little Mary without a word of farewell, was out of the question; and the word of farewell, the first he had ever had occasion to utter, brought a flood of tears. Tears purify the stubborn heart, as dew freshens the flower, and even the weed; and, in the moment of tenderness following this expansion of spirit, Tom confided all to his sister!

Now Mary was a little meek-spirited coward, and trembled for her brother. Stories of runaway children form the romance of the humble hearth-side; and in the agony of her little bursting heart she rose betimes from the straw-pallet shared with their younger sisters, and went and told her tale to her parents, that they might interrupt the escape of Master Thomas. Of course, the father's first impulse was to inflict such chastisement upon the boy as might render his distasteful home still more distasteful. But, after the severe thrashing which he knew would render escape impossible for a time, Scroggs the elder made proof that second thoughts are best, by proceeding to the neighbouring paper-mill, and obtaining for his uncouth offspring occupation in the manufactory. Before the day was up, the gaunt lad was established as an extra errand-boy, — on the ground, perhaps, of having for his years the longest legs in the parish.

The clumsy delinquent was by degrees promoted to the honour of blacking shoes and cleaning knives, to the relief of the parlour-maid, who waited at table in the establishment,—though too great a Yahoo to be admitted to an ostensible share of her labours. Even the manufacturer's wife, though far from a fine lady, saw the impossibility of producing before company, as her foot-page, a Hottentot, the sleeves of whose fustian jacket, and the legs of whose fustian trousers were always a world too short for his tremendous elongations. At sixteen, Tom was still an unlicked cub. He was the odd man, that is the odd boy, of the household; worked in the garden, fed rabbits, split wood, went on errands, no matter what; but still he was so gigantic for his years that these puerile occupations appeared as little suitable to him as the distaff of Omphale to the hands of the great club-man of the antique world. He was evermore jeered by the parlour-maid.

Don Juan or Byron — for Don Juan is but the comic mask of the noble poet, as Childe Harold his tragic one,—assures us that

'Tis pleasant to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes.

In humble life, it is perhaps equally agreeable to be instructed in the folding of table-cloths, and filling of salt-cellars, by female hands. The severest butler, the most barbarous groom of the chambers, would not have made a thousandth part so accomplished a scholar of Scroggs junior, as the burnished, bustling, little damsel, whose cherry-coloured cheeks vied with her cherry-coloured ribands, and who officiated as commander-in-chief in the pantry of the paper-mill. Maria's chidings were so much like praise! Maria's chidings of the errand-boy's awkwardness being, of course, just as coquettish in their way, as the *agaceries* of a young lady in her third London season, of the little faults of a raw ensign in the Guards,—that is, a raw ensign having a handsome face or handsome fortune. The ensign in the Guards so piquantly chided, becomes a dandy; the cub so charmingly cuffed, becomes an accomplished footman.

Thus pleasantly passed the tenour of Tom Scroggs's days, including the Sundays which, by permission of his Pharaoh of the mill, were usually spent in wandering about the green lanes by Gadesbridge, or Gaddesden, with his sisters; the straw-bonnet of his darling Mary being twisted round with a garland of woodbine or wild clematis, or hazel-nuts, pulled for her by his high-reaching hand; and thus, succeeding years might have worn away with little vicissitude, save those of summer and winter, spring and autumn, which changed the garlands from green wheat-ears to yellow, or the bouquets from bundles of violets to bundles of cornflowers,—when, lo! some malicious influence willed that the gaunt errand-boy of the paper-mill should be despatched with a packet of stationery to the steward's room, or office, of Ashridge Castle—the Windsor of the neighbourhood of Boxmoor.

From his boyhood, on occasions of battues in the woods, Tom Scroggs had made his way into those aristocratic precincts; had penetrated into the green grassy dells, and gazed with admiring eyes upon the herded deer gathered under those drooping beech-trees, the pride of the neighbourhood. But he had never approached the house, then but recently completed. To *him* it was as a majestic and forbidden palace — magical in its structure as that of Aladdin, — a thing to dream of in awe and rapture, as the eternal palace of the Unspeakable.

But upon this occasion, he was privileged to "pass the guards, the gates, the wall;"— to penetrate the courts both outer and inner, and finally make way into the domestic offices of the potentate so great in his eyes, to whom his burthen was addressed, as "The Right Honourable Earl of Bridgewater."

On his way, the eye of the young errand-man caught a glimpse of a terrestrial Paradise beyond all his former imaginings!—

On the smooth shaven lawn, before the long Gothic front of the hall, the white freestone of which was carved and pierced as though minarets of Brussels lace were uplifted in the air; on the smooth-shaven lawn, green as though one entire and perfect emerald lay extended in the sunshine, or rather, not an emerald, but a soft expanse of verdant velvet, worthy the foot of a queen, and the tripsome steps of her lovely ladies of honour,—on this smooth-shaven lawn, was a wicket set up; and, lo! a group of well-made, well-dressed indivi-

duals, in nankeen tights and silk stockings, and shirts of respectable make and whiteness, were indulging in the midsummer pastime of cricket!

For a moment, Tom Scroggs entertained little doubt that these gentlemen, whose laughter was ringing in the air, while their balls were bounding along the green, could be none other than the goodly sons of the Earl (albeit sons he had none), or Members of Parliament, or great lords, or perhaps captains of the armies of the King. But, on comparing the nankeen tights and woven silk enveloping their lower man, with the nankeen tights and woven silk adorning the extremities of certain bystanders, over whose shirts were still buttoned the livery coats of the house of Egerton, Tom Scroggs perceived that the cricketers were none other than the lackeys of Lord Bridgewater, disporting themselves according to their custom of an afternoon, and the benign permission of the venerable Earl and Countess. Wandering towards an iron garden-fence hard by, his eye caught sight of the coats which had been flung aside by the heroes *in cuerpo*, so much greater men *without* their laced jackets than with them. Spruce, lustrous, joyous, well powdered as they were, they were simply footmen—not angels, but footmen!

From that moment, Tom dreamed only of a livery. From that moment, footmen became in his imagination

> Gay creatures of the elements,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live;

happy individuals in nankeen tights and shirts of fine Irish; whose chief occupation in the household of an Earl is to play cricket on a green lawn, alternated with shade and sunshine by quivering beech-trees. Tom had never seen London,—never heard

> The rattle of street-pacing steeds,—

nor the rat-tat-too of a footman's thundering rap. Vigils, cares, watchings, waitings, were mysteries to him.

Be it freely admitted that Tom Scroggs, like Cæsar, was ambitious. He began to loathe the sight, sound, and smell of the mill. He despised the simple suits and simpler manners of the workmen. Doubling the folly of Malvolio, he could think of nothing but lords and ladies. To tread evermore upon smooth lawns or smoother carpets; to play everlastingly cricket and the fool—oh! happy fate! oh! thrice happy footmen!

Tom, though a rebellious, had not been a bad son. From the period of his having wages at command, they had been transferred to the house on Boxmoor; and sister Mary had now a handsome shawl for Sundays, to enhance the simplicities of her straw-bonnet.

But he was now generous no longer. He was become an egotist,—the first step towards becoming a great man. As a preliminary to silk hose, he made a purchase of cotton ones to replace on Sundays his coarse, speckled, worsted stockings; and became, by one, by two, and by three, a man of many shirts. By degrees his wardrobe grew and grew; and, though it contained nothing which the gentleman in nankeen summer-tights would not have consigned to the flames or the old clothes shop, it was as a dawning of dandyism to the Hertfordshire clown.

An ambitious mind is not disposed to let "I dare not, wait upon I would." Tom was well aware that a livery would not fall, like the prophet's mantle, on his shoulders, while he stood gazing afar off upon the splendour of Ashridge Castle; and, after much heart-aching and head-aching, yearning and spurring, aspiring and desiring, Tom Scroggs gave warning at the mill, and came straight to town, where his handsome person and a four years' character procured him a situation as second footman in the family of a wealthy cit, not too choice in the graces of his lackeys. A firm, active, good-humoured-looking young man, to go behind Mrs. Graham's blue coach, with red wheels, in a green livery, and help to wait at table at his villa at Edmonton, was all he wanted; and Scroggs was the man for his money. "Thomas was the civilest fellow in the world. Thomas was a tulip!"

All this was miles and miles distant from the nankeen tights and the greensward at Ashridge;—and the soul of genius was burning within the body of Thomas, and consuming it away. Nothing like a secret grief for refining the mind and manners. In the pantry of the Grahams, the pensive youth sat and dreamed of the West End. No boy-member, conscious of the inspirations of a Fox or a Burke, ever sighed more wofully after distinction. The blue coach and its modest cipher were loathsome in his sight. He wanted coronets and supporters. He wanted a simple livery in place of the spinach-coloured coat and lace wherewith he was bedizened. He wanted levees,—he wanted drawing-rooms at which to display his noble proportions.

There does not exist an object of modern art, an adjunct of modern civilization, more exclusively and peculiarly artificial, than the London chariot of some fashionable English duchess,—a *bijou*, in all but its dimensions: the ease of its movements, smooth as the address of a ministerial candidate,—the lustre of its component parts, polished as the manners of a Lord Chamberlain,—the precision, elegance, symmetry, and proportion of its distribution,—the blood horses,—the standard footmen,—so nicely matched,—the harness so light, and yet so heavy,—the coachman in his snow-white wig and cocked-hat, so ponderous, yet so light of hand; the elastic cushions, with their pale delicate silk lace, the polished ivory handles, the fleecy rug, the resplendent panels,—the varnish, black as jet,—all these are glorious adjuncts of the life that begins at two o'clock in the day, and ends at four o'clock in the morning!

The best part of the town chariot, however, decidedly consists in its brace of standard footmen. A pair of anything—saving a matrimonial pair—is sure to have an harmonious appearance. A pair of pictures, a pair of statues, a pair of vases, a pair of consoles, a pair of shells, sells for fourfold the money of the same objects single. There is something in the words "a good match" agreeable to other ears besides the mothers of many daughters. Most things in nature are of the dual number,—substance bears its shadow,—sound its echo;—and happiness is by no means the only abstract sentiment that is "born a twin."

But of all the happy pairs in creation, few are more agreeable to the eye than a pair of standard footmen. Sportsmen accustomed to talk of partridges and Mantons, usually say brace;—but pair

comes more glibly. A pair of standard footmen seems to be the real pair of inexpressibles. For many years, it was the custom of every servants' hall to have its hiring-stand, whereby the altitude of the footman presenting himself for an engagement was decided. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Now-a-days, a box is set up, compact as a coffin, in which the absolute dimensions of the appendage to the town chariot are minutely verified; — so many inches across the shoulders,—in girth so much,—and so forth. The match must be as exact as that of a pair of Shetland ponies intended to run in a royal carriage. Even complexion and whiskers come into the account; and last season, it transpired that one of the most elegant and fashionable countesses of the day had sent for her apothecary, and placed one of her standard footmen under as severe a course of medicine and regimen as though he had been about to run for the Derby, because he was outgrowing his measure, and was too accomplished a fellow to be dismissed from his service for obesity. It was an easier affair to starve him down than to replace him.

Bitter was the anguish of spirit with which the Thomas of the Barbecues contemplated these aristocrats of the shoulder-knot as they flitted past him, mounted on their monkey-boards, behind the brilliant equipages of the season; yet all winter he stood his destiny manfully.

It is a painful task to dwell upon the infirmities of human nature. Everybody knows who looks at a balloon that it is destined for the skies; and everybody knew who looked at Thomas that he was assured of the future honours of the standard. But the air-balloon takes a terrible long time in the filling; exposed to endless bumpings and thumpings in the contest between its skyward and earthward tendency; and equally percussive were the changes of Tom Scroggs's fortunes, while vibrating between the East end and the West.

Not to dwell too long upon the pantry, suffice it for posterity that, in the twenty-third year of his age,—this boy premier, this Pitt of the shoulder-knot,—was established as the second of the two helots in blue and gold of the fashionable young Countess of Frothington, in Carlton Gardens;—the most accomplished of his vocation,—the Trip of living life.

Never was there such a Thomas seen as *our* Thomas;—

—— A creature
Framed in the very poetry of nature;

a picture of a standard footman; a man who might have preceded the sedan of Lady Teazle or the beautiful Lady Coventry; or delivered in the ticket of the fairest of duchesses at Hastings's trial. Where had he attained all these accomplishments? There is a college in Normandy for the education of learned poodles, where they take degrees as bachelors of the arts of telling fortunes on cards, or become Doctors Bowwowring. But *is* there—(perhaps some one of the two hundred thousand readers of Bentley's Miscellany may be able to inform me)—is there within the bills of mortality a school for the perfecting of footmen? It is next to impossible that such airs and graces can come by nature. A poet is born a poet;—a standard footman can scarcely be born a standard footman;—or, at all events, little Tom Scroggs can scarcely have been born the unequalled Thomas of Carlton Gardens.

Imagine, dear two hundred thousand readers, imagine the marble of the Apollo Belvedere mollified by a tepid bath, and dressed by Meyer or Curlewis in a suit fitting as close as the glove of an *élégante* of the Chaussée d'Antin, or the calyx of a rose-bud!—Imagine a head powdered and perfumed like that of Fleury in the part of some charming Marquis!—Imagine a cocked-hat with its silver-lace and tassels so nicely balanced over the well-powdered head, that if "zephyr blowing underneath the violet, not wagging its sweet head," had chosen to have a blow at the head of Thomas, it must have been blown over.

No need to dwell upon the whiskers, arranged in tiers of curls, five tiers in the right whisker and four in the left, according to the fashion of the most memorable coxcomb of the day. No need to enlarge upon a complexion which perhaps owed something to the Kalydor and Gowland, said by Lord Frothington's *valet de chambre* to disappear in a most mysterious manner from his lordship's toilet-table, with his orange-flower pomatum and *bouquet de verveine*. No need to describe the fit of a varnished shoe, "small by degrees, and beautifully less," at the extremity of a manly leg, vying with that of Pam on a court card. For the distinctions of Thomas were not solely physical.—Thomas was a Rochester and a Buckingham in refinement of mind as well as body. For four preceding years, Thomas had made the Morning Post his daily study, and the Peerage and Baronetage his Sunday reading. Thomas knew what was what, and who was whom,—everybody by name who had a name, and anybody by sight worthy to meet the eyes of a standard footman.

Whatever carriage might roll to the door in Carlton Gardens, for its footman to deliver the name of the visiters was wholly superfluous;—the Heralds' office united could not have produced a more cunning interpreter of arms and liveries than Thomas. He was moreover a living Court Guide and ambulatory Directory. No sooner had two syllables of the name of the person she intended to visit escaped the lips of the young Countess of Frothington, than Thomas was perched behind the chariot beside Henry, like twin Mercuries "new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," while a distinct enunciation, "clear as a trumpet with a silver sound," conveyed instructions to the coachman;—and off, like an arrow from a bow, went the carriage; obeying, like the magic horse of a fairy tale, the scarcely expressed wishes of its lovely mistress, the spell being breathed by the accomplished lips of Thomas.

It has been hinted, that Lady Frothington's two Trips were so Machiavelic in their policy, so perfect in their tact, as to know precisely at what part of the file of carriages at the Opera, Almack's, or other balls, to place her ladyship's chariot, so as to be within reach at the precise moment they were likely to be called for. They were supposed to be able to infer to a second at what o'clock the Countess was likely to be bored, according to the carriages and cabriolets in waiting; or the likelihood of a division in the House of Commons, or the claims of a party at the palace. For instance, on observing the pretty Viscountess alight from her carriage, attired in her chatelaine of diamonds, when his own lady happened to wear only flowers or turquoises, Thomas, certain that the Countess would shrink from being over-blazed, hastened to bring up Lady Frothington's equipage within ready reach, and kept as close to the door as

was compatible with the unsavoury odours of the linkmen and other fractions of the populace who congregate at the heels of the police, wherever lords and ladies assemble together for the purpose of sitting through a ball, or talking through a concert.

The moment a certain cabriolet was seen to drive up, on the other hand, and deposit one of the most popular of aristocratic dandies, Thomas would intimate to the coachman that he might retire to the opposite side of the square, or end of the street, and enjoy his two hours' snooze, unmolested by the coughing of horses, the smashing of panels, or the snoring of his brother whips. Exact as an astronomer's calculations of a planet's rising and setting, were those of the standard footman touching the duration of the flirtations of her ladyship.

In former times, in the old-fashioned halls of our family mansions, the domestics of visiters were allowed to sit down and wait for their masters and mistresses; inasmuch as, the season being then really winter, the footmen would have run some chance of being frozen to death at the doors; and highly offensive were the results of a practice which compelled young and gentle ladies to confront the ordeal of their insolent stare and vulgar comments on their way to the uncloaking room. Now, it is considered that the insolent stare and vulgar comments of the dandies above are sufficient; and very few and very quizzical are the houses where the livery of London is admitted beyond the threshold. A modern vestibule, delicately carpeted and filled with exotics, is a far more appropriate portico to the temple of pleasure, than a hall full of dusty or humid livery-servants.

Now that the regulations of the police are as accurate as the scapements of clock-work,—now that the London season commences with the strawberry season, and ends with pheasant-shooting, the appropriate place for footmen is the pavement, whence they meet in parliament on the coach-box, over the opposite corners of whose hammercloth the twin Mercuries swing their legs and canes, on either side of Coachee, like genii perched upon the marble angles of a monument in Westminster Abbey.

> " There they talk,—
> Ye gods, how they do talk !"—

of the state of the nation,—the state of their lords and ladies,—the state of ladies who love their lords, and lords who love their ladies. They know everything,—they say everything. With *them* no delicate hints,—no slight insinuations,—no shirking a question, or diplomatising an answer. They are in everybody's secrets. My lady can only surmise the mysteries of my lord, or my lord those of my lady. Their footmen are at the bottom of both. Their footmen have compared notes with the footmen who brought the notes. However cautiously the secret may have been worded in the morning, it is sure to be blurted out without reserve, at night, between the accomplished gentleman in blue and gold and the accomplished gentleman in silver and white.

At the gate of Kensington Gardens, or the Zoological Gardens, or *déjeûners*, or exhibitions, day after day, a meeting assembles like that of the Scientific Association, calculated to bring all things to light. The gossip of one fashionable dinner-table alone, within earshot of three or four first-rate Thomases, is sufficient to disperse

throughout the town rumours enough to set a hundred families of consideration into a ferment.

Perhaps the most fastidious gentleman now extant is the standard footman. The style in which he surveys a snobby equipage, —or answers the "Lady Frothington at home?" of some stunted Richard in a quizzical livery, the armorial bearings correspondent with which have neither place nor station in Debrett or Lodge, might form a study for the less impertinent scorners of Crockford's. The eye of half vacant wonder with which he contrives to express his amazement that such *very* obscure individuals should exist in the world, and such very detestable equipages be allowed to go about, — the extraordinary flexibility of feature whereby he conveys his utter alienation and estrangement of nature from the animal who affects confraternization with him, because also arrayed in a parti-coloured coat, is beyond all praise. Brummell could not have done it better, when wreaking his dandified contempts upon his "fat friend" George the Fourth.

In this superlative exquisitism of the shoulder-knot, the Thomas of Carlton Gardens excelled.

"Going to Willis's with your vouchers? Then pray change ours for me," said a certain James, the "standard" of Lady R., a banker's lady of Cavendish Square, on meeting Lady Frothington's "standard," in the neighbourhood of King Street, one Wednesday morning.

"*Weeleeses?*" ejaculated Thomas, with a countenance calculated to turn sour all the cream in Grange's shop,—"of what are you talking? My dear fellow,—you don't suppose *we* go to Almack's? Her ladyship refused the patroness-ship last season. Almack's is vastly well to bring out squires' daughters, or push the acquaintance of bankers' wives; but WE have given it up these two years."

Thomas is an epicure as well as a dandy. Thomas never tastes ice of anything but fresh strawberries, after March. When accompanying other Thomases to the doors of "dealers in British compounds," while waiting for her ladyship at those privileged parties, when the carriage is despatched to the other end of the street or side of the square, Thomas is scrupulously careful to quaff in a tumbler the brown stout which less fastidious flunkeys are quite satisfied to swallow out of pewter pots. Thomas would not derange the set of his well-starched cravat by turning round to look at the prettiest nursery-maid tripping down the steps of Carlton Gardens into the park; the plait of his shirt-frill being quite as much an object to *him* as to any of the dear creatures who have given to the fashionable clubs the aspect of milliners' shops.

Thomas is not aware of the existence of the multitudinous untitled, saving as "the populace." He talks about "the people" as being never contented; and wonders what all this rubbish can mean about the repeal of the Corn Laws. As he steps jauntily across the kennel, with his hat on one side, and his thumb jerked negligently into his waistcoat, on his way to deliver a note to the handsome young Marquis, Thomas is fifty times as fine a gentleman as any one of the heroes of the nankeen tights. But who on earth would ever detect the ragged urchin of Boxmoor in this essenced fop,—this sunny epicurean!—Who would ever surmise the lanky errand-boy in Lady Frothington's STANDARD FOOTMAN?

JONAS GRUBB'S COURTSHIP.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

In which Jonas is discovered under the influence of the green-eyed monster.

"OH, Lar', Molly! I thenks on 'e all day long, and drames on 'e o' nights! When wool 'e zay eez, and put m' out o' me mizery, Molly? Them eyes o' yourn be as black as slans, and warn't made to luk zo scarnvul."

This tender appeal was addressed by Jonas Grubb to his master's plump rosy-cheeked and black-eyed maid-servant, as he came into the kitchen to breakfast.

Molly appeared to be too much engaged in preparing the morning-meal to pay any attention to her lover, who continued to plead his cause.

"Ah! Molly," said he, "ye purtends to be as dunch as a bittle, but I kneows 'e hears ev'ry word I zays. How can 'e gwo on zo—it 's aggrivation, I tell 'e."

"Lar' a massey! what a caddle th' bist a makin', Jonas," said the damsel, turning sharply round; "th' bist out o' thee wits!"

"Ah! to be zhure I be; and who made m' zo, Molly?" was Jonas's rejoinder.

"Lar'! Maester Grubb," cried the girl; "how should *I* kneow."

"Why, it 's theezelf, thee ownzelf, Molly," continued her lover. "Do 'e take pity on m', and let 's be married at Whitzuntide."

"He! he! he!" laughed Molly. "I ain't *thought* o' zuch a theng, Jonas."

"Coom, coom, then, *begin* to thenk on't, Molly."

"Time enuf vor that, Jonas."

"No, there ain't."

"Eez, there be."

"No, there ain't, I tell 'e; dwon't tarment a body zo."

"*I* dwon't tarment th'."

"Eez, but 'e dwoes, Molly," said the love-sick clodpole, taking her by the hand; "them lips o' your'n were made vor kissin'."

And suiting the action to the word, he endeavoured to convince her that he was in earnest; her chubby cheek received the salute, while, endeavouring to free herself from his grasp, she cried, half-laughing, half angry,—

"Ha' done, Jonas! Dwon't 'e be a cussnation vool! I 'll call missus!"

"Noa, noa, I zha'n't: I dwon't mind vor nobody," continued Jonas, still struggling with the coy Abigail. "I won't ha' done vor King Gearge his zelf."

"Leave m' 'lone, y' great gawney!" cried the girl; "here's zomebody comin.'"

At that moment a loud "Haw! haw!" was heard outside, and Jonas, relinquishing his grasp, turned, and saw the grinning countenance of his fellow-servant, George Gabbett, looking in at the casement, his eyes dilated to their fullest extent, and his enormous mouth stretching from ear to ear.

"What! I've cot 'e, have I!" cried George, as he entered the kitchen: "pretty gwoin's on, I thenks — what 'll our missus zay to 't."

Molly hung down her head, and Jonas, affecting indifference, pretended to be amused with something which he saw from the window. When, however, he turned his head, he perceived that something had passed between George and Molly, *sotto voce*, for the girl blushed scarlet, and George began to whistle a tune, with a view to lull suspicion.

Jonas felt that he was a miserable clodpole, and that his worst fears were realised. He beheld in the awkward, goggle-eyed, and huge-mouthed George Gabbett, a *rival*, — he was quite sure of it, and his heart sunk within him at the thought. What *could* she see in George to prefer before him? He was not ill-looking, while his fellow-servant was a perfect fright.

Certes, there was nothing prepossessing in the *looks* of George Gabbett; but, like many other ugly fellows, Nature had given him "a tongue that might wheedle the devil," and he had, ere the morning in question, made good use of it, to the prejudice of Jonas, and the advancement of his own suit.

It is very true that Molly had often compared the looks of her two swains, and had really thought Jonas a good-looking young fellow, and a good-natured one to boot; but, whenever her heart was inclined towards her more comely lover, the eloquent persuasion of George Gabbett put him entirely out of her head for a time.

Jonas felt much annoyed at the rude interruption he had just experienced, but he considered it politic to dissemble; so, having mused awhile as he looked out of the window, he turned, and entered into conversation with George, who had already laid siege to the bread and bacon, while Molly had gone to fetch a mug of beer.

"Bist a gwoin' to th' vair next week, Gearge?" he inquired.

"Ah, that I be," said the rustic Thersites, with a provoking smile, which distorted his huge mouth amazingly; "and Molly 's gwoin' wi' m'."

"No, I 'll be drattled if her is!" cried Jonas indignantly.

"Hollo! what 'st *thee* got to do wi' 't?" said Gabbett: "her won't ask *thy* leave, I 'm zhure."

"Eez, her wool."

"Noa, her won't."

"But I kneows her won't gwo with 'e!" cried Jonas, waxing warm.

"Well, wayt a bit, and zee if her dwon't."

"I shan't wayt vor zuch a vool as thee," said Jonas, losing his temper.

"Haw! haw!" laughed the other. "*He 's the vool as loses!*"

This provoking reply stung Jonas to the quick: he felt as if he could have destroyed his rival at a single blow.

"'Od drattle thee body!" he cried, bursting with rage; "dost thee suppwose any wench 'll ever luk at *thy* ugly veace?"

George Gabbett laughed at this demonstration until he was in danger of choking, for he had continued to demolish the bread and bacon, without being put out of his way by Jonas's jealous fit. But when he found that his fellow-servant had worked himself up into a passion, he lost all command of himself, and roared like a bull-calf with very glee.

"What bist a lafin' at, y' ugly wosbird!" said Jonas, trembling with choler; and, striding up to Gabbett, he knocked the huge lumps of bread and bacon out of his horny fist to the other end of the kitchen.

This was too much. Gabbett jumped up, and, with an oath, threw himself into the most approved boxing attitude, calling upon Jonas to "Come on, and vight it owt like a man;" but the cause of the threatened combat now re-entered the kitchen with the mug of beer. Stepping between her lovers, she entreated them to desist.

"Do 'e zet down, Gearge!—zet down, Jonas," said Molly, alarmed at the fierce looks of the belligerents; "*pray* do 'e leave off this, or I 'll gwo and drow m'zelf in th' 'os-pond as zhure 's vate." And having uttered this pathetic appeal, she raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"Dwon't 'e fret, Molly," said Jonas, sitting down. "I won't touch un."

"Thed 'st better not," observed George Gabbett as he went in search of his stray bread and bacon, which, however, the old house-dog had quietly devoured during the fray. "If th' put'st a vinger on m', I 'll knock thee yead off."

"Be quiet, Gearge—be quiet," said Molly. "If 'e dwon't be quiet, I 'll gwo and pack up my thengs, and leave *di*rectly."

"What did a knock my vittels out o' m' hand, then, vor?" growled Gabbett, taking his seat, and helping himself to an enormous piece of bread, upon which he placed a thick slice of bacon, and then a smaller piece of the former, on which to rest his thumb while he divided the mass with his clasp-knife.

Jonas also began to help himself, though his appetite had been blunted a little by what had passed, and their meal was discussed in silence, with an occasional interchange of black looks, for neither party appeared desirous of renewing the conversation.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Which shows that even personal ugliness may be occasionally turned to some account.

"HAW! haw! haw! haw!"

"He! he! he! he!"

"Oh Lar'! only luk at *that!* Did 'e ever zee zuch a veace in all yer life?"

"Lar' a' massey! I howpes as how there 's no married 'ooman here to-day! Haw! haw! haw! I shall zartinly die o' lafin'."

Such were the exclamations which came from a crowd of men, women, and boys, assembled round a stage, upon which two rustics were grinning through horse-collars. The various attractions of the fair

were neglected for a while, and even the grimaces of "Joey" on the adjoining stage gave place to the wonderful contortions of the human face divine exhibited by the two clodpoles, who were certainly striving their utmost to show how far Nature's lines might be perverted.

"Grin away, Tom!" cried a fellow in the crowd. "Grin away, m' bwoy! Thee 'lt get th' hat, I 'm zartin zhure."

"Two to one on Jim," roared another; "he 'd grin a hosse's yead off."

"They 're a couple o' th' ugliest wosbirds in the vair," cried a third; "'e wunt vind zuch a pair as they in a hurry, I 'll be bound."

Among the crowd was Jonas Grubb, and his fellow-servant, George Gabbett, who had adjusted their differences, and come to indulge in the humours of the fair. Gabbett was looking earnestly at the grinning contest, and, having observed it for some time in silence, he turned to his companion.

"Jonas," said he, "I thenks *I* could do that as well as they."

"Thee bist a queer quist,"* remarked Jonas sarcastically; "I wonder th' doesn't try't."

"Dald if I dwon't," cried Gabbett; "bide a bit till they chaps ha' done."

In a few minutes the umpires decided in favour of one of the grinners, who was therefore declared the victor, if no other competitor appeared; but he enjoyed his honours for a short time only, and when George Gabbett mounted the stage, there was a sort of anticipatory laugh among the crowd, who made sure that he would bear off the prize.

"What 'st thenk ov *he*, naybour?" cried an old man, pointing to the new candidate. "What 'st thenk ov thuck ard'nary wosbird? A 's enuf to vrighten the owld un."

"I zhuodn't like to vind un in bacon vor a month," said another. "What a mouth a 's got, to be zhure!"

"What a yead!" cried a third.

"What a knock-kneed zon of a ——!" remarked an old man. "I wonders how zuch a pair o' legs can stand under zuch a yead and zhowlders as hisn."

"Howld yer tongues," cried a woman in the crowd; "you 'll put the young man out o' countenance, if 'e gwoes on zo."

All these remarks were very gratifying to Jonas Grubb, who wished that Molly had been there to hear them.

"The people be quite right," thought he; "a *is* a ugly twoad as a body may zee in a day's journey."

Meanwhile Gabbett had taken up the horse-collar, and thrust his head through it. The effect was irresistible; nothing was ever seen before so ludicrously ugly. The men roared with delight, and the women laughed till they held their sides, while the boys, an octave or

* "Thee bist a queer quist, or quest." — This phrase, so common in the north of Wiltshire, is said to have had its origin in the following story. A simple, half-witted country fellow, once went a birds'-nesting, and, having scrambled to the top of a pollard-oak, in the hope of finding the nest of a wood-pigeon, or wood-quest, he beheld therein a nest of young owls, certainly the oddest-looking creatures of the feathered tribe when young. The nestlings, perceiving the large goggle-eyes of the intruder looking down upon them, greeted him with a simultaneous hiss of indignant disapprobation, whereupon the clown drew back, and exclaimed as he looked upon the foremost, who manifested a disposition to resent this invasion of their abode,—"*Thee bist a queer quest!*"

two higher, joined in the general chorus. George Gabbett grinned with exultation, while the hitherto successful candidate looked glum, and seemed half inclined to abuse him for possessing so much ugliness.

"Give un the hat!" cried a dozen voices. "Ye 'll never zee his fellow if we stands here till doomsday!"

Gabbett here turned and made his obeisance to the spectators with an awkward bow, which he intended to be as much as possible like that of the favourite candidate at the late election. They acknowledged it with shouts of riotous laughter. Jonas wished his fellow-servant at Jericho.

The new hat was now taken from the pole on which it was set at the end of the stage and presented to Gabbett, who appeared absolutely crazed by his success. He seized the prize with one hand, and with the other tossed his old hat among the crowd. Wiser heads than his have rejected the maxim of the Roman poet, and neglected to shorten sail when too much swelled by the breeze of prosperity. As he descended the stage, a crowd of loose fellows pressed around, and asked him to treat them. He was too much elated to heed the remonstrances of Jonas, who thereupon left him to his fate.

The successful grinner was hurried to an alehouse amid ironical cries of triumph, which the conceited clown considered genuine manifestations of admiration.

"Why, you looks as vierce as Thomas o' Warminster,"* said a sinister-visaged fellow, eyeing his new hat, and keeping close to his side. "We must have a quart on the strength on't."

"Ah! that us woll—two or dree quarts!" cried the elated chopstick. "I 've got a pound-bill, and I meawns to spend un afore I gwoes whoam! Here, landlord! bring us a quart o' zixpenny!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

In which Thersites enacts Apollo, and in which one of the lost fables of Æsop is discovered.

George Gabbett found no difficulty in obtaining plenty of people to drink to his success, and at his expense. The "pound-bill" had been changed, and was disappearing as fast as the beer it purchased; for the working classes in town and country are wonderful proficients in such feats;† and there were no temperance societies and no Father

* Poor Thomas o' Warminster was another half-witted clodpole, who being at a neighbouring town, purchased a new hat, and was so delighted with his acquisition, that in the pride of his heart he resolved to treat himself with an extra quart, which had the effect of adumbrating the little sense he possessed. His road home at night lay through a wood, in which he soon lost himself, when he began to bawl out aloud for help, crying with stentorian lungs, "A man lost! a man lost!" The owls had taken up their evening song, and between the pauses of the rustic's shouts he plainly heard their prolonged "who-o-o!"—"Poor Thomas o' Warminster," replied he. "Who-o-o-o-o!" continued the owls, while he of Warminster repeated his answer; till at length waxing warm with the supposed authors of the interrogatories, who, he imagined by the provoking iteration, were making merry at his expense, he wrathfully roared out, "*Poor Thomas o' Warminster, I tell ye,—and a vine new hat!*"

† A story is told of a couple of fellows who once stole a barrel of beer from a stage-waggon. Having got it home, with the usual recklessness of the dishonest, they held a council with others of the same stamp how they might consume it. First one, then another hard drinker was named, as persons likely to render efficient

Matthews in those days. The human sponges stuck to their entertainer, and appeared willing to *drink* as long as *he paid;* while Gabbett himself, wrapt in an atmosphere of beer and tobacco smoke, was the presiding deity of the place. Songs, horse-laughter, and coarse jests resounded from upwards of a score of throats, and at length the bemused clodpole was asked to favour the company with a stave.

"Gen'elmen," said he, pressing down the ashes of his pipe, and spitting through his teeth,—"gen'elmen, I bean't much ov a zenger; but when I'm in company, I allus does m' best,—coz a body ough'n't to ax other people to do that as they dwon't like to do theirzelves"—(hiccup).

"Hurror!" cried the company, hammering the tables lustily, and stamping with their feet, in token of approval, "a zong! a zong!"

"Here gwoes, then," said Gabbett, and forthwith he commenced singing, in a voice which might have been heard all over the fair:—

THE HARNET AND THE BITTLE.

A Harnet zet in a hollow-tree,—
A proper spiteful twoad was he,—
And he merrily zung while he did zet,
His stinge as zharp as a baganet,
"Oh, who's zo bowld and vierce as I,
I vears not bee, nor wapse, nor vly?"
Chorus—Oh, who's zo bowld, &c.

A Bittle up thuck tree did clim',
And scarnvully did luk at him,
Zays he, "Zur Harnet, who giv' thee
A right to zet in thuck there tree?
Although you zengs so nation vine,
I tell 'e it's a house o' mine."
Chorus—Although you zengs, &c.

The Harnet's conscience velt a twinge,
But growin' bowld wi' his long stinge,
Zays he, "Possession 's the best law,
Zo here th' shasn't put a claw.
Be off, and leave the tree to me:
The Mixen's good enough vor thee!"
Chorus—Be off, and leave, &c.

Just then a Yuccle passin' by,
Was axed by them their cause to try.
"Ha! ha! it's very plain," zays he,
"They'll make a vamous nunch vor me!"
His bill was zharp, his stomack lear,
Zo up a snapped the caddlin pair.
Chorus—His bill was sharp, &c.

MORAL.

All you as be to law inclined,
This leetle story bear in mind;
For if to law you ever gwo,
You'll vind they'll allus zarve 'e zo;

---

service in despatching the contents of the barrel, which was then to be burnt, in order that the robbery might not be traced. "Let's ask owld Tom," said one of the worthies. "Oh, noa," cried another; "it's o' no use a vetchin' *he*,—he can't drink no mwore nor dree gallons wi'out gettin' drunk!"

You 'll meet the vate o' these 'ere two :
They 'll take your cwoat and carcass too !
Chorus—You 'll meet the vate, &c.

There was a tremendous roar of approbation at the conclusion of this elegant ditty, and George Gabbett grinned like an ape with excess of self-conceit. The liquor was beginning to fuddle both him and those he was entertaining.

In the mean time Jonas had made the round of the fair, and seen all that was worth seeing, including giants and giantesses, dwarfs, fire-eaters and fire-vomiters, with a host of other intellectual sights, too numerous to be recorded here. Evening was now coming on, and Jonas, supposing his fellow servant well occupied, determined to steal home and have a *tête-à-tête* with Molly. He accordingly proceeded down a by-street, intending to reach the outskirts of the town, when, lo! he came plump upon George Gabbett, reeling drunk, between two of the lowest women of the place. His hat, the *new* hat, which he had so successfully grinned for, was gone, and that which now graced his head was of the kind which modern Cockneys designate "shocking bad." No doubt some of the worthies he had been entertaining had lent him that to reel about in, while the new one was taken care of till his return!

"Ha! Jonas!" stuttered the drunkard, "glad y' 've coom, m' bwoy! What 'll 'e ha' to drenk, eh?"

"Nothin'," replied Jonas. "I be gwoin' whoame."

"Well, bide a bit, and ha' a drap o' zummut."

"Noa, I zhan't ha' no mwore to-day, iv I kneows it."

"Od drattle th'!" cried Gabbett, disengaging himself from his companions, and putting himself in a boxing attitude, "if 'e won't drenk, wull 'e vight?"

"No, I won't do that nayther," said Jonas, trying to avoid him, when Gabbett raised his hand and struck a blow at him, which missed its aim, and the striker overbalancing himself, fell flat on his face. Jonas thought this a good opportunity to beat a retreat, and taking to his heels, was soon out of the reach of his quarrelsome fellow-servant.

Having reached home, he found out Molly, and related to her in glowing colours George Gabbett's adventures at the fair, and the reader may be sure the description was "illustrated with cuts." The effect was just such as he wished and expected. Molly determined to renounce her profligate lover, and cleave to the more orderly one;—in a word, she made up her mind from that hour to marry Jonas.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."—*Domestic Anthology.*

ABOUT a fortnight after the scene described in the preceding chapter, the curate at Cricklade announced to the congregation "the banns of marriage between Jonas Grubb and Mary Little," and these parties being "out axed," they were duly made man and wife, to the great chagrin of Mr. Gabbett, who wondered what Molly could see in such a fellow as Jonas.

About nine months afterwards, Jonas, who had been retained on the same farm as an out-door servant, was one morning missed by his fellow labourers, who observed that he did not come to work so early as usual. Breakfast time arrived, but no Jonas; and they had just finished their meal, and were preparing to return to work, when one of them discovered him approaching with an unusual air of dejection. It was a bitter cold winter morning, the snow covered the ground, and poor Grubb looked like a locomotive icicle. As he approached, various conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of his absence. At length he arrived among them, looking care-worn and woe-begone.

"Ha! Jonas," cried half a dozen voices, "what 's the matter? What makes 'e zo late? How 's missus?"

To this string of interrogatories Jonas replied, "Ho, her 's better *now.*"

"Better! What, is her put to bed, then?" was the rejoinder.

"Eez."

"Ha! what 's a got?—a bwoy or a girl?"

"Neither."

"Ha, what!—neither a bwoy nor a girl! Has a got nothin'?"

"Oh, eez," replied Jonas, with a rueful expression of countenance, "a 's got zummut wi' a vengeance."

"Well, what *is* it, Jonas?—what is it, Jonas Grubb?"

"*Twins!*" said Jonas, mournfully.

There was a burst of horse laughter at this announcement. Some began to condole with poor Grubb, others to banter him; but George Gabbett, who was among them, said not a word, though it was apparent that he enjoyed Jonas's tribulation.

At length the men separated, and proceeded in different directions to their work. They had just cleared the court-yard, when Gabbett, looking over his shoulder at Jonas, who had remained behind, roared out,—

"Ah, Jonas! it 's a sharpish winter this; but it zeems *it ain't killed all the Grubbs!*"

"This love be a curious theng!"

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XVII.

Richard Savage launches into life, and becomes acquainted with two literary characters. He is introduced to a certain player, and makes his first dramatic experiment.

Greaves and his wife officiated as mourners with me at the funeral of Ludlow, who was buried in St. James's church-yard. After the ceremony, I was laid hold upon by Lucas, who informed me that Lady Mason had died on that morning. I was not greatly moved by this intelligence. I could have forgiven Lady Mason the loss of my fortune, which she had caused; but I could not forgive her that she had furnished her daughter with a pretext for her hatred of me.

After defraying the expenses of Ludlow's funeral, I found myself in the possession of something less than twenty guineas. I had never before been master of so large a sum, and I made no doubt that long before it was exhausted I should be supplied with more; in what manner, or from whence, was a consideration to be entered upon at some future time. Flushed with my little fortune, I rejected Myte's faintly-urged offer of returning to him, and declined a pressing repetition of the proposal made to me by Burridge, that I would place myself under his care, to be sent to college, and to come forth a scholar and a gentleman. My contumacy offended both; who, widely different in all other respects, were alike, — as, indeed, all men are pretty much alike — in this, that they approved their own way so much, they could not endure that anybody else should presume to have a way of his own. My inexperience was the plea upon which each founded his right to dictate to me; but when I would not be dictated to, each resented it as though my experience should have taught me more wisdom.

Upon one thing I was resolved; that I would never again apply or appeal to my mother, or to Colonel Brett. Who I was, however, and how I had been treated, I determined to make extensively known. I was perfectly assured that my story would meet with an easy reception from the world. It was so improbable (thanks to Lady Mason) on some points, that no one would believe I could have invented it; and Nature had given me my mother's face as to the fact, and my mother's spirit in support of it. As my money melted under my fingers, I bethought me of the three hundred pounds which had been bequeathed to me by my godmother, Mrs. Lloyd. With some difficulty I discovered who this lady had been, where she had resided, and the name of her executor. To this worthy person I betook myself, and mentioning who I was, and the reasons which

had so long prevented me from putting forward my claim, I hinted significantly that I was now come for the money, which I wished forthwith should be placed at my disposal. The incredulous trustee laughed in my face—which was my best, as indeed, it was the only voucher for my pretensions,—and reminding me that it was necessary I should furnish some more satisfactory evidence than features could establish, opened the door, and bade me a very good day.

In the mean while, I had made the acquaintance of a young fellow who had formerly occupied my lodgings, and who occasionally dropped in upon Mr. and Mrs. Greaves at dinner time, with a collection of casualties and calamities which he transferred from his own brain, where they had been created, to the sepulchral bosoms of his excited listeners. In a short time, Merchant—for that was his name—found his way up stairs into my room, and made overtures of intimacy with me, which I gladly encouraged. His advantage over me in point of years, his fund of animal spirits, which were inexhaustible, and his utter and openly-expressed contempt of the forms and formalities of wealth and station, made him perhaps a dangerous companion to a youth, thrown loose upon the world; but they rendered him a very pleasing one. I soon fell in with his humour, and adopted his modes of thinking. I began to look down with great contempt upon those solemn "puts,"—for so he called them—who make the acquisition of money the sole employment of their lives; and he soon introduced me to a knot of choice spirits, his boon companions, who held, or professed to hold, in equal abhorrence all grovellers of whatever description. I believe the truth to be that many of these gentlemen accommodated their sentiments to their condition.

"Dick," said he, one day, for we were now grown on terms of the utmost familiarity, "I wonder a young fellow of your spirit can endure to live with these dreary cannibals, who feed upon dead bodies.

I had long thought, I told him, of changing my lodging—the one I held being more expensive than my present restricted means justified me in retaining.

"Then, why not come and live with me?" he rejoined. "I have but one room, it is true; but, then, it is extremely light and airy, being at the very top of the house—time out of mind the residence of lofty souls. You shall see it. What is the present state of your finances?"

"About seven guineas," I replied, "when I have discharged my lodging."

"A little fortune," he returned, "and will be enough for both of us till I get some money, for which I am now at work. What do you say? Shall we make a stock purse between us?"

I told him that my purse was very much at his service, provided I might depend upon sharing his when he had accomplished the accession to it of which he had spoken.

"A bargain then," said he; "and, since you must, I suppose, stay here another week, lend me a guinea to go on with, for the devil a farthing has had a master in me for some days."

I handed him the piece, which he viewed with considerable satisfaction, presently committing it to his pocket.

"Now," said he, as he arose to go, "let the dismal man and woman instantly know your intentions. If they inquire curiously your reasons for leaving them, tell them without ceremony that you are

at the last pecuniary gasp. If, upon that, they don't let you go, and wish you gone, and prophesy your death and burial within a month after your departure, they are as merry souls as Christians can be, and I 'm as sad a body as a sinner ought to be. I 'm off to the eating-house; for 'cupboard, cupboard,' cries within me plaintively; and then to L'Estrange, that great philosopher, who is so profound that he can understand his own writings. My employment is, to give 'em such a turn that nobody else shall understand 'em. We are great, both of us, in the hopelessly obscure."

"L'Estrange!" said I. "What! Mr. L'Estrange of Bloomsbury Square?"

"You know him, then, do you?" cried he, holding up his hands, and bursting into a violent fit of laughter. "Did mortal eye ever light upon such an original? '*Si monumentum quæris,*'—if you seek for the monument, and can't find it on Fish Street Hill, look in Bloomsbury Square, and behold L'Estrange! Yes, I am, at his own request, infusing Cimmerian darkness into his new theory of moral obligations; 'for,' says he, 'I want only the learned to apprehend me: the vulgar might construe it too literally.' I say, Dick, when pay-day comes, away with theory. He must follow the old practice."

When the day of my departure arrived, Mr. Greaves and his wife embraced me with mournful cordiality.

I tore myself away from the bosom-beating couple, and, followed by a porter who carried my trunk, was met by Merchant at the corner of the street. After walking a considerable distance, we arrived at Drury Lane.

"Here, then," said Merchant, halting, and waving his hand, "in this time-honoured quarter of the Babylonish city you are about to dwell. There—over the way—in that court, at the very extremity of it, snug in the corner. Come along."

I walked after him with some misgivings. "Here we are," said he, taking out a key, and opening the door. "The man, I suspect, will not be able to carry your box to our room with it upon his head. This house was built for comfort,—no wide, lofty passages and staircases to pass through, which give a man the toothache: a sensible economy of bricks and mortar."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, as I plodded up several narrow flights of worn-out stairs, "what a place is this!"

"Isn't it?" said he, complacently, purposely mistaking my exclamation for an outbreak of rapture,—"isn't it? Who would think of looking after a man here? Who, I say, could expect to find him here?—a very important recommendation of it, Savage, as one of these days you 'll acknowledge. Now, pay the man his hire, and let him go. We 'll get the box into the room."

I did so.

"As well," said he, winking his eye, when the man was out of earshot,—"as well we didn't give him a peep of the place. Now, then, what do you think of our lodging?" ushering me into it.

"Why, I can't say that it commends itself to one's liking on the instant."

"It does *not,*" he returned, "I grant you that. I had my prejudices against it, I can tell you, when I first came to it; but they wore off. Plenty of light, you 'll observe, especially just under the

window. These three little panes *must* be mended. I must remind Mrs. Skeggs of them once more. Why, on a fine day, you can see the bedstead at the other end of the room."

"Indeed!" said I, approaching that ancient piece of furniture. "Methinks the sun should have worthier objects to shine upon. But with what, in the name of Morpheus, whose name, I fear, I am taking in vain, is this bed stuffed?"

"'Down, busy devil, down,' as the fellow says in the play," he answered, laughing heartily. "But that's a wretched clinch, too. Mr. Richard," he added, gravely, "from certain evidence that protrudes from one end of the tick, I pronounce it stuffed with wool, list, dust, wisps of hay. What matter? These chairs also — there are two—have been sat upon—there is no denying it. When they do let you down, it is easily, like camels, those patient beasts. This way, my friend: a little practice will enable you to poke the fire without scattering the burning cinders about the room. Fenders are of no real service. And when the smoke won't go up the chimney, it goes out at the window. Your eyes soon become accustomed to it. Oh! it's a sweet place!—that is," he said, after a pause, bursting into a fit of laughter, "when you're once used to it," stalking to the other end of the room, and throwing up his arms.

I was fain to reconcile myself to this wretched accommodation, which, after all, was not quite so vile as Merchant had portrayed it. I remembered the garret of Mrs. Freeman, in Chancery Lane, and the miserable truckle by the side of Joseph Carnaby.

"And, now that we have got you here," said he, "what do you propose to do? You will not endeavour to make terms with your mother?"

"I will not," said I, resolutely.

"She would thank you for that. We will, then, let her be for the present. You wish to make your way in the world?"

"I do; but how?"

"How! ay, I thought 'how' was coming," cried Merchant. "A peremptory little dog, Master How; and yet he seldom gets a satisfactory answer. You have no particular liking or genius for trade or business?"

"I hate both most cordially."

"Hate both! I thought so. Will you permit me to ask you, Savage, in what direction your genius lies?"

The question posed me. "Why—hem!" I began,—"as to that—"

"You don't know? Just my case. I've been so long as to that, as to this, and as to t'other, that as to the thing—the *rem*—the money—I am farther off than ever. Have you an addiction to letters?"

I brightened at the question. "Merchant," said I, "of all the pursuits, the professions in the world, that of an author is the one for which I feel that I am destined. I am young, to be sure; but I have already amused myself with the composition of several slight performances. Permit me—" I arose, and made towards my trunk. "The interest you are pleased to take in me," I resumed, plunging the key into the lock, "delights me. You shall see—"

"What! going to get me to read them?" cried Merchant. "Prose or verse?"

"Chiefly the latter," I replied, producing a packet.

He held up his hands, and turned up his eyes, and groaned deeply. "I couldn't read 'em for the world. I couldn't, I protest. Besides, I've read 'em before."

"Merchant!"

"All before," he repeated. "Corydon,'—'Phillis,'—'rustic crook,'—'purling stream,'—'verdant glade,'—'fanning zephyr.' Then 'Philomel,'—'cooing turtle,'—'enamoured swain,'—'bashful fair,'—'frisking,' sometimes it is 'skipping lamb,'—'feathered songster,'—'tuneful choir.' For all under the 'fleecy clouds' or the 'azure vault' I couldn't have 'em over again."

I forced a laugh, but was not a little mortified to find that he had anticipated several of my poetical graces.

"Come, come," said he, observing my confusion, "let me look over them. You are a son of Adam: it is not your original sin. The worst of it is, the fruit was not so tempting at first hand."

I handed the packet to him with some hesitation. He ran them over hastily, and then tying them together, tossed them to me.

"Better than I expected, a great deal better," said he; "but you must commit no more at present. You have read Mr. Pope—I see you have. When you are as old as he—he is still very young—you may do like him. Do like him?—yes; write good verses, which the public will read, if you can prevail upon a certain number of lords and gentlemen to assure the public they are good."

"But surely Mr. Pope, without such patronage——"

"Would be Mr. Pope, without such a public," interrupted Merchant. "No, no; Pope is wise in his generation: a wiser man, as to the world, than Pope does not live in it. No man flatters lords more, or tells lords more truth than Pope. He flatters individual lords, and speaks the truth of lords in the mass. The consequence is, the individual lords believe he does not flatter them, because he sets them above their fellows; and the public think him an honest and independent man, because he decries rank. That man will be worth money. A glorious genius—for politics!"

"I have heard, indeed," said I, "that it is necessary to pay court to a person of honour, as he is called, and to crave his permission to dedicate your work to him; but it is a lowness to which I could not descend. If I am to make an impression upon the public, it shall be by my own merit alone. For my part, I can scarcely conceive an object more despicable than a mere man of rank."

"You must forgive me," returned Merchant, "if I presume to hold the stirrup while you alight safely from that hobby of yours, which you cannot ride gracefully, and which, should it begin to prance, will throw you. A mere man of rank! What is he? I suppose he is as good as a mere man without rank. His rank is no disqualification, I hope. Now, I'll tell you who is more despicable,—a mere man of letters. Don't frown; for I want you to open your eyes. You never saw—but I have seen—an author in the first flush of public favour. Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed with a deep-toned and boisterous energy. "What a disgusting animal! What an insolent, what an exacting, what an unconscionable coxcomb! He is not for this world—not he. He is all for posterity, if it will have him. Of course—of course posterity will be too glad of him. There will be nobody else to have. Author no more, he is the choice spirit of the age; and there are none whom he ridicules, and would wrong,

and affects to despise, so much as his poorer brethren; and all this because he has done what thousands might have done better, thousands have done as well, thousands have refrained from doing, and thousands despise when it is done."

"Well," said I, "this is all very good, and perhaps it may be all very true; but it is nothing to our, I should rather say my, present purpose. What am I to do now?"

"You must put away your verses, Savage. You must not attempt to write poetry before you can think. No man can write fine poetry, unless he possess more sense—common sense—than others. Take that for granted. You must waddle before you walk; run in a go-cart before you fly in the clouds. Write a play."

"A tragedy!" I exclaimed, "if I believed—if you thought I should succeed.—Oh, no!"

"Oh, no! indeed. I neither think, nor do you, I hope, believe that you could do any such thing. Your dagger would be pointless, and your bowl cracked. The buskin is too large for your foot at present. You must try on a very little sock—a farce."

"A farce! My genius does not lie in that direction, Mr. Merchant."

"And why not?" said he. "How do you know in what, or where, it lies? I wonder what genius is, that it can only lie in one place. Not much like its masters, I imagine, who are too often compelled to lie where they can. Come, we must try a little comedy."

"Are you serious?"

"I am what I hope the comedy is not to be," he returned. "We have all been present at plays, 'when deep sleep falleth on men.' We must have none of that. Why, I have known a tragedy damned because the uproarous slaughter in the last scene awakened the audience. No, no; a little thing; found it on a Spanish plot. Give us a spice of intrigue, with a valet who knows more and talks better than his master, and who has a purpose of his own to serve. My friend Lovell will place it in the hands of one of the players. He knows them all."

"But I fear I should make a poor hand of it," said I.

"Try," said he. "Do you remember what Dryden says somewhere?—

'The standard of thy style let Etherege be,
For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherley.'

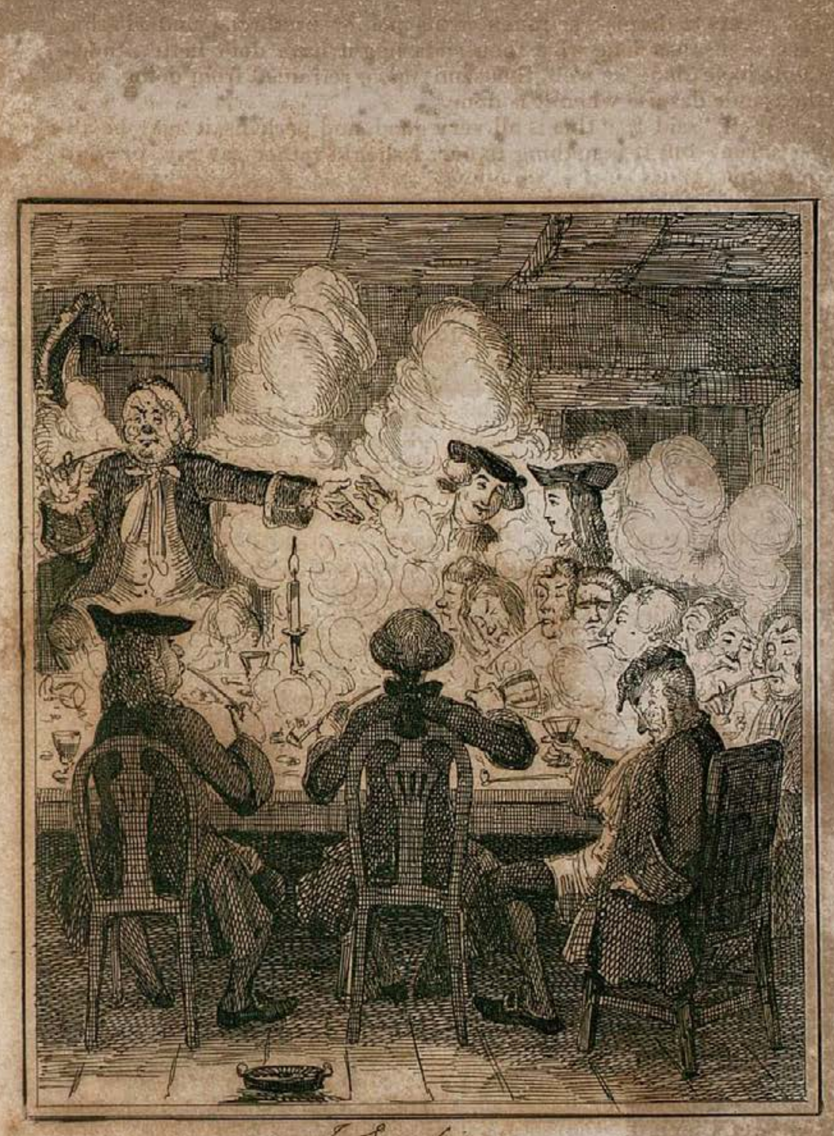
Now, you have only to give us a little of Wycherley's wit, in something of the style of Etherege, and give your piece a good name, (without which dogs are not safe,) and your business is done."

"How strange it is," I replied, laying my hand confidentially upon his arm, "that I have lately been reading a story, that can be easily transferred to Spain, which I thought of turning into a play, only that I was of opinion such work was beneath me."

"Beneath you!" cried Merchant, in amazement. "I have known many a gay young fellow who has found such work very much above him."

"As to the name, Merchant, nothing can be better; the very title of the story,—'Woman 's a Riddle.'"

"'Woman 's a riddle!' Excellent! Poor L'Estrange's wife is most



Savage introduced to Lovell at the Club.

London: Richard Bentley. 1842.

particularly a riddle. She's a puzzle to herself. Time has stood still with her these forty years. She's like a clock never wound up. She tells half-past five on the face, while it is three quarters past ten by the other dials."

Thus encouraged, I proceeded diligently with my little work, which I completed in less than a month. From a remembrance of what it was, or rather from a conviction of what it must have been, I shall not be wrong, I think, if I assign a very small degree of merit to it. Such as it was, however, it drew many encomiums from Merchant.

"Come, this will do," said he, "this will do. It is, to be sure, not equal to Congreve or Vanbrugh; but Rome was not built in a day. That Vanbrugh could have told you, witty dog! who contrived to make people laugh at his architecture as heartily as at his comedies. 'Faith, Dick, we must get Greaves and his wife to attend the first performance. I took them once to see the 'Old Bachelor.' Oh! their labial immobility! Oh! the forlornness of their faces! They thought Fondlewife pure tragedy. But now for Lovell: the iron 's hot, let us strike at once. This is just the time to see him; though, by the way, he 's always to be found at the same house. He 's so in with mine host, that the latter daren't refuse to let him go on. The cold victuals, humble porter, and a pipe, are always at his command. Once it was, 'Where do you prefer it, Mr. Lovell?' and 'Is the punch to your liking, sir? My wife knows your palate.' Ha! ha! she does indeed."

He amused me with other particulars of this person as we walked down Drury Lane. Lovell had entered life, it seemed, with good prospects; but having run through a small patrimony, had turned author, and was now a hackney writer for booksellers,—that is to say, when any one of them would employ him. He had acquired, if the truth must be told, a very indifferent character amongst them, leisure being more congenial to him than labour, and his attachment to drinking partaking of a constancy, which he could never be brought to extend to his love of literature.

"I am sure," he used to say, "the Czar of Muscovy ought to be very much obliged to me. Here have I taken money for his life these six months, and yet have I spared him. Does any gentleman know anything of the Czar of Muscovy, good or harm? I do not, I protest. Here 's his health, and a long life to him, and may I live till I write it."

Merchant halted at the door of a dingy geneva shop, which was dignified with the name of a tavern. "Follow me up stairs," he said; "the club is held there."

On entering the room, we discovered dimly through a haze of tobacco smoke, about a score of the strangest-looking beings that were ever, perhaps, congregated together, seated round a table. Such a variety of features and expression, with so little pretension to regularity of contour or sobriety of aspect, was never seen except amongst authors. Merchant directed my attention to Lovell, who was seated majestically in an elevated chair. He was a stout, it is more proper to say, a swollen man, about forty years of age, with a face, except the nose, which was purple, not so much of a red as of a brick-dust colour. There was a comical solemnity about his eyes, heightened by the position of his wig, which he had clawed to one side of his head.

It was with some difficulty that we made our way to this potentate, who was holding forth with no ordinary vehemence of voice and gesture. Too intent upon his argument to break off in the midst, or, indeed, to suffer interruption, he greeted Merchant with a sidelong extension of his hand, holding the fingers of his friend till he had concluded, when he threw himself back in his chair in triumph.

"Not a word more—that decides it!" he exclaimed, "I won't hear another word"—to a little sharp-faced man who had determined to secure the best chance of the next speech, by keeping his mouth ready open for utterance. "Well, Merchant, we see you at last. *I* thought you were dead; but they talked of catchpoles."

"Permit me to introduce a young gentleman,—Mr. Richard Savage,—who is particularly anxious for the honour of an introduction to Mr. Lovell."

"Very happy indeed to see Mr. Richard Savage," returned Lovell, rising, and, with his hand extended on his breast, bowing profoundly. "You rogue," to Merchant, "Mr. Savage, I hope, is anxious for more honour than he can derive from an introduction to Jack Lovell."

"If we might request the favour of your joining us in a bowl of punch," suggested Merchant, with a persuasive softness, "over here, at the side-table."

Lovell licked his lips with evident satisfaction. "A bowl of punch! Why—ah!—yes. We'll leave the commonalty, and adjourn."

When the punch had gone round, Merchant in few words opened our business to him.

"What!" cried Lovell, "one of us, is he? Mr. Savage, give me your hand. I wish you well—I wish you happy—I wish you prosperous, and therefore perhaps I ought to say, I wish you would run away from authorship as fast as your good sense will carry you. And so you have written a play—a little comedy—mirth-inspiring comedy! Bless the ingenious young rogue!" turning to Merchant, "what a set of teeth he shows! I hope he'll always find employment for 'em." He regarded me attentively for some moments. "He'll do—he'll do," he exclaimed; "I see it in every lineament. And you think Jack Lovell can be of service to you? Jack Lovell imbibes new life from the flattering compliment. What he can do, that will he do. Can he say more? Even as I empty this glass," drinking it off, "so empty my heart of all its friendship, and make use of it."

"Why," cried Merchant, "your acquaintance with the players—"

"I know 'em all," returned Lovell, "all: not a man Jack, but Jack knows the man."

"Do you think," observed Merchant, "that Wilks or Cibber could be prevailed upon to look at it?"

"Um," said Lovell, shaking his head, "ah! Wilks and Cibber are great men now, and I'm a little man now: time was, I was a great man then, and they were little men then. 'Fortune, turn thy wheel,' as old Kent says; but she has turned it, and it went over me long ago. I knew them all—Betterton, majestic Betterton,—and Powel, who loved a bowl of punch better — no, as well as I do. I'll tell you what," he added, after a pause, "there's Bullock—I dare say you have a part will suit him. I'll write to him."

"A capital comic actor, Bullock," said Merchant. "Lopez will fit him to a miracle."

"Then to Bullock—innocent beast!—I knew him when he was a steer—to him will I write," cried Lovell. "Fetch pen, ink, and paper."

Merchant hastened down stairs to procure them.

"A very good fellow, Merchant," said Lovell, when he was gone; "but he'll never make anything. He wants perseverance, application, without which nothing ever was done, and therefore, I suppose, nothing can be done. Ah!

'—— Video meliora, proboque
Deteriora sequor;'

that is to say, I can see his mote in spite of my own beam. There is no help for it but this," applying to the bowl.

"Mr. Savage," he resumed, setting down his glass, and squeezing my hand, "you will make a more graceful figure with the town than I have done; I know it. We must be friends. In your success I shall behold my own. Yes, yes; I'll say to you in the words of Dryden,

'Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence;
But you, whom every grace and muse adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains, and oh! defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend.
Let not the insulting foe my—'

Pshaw!" and he brushed away some maudlin tears that had gathered in his eyes, "I was going too far. I was about to say 'fame;' but that won't do; for I never had, and never shall have, any. But, never mind. I hope you'll be as far above Congreve, to whom the lines were addressed, as I am beneath Dryden, who wrote them.

'Guard those laurels—which descend to you,'—

to you—to him who wrote The Mourning Bride—all blood and blunder—strenuous fustian, ohs! and ahs! Here comes Merchant. Can we manage another bowl?"

I declared my willingness to pay for a second, albeit our stock-purse was at a very low ebb. Merchant, however, was drawing to the conclusion of his labours for L'Estrange, when we should have a fresh supply.

"I'll write the letter while the punch is mixing," said Lovell; and he sat down and scrawled an epistle, which, stained with punch, and begrimed with pipe-ashes, was placed in my hands.

On the following morning, big with hope and expectation, I hastened to the lodgings of Mr. Bullock, whom I found at home. It was said of Bullock, that on the stage he "had a particular talent for looking like a fool. His eulogists were probably unaware that this was a talent which nature had enjoined him to exercise everywhere. He received me with an obsequious smirk, revolving his hands one over the other, with, "May I crave your business with me, young gentleman? What can I do for you?"

I presented my letter, which he deciphered with some difficulty.

"Poor Mr. Lovell," he said, in a tone of compassion, "I have not seen him this long while. I believe he is not so well off as his best friends could desire. Some would say it serves him right; but I am far from saying so. I know what youth is. I was gay myself once. He tells me you have written a play, and that you wish me to read it. I am sure I shall do so with a very great deal of pleasure. Have you brought it with you?"

I produced it.

"Ah!" said he, with the same eternal smirk; "a little thing, I perceive. Very well. I will look over it; and if you will do me the pleasure of calling upon me again this day week, I will tell you more."

I was punctual to my appointment. "Mr. Savage," said he, taking me by both hands, "pray sit down. You are a very ingenious young gentleman. I have read your trifle, and it is pleasant, very pleasant indeed. And yet," he added, with something intended for a sigh, "I fear we shall make nothing of it—I do indeed. What we shall do with it I am sure I don't know."

I was confounded at this. Poor wretch! I had counted upon its acceptance by the theatre. Merchant had told me I might make myself easy on that score; and I had done so even before he told me.

"I am extremely sorry, sir," said I, "that I have given you the trouble of reading my performance; and you will readily believe that I am much mortified to learn that it is not adapted for representation."

"Gently, gently, Mr. Savagé," he replied; "I did not say that. Youth is so hasty—so very hasty. I said, I feared; but we intend to try. I have made some considerable alterations in the plot and dialogue."

"Indeed!" I returned, by no means pleased that he should presume to do anything of the kind without my concurrence. "Will you give me leave to ask what these alterations are, that I may judge whether—"

"Judge whether!" he repeated, with happy mimicry. "How can an author possibly, I say possibly, be a judge of the merit, as an acting play, of his performance? Indeed, after many years and much practice, he may, perhaps, acquire some slight insight into the taste of the town; but it rarely happens that he does so. No, Mr. Savage; actors are the only judges of a piece before its representation."

"And yet," said I, "pieces are produced every week, and are damned; and many plays have been rejected, which have afterwards met with extraordinary success."

"That is because the taste changes," he replied; "it is always changing. But for Mr. Cibber, some of Shakspeare's plays had been lost to us. You will be grateful afterwards that I have taken such pains with your little comedy. I have really bestowed my best labour upon it. I think we may now venture to hope that, when it comes to be played, it may prove successful."

"Comes to be played, sir!" I replied, in overjoyed amazement. "I thought you said you didn't know—"

"*When* it is to be played; nor do I, to the very day. Within a fortnight, I dare say. I thought I should surprise you."

I was little disposed at this moment to cavil at his alterations. All

tremulous with gratitude, I seized his hand, and poured forth my acknowledgments, which he vouchsafed to receive with smirks innumerable.

The eventful evening arrived on which the fate of this my maiden effort was to be decided. Merchant, two days before, had succeeded in coming to an angry settlement with L'Estrange,—that philosopher insisting that his secretary and associate was bound by every tie promulgated in the new theory to be contented with half the sum agreed to be paid in the first instance.

At length "Woman 's a Riddle" came on for a first hearing. As it proceeded, I discovered that Mr. Bullock's alterations were neither many nor important; and it may be forgiven to a sanguine and, perhaps, a conceited youth, to confess that I considered them (and really I believed they were) as blemishes upon my production. However, the piece was well received; the curtain fell amidst considerable applause; and Merchant and I marched out of the playhouse, he protesting that I was likely to become a shining ornament of the British stage, and I perfectly assured that I had already done enough to prove that I should be so. The ecstasy of that night!

Merchant proposed that we should adjourn to the Cocoa Nut, his common tavern of resort, that we might sanctify our triumph in a flowing bowl. I suggested, however, that we should rather adjourn to Lovell, who had taken much interest in my welfare, and to whom I was in a sense indebted for my good fortune.

"Hang it, no," said he, drawing me away; "the company there is not high enough for the present pitch of our spirits — old worn-out carking souls, who will rather envy than sympathise with our success. The day after a debauch is the time for them, when a man 's heavy, and stupid, and congenial."

We drank deeply at the Cocoa Nut; but I was no match for Merchant; I had not yet taken my degrees. I proposed that we should return home. The company were too noisy; and I wished to brood over my happy fortune—to hug it, as it were, to my bosom. He peremptorily refused to budge an inch, and bade me sneak home by myself, if I were so minded; for his part, he meant to make a night of it. Finding that he was obstinate, I took him at his word, upon his promise to follow me within three hours. He was too fuddled, he said, to trust his feet in the dark: Aurora must show him a light.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which the hopes of Richard Savage meet a severe rebuff, which, nevertheless, does not deter him from trying his fortune a second time.

When I awoke the next morning, great was my surprise at discovering that my friend Merchant had not found his way home; but, concluding that he had been provided with a bed at the Cocoa-Nut, I made myself easy respecting him, and prepared to wait upon Mr. Bullock.

He received me very courteously.

"Well, here you are," said he with his accustomed grin. "I fully expected to see you. So we brought you through pretty well, I think. How did you like the acting?"

"Most excellent, indeed, sir. The success of my little piece altogether exceeds my expectations."

"It was very fair, I grant you," he returned; "but you must not be misled by the favour shown on a first night. We shall, however, proceed with it. Of course, you mean to try your fortune a second time?"

I replied that I was resolved upon doing so.

"I would," said he; "you have a pretty talent that way, and may one of these days make it answer your purpose."

One of these days!—I hardly liked the phrase. Mr. Bullock, however, began to talk volubly on indifferent topics, and at length, taking out his watch, regarded it for a time with attention, then placed it to his ear, and then stared me in the face. The hint was not to be mistaken.

Unwilling as at all times I was (some of my friends will say "No,") to enter upon the discussion of money matters, yet I was considerably more so in my younger days. But Mr. Bullock left me no alternative. I looked foolish, coughed, and at last brought out,—

"I do not expect, sir, that the profits upon my play will be very large,—but——"

"Large!" cried he; "a very little is given now-a-days for such things, and that is contingent upon their continued success. For my part, I hardly expect to get a farthing from it."

"Indeed!" said I, greatly chap-fallen,—"surely, Mr. Bullock—"

"Surely what, Mr. Savage?" he interrupted, with a smile of benevolence,—"what is the young gentleman driving at?"

"Why, sir," I replied, "my drift is this. Whatever they be, small or large, my necessities compel me to hope that it will not be long before my half-share will be forthcoming."

I only do justice to Mr. Bullock's abilities as an actor while I acknowledge that the face he presented when I left off speaking was an incomparable specimen of the tragi-comical. He presently fell back in his chair, raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"Half-share!" he exclaimed at length, in a loud whisper; "there must be some mistake here. Ha! ha! I see—you are a wicked wag. You have been putting off one of our friend Lovell's jests upon me. Half-share!—so like him!" And here he hugged himself together, and shook his head, as though it were one of the most ecstatic drolleries in life.

I did not participate in his gaiety.

"There is no mistake," said I; "or, if there is, it is one into which you yourself have fallen. It is no jest of Mr. Lovell, but a serious affair of my own. I hope, Mr. Bullock, you will suffer us to understand each other as quickly as may be."

"There was no agreement," said he, hastily,— "no agreement," holding out his spread hands appealingly; "don't you observe? I wonder Lovell should have led you to expect anything from a first attempt. When I consent to alter and adapt a play for the theatre, the profits, if any, belong solely to me. You ought to thank me for having secured a footing for you."

The cool impudence of the man amazed and enraged me.

"And what have you done, sir, to my play," I exclaimed with vehemence, "that can entitle you to the whole advantage to be derived from its representation?"

"What have I done?" he replied. "I wish I had had nothing to

do with it, for my part. Why, sir, I trimmed the colt; young man, I trimmed the colt, and a rough one it was when it first came under my hands."

"And you 've sold it to pay the expenses, it seems, Mr. Bullock. Deduct your charge for the trimming, and hand me over the balance of the animal. Come, don't colt me, sir."

"Very good, indeed; very good," he cried, "you have a happy vein for comedy. No, no, young gentleman," approaching me, and making for my hand, which I withdrew: "inquire, and you will find I am correct. It is never done in these cases, I assure you. I wish you well, and I am sure you deserve my good wishes. Yours is a very pretty genius for comedy, believe me."

At this moment I would willingly have afforded him a proof of my tragic powers by flying upon him, and pounding his wretched carcass. His inquisitive-looking nose stood forth, and seemed to invite me to screw it off. With some difficulty I mastered my rage.

"I shall make no secret of the manner in which you have treated me," said I; "and I wish you a very good morning."

He bustled before me to the door, which he opened with much complaisance.

"You will think better of it, I know you will," he said. "But, you must try your hand again: we can't afford to lose you, indeed we can't. If I can be of the slightest service to you, command me."

I burst from him, almost choking with rage and mortification. A moment longer, and the fellow had seen the tears rush out of my eyes, and if he had, it might have been the worse for him.

When I reached home, Merchant, I learned, had not been there. I was vexed with him that he should have deserted me at such a time. It was he who had advised so early an application to Bullock, although neither of us expected that immediate money would be forthcoming. He knew that I was utterly without cash, and the cupboard being empty, I had gone without my breakfast. Somewhat disposed to form a disparaging estimate of mankind in general, I hastened down Drury Lane, thinking that I might, perchance, find him with his friend Mr. Lovell.

I discovered that gentleman in earnest and angry parley with a stranger—a grave and business-like man, about the middle age.

"Then I am not to look for it from you?" said the stranger. "This is very scandalous conduct, let me tell you, sir."

"Call it what you please,—tell me what you like, Stephens," cried Lovell,—"I say no, you are not to look for it, unless you advance more mineral substance."

"Mineral substance!" cried the other; "have I not already advanced you every farthing of the sum you engaged to do it for?"

"That avails not," said Lovell. "Ha! my friend!" to me,—"Stephens, look at that morning-star of letters,—crowned with bays, he comes. Well, you have settled with Bullock? Stephens, attend; hear how genius is sometimes rewarded."

I returned a ghastly grin, and in few words made him acquainted with the treatment I had experienced.

Lovell smote the table violently with his fist.

"And Bullock has served you thus? Can any one tell me where honesty, the smallest piece of it, is to be found? I don't know, but

my strong impression is that, if anywhere, it is to be met with in Newgate. They *must* hang the honest men."

"Pardon me, young man," said Mr. Stephens, "I was not smiling at your distress. Far from it. I feel for you, and despise the man who has treated you so. I was smiling at Mr. Lovell, who vents so much indignation against others that he has none left for himself. Tell me which is worse, the man who takes your work, and won't give you the money for it, or the man who takes my money, and won't give me his work? Ha! Mr. Lovell! I have you there. Come, Lovell, I don't wish to make you angry; but isn't it too bad? Really, sir—"

"Really, sir," began Lovell; but he could not proceed. His confusion was distressing. I arose to leave. He followed me to the door.

"Have you seen Merchant to-day?" I inquired.

"I have not, Mr. Savage," said he, nudging me, and attempting a look of unconcern. "He had me there, as he says: fairly caught, by G—. Why, he has plenty of money, that Stephens, and all scooped out of authors' heads."

The absence of Merchant now began to look suspicious. I wandered about the streets for some hours in a state of desponding perplexity, and at length returned home faint, tired, and disgusted. I found Merchant stretched upon the bed. He started up as I approached. His looks were haggard, and his dress was in the utmost disorder.

"You see before you just such a monstrous fool, Savage," said he, "as people write about in little books for little children, to make the moral the stronger: I 'm a fellow for boys to make mouths at. A mad dog is a sage to me. A baby 's rattle to my brains would be laying fearful odds."

"A truce to this," said I. "What do you mean? Where have you been? What 's the matter?"

"Half drunk still," he muttered. "I wish this confounded headach were the worst of it. First tell me what you have done with Bullock."

I entered upon that story, which I took care should not lose its full effect. When I had concluded, Merchant struck his forehead with his fist.

"Savage," he said, springing up, "have you a mind to do an act at once of justice and of mercy? If you have, take up that poker, and knock me on the head with it. Why did you leave me last night? I 've been bubbled by two sharpers out of every farthing we had in the world."

"We had better part. I will repay you what I owe on the first opportunity. We shall both of us do better apart."

"Of that we will talk another time," I replied; "at present I want to know where I can get a dinner. I have not broken my fast to-day."

His eye wandered towards my trunk, and rested on it. He sighed, as he said,—"You have some wearing-apparel there, for which you have no immediate occasion. The pawnbroker will lend you a fair sum upon it."

I availed myself of the hint without ceremony, and selecting some of my least necessary articles of clothing, carried them away forth-

with to a pawnbroker, who advanced three guineas upon them. Merchant's spirits were greatly revived by the sight of the money, not a farthing of which, however, would he touch.

"You must get away hence without delay," said he, "or I will not answer for your remaining goods and chattels. I promised Gammer Skeggs her arrears of rent to-night—oh! that I had discharged them on the instant!—and the old witch will be standing in the passage to-morrow morning, broom in paw, to intercept me."

As I could by no means clearly distinguish the moral propriety, on the part of Mrs. Skegg, of laying her hands on my property, in satisfaction of a debt incurred by another, I snatched a hasty meal, and engaged a miserable lodging in Shoe Lane, whither, by small portions at a time, I conveyed my clothes.

I met Merchant, by appointment, on the following morning. He laughed heartily as he shook me by the hand.

"So, then, you have eluded your torment?" said I; "or has she lent ear to your excuses once more?"

"I lay at my sister's in Westminster last night," he replied coolly. "Don't stare," and he took me by the arm, and led me away with him. "Sir Robert Walpole's friends, who are determined to make a miracle of him, or who attempt to make the world believe that he is one, say that he has an innate talent—a genius for finance. They assert that he has a mode of managing his accounts which is quite mysterious. My genius that way is at least equal to Walpole's."

"What! you do not mean to say that you have left your lodging without notice?"

"The venerable Skeggs stands at this moment transfixed—your trunk agape before her," he replied. "Poor old girl! I see her now in my mind's eye distinctly, and mean really to see her shortly, when I get some money."

"But not to have told her—Oh, Merchant! I am very sorry you have done this."

"Don't be foolish, child. Your morals are very good, I dare say; but they are not yet seasoned. I have taken the best means of securing payment to her. Don't you know that some people will have the value of your debt out of you—either from your purse or your feelings? If I charged her a fair way-of-the-world price for her insults, we should be about even. But I scorn that. She shall be paid. Have you remarked her nails latterly? She cuts 'em when you pay your rent, and lets 'em grow as it augments. Preserve me from her present talons! The worst of it is, her wretched spouse will have to undergo her horny vengeance!"

Without a friend in the world except Burridge, whom my obstinacy had, as I believed, alienated,—and Myte, (if he ought to be called a friend,) who had been too glad, when I declined his offer, to take me at my word,—is it wonderful that I should have attached myself to such associates as chance had thrown in my way, even though they were not such as the worldly wise or the wisely virtuous would have approved? It must be remembered that I then was young.

From these worthies, to wit, Merchant, Lovell, and their companions, I received such encouragement to venture a second time into the dramatic field, as is to be extracted from slaps on the shoulder,

hyperbolical praises of my talents, and scornful depreciation of the talents of others. In the mean time, although these incitements had their effect upon me, I was daily becoming less able to respond to them. I had pawned nearly all my clothes, — the money I had raised upon them was gone,—and one night Ludlow's silver buckles, the last articles of the slightest value I possessed, were in my hand, awaiting the decision of this question—were they also to go? Necessity—the Lord Keeper of too many a man's conscience, pronounced swift judgment. They followed the rest.

But I did not part with them so lightly as the rest. On the contrary, I began to reflect, and with no great satisfaction, upon the course of life I had been pursuing, or rather following lately, and I resolved that the poor sum I had obtained upon these sole mementos of my friend must not be squandered upon Lovell, or wasted with Merchant. I must make it hold out as long as possible.

And now I bethought me of Martin and his wife at Wapping. They would probably permit me to occupy a room in their house till my second play, in which I had made some small progress, was completed.

In due time I found myself at Martin's door, at which, after a moment's hesitation, I knocked. It was opened by his wife. At first she did not know me; but, upon hearing my voice, she set up a loud ejaculation, and pulling me into the passage, threw her arms about me, and kissed me.

"He's come at last!" she exclaimed. "Here! Martin—Mr. Savage is come at last. Now, I know you won't be offended with a poor silly woman for taking such a liberty; but I couldn't help it—indeed now. Deary me! well, I am so glad. Where's that man of mine? But walk in."

Martin had been asleep, but, as we entered, was rising from his chair, rubbing his eyes. He greeted me with a grave smile and an honest shake of the hand. "And you have come to see us at last, Mr. Savage," he said. "We thought you had forgotten us."

"He!" cried Mrs. Martin, "he's not the young gentleman to do that. D'ye suppose he's had nothing else to do but to think of us folks. But he looks ill, doesn't he, poor dear! And what has he got under his arm? A bundle, I declare. Give it me, and sit down, do. I'll get out the supper."

I inquired after my friend Simon.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Martin from the cupboard, with a deep sigh, "he's left us, Mr. Savage—left his parents, he has—'listed in the Coldstreams, his father's regiment. He wouldn't be said nay to; and we expect him to be sent abroad in a few weeks."

"He'll make his way, I dare say," said Martin.

"Make his way! yes, John, by the blessing of God, I hope he may; but we must have our feelings. He was always talking of you. You were a great favourite of his, I promise you that. Indeed you was. Honest good youth is Simon, as ever broke bread."

I now explained the purpose of my coming, telling them that I was not without money, and assuring them that so soon as I got more I would satisfy them for my lodging.

"Simon's room will just do," said Mrs. Martin, rising. "I'll put the sheets to the fire, and make it comfortable in no time."

"We make no use of it," said her husband; "it stands empty. You may stay as long as you like; but, Mr. Savage, I hope you won't speak of payment again. When you can afford it, I 'll take your money readily enough, and release you from what you consider as an obligation."

Having taken possession of my apartment, I laboured at my play diligently, and fed my imagination with hopes of praise and profit, which yielded me more pleasure than their fruition could have bestowed. Nor was the reflection far short of ecstasy that my success would fill my mother with tormenting rage.

One day I was returning home empty and disconsolate, when I was stopped on Tower-hill by a young gentleman, who, placing his hands upon my shoulders, gazed earnestly in my face, exclaiming, "Dick Freeman, as I hope to be saved! What! don't you know me? Have you forgotten Tom Gregory?"

Rejoiced as I was to see my old friend and schoolfellow, I returned his cordial hug in some embarrassment. The meanness of my apparel was the more noticeable, when contrasted with the splendour of his. He did not appear, however, to observe it, but insisted that I should dine with him at a neighbouring tavern, whither we adjourned. Gregory was the frank, manly, open-hearted fellow of former days. I had not been five minutes in his company before I felt myself perfectly at ease. He told me that his father had recently obtained for him a lucrative post in the Customs, and remarking that fortune did not appear to have treated me quite so well as the baggage ought to have done, and, no doubt, intended to do, he drew forth his purse, and called upon me to help myself without reserve to as much as I pleased.

"And now," said he, (having forced two pieces upon me, for more no persuasion could induce me to accept, and having compelled me to promise that when I required a fresh supply I would make no ceremony of having recourse to him,)—"and now let me hear the strange eventful history, which I could not prevail upon Burridge to disclose."

I satisfied his curiosity by relating every particular of my fortune since I left school, except the *short* episode, which I could by no means bring myself to recount, and communicated to him the plan I had formed, and in the prosecution of which I had made considerable progress, of placing myself in more comfortable circumstances. He warmly applauded my perseverance, and lent a ready ear to my sanguine anticipations of a golden harvest; and telling me that he would make it his particular business to learn the best channel of introduction for my piece, he took my direction, and promised to call upon me in a very few days.

From this time forth Gregory and I were almost inseparable during his hours of leisure. My play was at length finished, and called "Love in a Veil," and, accompanied by a respectful letter, despatched to Mr. Wilks, a player, as all the world knew, of no small celebrity at that period, and, moreover, one of the patentees of Drury Lane theatre.

"He says I'm *c-r-r-r-r-ummy!*"

SOME ACCOUNT OF A GREAT SINGER.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH, ENGRAVED BY CRUIKSHANK THE YOUNGER.]

TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

SIR,—In offering you the accompanying epistle, addressed to me by a country friend, who happened at the time of his writing it to be in town upon matters of business, I commit, it is true, a flagrant breach of confidence; but that, however, is nothing to you, nor is it the occasion of any qualms of conscience to myself, for the writer, whose reading is exclusively of a grave character, will be sure never to behold these pages. I have, &c.

Jan. 24, 1842. QUIZ.

DEAR ——,

Last night I went to see Miss Adelaide Kemble as "Norma." I had heard so much of her and of her family, that I was determined, though I care little about theatricals in general, not to leave town without having had a sight of her. At the same time I thought that I should have the advantage of seeing Covent Garden as well; for you know

that the only London theatre to which I had ever been before was the Italian Opera House, where I went last year with you. Well; so I called yesterday morning on your friend Selwyn, (who is an exceedingly grave, sensible young man, and whose extraordinary anecdotes are very interesting,) and informed him of my intention. He very obligingly offered to accompany me: I therefore invited him to dine with me at the Sussex, which he did. It was a wet evening, and he proposed that we should ride to the theatre.

Covent Garden is a smaller place than I thought to find it. I am not speaking of the outside—(for we entered, as Selwyn said, by a back way—I think, from the Strand)—but of the interior. However, in all human things anticipation exceeds reality.

The house was, as I expected, very full, and it was with some difficulty that we obtained a place. The tide of public enthusiasm evidently ran high, as the whistling, and the eager calls for music, which resounded from all parts of the house, but particularly from the gallery, proved.

I was all impatience, as you may suppose, till the heroine appeared. I had been given to understand that I should behold in her a fine woman; and indeed, I little thought to see one so *very* fine. Truly, if I may be allowed the witticism, she must be a *greater* actress than Mrs. Siddons was. I had also heard that she possessed, in a remarkable degree, the "Kemble cast of countenance." This, I apprehended, must be of a slightly masculine character, as I must confess the fair performer's features partook thereof *not* slightly.

From what I had been told respecting the "Kemble School," I was prepared for the display, on the part of Miss Adelaide Kemble, of great taste in point of costume. Here I was a little disappointed; but probably any other dress than that which she wore would have been inappropriate. She was, perhaps, attired in strict conformity with the manners of the time. And yet I had always thought that the brows of a Druidical priestess were garnished with oak and mistletoe; instead of which she wore what seemed to me to be a wreath of carrots and turnips, the former of which vegetables are certainly very unbecoming to a lady's head, while neither they nor the latter (as far, at least, as I have ever read) were employed by the Ancient Britons in their sacred rites.

My anticipation that the young lady's style of acting would be marked with great study was verified. The mode in which she extended her right foot, and placed it on the pedestal of the altar, exemplified the family peculiarity—for such I have heard that it is; but it was more remarkably apparent in the mode of gesticulation which she adopted when working up her courage to strike the fatal gong. The hesitation evinced in the thrice repeated swing of the instrument, and the energy thrown into the decisive blow were perfect.

Her elocution is very measured and deliberate; this also is just what I fancied that it would be. It is likewise somewhat tinged with a foreign accent, a circumstance which her long residence in Italy sufficiently accounts for. I noticed this point particularly in her pronunciation of the word "crummy," when, heart-broken and bewildered, she exclaims,—

"He says I'm *c-r-r-r-r-ummy!*"

the reason assigned by the faithless Pollio for deserting her. I allude to the manner in which she rolls the letter *r*. Can you tell me, by the the by, who it was that translated the *libretto?* "Crummy" is a very

strange sort of word; the corresponding expression in the original text must, I should think, have been rather more refined. The recommendation, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," offered by the inconstant one to the forsaken fair, is open to a similar objection. I should like to see what the Italian phrase is; no doubt it is one calculated to add insult to injury; and is, perhaps, idiomatic also. The taking of such liberties as these is like a scape-grace of a school-boy's translation of "Animam efflavit" into "He kicked the bucket," or of "Proh Jupiter!" into "Crikey!"

I am no great judge of music; but I thought the singing of our English syren much better than that I heard with you at the Opera; and now that we have native talent, I hope we shall know how to value it, and not throw more of our money away upon a parcel of screaming foreigners. She seems to feel every note that she utters; and I was much struck by the way in which, when singing a duet with Adalgisa, (a part sustained by a lady of much elegance,) she swung the hands of her sister actress backwards and forwards in time to the tune. This duet was very deservedly encored.

In the scene where she was about to immolate her sleeping babes, she was sublime. So was she, likewise, when surrendering herself to the superstitious vengeance of the priests, she divested herself of the wreath that surrounded her brow. But what a pity it is that it is necessary, as a matter of costume, (for I suppose it is so,) that she should have a cropped head! Dishevelled tresses would surely have had a better effect.

On the whole, I was much pleased with her. I have no doubt that she will earn a chaplet of unfading laurels, a thing which, I must say, will more tend to enhance her charms than that which she wears now. Well: I can now say that I have seen a Kemble, and one who, I am convinced, will add to the reputation of that gifted family.

I must mention one or two things in connexion with the rest of the performance before I conclude. The wretched appearance of the two children who are introduced, is intended, I presume, to excite commiseration. I cannot but think, however, that they are a little *overdone* in that respect. Really they are almost what ladies call *objects*. The said babes, too, would be rather more interesting if they were not to imitate sleep quite so naturally: I allude to their snoring. I object, too, to the introduction of the moon. There is classical authority, I know, for the pretence of witches to draw that planet down from her sphere; and they possibly succeeded, in former times, in imposing upon ignorant people by means of some illusion, and persuading them that they actually did so. But, to suppose that even the gullible Britons could have been made to believe that the Queen of Night was actually made to descend and eat vegetables, is an outrage to common sense. One might as well expect the sun to "prove a micher, and eat blackberries," as Falstaff says.

Pollio's acting and singing I thought were good; but, though it may be right to make him an Adonis, why should he be a *pocket* one? And what Roman warrior ever wore such delicate buskins, or ambled with such a mincing gait? It was like that of a dancing-girl.

One word about the young lady who played Adalgisa. I wonder that so little stir is made about her. Her delicacy, grace, and modesty, are quite remarkable, and her vocal powers by no means small. I may not be a judge; but I should say that of the two she is rather better looking than the *prima donna* herself.

I was somewhat surprised by the circumstance that the performance was continually interrupted throughout by roars of laughter, for which I could not at first account, since, although the idea of singing a play is absurd enough, I did not see anything (bating the introduction of the moon above-mentioned) more ridiculous in this piece than I did in that which we heard;—was it not La Somnambula? However, I suppose that a Covent Garden audience, being less aristocratic than Opera folks, gives way more readily to its feelings.

The above is all the news that I have to tell you; perhaps you will think that you have had enough of it. You know, I suppose, that Professor Lobb's work on "Fluxions" is just out,—you are a punster, I know: I do not mean that it is *incorrect.*

Believe me to remain, dear —— Yours truly,

SOLOMON SWIFT.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is evident that our artist has an advantage over our friend "Solomon," in having obviously been

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE 'Αδελφοί.

THE BULLET.

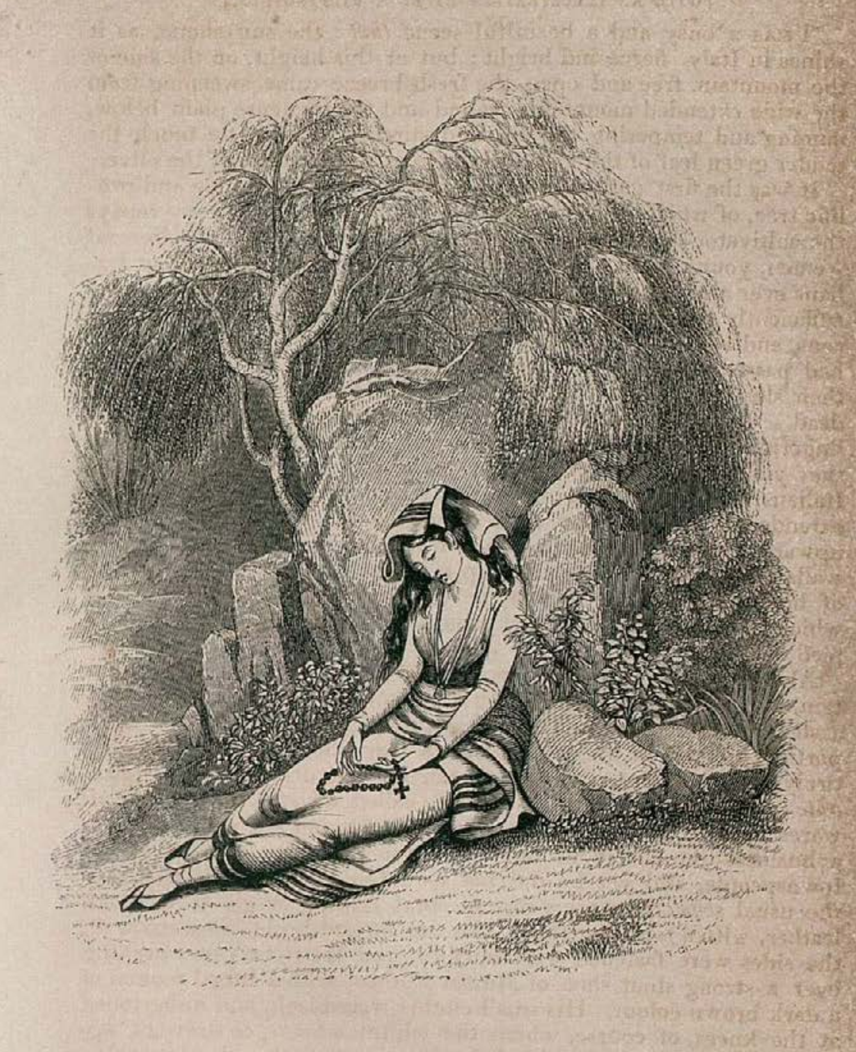
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASALE," "THE RAZED HOUSE," &c.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.]

'TWAS a busy and a beautiful scene *that*: the sun shone, as it shines in Italy, fierce and bright; but at this height, on the side of the mountain, free and open, the fresh breeze came sweeping from the wide extended mountains around and the immense plain below, fanning and tempering the air, and stirring with gentle touch the tender green leaf of the vine and the long slender twig of the olive.

It was the first gathering of the fruit of that invaluable and prolific tree, of which it is said that a full crop once in ten years repays the cultivator for the little care and pains bestowed upon it. Several women, young girls, and children were as busily employed, as Italians ever are, in collecting the fruit, or as much of it as was deemed sufficiently ripe to be sent to the oil-mill. The trees were numerous, and well laden with the green fruit, although not many weeks had passed since the new foliage had pushed the old leaves from their slender hold, and left them lying on the grass withered and dead. Upon some branches here and there were still to be found lingering a few of the fruit of the past year, in the state in which they yield the purest oil, and are most esteemed for eating by the Italians. They had become perfectly black. This olive plantation extended in a long stripe from about the middle of the mountain upwards; and as its slanting position left the earth liable to slip, low walls of loose stones were piled up to hold it firm, forming a number of horizontal flats, or shelves, on which the trees grew, and upon which many brightly-coloured groups of the peasantry were occupied or idling.

Along a narrow path or sheep-track which wound down the mountain, and which was broken with fragments of rock and wild shrubs, a short stout man came tripping with a light and busy step, supporting himself in his descent with a long stick. He had not entirely the character of a farmer, nor a beast dealer, nor a *negociante* (merchant), as those people are called who traffic in the small wares usually sold to the peasants and shepherds; yet there was a business-like air about him. He was evidently not one of the townspeople, and yet he did not look like a stranger. Instead of the usual *scioci*, he wore a sort of stout buskin, or gaiter, of black leather, with a top, something like our topped-boots, sewn upon it; the sides were fastened with buckles, and the front came peaking over a strong stout shoe of Russia leather, with a broad tongue of a dark brown colour. His small clothes were black, and unbuttoned at the knees, of course, where the white *mutande*, or drawers, appeared. His waist was encircled with a green silk sash; his waistcoat was a faded red, with sleeves of a similar colour, patched and soiled; and his jacket, which was swung over his left shoulder, was also red, but of a darker colour. His hat, which was of the shape worn by the peasantry and the brigands, had no other ornament than a band of horse-hair and pigs' bristles. There was, however, a flower stuck into it, and it sat a little on one side, with rather a jaunty air,—rather, it would appear, from the shape of the head within it, than any intention of the wearer. It was pulled a little over the eyes; but under it there appeared a face as jolly, happy, good-tempered, and even honest, as any one you will see in



Anna di Santis.

FROM A DRAWING BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

a thousand. His mouth exhibited a good set of teeth, and a smile played about it so pleasing and natural, that it was impossible to suspect it. There was, however, a twinkle in the expression of his light grey eye, which did not exactly speak out, but appeared to reserve something to itself. It did not inspire you with confidence at once; but, on looking again, you saw no startling reasons for distrust or dislike. On the whole, it was the aspect of a plain, simple, respectable, and an honest man:—it belonged to one of the greatest rogues in all Italy!

In his own little way, Pietro Ciconi was almost without an equal. No man nor woman, old or young, was a match for him in making a bargain in the peculiar trade he followed. In every transaction of barter or exchange, he not only plundered his victim most outrageously, but he succeeded in making his dupe believe at the same time that he was the especial object of his liberality. The strength of Pietro's character appeared to lay in a peculiarity which all the world were disposed to regard as a weakness,—a kind of childish simplicity and good-nature, which every one thought he could turn to his own account: this sat so easy upon him, that nobody suspected that so harmless a weapon could be turned against himself. It is said of a liar, that he tells lies until he believes his own stories to be true. Pietro certainly cheated with such a show of fair dealing, that he might have believed himself the most honest man alive. If so, it was an opinion peculiarly his own; for everybody said there was not such a "*birbone infame*" in the Papal States—and, as if desirous to prove it, they went directly and dealt with him. Pietro Ciconi was what the Italians call a "*manetengolo*," — *Anglicè*, a *fence*,—that is, a dealer in and a receiver of stolen goods. But his occupation was of a bolder and far more perilous character than that of his brothers in England. Instead of living in some narrow, dark, and dirty corner, like a spider in a hole, ready to pop upon whatever might be thrown into his net, Ciconi was always to be seen abroad, alive and active. He ranged the mountains, and visited the small towns freely; and this perhaps accounted for the air of health and cheerfulness spread over his face. He appeared always to have a great deal to do, and nothing to conceal. He had, nevertheless, a very difficult game to play, particularly at the moment which introduces this narrative. He had two sets of masters to serve, whose public functions were very strongly opposed to each other:—these were the brigands on the mountains, and the police in the towns and villages. But Ciconi contrived in some way or other to stand well with both; and, as in all his other transactions, both fancied they owed him obligations. But his vocation had been lately beset with extra annoyances. The enormities and cruelties of the greatly-increased bands of brigands called loudly upon the authorities to bestir themselves. It was well-known that these "*malviventi*" (profligates) could not exist and carry on their trade in those wild retreats without food, guns, knives, bullets, and so on; and it was just as well known that these were supplied by certain persons, who made a trade of it; and it was equally well established that Master Pietro was one of the most active and persevering. He was consequently often called before the chiefs of police, and asked questions, all tending to establish his perfect innocence, and ignorance of everything wrong. His person was frequently searched, in hopes of finding some prohibited articles

of traffic; but nothing was ever found upon him. Once, it is said, when suspicions were very strong against him, he submitted to rather a rigid examination. He had a good many pockets about him, so that it proved rather a troublesome matter to empty them: and when, after having got over the difficulties of two in his jacket, two in his waistcoat, and one in his smalls, they came to the last, and a couple of small medallions, *apparently* in gold, with the Pope's head on one side and his arms on the other, made their appearance, the officer appeared so much pleased with them, that Pietro made him a present of them, remarking in a careless way, that they were pretty *metallini* or *papettini,* at the same time invoking a blessing upon the head of his Holiness, with the most perfect sincerity, to all appearance. The old red jacket hung across his shoulder in the usual way; and it was not difficult to see that the sleeves contained some trifling matter or other, as well as that they were carefully tied at the wrists with a green twig; but, as these are the *usual* receptacles with every countryman for bread and cheese, a few onions, a lump of *ricotto,* or a slice of *presciutto,* they were of course not thought worth the search. Ciconi was not unfrequently consulted, and his advice asked as to the existence of persons, the situation of places, and so on; points of information he could hardly help possessing. No one ever suspected that so simple a person could make any improper use of certain communications made to him, although it did sometimes happen that certain sage measures, long talked of, and at last executed with Italian promptness, proved utterly abortive by being already foreseen and provided against.

Whatever some might think, and others know, Ciconi continued his trade uninterrupted, and even respected. He had a partner in the concern, the very counterpart of himself, but of rather a severer cast,—this was his wife; and they had a daughter, too, whom I wish the reader could have seen, as I did, sitting at the door of the *capana,* or hut, with her mother, attending a little flock of sheep. As we have said, Ciconi came tripping along the path, which did *not* lead directly to the olive-ground in question, as if some business had led him in that direction. He appeared to be going beyond it; and then, as if he did not like to pass on without a gossip, he left the path, and cut across toward a group of women, whose attention and remarks were evidently directed towards their visiter.

Before he arrives there is time enough to tell the reader something of what might be his motive upon this occasion, and what was the usual mode of operation pursued by the character we have before us. As the jackal of those lions of the mountains, the brigands, the *manetengolo,* in serving his masters, took especial care to serve himself; and, just in proportion as dangers and difficulties fell upon him, expenses increased and fell heavier upon his employers. Immediately after any terrible exploit of these terrible men had become known, an immediate stir was made by the police; the shop of every dealer in the necessaries of life, but in bread more particularly, was watched, and every stranger who appeared as a purchaser was watched; but old Ciconi was no stranger, and there were more ways of obtaining bread than that of buying it at the shop of the baker. However, the difficulties were hereby considerably increased, and at such times the *paniotto,* or penny loaf, rose from half a paul to a whole one, five-pence; and upon some occasions a roll has been made to cost a *scudo,* four shillings and two-pence, English; a few charges

of bad powder, and a bullet or two, as much; an old musket, fifty and one hundred *scudi;* and every other necessary in the same proportion. At these times Master Ciconi, like others of his calling, was obliged to use much caution in conveying the articles in which he dealt to those who bought and employed them. Instead of carrying the usual half-dozen of the long knives, which even the brave feared, in the bosom of his shirt, or the sleeve of his jacket, he was obliged to use the caution of putting them in a bundle of dry faggots, and go toiling with them over the mountains to some place where his wife had fixed her *capana* conveniently for the purpose, as if he were simply employed in collecting fuel for cooking, making *giunchetta* or *ricotto.* Sometimes he was to be seen with two or more large water-melons or gourds, making his way towards his mountain home, carrying *la buona moglia* these dainties, to diversify a little the common fare of milk, onions, and cheese; which, when opened, were found to contain cartridges and bullets in lieu of the seeds provided by nature. In this way supplies were smuggled to the mountains. These things yielded Master Ciconi a good profit; but there were others, for which he was always on the look-out, which afforded a far greater source of gain—jewellery, trinkets, watches, and other little matters, which were taken from unfortunate travellers who fell in the way, not of the regular brigands, who, as will hereafter be illustrated, did not often *descend* to such petty thefts; but such as were taken from carriages stopped on the highways by certain bands of amateurs, made up of shepherds and peasants, who caught the spirit of emulation and enterprise by associating with the brigands, their masters. At the little town in which the scene of this narrative was laid it was difficult to find a person who had not father, brother, son, uncle, nephew, cousin, sweetheart, or other connexion, concerned in the terrible "*brigandaggio*" then raging in all the mountains around. Whatever spoils were taken by the brigands were useless until converted into money, and even that would not always purchase them comforts or necessaries; for this purpose they were sent to their friends to find a market for them. It was not an every-day occurrence; but a dark-eyed peasant girl *has* been seen working in the fields with a brilliant ring upon her sunburnt hand, which had previously adorned the delicate finger of some fair ill-fated stranger; or a wrinkled old hag has sported the ear-rings or the gold-chain which once decked out a very different sort of person.

Ciconi now approached a group occupied upon one of the highest flats; and, showing a set of teeth as white as those in the mouth of a young dog, surrounded by the pleasantest smile that ever teeth stood in the midst of, he prepared to give the "*buon giorno,*" (good day,) in a voice and manner that never failed to call forth a response.

A couple of old crones, who watched his approach, observed one to the other, "Is not this old Ciconi who is coming this way?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "who else should it be? *Birbonaçcio,*

'Where game abounds,
The sportsman starts his hounds;
Where the waters are deep,
Fishes sleep,' &c.

When was there a poor girl who was compelled to convert her ear-rings or wedding-ring into money to pay tax or rent, that was not helped by that old cheat!"

"Helped!" said the other; "truly, *per Dio*, on the road to ruin, but in no other way that ever I heard of; but I am thinking he'll hardly find this visit here to-day worth his trouble."

"Faith, neighbour," replied the first crone who spoke, "I wish I had something to convert into coin; but the trade in the mountains is now spoiled, and we get nothing as we used to do."

Before this was well said, Ciconi had arrived at the low wall which bounded the plantation, and with the lightness of a boy had leaped over, and stood in the shade of an olive, with that smiling expression of face which made him friends everywhere.

"*Carissime*," he said, "dearest friends, how goes it? what a beautiful day. Margarita, Mencuccia, (the names of the two beldams he addressed,) my beauties, how does the world use you? By St. Antonio! you grow younger every day."

"Eh!" exclaimed the two old hags, tossing their arms in the air, "buffer, a lie won't choke you, that's quite certain!" and here all three burst into a loud laugh.

In the mean time Ciconi had seated himself on a piece of rock, and had taken off his hat. Wiping his forehead, he said, in rather a careless way, "Well, neighbours and friends, what news is there?"

"What!" said the old woman, "how are a set of poor creatures like us to know what is afloat in the world, who never leave our homes, and can hardly venture into the mountains without the chance of losing what we take with us?—of being robbed by the idle vagabonds who have deserted their families, or——"

Ciconi, who saw the ire of the old woman rising as her thoughts turned to some very iniquitous proceedings of the brigands which had lately taken place, here presented his snuff-box, with the good-natured smile which had never failed to disarm anger or suspicion. The two old dames having put in their dark bony fingers, Ciconi resumed his seat on the bit of rock, and one of the women took her seat by his side; the other joined two or three young girls, who had just come up from some of the lower terraces for a gossip. The *manutengolo* entered into conversation with the old woman in a whispering tone, while certain recognitions passed in smiles, and by bending the fingers in the peculiar way of the Italians, between him and the younger part of the group, as they fell one by one under his notice.

"For my part," said one of the young girls, "I have never had the value of that," snapping her fingers, "for the last two months past. I heard that the wife of the cook at Signor Menucci's had a gold watch from her brother only a week ago, but that she has disposed of; and since the affair of Rinaldi, and even before it, since the death of the *Capo di Paese*, little indeed have we been the better for all the wealth carried into the mountains."

"*Eh! Madonna mia!*" said the old dame; "what is got over the devil's back is spent you know where. The fools in the mountains gamble and throw away their money, so that their relatives and friends are little the better for it. Little, indeed, will be the gains of old Ciconi to-day, I think. I don't believe any one has a *baiocco's* worth of anything to dispose of."

"Unless," said the girl who had not yet spoken, "it is Anna di Santis."—"*Aibo*," returned the other; "she has nothing."

"And yet," said the first, "I have seen her, when she thought no one was nigh, take something from her bosom, look at it, and, after

putting it back again, look round as if she concealed something she did not like should be known. Her brother is now second in the band; and, if he has not many friends among the shepherds, no small number fear him."

Ciconi had continued his gossip apparently without at all noticing the conversation of the other woman; but now rising rather suddenly, and saluting the two girls who had been speaking, he complimented them on their looks, and asked them if he could buy them anything at Piperno, whither he was going. "I must go," said he, "first into the village at the foot of the mountain;" and then in a careless way, he asked who were at work lower down in the plantation. Several women and girls were mentioned, and among them Anna di Santis. The *manetengolo* expressed some interest for her, and asked about the state of her health. The girls shook their heads, and replied that she was thinner and paler than ever; in short, little else than a shadow.

"Poor girl," said Ciconi, as he turned to depart. Then, picking the most convenient parts to descend, he ran his quick grey eyes along each flat, until he perceived the slender figure of Anna di Santis, who was employed near the end of one of the lowest. The old fellow made his way towards her, and, with the stealthy light step which characterised him, arrived within a few paces without being perceived. He was evidently struck with the altered aspect of the poor girl, whom he knew. He did not address her, but stood leaning upon his long stick, and looking at her with an expression which few indeed had ever seen upon his face, and with feelings none would have given him credit for.

Anna was employed in picking the green olives which had fallen round the tree, selecting and dropping them into the elegantly-shaped basket at her side. As she bent her tall figure, and moved a little from side to side, although her back was turned, it was easy to perceive the dreadful ravages sorrow had wrought upon her. Her sleek pale cheek was sunk and attenuated; the square angle of the jaw, so strongly characteristic of the Italian, was painfully marked, the cheek projected above, and her raven-black hair, now neglected, fell into the hollow of the temple; the delicately shaped ear was thin and transparent, and the small slender neck was strongly lined, and appeared overstrained with the weight of the head. From time to time she pressed her left hand to her side, as if she felt pain, or sought to support herself by its aid. Her movements were languid and slow, and she continued her occupation in a kind of measured manner, which gave the idea of its being performed mechanically, and without consciousness. Presently the old man addressed her in a soft voice, when slightly starting, she turned towards him, still bending, and lifted her languid eyes to his face. He had commenced, "My child, how goes it?" and was proceeding, but as her full aspect met his eye, he faltered and the words he intended to speak refused to come forth. Drawing his hand across his face, and altering his position a little, although looking still with that sort of look people assume in coming into the presence of a corpse, he exclaimed in accents of real pity,

"Dear me! how much I regret to see you look so ill, Anna!"

He was continuing his regrets, but Anna checked him by asking, in rather a firm tone of voice and earnest manner, "Ciconi, can you tell me where Peppuccio, my brother, may be found?"—"*Cara*

mia, it is many weeks since I have seen him; and, when I last heard of him he was in the Abruzzi."

"Then it would be impossible to find him!"

"No, *cara*, not impossible; but several days must pass first. I will inquire about him; and, if I can serve you, Anna——"

"No," said Anna, despondingly; "it is past—it is too late."

Here, musing, as if some thought had struck her, she stood fixed, with her head bowed, and her eyes cast down, while Ciconi continued, in his gossiping way, "No, Anna, I have not seen Peppuccio since his escape out of the hands of police, when they were conducting him to Frosenone."

Anna started, and said, "Name it not. But that is past, as all soon will be. Ciconi," said she rather suddenly, "can I ask you to do me a favour?"—"Certainly, my dear."

"But may I trust you? You promise you will not deceive me?"

"What! Anna, whom have I ever deceived? When has Pietro Ciconi failed in his word, or run from his bargains? to whom does he owe a shilling?"

"I know not," said Anna; "but it would be hard to deceive one so wretched as I am, or to refuse a request made with the dying breath of a poor broken-hearted girl."

"Say not so, Annuccia," said the old man, evidently touched. "I promise you I will faithfully perform whatever you may ask of me, if it be possible."

"It is not difficult, Ciconi. I have worn in my bosom for many weary months what does not belong to me. I have waited and sought an occasion to return it to its owner, but hitherto I have not found him. If you will undertake the task for me, I will thank you,—warmly thank you. I have nothing else to give."

"Dear girl! I want nothing—I want no reward; but——" and here he hesitated, and assuming a little of the old trading smile, he said; "but you are not so poor, Anna?"

This remark was unheard or unheeded by the poor girl, who, taking a small packet from her bosom, said, "This it is, Ciconi, that I would ask you to be the bearer of. You know the factor of Signor Martini; take that to him—it is his."

"Ah! observed the old man, in the cajoling voice and manner usual with him, "it is heavy—what is it, Anna?—is it gold!—is it money!—faith! gold or silver, it must be a good sum."

"It was obtained for a good purpose, although it failed; say that if you like, and ask no further questions about it." Then, with an altered expression of voice and manner, she said, "It is accursed!—therefore keep it no longer about you than is necessary, but deliver it out of your hands as speedily as you can."

The old man stood weighing the little packet in his hand, and smiling, as if loath to lose so pleasant a sight. At last he put it away into one of the many pockets of his dress, with a promise that it should be delivered in the morning. The poor girl again expressed her thanks, and with a subdued and rather a vacant look, recommenced her employment. Ciconi did not observe it, but a person less occupied with his own affairs might have seen that her long, thin and emaciated hand very often passed from the earth to her basket empty, or was withdrawn without depositing the fruit it held. For a moment she ceased to move, as if all her faculties were absorbed, and then, as if suddenly roused to consciousness, she resumed her

occupation. Ciconi, whose good feelings were easily mastered by his rapacious desires, and the habits of his life and calling, still lingered, and in his silence betrayed a respect for sorrow which he found it difficult to break through. He had observed, with the keen eye of thrift, that, attached to a narrow band of silk or hair which Anna wore round her neck, there was something more weighty and singular than was customary. Every Italian, man, woman, or child, commonly wears from baptism to the grave, one, two, three, and sometimes half-a-dozen small amulets, or bags, containing relics or scraps of some kind or other as safeguards against evil. There was nothing, therefore, in the thing itself to excite attention; but Ciconi stood fascinated by one of these, which he was certain contained something unusual. Perhaps, when the packet was taken from the bosom of the unhappy girl this escaped by accident; and as the poor creature stooped and moved in a state of mind which rendered her unconscious of everything about her, this little bag, with its weighty contents, had passed out from below the handkerchief, and hung unnoticed by her, dangling in the sinister, rapacious eye of the *manetengolo.* Approaching her by little and little, and assuming his trade smile, he said,

"*Ebbene,* Anna, I shall see you to-morrow, and then you shall know what the factor says. But Anna, tell me — I know you are not so poor as you said you were just now."

"Indeed," said the poor girl, "if I had money, Ciconi, I would pay you for your trouble; but I have none."

"No, no, Anna, I would not take a *baiocco* of you. It is not that altogether I should like — that is — have you nothing to dispose of, Anna? Have you no trinkets, nor rings, nor any — *Per Bacco,* I remember, Anna, when your fingers were covered."

"Alas!" said the poor girl, "I have none;" and then regarding her wasted hand, she added, as if speaking to herself, "I had one I wore till it dropped off: it would not stay upon fingers like these. No, Ciconi, I am sorry I cannot recompense you for your trouble. I have nothing, and for myself I want nothing."

Finding he did not advance so rapidly towards his object as he wished, the *manetengolo* had recourse to his old trick of flattery and smooth words.

"Come, come, Anna," he said, simpering, "you don't look so very ill after all; and when you were in health, nobody looked so well as yourself in those things. You ought to be a lady, a *Signora Contessa,* and be covered with gold and diamonds. I have seen you on a *festa,* Anna; and, if you were to search your pocket or your bosom, I dare say you could find some little thing, for which I would give you more than I would give another."

"Cease," said the offended girl, with a look of mixed suffering and disdain; but the dealer, having warmed himself into his long-practised cupidity, either did not hear or disregarded her, and putting forth his hand, ventured to seize upon the object which had so long taken up his attention.

"What is this Anna?" he said. "'Tis heavy. What is"——

Roused and insulted, the poor girl pushed her hand with some force against the shoulder of the old man, who slipped, and fell backwards lightly upon the ground.

A loud laugh now burst from some old women and girls, who

had been for the last few minutes watching the scene. "Ah!" said one, "the old rogue has missed his footing for once." Here they laughed and screamed, and as he made efforts to get up they bawled out, "Sir Pietro, don't inconvenience yourself; keep your seat. Bravo, Anna! bravo!" and, in order to enjoy the scene more fully, the young girls first, and the old women after, came jumping down, and surrounded their victim. Each commiserated him, mocking, laughing, and making a thousand odd starts and gestures.

Ciconi, too much of a philosopher to be disconcerted by much worse accidents, and being a really good-tempered fellow, joined heartily in the laugh, and then looking about him, asked,

"But where is Anna? *Per Bacco!* she has run away. A jade! —but I should like to speak to her before I go."

"*Ugh!*" said an old dame, with a severe expression of face, "that you won't do, I can tell you; for I saw her pass along by the lower wall a minute ago. You won't see her again, Ciconi, and none of us will see her long."

"No," responded one of the others, their faces all subsiding into a look of sedateness and even sympathy; "poor Anna is not long for this world. She has had her share of suffering in it."

"I have known her," said the old woman, whose occupation was that of a *levatrice* (midwife), "from the hour she was born. I attended her mother; I brought her into the world, and nursed her afterwards, and I always knew there was sorrow in her path."

"She was very silly," said a young one, "to devote herself to that *birbone,* Rinaldi. She was far too good for him."

"He never loved her," said another; "and so I don't see why she should have grieved for him as she has."

"Ugh!" said the old midwife, who knew more of Anna than any one else, "poor silly creatures! Children, ye know little of her, or of yourselves. The mountains are high, and the sea is deep, but a woman's love—*ugh!*"

"Poor thing! she has had good reasons," replied another; "but I think she grieved too much about her brother. There are many as good as him in the mountains." To this they all assented.

"He is not the first who has spilled the blood of an old tyrant!" said another.

"*Birbone infame,* I should have laughed," said a short dark young girl, "if my lover had done it."

"Poor Anna!" responded Ciconi.

"*Eh! cosa volete, signori miei,*" an expression always used by the Italians to mark the fatality of things. "What will you have, sirs? The smoke rises, and the tree falls, and when it falls — ugh! But it is near at an end. Madonna make the pass easy, poor girl!"

"They say," said a young girl, looking with some alarm, "that the signs are out; that ever since Rinaldi's death both the ruins of the Casa di Santis and the rock of the ravine have been troubled. I know I never pass that way after the Ave. Many people have been terrified, and are sure they saw something. '*Gnora sposa,*" said the girl, addressing the *levatrice,* "don't you think that the spirit of the doomed is often seen before death?"

"Much do I know," was her reply, — an answer usually given when an unreasonable question is asked. "Why should they not? Some are so badly lodged, they may well be glad to escape."

"*Così sia,*" responded Ciconi, who had listened with much atten-

tion. Then turning sharp round, in his usual easy and pleasant way," he observed. "Come, girls, this won't take the olives to the mill. The factor will be here before the Ave."

"*Eh!*" screamed each of the idlers, tossing their arms in the air, and changing from seriousness to mirth, with true Italian abruptness, and away they flew. The old dame stood still, and looking at Ciconi, said, "What is it you wish to ask me?"——"Oh! I did not say I wished to ask you anything."

"No, but I see you do."

"Well," said the old man, "to tell the truth, I should like to ask something about Anna di Santis, and — I have some particular reasons; but I ought to be on my road to Piperno. *Per Bacco!* I have always my own affairs to look after, and little do I think or care for those of others."

"Unless," continued the old woman, "it is your interest to do so."——"You say truly," smiled and responded the *manetengolo.*

"Well, sit down here," said the *levatrice*, seating herself, and the old man took his place beside her.

"You remember the death of the old Capo di Paese by the hand of Peppuccio di Santis? You know that, in company with Antonio Gasperone and Innocenzo Rinaldi, he fled to the mountains and joined the bands, to escape the persecution of the police, for the crime of singing under the window of his sweetheart?"*——"Certainly."

"Well, soon after the death of the Capo, the sleepy force were spurred into a short-lived activity. Parties were sent out in different directions, spies were paid, and three unhappy men were betrayed into the hands of those who wanted the cunning and the courage to catch them."——"Umph," said Pietro, "I know it. Well, and then—"

"And then," said the *levatrice*, "came the blow—the death-blow to poor Anna."——"How?" said Ciconi.

Peppuccio was carried to Piperno, imprisoned, and strongly guarded. All the world knew him as the murderer of the old Cacciatore il Capo; and although many praised, and some pitied him, the Government resolved to make an immediate and terrible example of him. Many cruel modes of punishment and death were talked of, which had the effect of stirring sympathy in his favour, especially as the provocation he had received was generally known. His guards were doubled, and the prisoner himself was heavily ironed. But just in proportion as the watch over him was strict and unremitting, his two companions were unattended to, and allowed every indulgence. They had money, but Di Santis had none! They were allowed to spend freely; wine and food were brought in in abundance, and all partook of it but Peppuccio. A number of the idle and curious townfolks assembled round the grated window of the prison, to catch a glimpse of the youth who had rid the country of a tyrant, as they considered the old Capo; but the youth refused to make his appearance. The two other bandits, however, laughed, joked, and drank through the bars, recognised, shook hands, and kissed certain countrymen and shepherds of their acquaintance, with whom they talked or whispered as they liked. This scene was continued until one by one the idlers dropped off, and the soldiers of the police fell asleep from wine and weariness. The two brigands slept also, like innocent children: Peppuccio alone kept awake.

* This is a fact.

In the morning a heavy sort of *carro*, or cart, was brought, with some straw in it, and Peppuccio and his two companions were put into it; and, attended by a great number of soldiers, they departed for Frosenone, the head of the commune. The two brigands had money still, so that they stopped at every wine-house on the road, and eat and drank with the soldiers. They then got into the cart, and sat down in the straw, singing and tossing it about in sport. From time to time they tried to cheer the drooping spirits of their comrade, who was taciturn, and had never moved from his place. At last, when they arrived at a very secluded part, he requested to be allowed to descend. This was directly complied with; but in a moment, to the great surprise of the troops, their prisoner was seen half way up some rising ground, flying with the speed of a wild goat. His two comrades set up a shout and a loud laugh; and the soldiers discharged their guns, but without effect. To follow the fugitive appeared so ridiculous, that they did not even make the attempt.

As soon as the news of the capture of Di Santis became known at his native town, many pitied, and some flew to console his mother and sister, who now regarded him as utterly lost. On the evening of the day in which he was taken from the mountains, Rinaldi made a visit to the melancholy dwelling of Anna and her mother. He found them in tears, for the news had already reached them. He could offer them but little comfort; and his sympathy with the fate of Peppuccio showed itself in oaths, imprecations, and curses, distressing to the poor girl. But her tears never failed to move him; and, after begging repeatedly that she would dry them and listen to him, he proposed an expedient for the liberation of her brother.

"Well, well, Anna," said he; "it is of no use to grieve over it; let us bestir ourselves, for something may yet be done. The case is not so desperate after all."

Making an effort to suppress her sorrow, the poor girl looked up and said. "How, Rinaldi? pray tell us what can be done."

"Money will do it," said he, "if we can get enough of it."

"Alas! Rinaldi, we have none, or very little." Then, speaking to her mother, who, absorbed and buried in her griefs, sat stupified, she said, "Mother — dear mother! hear what he says: money will free Peppuccio from prison. Think, mother—think of the fate of your son, and let us see if it be not possible to raise a sufficient sum for the purpose."——"We have none, my child," replied her mother.

"No, mother; but we can sell the few gold ornaments we have, and perhaps borrow a small sum from some of our friends or neighbours."——"As you like, my child," replied the unhappy mother.

"Rinaldi," said Anna, "pray advise us; tell us how much we stand in need of. Oh, Heavens! have we no friend—no help?"

"I have been thinking," continued the man, "whether I could not get it for you to-night."

"How Rinaldi?" asked Anna, with a look of some alarm.

"How?" said the man: "what does it matter how, so that we get it? I missed the best chance as I came along; but I took a few things, some rings and a necklace or two, from some country women as I came at the foot of the mountain." These he drew from the bosom of his shirt, saying, "I thought they might serve,—take them, Anna."

"No, no, Rinaldi, my own and my mother's, I hope, will serve."

"Well, as you like. I have no money, or you should have it. I

lost fifty *scudi* yesterday with that fool Minco; but it's only lent. I am sorry I cannot assist you; I don't want the will."

"I know it, Rinaldi, and thank you kindly. Would a hundred *scudi* suffice, do you think?"

"Certainly; but where will you get it?"

"There is my father's brother at the mill in the hollow, who, if he has it, I know will give it me to save my brother. I will take all the little ornaments we have, and go and ask him to lend me what is wanted."

"Well thought of, Anna," said Rinaldi, "but you must be quick; the money must be there to-night. If you get it, however, I will see to that. Now tell me, where shall we meet? If you return home again, we shall lose time. Come up by the Adder Path, and meet me near the new cross they have put up there."

"*Madonna mia!* that is the spot where Peppuccio——"

Here Anna hesitated, and Rinaldi finished the sentence,—"Yes, yes, where Peppuccio killed the old Capo: what does it matter? Well, go round the brow of the mountain, and meet me near the oratorio of St. Francesco. You are so timid, Anna; but don't fear; I will be there long before you can arrive. That point overlooks the road, and if any one interrupts you, call upon me, and, whoever it may be, he shall repent of his temerity."

"Oh, no, Rinaldi," replied Anna; "no one will hurt me; I have no fear. Go, and in an hour and a half you shall find me at the place you have named."

Rinaldi now flung his jacket with a careless air across his shoulder, and stood upon his feet, ready to depart. "*Iddio, 'gnora sposa,*" said he to the mother as he passed her, to go out at the front door, but his salutation met with no reply.

"She does not hear you," said Anna, wishing to excuse her mother: "sorrow has wearied her out, and I think she sleeps."

"Ah!" ejaculated the man, "I know why she does not hear me, but I deserve it. However, let it pass. You have not a cup of wine, have you, Anna? I am thirsty to-night, and out of spirits. I know not what is the matter with me, but I feel—bah! no matter, Anna," and he turned towards the outlet at the back of the house, which Anna urged him to take, to avoid being seen.

At the threshold of the door he still lingered, holding the hand of Anna in his own, and pressing it with unusual emotion: "I know not," said he, "Anna, what is the reason, but a thought crosses me that I shall never enter this house again. I know it is folly, but I cannot help it; and last night I dreamt that my mother came to me—my father I never saw—and I felt, as she leant over me, her tears drop hot upon my cheek. It is strange that I, who never knew a mother's care, and who for years have attempted in vain to recal her image, remembered and knew her in a moment; and now I shall never forget her again."

The poor girl was moved, and was attempting to speak, when he said, "I know, Anna, I know it is a weakness, but"——and here he hesitated,—"tell me, Anna," said he, "if I were to give up this cursed life,—tell me, could you love me, and would you be ——"

"Heavens! Rinaldi," exclaimed the poor girl, "what is there on earth I would not sacrifice to bring you back an honest ——"

"Well, well, Anna, you have often said so, and I believe you;

but — but now we cannot talk about it — we have not a moment to lose; farewell, and Heaven bless you!"

The next moment he had leaped the wall, and Anna stood listening to his quick, light step with emotions of a very unusual character. Roused, however, by the urgency of the business she was engaged in, and the threatened danger of her brother, she prepared to depart for the house of her relative, who lived at some distance. She collected in haste the few rings and trinkets she meant to offer and leave as a security for the sum she wished to borrow, reflecting at the same time in what other way she should dispose of them, or sacrifice them, in case the friend she was going to could not assist her. To obtain the money she felt to be absolutely necessary; and explaining the object to her mother, and invoking the Madonna to protect and prosper her, Anna departed with speed upon her mission. She left the town by the shortest route; and rapidly descending a steep pathway that joined the high road at the little church of St. Giovanni, she passed the Convent of St. Francesco, continuing on the beautiful road that leads to Piperno, and in half an hour afterwards arrived at the mill in the hollow. She was quickly admitted, and made her errand known: but, alas! no help was to be obtained. Her relative expressed his sorrow both for the situation of Peppuccio, as well as for his own inability to assist in obtaining his liberation. The affliction and disappointment of the poor girl were severe in the extreme. Knowing nothing of the ingenious devices made use of in the world for refusing the assistance that humiliated necessity implores, she implicitly believed the story told her, and felt her case hopeless. Her relative told her that not ten minutes before her arrival he had paid the last paul he possessed to the factor of Signor Martini for the rent of the house and the mill, and regretted she had not come to him earlier. Gathering together the few ornaments she had brought with her, she begged a draught of water, and prepared to depart. The miller was deeply touched, and asked her to stay and repose herself, or, if she would return, to take one of the lads with her as a protector, asserting what was too true, that the road she had to walk was far from being safe at that time of the evening.

Anna refused all, appearing to pay little attention to the reasonable alarm, or the expressions of sympathy and regret, of her relative. Hurrying forth, she gained the main road, but then hesitated, as if undetermined in her purpose. At last she struck across some uninclosed olive-grounds, and having reached the foot of the mountain, began the ascent, as if she had taken a sudden resolution. The whole of the country hereabouts, and the spot appointed by Rinaldi, were perfectly well known to Anna; but, having taken one path, in which she continued for some paces, she returned and took another, and then again hesitated, as if uncertain of her way. At last, with rather a faltering step, she continued to ascend, but apparently without confidence, and after a few seconds she left the path and kept ascending the bare side of the mountain, going towards the point of her destination. Presently she came upon another narrow path, or sheep-track, where a low walk presented itself, inclosing a thick grove of olives. Taking the upward path that offered itself, she came suddenly upon a new wooden cross, which had been erected to mark the spot where blood had been spilt. Here stopping and crossing herself in the usual way, a sudden and unaccountable terror seized her, and the conviction came upon her with terrible force, that this was the spot in which the old Capo di Paese

met his death by the hand of her brother. She shuddered, and hesitated to proceed or return; but her good sense after a moment prevailed, and after offering a short prayer for the soul of the unhappy man, and praying the Madonna to seek pardon for her brother and protect herself, with trembling foot she continued her walk to the top of the mountain. Arrived at the spot at which she expected to meet Rinaldi, she stopped, and looking round, her eye fell on the soft and wide-spread landscape, and the distant sea that lay sleeping below in the subdued and quiet starlight: but she saw it not. She gazed around, and some slight fears assailed her; she listened, but heard only the beating of her own heart. She felt a conviction that Rinaldi would not even have suffered her to take this little journey alone if he had not been certain of her safety. The little chapel, or oratorio, he had named was but a short distance, a little lower on the opposite brow of the mountain, and thither the anxious and lonely girl bent her steps. As she proceeded she mused on the words Rinaldi had dropped at parting. He had often spoken of abandoning his desperate life, but not in a way which left a reasonable hope of its execution in the mind of Anna. If for a moment, however, she entertained so pleasing a thought, the next snatched it from her, and she saw in her lover a reckless and innate love of wild and desperate pursuits. But there was something peculiarly touching in the tone and manner in which he had addressed her this evening. She had often seen him affected whenever his parentless condition was referred to, but to-night the fierce and bitter denunciation of his lot had been changed into a touching melancholy, which could not fail to reach the heart that pitied and abundantly loved him. It was not the moment, however, for these thoughts—but they came, and would be attended to. Rinaldi had shown great zeal and sympathy, in his rough way, in the fate of Peppuccio, and Anna had no doubt that would exert himself to the utmost to save him. Her heart rose in gratitude as she regarded him as the friend of her brother, but it fell again in the thought that he had been the means of leading that brother from his honest calling to his now desperate profession—from being the protector of his helpless mother and sister, to becoming the destroyer of their respectability, their peace, and happiness. But a woman's love, which is equal to all things, lifted his image again, and placed it as a sacrifice upon the altar of her affections.

Having approached the little chapel, Anna paused; and looking in intently, she saw a man on his knees at the grated window, apparently engaged in the most earnest devotions; his hat, decorated in the mode of the brigands, lay at his side, with his cloak wrapped round the long gun, as it had been carried in that way, upon the shoulder. He did not appear conscious of her presence; but bent his head, pressing his hands upon his forehead, and moaned and sighed heavily. Anna looked again, and saw it was Rinaldi. For a moment she stood without motion; and then dropping upon her knees by the side of him, and placing both her hands upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of tears. The unhappy man was roused, and appeared deeply affected; he crossed himself, took one of Anna's hands, put his arm round her, and attempted to lift her from her position, standing up himself. Brushing his long dark hair aside, and taking his hat, he said, in a subdued tone of voice, "Now, Anna, what have you done?" but the poor girl was too much affected to reply at once. While he still pressed her hand warmly between both his, he said, "*Annuccia mia,* tears are useless, and I cannot bear to see ——"

His voice faltered, and he turned away his head. Rousing herself, Anna replied, " Alas ! Rinaldi, I have done nothing."

An oath was on his lips, but he suppressed it, exclaiming, " Why, Anna, why ? "——" We are unfortunate. I arrived only a few minutes after a sum of money had been paid to the factor of Il Signor Martini."

Taking her up sharply, " How, Anna," said he, " are you sure of what you say ? "——" Yes, Rinaldi ; my uncle told me that the factor, attended by a little boy, had gone home, and had not left his house five minutes."

" Is he on horseback," said the man.——" He is," replied Anna. " Then I know the road he must take. Secure yourself in the chapel, Anna : the door is not fastened. Enter and wait there till I return." Anna was on the point of remonstrating, but the brigand with the rapidity of lightning had fled, and was out of sight.

" You know the rugged path which goes down into the road that leads to the casino of Signor Martini ? " said the crone.

" Certainly," said old Ciconi, " the road from the mill winds round the foot of the mountain, and is a good five miles long ; the path from the chapel is scarcely more than a quarter of that distance. Oh, I know," said he ; " a cripple might hop the one, whilst a hare could not run the other."

" Well," said the old woman, " descending this path till he reached the road that he knew the factor must pass, Rinaldi listened for the foot of the horse, and soon heard it, although still distant. Half an hour elapsed ; and every now and then, and as the road showed itself zigzag to the point where Rinaldi stood, two figures might be seen descending. At last the factor and a boy at his side, who carried a gun, came into the road, and were proceeding, when Rinaldi started from behind a projecting bit of rock, seized the bridle of the horse, and demanded the money of the rider. The terrified man made no resistance, but, begging that the brigand would spare his life, tendered him a heavy purse.

Rinaldi took it—" It is enough," said he. " Now go back the way you came, and come not again upon this road until the morning. There are some waiting for you farther on, who will not treat you so tenderly as I have done. Go, and say nothing." Saying this, the brigand pushed the head of the horse backwards, and the factor turned round. The neck and head of the animal had covered the brigand while he held the bridle, and stood speaking to the rider ; but as the horse moved backwards, he stood exposed, and at that moment a shot was fired from out some brushwood on the other side of the road, directly opposite. The boy escaped, dashing resolutely down the steep road, and Rinaldi found himself wounded. The factor followed the boy at a full gallop, glad to escape, and not knowing, from any sign given by the brigand, whether or not the shot had taken effect.

Holding the purse in his hand, and without a groan or a word, Rinaldi commenced climbing the steep mountain near the path by which he had descended. He mounted slowly and steadily for some time, and then flung himself down on a convenient spot for resting. Presently he renewed his toil, and made about half the distance, when he rested again. The third time when he rose he staggered, put his hand to his head for a moment, and then pressed resolutely forward, until he again stopped, and sat down, as if from exhaustion. He remained here several minutes, swaying from side to side as he sat :

at length, with a sound as if clearing his throat, he began again to climb, panting audibly, and assisting himself by such branches and roots of shrubs and bushes as he could lay hold of. Presently he fell on his face with a groan; but after many attempts he struggled, righted himself, and with great difficulty again sat up.

Anna had heard the report of a gun, and fearing that Rinaldi had made an attack on some unfortunate wayfarer, left her retreat in the chapel, and was delighted to find the gun and the cloak lying as her lover had left it. Still she had just reason for alarm, and could not return to her place of concealment. She waited and listened, and at last made her way to the brow of the mountain, over which she had seen Rinaldi vanish. Just as she had reached it, the unhappy man rose staggering from some of the uppermost bushes, and made towards her.

"Heavens!" said the poor girl, "Rinaldi, what has happened?"

"Take—take this," he said, putting the purse into her hand, "and help me if you can, Anna. I am hurt."

"Where, where, Rinaldi? Dear Rinaldi, lean on me. Cannot I go for the surgeon, or find some one who will? *Madonna mia!* what is to be done!"

"Nothing," whispered the wounded man. "Help me on to the other side near the water-course; there I can drink and die, and some of the band will find me."

"O Heaven!" ejaculated the poor girl, "pity and save him!"

With much difficulty, and while the poor wretch was sinking fast, they reached the top of a long gulley, which descended in rough and broken steps to the foot of the mountain. On both sides of it olive-grounds extended for some distance. Down these it was not difficult to pass; but with great labour, and by an exertion of strength by which the wounded man was almost exhausted, a convenient spot was reached, where water was to be found. Scarcely had he been placed leaning with his back against one of the many projecting blocks of broken rock before the refreshing draught was at his lips.

"The Mother of Heaven reward you, Anna!" exclaimed the man, reviving a little from the death-swoon coming over him.

"Where are you wounded?" said Anna.

"Here! here!" said he, putting his hand on his right breast a little below the shoulder. His shirt was open at the neck, and pulling it aside, Anna saw a small red spot.

"Dear Rinaldi," said the girl; "I see no blood."

"So much the worse," was the reply. "It bleeds inwardly."

"Heaven! can nothing be done for you?"

"Nothing, Anna—it is—too late," and here his head fell over upon the shoulder of his affectionate attendant.

"Rinaldi!" said she, while her tears gushed forth in torrents, "Oh! for Heaven's sake, speak to me!"

He pressed her hand faintly, and in a broken sentence, exclaimed, "Anna, I must die. Poor Peppuccio! Take the mon—" and he struggled to speak, but the gripe of death was on his throat, and no sound came.

Anna wept with her whole heart in every gush of sorrow that filled her eyes, and ran over upon the object of her ill-placed love. She held him in her arms, pressed him to her bosom; and, as her scalding tears fell upon the cold cheek of the brigand, he said, in a tone scarcely audible, "Anna, *addio!*—mother—" and died.

At day-break two shepherds, who were passing near the spot,

stopped suddenly on hearing the violent barking of their dogs, and, going to see what occasioned it, were not a little alarmed at finding the dead body of the brigand leaning still against the bit of rock, and the body of Anna lying insensible at his side. Scarcely knowing whether to fly, or to try and render assistance, the men stood for a minute or two gazing, and irresolute.

At last one of them stooped, and took her hand, and fancying he should be treating her in the right way, with rough kindness lifted her up upon her feet. She stood like a corpse, still keeping the position in which she had been lying. They spoke to her; but her voice was silent, and her eyes were still closed. The rude, well-meaning men were perplexed; so they carried her to the top of the mountain, and placing her in a convenient posture, one of them ran directly to the town, which was but a short distance, to fetch the doctor. A very short time elapsed before he came, attended by several neighbours and gossips, and the poor girl was lifted in their arms still insensible. In that state she was conveyed to her home, where her mother still watched for her, and was put into bed.

Many weeks passed over: but no one of the neighbours during that time ever saw Anna. Her mother, when asked about her, said she was better, but did not apparently wish to speak about her. When she appeared, she was so much changed that no one knew her, and from that hour to the present she has never smiled, or looked up, but has bent her eyes upon the earth, as if looking for a place to make her grave!

"Poor girl! poor girl!" ejaculated the old *manetengolo*. "But, tell me," said he to the old woman in an under-tone, "what became of the trinkets and rings that Anna took to her relations?"

"You vile rogue!" said the old woman, rising from her seat in disgust.

"But, neighbour mine," rejoined the man. "Indeed, neighbour, I pity Anna very much; but it's a pity if the things were lost."

"I know nothing about them," reiterated the old woman.

"But what, neighbour mine," said the wheedling old man, "what it is that Anna wears about her neck? 'tis heavy."

"Brute! once more I tell you, I know nothing about it."

"Well," replied the man, assuming his usual smile, "there is no harm in asking."——"Perhaps there is, perhaps not."

"Well," observed Ciconi, "I shall do Anna's bidding, and shall be back this way in the morning."

The old woman stood steadily looking after Ciconi as he tripped away with his usual quick step; then speaking to herself she muttered, "What a beast does the love of gain make of a man! Rocks are hard, but human sympathies — ugh! That old wretch had a heart given him by nature, but he has made it the store-house of his cupidity: the goodly treasures that it once contained have left it, and are scattered forth like vagrants without a parent or a home, which, when they claim kindred, are looked on shyly, and are half disowned. Ugh! the world's idol is God's curse and the soul's bane! But the adder makes its poison in the dew that nourishes the flower, and revives the grass on which the lamb and the kid feed. *Dio buono*—the heavens are lifted far above us, and the earth goes deeper than men's thoughts!—but, anon, anon!" Here rousing herself from her reverie, the old dame, put her hands together, exclaiming in a tone of the deepest intensity and feeling, "Poor Anna!—poor child of sorrow! daughter of the human kind,

and victim of the human lot — woman! soon shalt thou find thy place of rest! Even now they have spread the low couch at the foot of the altar—have strewed the flowers, pinched the ribands, placed the fillets, and set the wax-lights around the bier. Poor girl!—for thee sorrow has done its worst, and the priest and *beccamorti* soon will do the rest! But I must search for thy sad retreat, poor girl! I have watched thee, and I know thy fate is not far distant, not many days—perhaps not many hours!" and the old woman moved slowly and pensively away in the direction whence she had last seen Anna. The morning broke with a face smiling and bright as if it had never looked on sorrow, or that it brought another day to lengthen out the term of human endurance. Anna's had ceased!

Ciconi was now seen returning. The old woman stood on a prominent part of the mountain, her tall lean figure strongly relieved by the bright dawn behind her. A group of peasants had gathered round the stone on which the brigand had died, and there, looking as if she slept, with her cold pale cheek pressing against the rock,—and, like it, cold and senseless, her hands clasped and resting in her lap, lay the still beautiful faded form of the unfortunate Anna di Santis!

Whatever it was that she had worn and preserved with such care in her bosom was still a secret, for the little bag which contained it had been opened, and its contents were gone. The old crone was often questioned by those who were curious to know. It was supposed, whether upon good grounds or otherwise, that it was the bullet which had killed her lover. The little packet intrusted to the *manetengolo*, who faithfully delivered it, proved to be the sum taken from the factor, in the same state in which it had been received.

PHIL FLANNIGAN'S ADVENTURES.

BY J. STERLING COYNE.

A SHARP sleet was rattling against the windows, and a shrill wintry wind whistling down the chimney of Phil Flannigan's snug, well-thatched dwelling, which stood within a "short mile" of the little village of Ballyscolgan. But the music of the storm without was unheeded by the joyous party assembled under Phil's hospitable roof-tree, or was only alluded to occasionally for the purpose of giving a richer zest to the mirth, or a deeper inspiration to the draughts of hot ale and whisky-punch that passed in foaming jugs from hand to hand.

It was Christmas night; and Phil Flannigan, who was reputed amongst his neighbours a "strong farmer," and well-to-do in the world, had, according to his annual custom, invited a party of his friends and relatives "to take a dhrop of comfort with him, in honour of the night that was in it." On such a pleasant occasion there were few absentees,—old gossips and young lovers hastened to the scene of festivity,—and many a

> Cousin Judy with her Cousin Harry,
> And Cousin Peggy with her Cousin Larry,

came in loving couples to join the merry throng.

The *beal-tinne* log—a huge block of wood, that extended quite across the ample hearth at the back of the fire,—crackled cheerfully, and shot forth a bright and social flame; the painted Christmas candles were lighted in polished candlesticks upon the well-scoured deal table, and

around the apartment hung branches of holly and ivy, with red berries and black, shining in rich clusters amidst their dark-green leaves.

"Healths a-piece to you, friends and neighbours all, and many a merry Christmas may you live to see!" cried Phil, nodding round with a smile upon his guests, and then applying the reeking punch-can to his lips, he hid the upper part of his features in the capacious vessel, and indulged himself in a prolonged investigation of its contents. "Sowl!" he exclaimed, drawing his breath, and smacking his lips with indescribable relish, as he drew the sleeve of his coat along the brim of the can, and handed it to his neighbour, Jim Costigan,—"sowl! but that 's the rale stuff to raise the cockles of a man's heart. I 'll be on my affidavy that a drop of such beautiful punch never went inside my teeth *all the time I was in England*."

This allusion to "the time he was in England" invariably preceded the recital of a famous adventure which had happened to Phil in his younger days. This story he had been in the habit of relating upon every favourable opportunity to his friends for the last thirty years,—but with such considerable variations that it possessed all the charm of novelty at every fresh recital.

"Well," said Phil, after a short pause, "I 'll tell you something that will divart you, if I can; but what is it to be? Did any of yees ever hear of my thravels to Liverpool?"

"No, Phil, sorra one of us ever heerd that from you yet. Tell us a piece of your thravels, and more power to you," was the general reply.

"You must know, then, that it 's now near two-and-thirty years since the notion of thravelling came first into my head. I was then a smart and active young fellow, with a leg like a parish priest's, and a fist—och! by the powers of turf! that was a fist to go coort with! 'Well,' says I to myself one fine morning, while I was trenching the young pyatees in my mother's garden, 'what 's the use,' says I, 'of nathural janius, if a man lets it get mowldy? It 's an old and a true saying, if you want to sell your pig, you must keep in the middle of the fair. So, bedad! 'hit or miss,' as the blind man said when he beat his wife, I 'll be off to England: that 's the place for a man to make his fortune; and, if impidence can do it, I won't be behind-hand.'

"The next morning saw me with a short stick in my fist, and ten hogs in my pocket, on the road to Dublin, whistling 'The Rakes of Mallow,' to keep away the lowness of sperrits that was coming over me, when I thought of my poor mother that I had left without so much as a word at parting. 'But,' says I, 'I 'll make her amends when I come back to her in my coach and six, with my servants in their cocked hats and silk stockings, and myself covered over with goold and di'monds enough to take the sight out of her eyes; and a beautiful young crather of a wife walking by my side, dressed in silks and satins, and an illigant long white veil trailing along after her on the ground, for she 'll be too proud to lift it out of the dirt herself.'

"I needn't take up your time telling you how I got to Dublin, and how I bargained with the captain of a sailing-vessel—the steamers warn't in fashion at that time—to carry me to Liverpool for seven hogs.

"'Well,' says I, 'here I am in England, and now for the fortune.' But the divil a taste of a fortune could I see lying about anywhere: the houses looked as black and as hard as stone and mortar could make them; and the people looked quite as black and as hard as the houses. 'Many a bad beginning makes a fair ending,' thinks I. 'Maybe this isn't the place where my luck 's to commence.' So, gripping my shil-

lelah tighter in my fist, I marched right into the town, up one street, and down another, looking into the shop-windows as I passed, and wondhering at all the grandeur I saw. After trapesing the town for four hours, I found myself again on the spot where I had started from. 'What's to be done next?' says I. At last a bright thought struck me: 'I'll inquire of everybody I meet the shortest and asiest way of making a fortune. Somebody, surely, will be able to put me on the right track of it.'

"But I was wrong; everybody I asked laughed at and jeered me: one chap told me the sure way of rising in the world was up a ladder, with a hod of mortar on my shoulder; and another assured me that I could not fail of making a great impression on the public, if I joined the labours of half-a-dozen gentlemen, who were knocking dacency into the paving-stones with big wooden mallets. 'Twas lucky for the spalpeen he didn't wait for my answer, or I'd have left him as nate an impression of my little sapling on his skull as would sarve to keep me in his mind for many a day. Night was now coming on; and without as much as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick in my pocket, I was beginning to think that I should have the wide world for a feather-bed, and the beautiful sky for a blanket that night, when I saw a smart, well-dressed young woman, standing at a hall-door.

"'Who's afraid?' says I to myself. 'I'll put my *commedher* on the darling; and, if her heart's made of the usual faymale materials, she'll take pity on my dissolute situation.'

With that I walks up to the door, and making a bow to her, in the most engaging manner I could consave, I began telling her my story; but before I could get two words out, she threw her arms about my neck, and giving me a kiss that nearly took away my breath,

"'Ah! then, dear, is it yourself that's here?' says she.

"'Divil a doubt of it, ma'am,' says I, making answer, and looking very hard at the young lady.

"'And what on airth brought you to these parts?' says she.

"'Bad luck, I b'lieve,' says I, 'if I'm to get no better tratement here than I've met already.'

"'But come in. The masther and misthress are out taking tay; and there's nobody at home but the masther's ould aunt, and she's in bed these two hours. So come down to the kitchen, and we'll have a little quiet talk of ould times. God help you for a poor *gomoliagh!* But, you must be kilt with hunger, *acushla!* Stop a bit, and I'll get you something for your supper. There's a piece of cowld beef in the larder.'

"Well, in less time than I could tell you, Peggy had laid a beautiful dish of beef on the table before me. The sight of it made my teeth water; and I was preparing for a grand attack upon it, when — bang! — there came a tundhering double knock at the hall-door, that shook the house to the foundations.

"'Oh! mother o' Moses! that's the masther's knock!' says Peggy, turning as white as a turnip; "I'm murthered and ruined for ever."

"'Tare an' agers! don't say so, Peggy,' cries I; "can't you hide me anywhere?'

"'Bang-dang-der-rang-dang! t-rrr-r-r-r rat-tat-tatt-tr-r-r-r-r-rat tat-tat-trat-tat-tatt!' went the knocker again.

"'There, — he'll break the door down if he's kept waiting,' says she, trembling from the bow in her cap down to her shoe-strings.

"'I'll crup into an auger-hole, Peggy.'

"'Stop!' says she; "there's an old lumber-room that you can hide

in. Here, up these back stairs with you. At the top of the second landing, turn to the right, and the first door on your left is the one. Make no noise now.'

"'Nabocklish!' says I, and I began to mount the stairs as softly as a fly upon butter; but, when I came to the second landing, I could not tell whether it was the right-hand turn and the left-hand door, or left-hand door and the right-hand turn, I was told to take. I was fairly bothered between them; and there I stood in the dark, till at last I took the left-hand turn for luck, and coming to a door on my right hand, I opened it quite aisy, and walked in.

"'All's right!' thinks I, and I began to grope about for a sate of some kind, when I bobbed my head again' a bed-post.

"'Small thanks to you for that,' says I, and, stretching out my hand, I laid it plump upon the nose of somebody in the bed.

"Who's there?' cried a voice that sounded like a cracked fiddle under a blanket.

"'Dished again, by the powers! I've got into the aunt's room as sure as there's turf in Athlone!' says I.

"'Thieves!—murdher!—robbery!—fire!—murdher!' bawled the ould body at the pitch of her voice; and tumbling out on the floor on the opposite side of the bed, she rushed out of the room, screeching all sorts of murdher as she ran down stairs.

"'What's to be done now?' says I; 'I'll be either hanged or shot as a robber if I don't get out of this.' And there was no time to lose, for I h'ard the masther calling for his blundherbush and pistols, and in another minute I might have more slugs in my body than ever was seen in a head of spring-cabbage. I looked out of the window,—it was four stories from the ground; the sight of them made my head turn. I looked up the chimney; it was as black and narrow as a dog's throat. However it was no time to stand on thrifles; so, getting into the chimney, by dint of squeezing and scrouging I managed at last to get to the top. What to do next I didn't know; so, letting myself slip gradually down again till I was over the fire-place, I listened, and listened, but not a word or a sound could I hear from the room below.

"'All's quiet there: I've put them on a wrong scent,' thinks I to myself; and with that I let myself sliddher down into the grate, and stepped out upon the hearth, and found myself in an illigant little room, with a lamp lighted upon a table in the centre of it. The walls were all hung round with curtains of rale silk, and lovely pictures, and little images of white marvel were stuck here and there about the room. There was a beautiful carpet, too, on the floor, that it went again' my conscience to tread upon; and a small sophy beside the table, with chairs and stools, and everything complate but the bed,—*that* had vanished, I couldn't tell how. I rubbed my forehead, and there sure enough was the lump, near as big as a duck egg, that I got when I ran my head against the bed-post in the dark,—there could be no mistake about *that*. So I began to pondher and think, and at last it struck me that in coming down the chimney I had got into a wrong flue, and I was now in another house.

"'Well,' thinks I, 'maybe 'tis all for good luck, as the mouse said when he fell into the male-tub.'

"At that moment I heard a key turning in the lock of the door; but, as I had no wish to meet any of the family at that time, I slipped behind one of the window-curtains just as a fine, comfortable, red-faced lady walked in, followed by a tall, lank-sided, preacher-looking fellow,

dressed all in black, who sat himself down beside her on the sophy, and put his arm around her waist as impident as you plase.

"'Mr. Twang,' says the lady, 'this is a very wicked world—a sad wicked world! Heigho!—we must subdue our appetites, to make us worthy of entering the tabernacle of the elect.'

"'Divinely spoken,' says the black chap, 'divinely spoken, madam. Nevertheless the sweet savour of earthly viands is pleasing unto the palates of the babes of grace.'

"'I have ordered a stewed chicken and some other trifles for supper, Mr. Twang,' observed the lady.

"'Chickens!—heavenly birds!—celestial fowl!—angelic widow!—charming Mrs. Tufton!' cried Twang, laying a smack upon her lips that sounded like a pistol-shot.

"'Whoo! Ballyscoglan for ever!' shouted I, forgetting where I was. The lady gave a scream, and fell back on the sophy.

"'*Millia murdher!*' says myself, running out, and lifting up the lady as tindherly as I could. 'Don't be afeard, ma'am; I'm a dacent Irish boy, that wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for all the goold in the world.'

"'Don't believe him! He's the devil!—he's the devil!—he's the unclean spirit!' cries the preaching chap from a corner.

"'Who do you call an unclane sperrit, you thieving vagabond? I'll soon larn you that (barrin' the taste of *sut* I got in the chimbley,) I'm a claner and a better sperrit than ever stood in your shoes,' says I, making over to'ards him.

"'Oh!—don't hurt him!' cries the lady catching hoult of me.

"'Anything to oblige a lady,' says I, making my best bow; 'but don't let me catch that ugly thief at Ballyscolban fair,—that's all!'

"'In Heaven's name, how came you here?' says the widow.

"'There you puzzle me, ma'am; for I may say I came in rather a promiscuous sort of way. But if my company be inconvaynient, I'll be off in a jiffy again,' says I, moving to the door.

"'Stop, stop!' says she, 'not that way. What would the servants think? My character would be destroyed.'

"'And mine,' groaned the preacher, who had got close behind her.

"'There is but one way,' says the lady to me, after a pause. 'You must leave this house instantly, and secretly, as you came.'

"'Through the chimney? No; I bar that, my lady.'

"'Well, by yonder window. Beneath it is a sculptor's marble-yard, from whence you may easily get into the street.'

"'Whew!—necks, my lady, ain't put in danger for nothing.'

"'I understand you,' says she, putting her hand in her pocket, and taking out a green net purse, in which a nest of goldfinches were chirping most beautifully. 'Here are twenty guineas,' says she. 'Promise to keep our secret, and they are yours.'

"Of coorse I made all the promises she wanted, and then, by the help of the bell-cords, the widow, and the preacher, I was lowered down from the window into the marble-yard.

"Well, there I was, among all the haythen gods and goddesses, cut out of stone, and ranged under sheds, and the devil a way of getting out of their company; for the walls were too high to climb, and the gate was locked as fast as a miser's fist.

"'There's no help for misfortunes,' says I. 'I'll try and make myself as comfortable as I can till morning, when I'll slip out unknownst to any one.

"So I rummaged about until I stumbled upon a large dale box. Lifting the lid, which was loose, I saw a white marble image of an ugly ould thief, with a beard like a billy-goat, lying at his ase in a most illigant bed of straw and shavings.

"'More grandeur to you, my ould trout!' says I. 'It's snug and comfortable you look there in your nice warm bed; but fair play 's a jewel. It's my turn now to take a snooze. So, by your lave'——

"With that I tumbled out my bould haro, rowled him into a corner of the yard, and took his place among the shavings. I then drew the cover on the box to keep out the night air, and before many minutes I was as fast as the rock of Cashel. I don't know how long I slept; but the first thing I felt when I awoke was somebody hammering like fury on the top of the box.

"'Oh! tundher and turf! what's this at all?' thinks I. Then I listened, and I heard a man's voice say,

"'Make haste, Jim, or we shall be late.'

"'*Pillalieu*, murdher! What's going to happen to me next?' says I to myself; for I was afeard to make the least noise, lest they should discover me. So I kept as quiet as a mouse, and immaydiately the box was laid upon a cart, and away I was carried fair and aisy. After a while the cart stopped, and I could hear men swearing and talking; and then there was a drawing of ropes, a rattling of chains, and a creaking of wheels, and I felt, by the way that the box went swinging and swaying about, that I had been hoisted into the air. *Dharra dhie!* the thoughts of it makes me thrimble to this day. I couldn't shout if I was to get the world for it; for my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth, and the big drops of perspiration was streaming down my cheeks with the fright.

"'Heave oh—yo!' shouts the sailors, giving the box a great rowl and a heave.

"I felt they had got it upon the side of a ship. The hair of my head stood out as straight as the bristles of a sweeping brush, and my heart grew as small as a pin's head, when by good luck I got my face clear of the shavings that were smothering me, and I gave a shout that made the sailors drop the box like a hot p'tatee upon the deck.

"'Tare an' ounties!—don't throw me into the say!' I bawls out.

"'The devil's in the box!' says one of the sailors.

"'Murdher!—help!—murdher!' roars myself.

"'What's the matter?' asks the captain.

"'Davy Jones has got into this 'ere case, sir, and we're a going to shove him into his own locker,' answers the mate.

"'Stop,' says the captain; 'I'd like to see the gentleman first.'

"With that he gave the box a tip with a handspike, that made the cover fly off in smithereens, and behould you, there was my beautiful self to the fore!

"'Hollo!' says the captain, as soon as I shook myself out of the shavings; 'how did you come here, my good fellow?'

"'That's the very question I was going to make bould to ax your honour,' says I, taking off my caubeen, and making my manners.

"I sot down near the end of the ship with the captain, and tould him every word of all that happened to me, just as I tould it now to you. Of coorse he laughed heartily, and gave me half a crown to drink his health; which I undoubtedly did in a *gauliogue* of the rale cordial at Mrs. Houlaghan's five minnits afther I set my ten toes upon the Quay of Dublin."

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

STANLEY, who had been throughout the day anxiously expecting Sir William, in the evening despatched a messenger with the following note:—"DEAR AMELIA,—Why do you not either come or send to me? Wormwell, who has, of course, explained all, has not been near me the whole of the day. Send a note by the bearer. All will soon be well; but do not neglect Your own STANLEY."

This note Amelia read again and again without being able to understand what it meant. Certainly, Sir William had stated that he knew where Stanley was, but then he had endeavoured to induce the belief that he was in disreputable society, and yet Stanley himself evidently thought it strange that she had neither gone nor sent to him. While dwelling upon these conflicting features of the mystery, and before she had had time to solve any one of them, Albert returned, with a smile of triumph, and having kissed her with unusual warmth, the note was placed in his hands.

"There has been," said he, having read it, "some treachery here."—"But where is he?"

"Oh, that we can soon ascertain from the fellow below. I'll inquire."

He did so; and on being informed, sent his card back by the messenger, and desired him to tell Stanley that he would immediately be with him.

He then started off, and on reaching the house, threw Stanley into a state of the most intense astonishment, by relating to him all that had occurred.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, old fellow," said Albert, "I'd better go at once to the Governor."

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Stanley. "I would not let him know of it for twenty times the amount."

"Well, what do you think, then, of the old General. "*He* knows a trick or two. Shall I go and tell him?"

"No, that will not do; the rest would know of it immediately."

"Well, then, shall I go and explain it to your mother?"

"What could *she* do in the matter?"

"Well, something must be done."

"Will you call upon this attorney?"

"I'll tell you what, old fellow, I'd bet a million I should only do you more harm than good. What could I say to him?"

"You could ask him, at all events, what he means to do."

"So I can; but just look at the result. I go, and I say to him, 'Now, old fellow, what do you mean to do in this business?' His answer will be, 'I mean to keep him in custody, of course, until the amount claimed be paid.'—'But it's a swindle.'—'I know nothing about that: I am employed to get the money, and the money I must have.'—'But we'll bring it to trial.'—'You can't: you have already suffered judgment by default.'—'Then I'll tell you what it is, old fellow, we'll indict the whole gang for conspiracy.' His reply would be, 'Do so; but let me strongly recommend you, in the first place, to find out the men.' *I* should never be able to get over such a fellow as that. However, as nothing can be done in the matter to-

night, let us dream about it. Something will suggest itself. You 'll be at home when I call, I suppose?"

Stanley smiled.

"Well, come, old fellow, give us a glass of wine, and I 'll be off."

Stanley rang the bell, and in due time an attendant appeared.

"I say, old boy," said Albert, "give my love to Mrs. Moses—"

"Isaacs," said Stanley,—"Isaacs."

"Oh, Isaacs is it? Well, it 's all the same. Give my love to Mrs. Isaacs, and tell her to send up a bottle of her most superb port."

The attendant vanished; and when the wine had been produced, Albert took a couple of glasses, and, having promised to be with Stanley very early in the morning, left with a strong recommendation which touched immediately upon the wisdom of a man keeping up his spirits. On his return to Amelia, Albert explained to her all that he imagined a woman ought, under the circumstances, to know.

"Well, old girl," he began, "seen him—sends his love, and so on—right as a rook—happy—comfortable—slap rooms—wine—everything regular—soon be home—little mess—settled in no time. But," he added, "as I shall sleep here to-night, let 's talk about business. We want some experienced old file just to take this little matter in hand. Who can we get?"

"Why, I should say," replied Amelia, "that papa would be the person to apply to."

"But Stanley won't have it. He wants it to be kept dark at home. Do you think, now, his mother knows any old boy?"—"I should say so."

"Well, then, suppose we go to her at once." — "Would Stanley approve of it?"

"Oh, we mustn't be too squeamish. He has got himself into a mess, and we must now get him out of it. Go and put on your things. You can explain it to her. I can put in a word or two, you know, here and there."

Although apprehensive that Stanley would be displeased, Amelia followed Albert's instructions, and they started. Finding, on their arrival, that the widow had not retired, they sent the servant up to announce them.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed as she met them at the drawing-room door. "What has happened? *Is* there anything the matter?"

Amelia proceeded to relate what had occurred; but when the perfidy of Sir William had been duly explained, the widow became so bewildered, that she confessed that she really didn't know exactly whether she was asleep or awake.

"Man, man!" she exclaimed: "they are all alike — all! But I could not have believed it of him. But what are we to do for poor Stanley? What *can* be done?"

"Albert," said Amelia, "you have something to suggest."

"Why, yes," returned Albert, "I was thinking that as Stanley objects to the interference of the Governor, you might know some experienced individual, who wouldn't mind taking the matter in hand. Do you know such a one?"—"Why—let me see," replied the widow, considering. "I do know a gentleman—a perfect man of business—"

"The very thing!—just the very fellow we want."—"But," continued the widow, "I don't see — really — how I can — now — with any degree of propriety—send to him."

"Does he know Stanley?"—"Oh yes, perfectly; he has known him from childhood."

"Then *he'd* do it! Shall I go and see him? What's his name?"—"Why, his name," replied the widow, "is Ripstone." And, as she pronounced that name she slightly blushed.

"Ripstone; ah! well," said Albert; "where does he live? I'd better call upon him the first thing in the morning."—"Why, I'm thinking of its propriety! And yet—I don't know—Stanley, it is true, might not like it. Well—I don't know—perhaps it is very ridiculous for me to hesitate. I *think* that I might."—"Oh, yes!—do it at once."

At length she gave Albert the address, with a variety of instructions, when he and Amelia left her, to collect her faculties, which had been so completely upset. Early on the following morning, Albert waited upon Mr. Ripstone, who assured him that Mrs. Thorn was a lady whom he highly esteemed, and that there was no soul on earth whom it would give him greater pleasure to serve.

Albert then explained all that had immediate reference to Stanley, and having finished, Mr. Ripstone accompanied him to the residence of the widow.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Ripstone, as he entered, "I am happy, most happy to see you looking so well."

The widow smiled, and bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Believe me," pursued Mr. Ripstone, "nothing ever gave me more real pleasure than this opportunity of serving one from whom I have experienced such high consideration."

The widow blushed deeply; and when Ripstone had explained that he should do himself the honour of calling, from time to time, in order to report progress, he pressed her hand, and with an expression of profound respect, left her inspired with some of the oddest feelings that were ever experienced by a lady in either ancient or modern times. Having obtained from Stanley all the information he had the power to impart, Ripstone set to work, and succeeded in three days in buying up the whole of the bills, and thus setting Stanley free. From that auspicious period Mr. Ripstone was securely reinstated in the widow's ardent heart; indeed, scarcely a day passed on which she was not visited by him. And thus things went on for a month, during which the widow frequently felt that he might as well come to the point at once; but although he had perfectly made up his mind, he had never been able to screw his courage sufficiently up. One evening, however, when he and the widow had been sitting for some time in silence, he gave a most resolute sigh.

"Well," thought the widow, "it's coming at last." A pause ensued, during which Ripstone zealously twirled his bunch of seals at the rate of three thousand turns per minute, while the widow was apparently lost in admiration of the pattern of the lace with which her handkerchief was bordered.

At length Ripstone spoke: "I recollect, my dear madam," said he, "that when I was comparatively poor, a certain lady whom I held, and still hold in high esteem, on one occasion solicited my advice on a certain—delicate—subject."—"I see, I see," thought the widow, "I see."

"Now," pursued Mr. Ripstone, "now, as that lady—that is to say

as the question — I mean the subject — or rather the advice which that lady solicited was somewhat — at least she considered it to be somewhat—delicate, do you think—I merely put it to you, whether you think — that I could, without any impropriety, solicit the advice of that lady on a subject, perhaps, equally delicate?"

"What *do* you mean, you funny man?"—"I'll tell you," cried Ripstone, with desperate nerve,—"I'll tell you at once: I want to marry; I want to marry a lady—a certain lady! Very well. Now I want to know how I'm to go to work."

"Well, then, all you have to do is — but you know much better than I *can*." "Well, I can only say what I should do if I were in your situation."—"Exactly—yes—that's the very point."

"Well, I'd go to her and say 'I have been thinking that marriage is a state from which springs every species of social felicity. I have also been thinking that, if *we* were to marry, our happiness would be increased.'"—"Well, my dear madam—and then?"

"Why, then you would have but to say, 'In a word, will you have me?'"—"Very good—and then her answer?"

"Oh, I cannot tell what that would be."

"Can you not tell what *your* answer would be?"—"Mine!—Under the same circumstances?"

"Precisely. Now, what would be your answer? Nay, what *is* your answer? Will you have me?"

The widow blushed—that she felt herself bound to do, of course—and was silent; but Ripstone, as she prudently fixed her eyes upon the carpet, seized her unresisting hand, and having kissed it very correctly, pressed it to his heart, exclaiming, "Yes!—I will answer for you—Yes!—You will be mine."—"You are a kind, good creature," said the widow, having sufficiently paused, "one whom I would not for the world deceive."

The compact was then in the usual manner sealed—indeed, they sealed it in the usual manner many times in the course of that truly happy evening—and so fully did they enter into each other's views, that within a week they stood at the altar, and in the cheering presence of their most highly valued friends—were united.

By the generosity of Mr. Ripstone, Stanley's income was raised to a thousand a year; and having by this time purchased sufficient experience not only to guard him against the designs of dashing knaves, but to inspire him with an utter contempt for those fashionable follies, in which there is neither manliness, justice, nor reason, he resolved to enjoy those substantial delights of which honour and love are the germs. Had he previously to his marriage seen more of what is denominated "life," before he undertook the duties of a husband, his heart, which was of a manly, generous caste, would never have permitted him to treat with neglect one so amiable, so gentle as Amelia. He now, however, saw how unworthily he had acted, and became one of the most attentive and considerate husbands that ever charmed a gentle spirit with joy. Then indeed did Amelia deem herself blessed. He appreciated fully her innumerable virtues, and that appreciation alone was the source of pure happiness to both.

Sir William he never again met by any accident; a dissolution of Parliament having occurred, Sir William lost his seat, to which he was not re-elected; his creditors pounced upon and forced him into the Bench, within the rules of which he lived and died. Nor did

Stanley ever again meet "Captain" Filcher; but, passing on one occasion with Amelia through Burlington Arcade, he stopped with her at one of the windows to admire a box of extremely delicate French gloves, and, being desirous of making a purchase, entered the shop. The very moment, however, Stanley entered, the young person in attendance sighed deeply, and almost fainted.

"My precious!" exclaimed a more elderly person, rushing forward at the moment,—"my precious!" and turning round, she almost fainted too, as Stanley recognised in them the "Countess" and her mamma. Amelia looked somewhat seriously at Stanley. "Do you know these persons?" she inquired.

Stanley privately explained who they were, when, turning to Mrs. Gills, he observed that he was happy to see her in a position of so much comfort. Mrs. Gills then related all that had occurred since the elopement, of which the substance was, that on her arrival at Calais, Filcher explained to the "Countess" the real nature of her social position—that he promised to marry her himself—that he never performed that promise — that in three months from the time it was made he deserted her — and that in less than a month after that he was duly apprehended for swindling, and had been in a French prison ever since — that on the return of the "Countess" to England, an application was made to the Earl, an *exposé* was threatened, and that eventually, in order to avoid that, he consented to pay a certain sum down to enable her to get into business.

As that venerable gentleman—"Venerable Joe" — has been frequently alluded to in the progress of this history, it will not perhaps be uninteresting to state, that he faithfully married the gentle Joanna — that she wore what he termed the "oh-no-we-never-mentionables" strictly — that she naturally considered them to be an excellent fit, and very comfortable things too she found them, —that he went to smoke his pipe every evening at the sign of the "Cat and Constitution,"—a house kept by his valued friend Bob, to whom Stanley lent nominally, but actually gave, a sufficient sum of money to take it; and that the venerable gentleman was the oracle of the parlour, the frequenters of which were at all times delighted with his profoundly philosophical dissertations.

But in the height of his prosperity, and he certainly was very prosperous, Bob never ceased to look upon Stanley as the best friend he had. Indeed, Stanley became an universal favourite. The General prided himself upon having laid the first stone of that which he cautiously termed his reformation; and while the Captain, in common with the whole of his friends, highly admired his character, it scarcely need be added that Amelia was proud of him as a husband, and that the *ci-devant* widow, who had settled down with Ripstone to the tranquil enjoyment of life, was beyond all expression proud of him as a son.

THE TEATOTALERS' ARMS.

Argent, a toast-rack *proper*; on a chief *gules*, three cups and saucers *argent*.
Crest, a tea-kettle *sable*.
Supporters, two Chinamen, *habited proper*.

MALACHI MEAGRIM,

THE TEATOTALER.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL PINDAR.

Polly
put
the
kettle
on.

CONFUCIUS, *Opera Omnia*, tom. ccccxxxvii.

MALACHI MEAGRIM was a clerk in a banking-house in the City. Though his salary was never considerable, he was an admirer of good living, and would go a long way to dine with any friend who happened to be the possessor of some delicacy. Yet, strange to say, Malachi never improved in appearance, but remained attenuated in frame, and pale of visage, to the end of his days.

Gentlest reader of periodicals, we will not bore you by descanting at length on the *personnel* of Mr. Meagrim, seeing that we have attempted with our feeble pencil to represent him, as he was, in the sketches accompanying this fragment.

Mr. Meagrim was wont to indulge himself with a glass or two after supper; and, when he had reached the ripe age of fifty-six, he discovered, to use his own phrase, that "he couldn't do without it." In winter it sent him to bed warm, and caused him pleasant dreams; and in the summer it was a panacea for cholera morbus: so Mr. Meagrim reconciled himself to the habit, and it stuck to him as habits generally stick to us all. It happened, however, that a dangerous fit of illness nearly brought Meagrim to death's door, and then his "medical adviser" discovered that he had indulged too much in his favourite habit. Brandy and water in ever so small a quantity was therefore sternly interdicted. Strange to say, Meagrim found himself much better without it; and when he recovered his strength, he discovered also that his hand did not shake as it was wont in the morning, and his nose was not of quite so deep a hue at the tip. To be brief, Mr. Meagrim forswore brandy and water, and became a teatotaler! Not so, *Mrs*. Meagrim; "she

couldn't abide the teatotalers. Tea was very good in its way, but there wasn't nothin' strengthenin' in it;" so when her lord and master went to a tea-party, she mixed for herself, and sipped in silence and solitude at home.

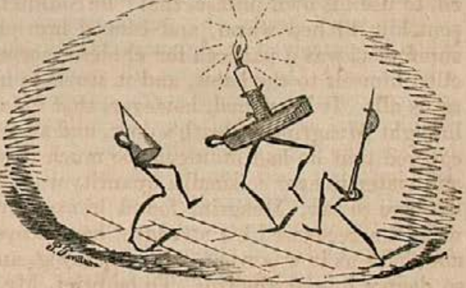
One night Mr. Meagrim attended a tea-party in that favoured locality, the Mile End Road, where, beguiled by "the Chinese nymph of tears," he remained sipping and chatting till a late hour. As he walked home he found his spirits very low, and the drizzling rain which was falling did not in the least tend to improve them. He had on his light shoes; he was destitute of umbrella, and as a very natural consequence, the omnibuses were all crammed full; he hailed them as they passed him, but the cads grinned impudently when he held up his hand. Though the noise prevented his *hearing* them, he knew by the movement of their lips that the only recognition was "No go, old buffer!" So Mr. Meagrim trudged home on foot.

When he reached his domicile he found a miserable cat sitting in the doorway, mewing piteously; and when he attempted to drive it away, it spat at him fiercely. Then he knocked, and the door was opened by the servant-girl, who seemed half asleep. Mr. Meagrim thought she looked very pale, and that the candle she held in her hand burnt very blue.

"Missus is gone to bed, sir, — can I get yer anythink?" said the domestic.

Mr. Meagrim shook his head, asked for his slippers, and proceeded to his chamber, where he found his faithful partner asleep and snoring. Having carefully pressed the extinguisher upon the candle — for he had always a fear of fire,—he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep; but this was not an easy matter. He felt nervous and restless, and began to think he had taken too much tea, having reckoned that he had swallowed no less than thirteen cups!

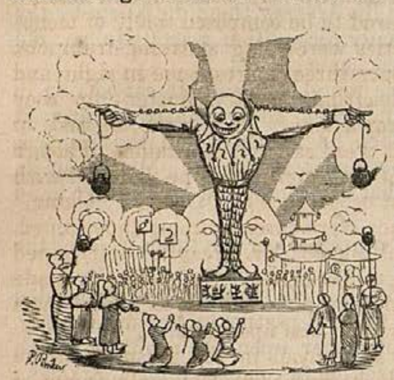
While he lay tossing and turning, his eye wandered from corner to corner of the chamber; and fancy began to exaggerate the shadows of several objects indistinctly seen through the gloom. Among other things, Mrs. Meagrim's silk gown, hung up behind the door, looked very black and dismal, and at times seemed to dilate and assume the form and semblance of a huge negro. Suddenly a lambent flame from his chamber candlestick shot upwards, the extinguisher was detached, and Mr. Meagrim saw a pair of legs grow out from beneath it! The candlestick and snuffers quickly assumed the same appendages, and, slipping down on the floor without noise, commenced a *pas de trois*. Mr. Meagrim was struck dumb by the strange sight; he nudged his sleeping partner, but the only reply was an indignant "Lie still, Meagrim!" Though alarmed at the spectacle, Mr. Meagrim could not help looking at it. The candlestick whirled itself round and round, like Jack in the Green on the first of May; the extinguisher frisked like a cricket; while the snuffers, with the *adagio* movement of a "lean and slippered pantaloon," appeared to consider that "true dignity is slow paced."



While these objects were giving proof of their not being objects of "still life," Mr. Meagrim rubbed his eyes, and, like another Richard, sighed, "Ah, soft! 'tis but a dream;" but as he uttered this, the supernatural dancers shuffled up to his bedside! This was too much; and Mr. Meagrim hid his head beneath the bed-clothes.

He remained thus shrouded for some time. At length he ventured to take a peep, when, lo! an invisible hand seemed to raise him from his bed, and bear him with the speed of a "mail-train" through the air!

Mr. Meagrim closed his eyes, and resigned himself to his fate, expecting every moment to find himself falling to earth again like a spent rocket; but no such thing, he was soon set down as quietly as if he had been riding in a sedan-chair, and then he ventured to open his eyes.



Wonderful was the sight which now met the gaze of the astonished Meagrim. He was standing in the midst of a large square, in the centre of which was a statue of colossal dimensions, formed, as it appeared, of dark green stone, which seemed to be the counterfeit presentment of one of those "anthropophagi, or men whose heads doe grow beneath their shoulders," discoursed of by old writers. Its huge head was on its breast, and its two arms were stretched out horizontally, while from each clawed hand depended a vase, which to the eyes of Meagrim appeared like a tea-kettle. Its feet and legs seemed to have grown together, like those of the early Asiatic deities, and the whole figure of the gigantic idol resembled in shape the letter T. The pedestal which supported it was inscribed with characters similar to those which he had observed on the tea-chests at the grocers' doors. Loud shouts rent the air from the assembled multitudes, who were on their knees before the Deity. "Twankay!—Twankay!" resounded from ten thousand throats, and the place was perfumed with the fragrant odour of the "finest teas," which the people were offering as libations to their tutelar deity. The sun was descending in all its glory behind the statue, whose dark figure was thus shown in fine relief as it stood boldly out against the clear sky.

Mr. Meagrim was determined to know something of the ceremony he was witnessing, and tapping the shoulder of an elderly person standing next him, whose finger-nails and pig-tail were of inordinate length, he respectfully asked what it all meant.

"Hi yaw!" cried the personage addressed, turning sharply round, when he perceived at a glance that his interrogator was a foreigner—a barbarian! In an instant all was confusion, and loud cries of vengeance resounded from every quarter. Mr. Meagrim's heart sunk within him as several men in military costume, with mustaches as long as the lash of a whip, rushed forward flourishing their swords. But here his good genius was by his side, and Mr. Meagrim found himself suddenly seized by the nape of the neck, and borne up in the air, to the wonderment of the multitude below, whose shouts pierced his ear as he soared above them.

Again the teatotaler found himself cleaving the air with great velocity. The earth was soon lost to his view, and the rapidity with which

he was borne through space deprived him for a second time of his senses. Suddenly he found himself in contact with mother earth, and on his legs. He had been left in a garden, the flowers of which far surpassed in size anything of the kind he had ever witnessed. There were roses much larger than a cabbage, and every other object on the same scale of grandeur. But there was another thing not quite so pleasant to Mr. Meagrim, namely, the magnitude of the bees, which were buzzing about in great numbers,—they were as large as sparrows; and the teatotaler, avoiding the flower-beds over which they were disporting, turned down a shady walk.

While Mr. Meagrim was musing on what he had already witnessed, the sound of many voices struck on his ear. He listened, and heard a dialogue in a language which appeared to be composed solely of monosyllables. It seemed as if the parties were using speaking-trumpets, their voices were so loud. All at once three figures came in sight, and one glance at them caused Mr. Meagrim's heart to flutter; for they were fellows of Brobdignagian proportions. They were dressed in Chinese costume, and their pig-tails were as large as a cable. Though Mr. Meagrim was sadly in want of an interpreter, he listened with great attention, and by the frequent occurrence of "Chang," "Ching," and "Cheng," he concluded that they were three brothers thus named.

Cautiously creeping under a small shrub, Mr. Meagrim determined to watch their movements, when, unfortunately, the noise he made caused Chang to look in that direction. In an instant, as quickly as a cat pounces upon a mouse, Chang's hand was upon him.

Struggling and kicking were of little avail in the grasp of such a hand; indeed, Mr. Meagrim quickly discovered that his only chance of safety was in remaining perfectly quiet; for the giant's fingers pressed his ribs rather tightly, while his long finger-nails threatened his eyes.

Chang held the pigmy between his thumb and fore-finger, and called to his brethren to come and look at the creature he had caught. Then commenced a chattering and grimacing, which would have been very amusing to Mr. Meagrim under other circumstances; but here, alas! it filled him with apprehension. Perhaps these huge fellows were cannibals, and were discussing the best means of cooking him for supper. Perhaps they contemplated running a pin through him, and causing him to spin like a cockchafer; or, horrible thought! they might consider him a tid-bit fit for their cat, or some other domestic animal. Mr. Meagrim thus tormented by grim doubts, trembled with apprehension. His mind was a little relieved, however, when Chang placed him gently in the palm of his hand, and smiled benignantly.

Having gratified their curiosity sufficiently, the giants took their little prisoner into the house, and placed him under a large glass, resembling an English tumbler in shape.

They were much amused to see him shake himself, and adjust his cravat and collar, after the handling he had experienced; and having satisfied themselves that he was perfectly safe, they left him to his meditations.

"Alas! alas!" sighed the poor teatotaler, "what will be the end of this? Where am I? and what will be my fate? I shall lose my

situation, that 's certain; and Mrs. Meagrim will die broken-hearted!" While he thus indulged his grief, he saw from the window of the room, which reached to the floor, and stood wide open, a huge creature, in shape somewhat like a lizard, frisking about the garden. Mr. Meagrim quailed at the sight. What if the monster should come into the room! The thought had scarcely occurred to him when the creature, in pursuit of a fly or some other insect, bounced into the apartment. Fainting with terror, the teatotaler cowered down, in the hope of hiding himself from view; but in vain!—the creature espied him, and leaping upon the table, overturned the glass which shrouded him, and dashed it in a thousand pieces!

Reader, did you ever find a rat in your parlour, and whistle to Pincher to come and rid you of it?—and did you note the agility of the creature in striving to avoid its mortal enemy, jumping, diving, ducking, and running its head in every corner likely to screen it from the pursuer, uttering at intervals squeaks of alarm and terror? If you *have* witnessed such a sight, you can picture to yourself the situation of the unfortunate Mr. Meagrim; if you *have not*, our feeble pen will scarcely achieve the description.

Fear gave a supernatural agility to the teatotaler, who baffled his enemy for some time by availing himself of several articles of furniture, which afforded him momentary shelter, but these were successively overturned by the fell creature in pursuit; and Mr. Meagrim, finding all chance of escape hopeless while he remained in the room, bolted out of it like a rat from a trap, and flew along the garden, followed by the enemy.

Benevolent reader, picture to yourself Tam o' Shanter with the witches in full cry, or the Devil* in pursuit of the Baker in the pantomime, or a half-starved weasel on the traces of a hare;—picture to yourself one of these scenes of speed, distress, and horror, and you may then form a notion of the agony of poor Meagrim. He ran—he flew—he bounded over everything that came in his way—but, oh, horrible! he felt that the monster was coming up with him "hand over hand." He felt the steam of its hot breath, which almost overpowered him, and with a desperate effort he bounded toward a sort of outhouse, in the closed door of which was cut a small hole for the entrance and exit of poultry. No rabbit ever shot with more rapidity into its burrow than did the teatotaler into this harbour of refuge. He rolled himself over and over several times, to be out of the reach of the claws of his pursuer, when suddenly an angry voice cried out,

"Meagrim! Meagrim! you 've dragged all the clothes off me!"—and the teatotaler found himself extended on the cold floor of his bed-chamber!—"My dear," said he, rising and rubbing his eyes, "I 'm very sorry; but I 've been DREAMING!"—"Serves you right," cried Mrs. Meagrim, snappishly. "You shouldn't go drinking with them teatotalers. I 'm glad of it. Serves you right!"

* We beg the galantee-showman's pardon—*the ou'd un.*—P. P.

[illegible] the monster [illegible] spread [illegible] into the apartment, the teetotaler cowered down, in the hope of hiding himself from view; but in vain!—the creature espied him, and leaping upon the table, [illegible] the glass which shrouded him, and [illegible] it in a thousand pieces!

Reader, did you ever find a rat in your parlour, and whistle to Fiddler to come and put you out of it?—and did you note the agility of the creature in striving to avoid its mortal enemy, jumping, darting, [illegible], and running its head into every corner likely to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of Mr. Meagrim. If you have, you can hardly fail to [illegible] the description.

[illegible]

[illegible] reader, picture to yourself the [illegible] with the [illegible] of the Meagrim, the [illegible] on the [illegible] of a [illegible] one of these scenes of [illegible], and [illegible] you can then form a notion of the [illegible] of poor Meagrim. He [illegible] he bounded over everything [illegible] in his way [illegible] felt that the monster was [illegible] felt the steam of its hot breath, which almost [illegible] with a desperate effort he bounded toward a [illegible] door, which was cut a small hole for the [illegible] No rabbit ever shot with more rapidity into its burrow than did the teetotaler into this harbour of refuge. [illegible] over several times, to be out of the reach of the [illegible] when suddenly an angry voice cried out,—

"Meagrim! Meagrim! you've dragged all the clothes [illegible] and the teetotaler found himself extended [illegible] cucumber!—" My dear," said he, [illegible] very sorry; but I've been unmanned [illegible] Meagrim, snappishly. "[illegible] drinking with them teetotalers. I'm glad of it. Serves you right [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

Harmonious Owls

London: Richard Bentley 1842.

THE HARMONIOUS OWLS.

BY THE PILGRIM IN LONDON.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

My old friend, Muggleton, was eternally brow-beating me for not belonging to a club. "Man," observed he, "is by Nature a clubbable animal,—that is to say, an animal intended by Nature to be of or belonging to a club. A man who does not enrol himself member of a club is a rebel to the social system,—an outlaw,—a wandering excommunicated savage,—a hyæna upon his hind-legs. To be a member of a club, according to Muggleton, is the second law of Nature,—the *first* being to get yourself proposed and seconded. "What are partnerships," inquired the enthusiastic Muggleton, "but clubs, where two or three gentlemen of a speculative turn of mind club together for mutual profit and loss? Learned and scientific societies are merely clubs, where groups of philosophers assemble to be praised and to praise. Matrimony is a club, consisting of only two members; one being invariably the better half. The Bank of England is a club; the army is a club; the navy is a club; the law (Law have mercy upon us!) is a club; and what is the High Court of Parliament itself but a select sporting club? Society is a club; nations and kingdoms are clubs; and governments so many superintending committees; the world is a club; ay, the universe is no more than a club of countless worlds careering round the bounds of space in endless harmony."

Thus went on, at railway pace, in praise of clubs in general, the enthusiastic Muggleton, proving satisfactorily—to himself, and, as he fondly imagined, to everybody else,

"That all the world 's a club,
And all the men and women merely members;"

and concluded his tedious panegyric on club life and club law with an earnest entreaty that I would permit him forthwith, without further delay, let, hinderance, bar, stop, or molestation, in conjunction with his fellow clubbists, to nominate and appoint me a member of his club, which Muggleton assured me over and over again was an indubitable trump, combining all the advantages, without any of the disadvantages of all other clubs in the habitable or uninhabitable globe; or, as Muggleton used to wind up, in the excess of his enthusiasm,—"Other clubs are clubs, but mine, sir,—mine is the King of clubs!"

"What club, Muggy, would you advise?"

"Clubs," replied Muggleton, with an air of sententious gravity, indicating not only how deeply he had studied the subject, and how awfully he was impressed with a sense of its importance, "the choice of a club is the most serious business of——By the way, do you like oyster-sauce?"

"Of all things, my dear Muggy."

"So do I—and a steak—a tender steak,—of course, I mean a rump-steak, with Chili vinegar and echalottes."

"Nothing so good," said I.

"When good, you mean," rejoined Muggleton; "nothing so good when good. Well, you shall dine with me."

"With pleasure; name your time and place."

"Or, stay; let me see; 'tis all the same thing—*I'll* dine with *you*."—"Be it so, Muggy; name your day."

"Let it be Wednesday,—I have a particular reason for making it Wednesday. I'll tell you why when we meet."

"How about the club?" interrupted I.

"That's the very thing, my dear friend; you don't surely imagine that a man is to decide upon his house for the rest of his life,—his family circle,—his destiny, as a body may say; for, if you choose an unpleasant club, you are, of course, miserable for the rest of your life,—besides losing your entrance-money. No, no; if you want a wife, or anything of that sort, open your mouth, shut your eyes, and take what Providence will send you. A club is a horse of another colour. *I* was three years and nine months looking out before I finally settled on my club; but, good b'ye, old fellow, for the present, *au revoir*,—on Wednesday, at six."

As the curious reader is invited to dine with Muggleton and myself on Wednesday next, it is but common courtesy to inform him who Muggleton is, though I must confess it were a much easier task to elucidate who he is not. My friend, then, is not a lawyer, clergyman, or physician, half-pay officer, superannuated clerk, or retired tradesman. Nobody knows what course in the serious business of life Muggleton may have pursued; but everybody sees plainly enough that he has nothing whatever of the serious business of life to pursue at present. My own impression is, that he may be the possessor of a small patrimony, which he has neither inclination to diminish, nor energy to increase; that his wants are few, and that for his wants the little he possesses is sufficient.

He is one of that class of unfortunates, styled by Cobbett "prowling about town;" he breakfasts in a coffee-house, or in his bed; dines off a couple of sixpenny chops at a tavern; takes tea, if he happen to be invited out; and sleeps the Lord knows where.

The poor fellow is lost for want of something to do; and, having no business of his own, volunteers all his leisure in attending to the affairs of his neighbours. I am accustomed to find employment, which is happiness for him, in this way. Whenever I do *not* want a horse, for example, I always refer the advertisements of those animals that are for sale, to my friend, requesting that he will go and examine them severally, individually, and one after the other. The same with anything else I do not want. A commission of this sort fills Muggleton with delight; he fidgets about, as earnestly and as sincerely as if he were conferring upon me the greatest advantages, without once reflecting that by these pious frauds, I save him from the most intolerable burden of life—himself.

My friend invariably applies to me to know when I intend to move: he will be so happy, he says, to look out for another set of chambers for me. He observes that I want a picture of still life to place over the sideboard in my eating-room; he knows where the very thing is to be sold; he is most anxious to get my permission to bid for me, and comes to my chambers on purpose to show me the catalogue. All my exertions, however,—all the exertions of all his most troublesome friends could not save my poor friend from the horrors of accumulated *ennui*, if it were not for the auctions. The auction-rooms of the metropolis are Muggleton's houses of refuge for the

destitute; and the auctioneers the best friends he has in the world. He is a collector of catalogues; nor has there been a chest of drawers, or a second-hand mattress, sold by public auction for the last twenty years, the knock-down price whereof you may not find noted on the margin of his catalogue by the indefatigable Muggleton.

The expected Wednesday came, and with it, punctual as the Horse-Guards clock, came my expected friend; his long-skirted, single-breasted, everlasting snuff-coloured frock, replaced by a swallow-tail blue, not much less than half a foot too short in the waist, with plain brass buttons to match; his eternal brown Woodstock gloves discarded for that evening only by a pair of *ci-devant* white kid ditto; and his thick-soled high-lows displaced by a pair of well-worn, well-polished pumps.

Another friend, Jack Singlestick,—quite as much a character in his way as Muggleton himself,—was there before him: so to dinner sat down the four of us — that is to say, the hungry reader, Jack Singlestick, Muggleton, and myself.

The dinner was excellent, plain, plentiful, and without pretensions; the steak of the right sort, killed the right time, and cooked the right way. The oyster-sauce, too, was delicious; the peas melted, as Muggleton said, like marrow in the mouth; the asparagus was Gravesend, fresh-cut, high-flavoured, and tender; the Dublin stout out-Guinnessed Guinness; the sauces Burgess; the pickles Lazenby: for a little of a good thing I can afford, and make it a rule to buy of the best. Everything was right. Jack Singlestick swore there was nothing like a bachelor's life, and Muggleton did not for five-and-twenty minutes by our clock articulate the word "clubs."

I am not a rich man myself—merely comfortable; when I invite a friend—which happens rarely—to my humble board, I am anxious to let everything there appear in strict keeping with my pretensions in society; but when, perchance, an humble, good-hearted fellow, like Muggleton, favours me with his company, I strain a point to make him more satisfied with himself and his reception, and spare no reasonable expense to make him welcome.

I am not one of those people who, when they unintentionally stumble against an humble friend, or, what is just the same, a friend from whom they have nothing to expect,—take care to treat him accordingly, and to let him see it; as thus:—"My dear Mr. Seedy, delighted to see you! will you *breakfast* with me to-morrow *or* Sunday,—or dine with me *any* day at our hour?—you know our hour, you know,—mind, *any* day, my dear Seedy! Mrs. Scrub and I shall be delighted to——Good morning, my dear sir,—*so* glad to see you well!"

Ask a man to breakfast, forsooth! a cup of scald, a half-round of toast, a hard-boiled egg, the sight of a ham (on the sideboard,) and turn-out; and for this you are expected to be there at "sharp nine," as the impudent boor who invites you calls it,—to do the amiable to his snappish wife in her dressing-gown and *papillottes*,—and to praise the "little dears," hardly out of their last sleep, who sprawl over your well-cleaned boot, and leave the marks of their bread-and-butter fingers on your Sunday pair of bran-new "nancikeens."

The next greatest barbarity of civilised life is your general invitation — your "any day dine with us" people. Now, a wild Indian,

or a New Zealander is altogether ignorant of the enormity of a general invitation. "Come into my hut," he says,—"come in *now*, and eat." But he never shakes you by the hand, looks in your face with an hypocritical leer, and wishes you to dine with him *any* day you may happen to be disengaged. The reason Mr. Scrub gives an invitation of this sort is either because he sees he can get nothing out of a man; or, secondly, because it cuts him to the soul to decant a bottle of wine; or, thirdly and lastly,—which, indeed, is the most cogent reason,—because Mr. Scrub is afraid of his wife.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Author, or Pilgrim in London, as you call yourself, when are these Harmonious Owls of yours going to begin?"

Impatient reader, if you know anything of natural history you would be fully aware of the fact that these feathered songsters never exhibit save at late evening parties, and hold morning concerts—so fashionable now-a-days—in sovereign contempt; therefore, with your permission I will take the liberty of putting a few more olives on your plate, and replenish your glass with the oily brown sherry. Jack Singlestick is rummaging my box for a mild Havannah, with that grave deliberation demanded in the choice of a third cigar; and Muggleton is muttering between his teeth, as if he could not wait to swallow what he has in his mouth, so eager is he to begin.

"Clubs," said Muggleton at last,—"clubs are proofs demonstrative of the social tendency and constitution of man. I am a friend to clubs—clubs are trumps!"

"Clubs," observed Jack Singlestick, talking rather thick, from the interference probably of the cigar with his labial articulation,—"clubs are congregations of idle donkeys, who have no resources within themselves, and who herd together to eat, drink, gossip, and spell the newspapers from morning till night."

"I deny the fact," said Muggleton.

"I affirm it," replied Singlestick, accompanying the remark with a derisive whiff.

"The choice of a club, as I told you the last time we met," said Muggleton, "is, without doubt, the gravest, most important, most momentous business of life."

Another satirical emission of smoke from Singlestick.

"Well, and what club, Muggy, would you recommend?" I saw he was fairly entering his subject, and vainly hoped to cut him off at the threshold.

"I'm coming to that," said the impenetrable Muggleton, as imperturbable as ever. "What I wish to observe introductorily is, that all clubs—except my own, and others on our principle—labour under one vital defect, which is this, that they are composed exclusively of men whose ideas, habits, and lives run in parallel lines; who are all on the same tack, like colliers on a wind; goods, as I may say, cut off the same piece; as, for example, a club of army men, of navy men, of East India men, of West India men. I would as soon belong to a club of Kilkenny cats. In one of these clubs, a man feels as he does in a room surrounded with looking-glass—he sees his own reflection in every other figure in the place."

"He sees," said Singlestick, "a great many fools round the room, and only one in the middle."—"Bravo, Jack!"

"Now, variety of men, collision of minds, and diversity of tastes,

habits, and pursuits, strike me as being the life and soul of a well-organised club. No two men should think alike, look alike, or act alike; every clubbist should have a character, and *be* a character himself, and common-place people should be mercilessly black-balled. Besides," continued Muggleton, "the great clubs of London are, like the great city of London itself, too large and populous to hang well together; degenerating, consequently, into petty conflicting sets. Their numbers are too extended for sociality, and sociality is the end and object of clubs."

"Just the reverse," said Singlestick. "Clubs were, in my mind, invented to exhibit how brutally unsocial men may be. If you see three men in a club, one stands at each of the three windows, 'with his hands in his breeches pockets, like a crocodile,' flattening his nose against the central pane of glass; the three eat their solitary dinners as wide apart as possible; if one gets hold of the evening paper, he clutches it like grim death, until he has read it all through; the other two looking daggers at him all the while, and mutually determined to sit one another out. No; I say again, the most unsocial thing in civilised society is your club."

"Political clubs," observed Muggleton, beginning again, "I can't endure. Politics appear to me to be repugnant to the genius of clubbism; the one is intended to unite, the other has a manifestly opposite tendency. One would think men resorted to their several clubs to unbend and recreate, not to derive from political conversations and disputes additional sources of mental irritation; political, like theological discussions, always leaving the disputants, if you observe, exactly where they find them—the loss of a great deal of good temper and Christian charity only excepted. Next to sociality, tranquillity and repose are essential in the society of a club. I do not, of course, mean a dumb-foundered stolidity, but a rational harmony of sentiment, an union of feeling, a sympathetic co-operativeness towards the general relaxation of the place."

"What do you think of literary clubs, Muggy?" inquired I.

"Can't say I like them any more than political clubs: there is something pedantic in an exclusive association of authors and literary amateurs; there is a hot-pressed air about literary clubs, the members have a demy-octavo look, and they fight, besides, like Tipperary badgers — each upon the other's back. With regard to fashionable clubs, as far as I am concerned, they are altogether out of the question; they are but a tissue of silken inanities!"

"Now then, Muggy, in the name of all the clubs in London, what is the particular club you do belong to?"

"I was coming to that," replied Muggleton, "as soon as I have lighted my cigar. Now then, you must know that the club to which I have the honour to belong is called, designated, and known as the 'Harmonious Owls.'"

"Harmonious Owls? — Impossible!" exclaimed Singlestick.

"Owls!" replied Muggleton, winking with both eyes, and looking as he said it not at all unlike Minerva's favourite bird,—"Harmonious Owls! Is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"By all that's ridiculous," observed Jack Singlestick, "this beats all! I thought I knew all the absurd associations of boozy songsters, spouters, and drinksters from the Cogers, the Odd Fellows, and the Ugly Club, down to the Never-frets and Free-and-easies;—

but the Harmonious Owls I did not believe, in the nature of things, to have been capable of existence."

"Capable of existence, sir!" exclaimed Muggleton, with animation. "The Harmonious Owls have existed, sir, are now existent, and will exist, sir, till owls themselves shall be no more."

"And this is the club you propose that I should join, is it?"

"The identical club. It is, in the first place, a musical club, as indicated by its name. It is a nocturnal club, as also indicated by its title, and does not in any way interfere with the serious business of life. It is a harmless club, social, jolly, and good-natured,—composed of persons in the middle ranks of life, like ourselves;—knows nothing of matters of state or dogmas of theology. It is a sober club;—not too sober, but moderately sober. Any man taking a fourth glass of anything pays half-a-crown for it, which goes towards a fund for broken-down waiters. The Harmonious Owls like their glass in moderation, but abhor excessive drinking; and, in short, are social, quiet, harmless, honest fellows, intent only on a little innocent relaxation after the worry and labour of the day."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Jack Singlestick; "there seems some sense in that sort of club."

"And, now that I bethink me, this very evening—Wednesday it is—this very evening the Owls assemble,—and by the time we reach Whitechapel in a coach—"

"Whitechapel!" exclaimed I, horror-struck, as may well be supposed, living in Elway Street, Pimlico.

"Whitechapel!" re-echoed Muggleton, with emphasis. "We meet in that locality, by reason that several of our most harmonious Owls are of the Hebrew nation, and dwell in Houndsditch. We consult their convenience in the first place."—"Oh! of course."

"Now, what I propose is, that you and Singlestick go along with me to-night, when I will propose you in due form; and, as I have already canvassed the entire club twice over, I think I may safely assert that your election will be secure."

"But, my dear fellow, consider I don't sing a note."

"So much the better, my dear friend,—so much the better. If you have no voice, you have ears,—if you can't sing, you can listen; and let me tell you, without listeners the nightingale herself would be no better musician than a cuckoo. If you *could* sing, I should not be surprised if you were black-balled; for our Harmonious Owls are intolerably jealous, and cannot bear a brother near their perch. But let us take one other glass, and be going. By the time we reach the Ivy Bush, Moses Solomon will have taken the chair; and a fine of sixpence is levied from every Owl who is not in the Bush when the President goes to roost."

As soon as we had passed Aldgate Pump, we observed a long, wide, irregular, dirty street of second-rate houses, with a long vista of slovenly butchers' shops to the right, and a correspondent row of oyster, orange, and apple stalls to the left, — with gin-shops, Tom-and-Jerry shops, pawn-shops, tally-shops, and slop-shops, setting forth their various stocks in infinite variety. This, Muggleton informed me, was Whitechapel,—so called because it is a black and dirty hole, and also because there is no such thing as a chapel in it from one end to the other.

About half way between Aldgate Pump and Mile-end Gate stands

the Ivy Bush,—a gin palace in the usual taste. Two massive and capacious doors are always swinging backwards and forwards, so that the gentlest touch of his finger admits the thirsty customer: another entrance announces the "bottle department," in capital letters of gold. There appear, ranged behind an elevated bench, several young gentlemen in clean shirt-sleeves, and ladies in caps and ribands, who are occupied busily in taking money, and handing down the equivalent in "*short*" or "*heavy*," as the case may be. On the floor, in the corners, and behind the doors, are several women, their tobacco-pipes fallen from their hands, and themselves in a state of glorious oblivion of all sublunary ills, snoozing away until closing time, when they are dragged out by the heels, and deposited outside the door, where they remain until death or the watchman removes them.

Our party entered the recesses of the Ivy Bush by the bottle department, and proceeded up stairs, Muggleton expressing his apprehensions that the Owls had commenced proceedings, which, if certain supernatural howlings emanating from that particular region of the Bush in which those birds of night were accustomed to assemble, afforded any indication of business, they assuredly had. Muggleton, when at the head of the stair, ordered us to stay where we were, and regale our ears with the Charter Glee, which the Owls were then engaged in singing, as an harmonious preludio to the serious business of the evening. This composition began if I mistake not, some way thus:—

"Of all the birds in bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,"—

and the chorus roared forth somewhat resembled the articulate sounds of—

"Though ways be dark, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the jolly, jolly owl,
Of the jolly, jolly owl (*bis*),
We'll drink to the health of the jolly, jolly owl."

When the singing had subsided, and the stamping of feet, roaring, clapping of hands, whistling, hurrahing, and tingling of glasses had fairly indicated the conclusion of the opening glee, Muggleton, Singlestick, and myself entered the apartment,—our appearance being the signal of a renewed caterwauling, which just then had begun a little to intermit. On Muggleton's appearance, however,

"The *row*, that for a space 'gan fail,
Now trebly thundering filled the gale,
And 'Muggy' was the cry."

A few disaffected Owls, to be sure, cried out, "Fine him! fine him!" but this disagreeable proposal was drowned in a tremendous yell of "To-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo!"—being the method of the Owls to give utterance to the Parliamentary phrase of "Hear him! hear him!"

While Muggleton was engaged in shaking hands and reciprocating compliments with the other Owls, I had leisure to glance round the apartment, which indeed had but little to boast in the shape of internal decoration. A long naked deal table, supported upon trestles, extended from end to end of the apartment, upon which the

beverages indulged in by the Owls appeared in all the various shapes that spirits are supposed by superstitious people to assume, — such as brandy, hot, with — gin, cold, without — whisky, cold and hot, with or without lemon—port-wine negus, with nutmeg—rum-punch, and other apparitions of a similar character,—together with "heavy" in all its varieties.

Around the room were several glass cases filled with stuffed owls of all sorts and sizes, from the five quarters of the globe, looking out of their glass eyes upon the proceedings of their unfledged representatives with great apparent complacency. Over the President's elevated chair was perched, very appropriately, an enormous horned owl, with a stuffed cuckoo mounted on his back. The admission of the latter as a member of the society had been strenuously opposed by the married Owls, but was carried triumphantly by a majority of bachelors. Over the chair of the Vice was a plaster statue of Minerva, with an owl (as usual) on one shoulder.

The Owl in the chair (Moses Solomon) was an elderly chicken, of rather apoplectic diathesis, with a very large carbuncle, or other precious stone, set in the surrounding copper of his beak, which had that precise aquiline inclination which the bird-fanciers lay down as the exact angle of incidence of the proboscis of Owls and Israelites. He was perched upon a roost more elevated than the rest. In his gizzard-wing he brandished an auctioneer's hammer, while his liver-wing sustained a ruby goblet of brandy and water, hot, with sugar. His little owlish eyes twinkled with drink and good-humour, and the expression of his countenance, taken altogether, was eminently characteristic of the species over which he seemed so worthily appointed to preside.

Muggleton, as well as the other Owls, regarded their President with the highest deference and veneration, who was, as the Owl who sat next informed me, a musical composer of the highest eminence. He confessed to the authorship of the "Jim Crow Quadrilles;" and, although he modestly denied it, was suspected of composing the beautiful fantasia, for two brass horns and kettle-drum, on that touching melody of "All round my hat I wears a green willar."

The Vice was a thin-faced Owl, of a saturnine aspect. He was the personal friend and representative of the landlord of the Ivy Bush, indulging but little in general conversation, the only observation I noticed to fall from him in the course of the night being "Gemmen, orders, if you please,"—an expression which he did not fail to repeat when he observed the tumbler of any Owl drawing near the bottom.

Glancing round the room, I observed all the birds at the table wore a sort of kindred expression of face to the owls on the wall,—that half-closed, muddle-headed, sententious, ludicro-bombastical expression of countenance, which so distinguishes the "solemn bird of night," as Milton calls her, in all the various species of that melodious animal.

Whether the owlish physiognomies of this harmonious society is congenital, or the effect of sympathy with the defunct owls ranged around the room, or whether, what is more likely, it were the effects of tobacco and drink, certain it appeared to me that the Owls without feathers round the table were only a plucked variety, on a larger scale, of the owls round the room.

By the time I had furtively glanced round the room, and made the above-recorded observations, my friends Muggleton and Jack Singlestick had ordered something comfortable, at the suggestion of the hatchet-faced Owl at the foot of the table,—Muggleton whispering in my ear, as I took my tumbler, not to make any allusion to the owl over the President's chair which might be considered personal. This wise precaution Muggleton accompanied with a very knowing wink.

The Owls now began to emit smoke, from the long clay pipes stuck in the corners of their several jaws, with great impatience; while the Owl in the chair, laying down his long clay pipe, which was twice as long as the pipe of any other Owl, began to make the pots and glasses dance to the music of his hammer, laying on the unresisting table with a noise like thunder. This infernal racket was intended to indicate his (the President's) desire that silence should be strictly observed.

The inferior noises round the table having been fairly silenced by the superior noise of the Owl in the chair, that functionary called upon the honourable Owl next in rotation to sing a song.

An Owl. Come along, neighbour—tune up your pipes!

The Owl alluded to. No more I won't. Blest if I do!

Chair Owl. Does the Harmonious Owl refuse to sing in his turn?

The Recusant. To be sure I does. I'm not the next rotatory Owl: the song goes with the sun. Neighbour Blogg is the next Owl on the squeak!

Blogg. Not I, indeed, — Higgs is the bird. Higgs, give us a crow.

Higgs. I shan't sing, 'cos I thinks as how I'm not the riggler fowl; but, to save trouble, I'll *w*olunteer.

All the Owls. To-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—o—o—o!

Higgs (*shutting his eyes, and making other arrangements usual with gentlemen beginning to sing*).

"Sally Sikes, the gal I likes,
Of her I'm thinking all my life;
Her rosy cheek—she looks so meek—
How fat I should get if she was my wife."

Chorus of Harmonious Owls.

"How fat I should get if she was my wife."

Higgs (*going on again*).

"Mother did say, the other day,
My child, you seems to pine away.—
Why, mother, as I grows old, I grant
I find as how there's summut I want."

Chorus of Harmonious Owls.

"I find as how there's summut I want."

Chair Owl. I should be sorry to interrupt the honourable Harmonious Owl now singing; but I think that at our last roost the honourable Owl gave us "Sally Sikes." Now the honourable Owl knows very well that this is contrary to the rules of the house, for an honourable Owl to sing the same song two nights; con—con—

consequently—I mean, to do the ditto—the honourable Owl knows very well what I mean—

SEVERAL OWLS. To-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—o—o—o!

CHAIR OWL (*hammering*). I call upon the next Harmonious Owl in succession to sing a song. This conduct is, I must say, highly unharmonious and un-owlish.

AN OWL. We all bow to the decision of the perch. I have no objection to sing a quartette with any other Harmonious Owl.

CHORUS OF OWLS. To-whit-to-whoo—o—o—o!

CHAIR OWL (*with a tremendous row of the hammer*). I must repeat, that this sort of conduct is un-owlish and indecorous in the last degree. (*Another thump.*) Will nobody support the perch?

CHORUS OF OWLS. To-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—to-whit-to-whoo—o—o—o!

AN OWL. I sees strangers in the house.

ANOTHER OWL. Does yer?—then the devil take your eyesight!

CHAIR OWL. Strangers must withdraw!

Jack Singlestick left the room in high dudgeon, and descending the stairs of the Ivy Bush, was soon lost in the wildernesses of Whitechapel. I was about to follow his example, when Muggleton followed me to inform me that clearing the house was a mere preliminary form to my being elected and introduced an Harmonious Owl;—which happy event was in a few moments after finally consummated, and I have remained a faithful and constant participator in the vicissitudes of the Harmonious Owls from that day to this.

The reader who may wish further to gratify his curiosity in respect to this learned society has only to call upon me, when I shall be most happy to introduce him as a visiter at the Ivy Bush.

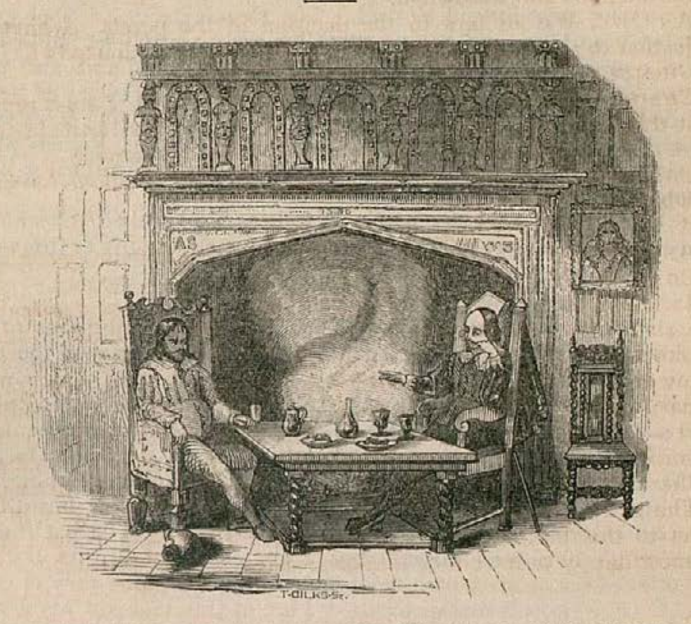
THE WASSAIL BOWL.

'Twas the pride of our forefathers, in the palmy days of yore,
To gather round the wassail bowl, and crown it o'er and o'er
With the foliage of the luscious vine, whose freshness would impart
A joy upon the care-worn brow, a blessing to the heart!
It must have been a thrilling sight to see old age and youth
Unite around the festal board, while Mirth encircled both!
To hear the gleesome lay pour forth, and list the loud acclaim
With which our fathers honour'd those who earn'd a deathless name!
There are who lightly deem the past, but ev'ry thirsty soul
Will join their voices to its praise, and hail the wassail bowl!

Then merrie England was endear'd by ev'ry social tie,
The wassail bowl would nerve the weak, and fire the drooping eye;
It sway'd with regal sceptre; for the rich man and the poor
Would quaff alike, as on it pass'd from hall to cottage door.
Right cheerfully its greeting was,—wherever it might come,
The mourner smiled away his grief, and welcomed it to home!
Triumphantly 'twas borne along, and each one gave his dole,
To add new vigour to the grape, and fill the wassail bowl!
There are who lightly deem the past, but every thirsty soul
Will join their voices to its praise, and hail the wassail bowl!

THE ENTHUSIAST AT SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB.

BY H. CURLING.



SHAKSPEARE WITH HIS FRIEND, AND "A LAST YEAR'S PIPPIN OF HIS OWN GRAFFING."*

EVERY man has a word or two to say upon Stratford-upon-Avon. We have but to open the registry of names kept at the different "*places of worship*" in that town to find ample proof of this. We shall take leave to quote a specimen or two of the inspiration afforded by breathing the atmosphere of the room in which the bard was born, and that containing the relics which are said by the exhibitor to have (really and truly) fallen into the hands of his descendants.

On the first of September 1841, I set out with two friends to pay a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon. My fellow-travellers were both of them enthusiasts; the one, a happy combination of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, whose rhapsodies occasionally made him by no means an unamusing companion. He had once followed the profession of arms; but, disappointed in worldly ambition, he had taken to poetry, and had become a worshiper of Shakspeare. The other

* The Epitaph :—

Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
But Coombes will have twelve, he swears and vows;
If any one asks who lies in this tomb,
Hoh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John o' Coombe.

was a captain in the Navy, who professed indifference about Shakspeare, or any other writer, albeit he seldom opened his lips but quotations from various authors seemed to quarrel for utterance. He was just as much an admirer of the poet of nature as his military friend; but he "blessed God" (he observed), "and made no words on't."

He who can visit Stratford-upon-Avon without feeling a touch of enthusiasm must indeed be dull. The circumstance of Shakspeare having been born, and having spent his early youth and latter days there; of his having haunted its neighbouring woodlands and meadows, and taken, perhaps, his impressions of the beauties of nature while lingering on the banks of the Avon; of his having written his Lear, Macbeth, Cymbeline, Winter's Tale, and his Roman plays, during his retirement there, is enough to make Stratford a name dear in every age.

"Here, then," said my poetic friend, as we reached the churchyard, "did Shakspeare love to wander in such a night as this:—

'See how the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank!'

Yes, amongst the verdant mounds and moss-clad tombstones of the dead, whilst gazing perhaps upon the fantastic carving of the cunning architects of old, and loitering in the vicinity of a new-made grave, might the immortal bard have first imagined something of his grave-digger's scene in Hamlet. The place strikes one as resembling the illustration of the churchyard at Elsinore, in Retzsch's Outlines of Hamlet. Look up at those fantastic figures, gaping, grinning, and making ugly mouths at us,—those stone spouts, those beautifully carved windows, and those sunken grave-stones. The bat, too, is flitting his cloistered flight. Yes, I am confident Moritz Retzsch must have taken his sketch from remembrance of this very churchyard. Methinks," continued he, "I see at this moment his funeral procession advancing towards the church; the town hath cast her people out to follow him, 'like Niobe, all tears;' the church, 'the holy edifice,' has not space sufficient to contain the mourning throng; they crowd amongst the very tombstones, and, standing on Avon's banks,

'Weep their tears into the stream.'"

"But I conceive," interrupted the sea-captain, "that Shakspeare was not properly appreciated even in his own town here, and amongst his familiar friends. Some record of his conversation, some anecdotes of his manners, bearing, and disposition, would otherwise surely have been handed down to us. But no; all we know concerning Shakspeare is, that he was born here in Stratford-upon-Avon; married Anne Hathaway, and had children by her; went to London, where he acted plays and wrote plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried there. Not much faith can be placed in the traditions of his deer-stealing exploit. According to Fulman, 'Shakspeare was much given to all unluckiness, in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement.' Now that gossip may have spread without there being one word of truth in it. Charlecote is also now said not to be the spot where Shak-

speare shot the deer, but another park of Sir Thomas Lucy's, called Fulbroke, so named from the depth of the Avon thereabout."

The epitaph upon Shakspeare's daughter, Susannah Hall, was pointed out to us.

The Grammar School, which stands next to that antique-looking edifice, the Guild of the Holycross, was looked on with awe, as early as when the bard, "with shining morning face," crept "unwillingly to school."*

We now entered the room of the old house containing the few relics said to have been preserved by Shakspeare's relatives. There was the stock of an old matchlock, the remains of the identical piece Shakspeare shot the deer with in Charlecote Park. "I for one," said I, "always imagined that Shakspeare used a cross-bow in that action."

"I fancy not, sir," returned the exhibitor. "These things were the property of Mrs. Hall, Shakspeare's daughter, who preserved them at his death, and they have remained exactly as bequeathed or left by him till they became the property of my grandmother. Sir Walter Scott, whose name you will see in the book, never doubted their being Shakspeare's. He looked at them with reverence, and visited them whenever he came to Stratford. This, sir, is Shakspeare's sword."

"So," said the poet, "this, then, is really the sword of Shakspeare, the tiger-hearted, as Greene called him in his pamphlet. In his envy he thus speaks of him: 'There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you,—in his own conceit the only *Shake*-scene in a country.'"

"Here, gentlemen," interrupted the exhibitor, "is Shakspeare's desk. This curious piece of carving was over the chimney-piece of his room at New Place: it was a great favourite with Shakspeare, and represents David slaying Goliah. This picture, too, used to hang in his house.† It is a portrait of a young lady of the Clopton family, I have heard. She was exceedingly beautiful, and the legend connected with the portrait is extremely curious. She was buried alive during the plague here, perhaps at the time our Shakspeare was about two years old, as in that year it raged so fiercely at Stratford, that in a few weeks a fifth of the population fell victims to it. This young lady sickened, and, to appearance, died of it, and was buried with fearful haste in the vault of Clopton Chapel, attached to Stratford Church. Within a week, another of the family was seized, and quickly dying, was borne to the ancestral vault, and, to the horror of the mourners, as they descended the stairs, the light of their torches showed them the figure of a woman dressed in her grave-clothes, and leaning against the wall. When they approached, and looked nearer, it was Charlotte Clopton. She appeared not long dead, and in the agonies of despair, hunger, and perhaps madness, she had bitten a large piece from her round white shoulder. Such is the legend as it has been handed down. I know

* There is no record of Shakspeare's ever having been at this school, although they pretend to show the desk he wrote at.

† It is not, I believe, generally known that in this house, in the year 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles the First, kept her court for three weeks, during the civil wars.

of no written record extant, though I have been told the story is to be found in print. It is singular that such a Capulet tomb should have actually been in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon."

"This weapon," said the Captain, stooping, and taking up the sword, "seems to me not to belong to the period. It 's neither a three-sided nor a square-bladed weapon. I should have expected to have seen one of those long spit-like rapiers peculiar to Elizabeth's reign ; but this is a flat-bladed, basket-handled affair ; and, 'by these hilts,' as Falstaff says, I doubt its ever having dangled at Shakspeare's side."

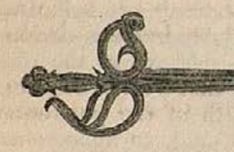
"'Tis said to have been his sword, nevertheless," said the woman, "and was most assuredly brought from New Place, where he died. Shakspeare is said to have played Hamlet with that very sword."

"Nay, then, there I have you, sure enough," he returned. "Shakspeare, I have read from more than one of his commentators, never played anything but the Ghost in his own Hamlet, my good lady."

"That which I have affirmed," said the good woman, "is what has been handed down by his relatives as the history of this sword. Sir Walter Scott has been here, sir, and handled that weapon, and I do not know that he ever doubted its being genuine. *He was thought to understand something of arms and armour too.* I advise you, sir, not to believe all you have heard or read of Shakspeare ; very little is known of his history, and that little is doubtful."

"Exactly so," said the Captain ; "I perfectly agree with you, madam. Shakspeare's sword," he continued, musingly, — "if I could but think it was really Shakspeare's, I should look upon it as a priceless gem. Certes, it is an ancient weapon, and better poised than one of our ship's cutlasses of the present day. It 's a slashing blade, at any rate," he continued, swinging it about his head,—"'Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.' If you 'll permit me, madam, I should like to take a sketch of this weapon."

And he accordingly took a drawing of it on the spot.



We had agreed to rendezvous at the Red Horse, the first hostel we spied as we had entered the town ; and the Captain, who professed he could no longer combat "the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast," vowed he would defer his further investigation of the town till the next morning. Accordingly we soon found ourselves seated in that identical little parlour, and before that very fire-place where Washington Irving thrust his feet into slippers, and professed himself so contented and comfortable, in his visit to Stratford some years before. Mine host was a man of letters, and exceeding proud of the mention made of his hostel in that delightful volume. He "talked scholarly and wisely," too, and gave us a vast deal of information upon many matters connected with the town and county, whilst we enjoyed his good cheer. Coffee and cigars made their appearance, and more than one Havannah was dissipated into

"thin air;" but still our poetical friend failed in making his appearance, as agreed on. I proposed setting out in search; but the Captain vowed it would be like seeking a needle in a bottle of hay.

"The chances are, that, in pure melancholy and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and gone forth to shoot. Most likely by this time he's lying like a dropt acorn under one of the trees in Charlecote Park. However," he said, ringing the bell, "we can send to gain some news of the youth's whereabout. Is thy name Wart?" he demanded of a nondescript-looking animal, who came into the room.

"Anan," said the fellow, opening his eyes wide at the question.

"Is thy name Wart, I say?" said the Captain, who was growing facetious under the influence of his tumbler and cigar.

"Noa, I'm boots," said the apparition.

"Truly, thou art a very ragged boots," returned the Captain. "But, I prithee, good boots, step for me as far as the house in Henley Street, where it is said Shakspeare was born, and inquire me out there one Mister Quintus Martius Mutius Fitz-Eustace, a tall, melancholy-looking gentleman, who generally wears his arms wreathed like a malcontent, and speaks puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. If you can't discover him there, run your eye over the book of names, and then take a glance at the walls and ceiling of the room, in order to see if he hath *been* there, and inscribed his name or initials this evening. No words, my good boots, 'perform it, or else we damn thee.' But, hold, here's a tester for thy trouble; if no sign of him in that quarter, put a girdle round about the town, and seek him amidst the tombstones in the church-yard."

"Lord help your honour!" said the boots; "how long do you gie I to do all this in?"

"Somewhere about forty minutes," said the Captain.

"Whoy, there's names enow written in that room, where Shakspeare was born," said the boots, "to reach from here to London in a straight line; there's not a square inch in any part o' the ceiling or walls where you could clap your mark, or sign your name, if it was to get ye a hundred thousand pounds, and all on 'em the most booklarned and high eddicated folks in the world."

"I know it," said the Captain; "from the four corners of the earth they come to kiss that shrine. Nevertheless, do as I bid thee, good boots, and pocket thy gratuity."

In about ten minutes the boots returned, with gladsome tidings.

"I've found un, sir," he said, grinning.

"'Fore me this fellow speaks," returned the Captain. "Well, sir, what then? did you tell him we had waited supper for him, and expected him here. Where was he, thou anatomy?"

"He wur in bed, sir," said the boots, "and fast as a church."

"In bed, sir?" said the Captain; "where?"

"Whoy, in Shakspeare's room,* sir," said the boots. "The old woman as shows the house told me that he had insisted upon sleeping in Shakspeare's room; so she had sent out for a mattress, blankets, and pillow; and there a be stowed away snug and comfortable. The old dame told me she wur sure he wur some larned

* This has been often the case. Several persons have insisted on sleeping in that room.

man, he wur so absent in his mind, and that he had gotten into bed with his boots and his hat on, and his umbrella under his arm."

The next morning the Captain was awake with the lark. He proposed a ramble round the outskirts, or a stroll along the banks of the Avon, by way of procuring an appetite for breakfast, and I agreed to the walk, provided he would consent to its being in the direction of the village of Shottery, in order that we might breathe the morning air in a visit to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, and call up the poet *en passant*.

When, however, we reached Shakspeare's birth-place, we found that our friend had already donned his clothes, and sallied forth. For, having (the old lady of the house informed us) discovered a scrap of paper on the table before the window of the room, the document had so strangely moved him, that (fire in his eye, and the paper in his hand,) he had sallied forth at least

"An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden chambers of the east."

We continued our progress, and clearing the suburbs, soon found ourselves in those verdant and delightful meadows leading to Shottery; and before we had trod three paces from the high-road, after leaping the first stile, we beheld our imaginative friend brushing the fresh morning-dew from the grass, not a couple of hundred yards before us.

"Why, how now, monsieur?" said the Captain when we neared him. "What a life is this, that your poor friends must woo your company."

"I cry you mercy, gentlemen," returned the poet; "but last night I found myself unable to leave the vicinity of the spot on which stood New Place, the mansion Shakspeare purchased of Sir Hugh Clopton on his retirement from London, and in which he lived and died. 'Unhappy was the clock that struck the hour' in which that spot of earth was put in possession of one so unnatural, so marble-hearted, as to pull down and demolish the house in which Shakspeare spent the latter days of his life; and even obliterate all trace of its pleasure-grounds and gardens, and fell the blessed mulberry-tree he planted with his own hands. At the bottom of what was formerly the garden of New Place, and facing the Avon, I entered an ancient-looking inn or hostel; and which was formerly, the hostess assured me, (according to tradition of Stratford,) used by Master Shakspeare. Here, in a comfortable-looking room, in which you might suppose Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek were wont to keep the turn of tippling 'till their brains turned like a parish top,' I took my supper of eggs and bacon; after which I betook myself to the house of houses, that edifice in which Shakspeare was born."

"The butcher's shop," said the Captain; "and there you passed the night. 'The sweeter rest was thine.'

The woodlands, the fields, and every region round, were instantly invested with a delicious interest when we thought how the youthful Shakspeare had ofttimes bounded along that very path on the wings of love, to his beloved Anne Hathaway. We can imagine the joyous step of the youth across these paths,

"When daisies pied and violets blue
Did paint the meadows with delight,"

on his errand to meet the woman who had entamed the spirit of such a man. During these rambles, and amidst these meadows, perhaps, were first engendered many of those thoughts which afterwards were ripened into those charming scenes, such as are depicted in his Twelfth Night, Midsummer Night's Dream, and Love's Labour Lost. Doubtless, in his eye she was unparagoned, radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable as his own sweet Imogen, and to her influence at this period may we attribute such excellence as we find in his Desdemona, Viola, and others.

We now crossed a small rivulet, which with gentle murmur glided not fifty yards from the cottage we sought; the small brick bridge across the stream was so ancient as to have probably been the identical arch which Shakspeare had often trod upon in olden times. The Captain was led to notice it, from the circumstance of his foot going through a hole as he crossed, and nearly breaking his leg, and he cursed in his agony, the stream, the bridge, and the man who had built it. The poet, on the contrary, contemplated it as an interesting relic, vowing he would refresh himself in the pellucid stream.

We now made our way into Anne Hathaway's cottage, and, seating ourselves beneath the ample chimney, examined the interior at our leisure.

The cottage in which the Hathaways lived is that of a substantial yeoman of the time of Elizabeth; there was all that delightful old world and comfortable look about it, which we in vain seek for in the squalid-looking, ill-built, worse contrived, and rapidly run up buildings of our own formal days, and in which our cottagers live like pigs in a sty. Here was to be found the ample chimney, beneath which the whole family were wont to assemble after the toil of the day, whilst they listened to "the wind and rain beat dark December." Here was the diamond paned window, and the huge traversing oaken beam, and the companionable fire-side bench; and here, perhaps, had young Shakspeare sat "in wintry tedious nights," with the good old folks, and listened to their tales

"Of woeful ages long ago betid,"

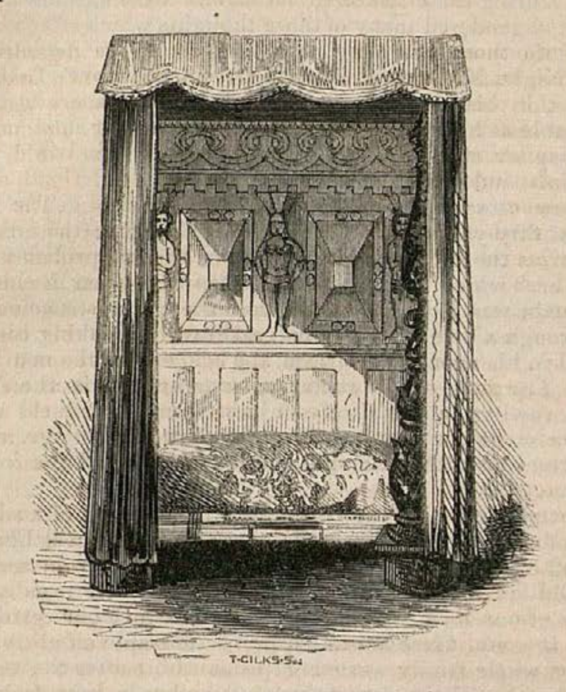
whilst he gazed upon "sweet Anne Page," their daughter.

"Yes, sir," said the woman of the cottage; "and here 's the very bench, too, that he used to sit on. It 's called in the village Shakspeare's courting-chair."

The old oaken settle, so called, was sufficiently venerable-looking and worm-eaten to justify the belief. Its dilapidated state, however, was no bar to the poet's determination to seat himself upon the bench on which Shakspeare had so often sat and whispered a flattering tale in Anne Hathaway's ear; the consequence of which was, the fracture of the piece of furniture, and his own downfall.

After we had strolled into the orchard, "Mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own graffing," the owner of the cottage invited us to ascend and view the room which was called Anne Hathaway's bedroom, and in which stood a curiously and somewhat elaborately-carved bedstead, which she informed us was shown as Anne Hathaway's bed. It was an an-

cient-looking and curiously-carved affair, but evidently had been originally intended for some great mansion of a former day. The poet, however, was satisfied with it as it was, and took a sketch of it on the spot.



ROUGH SKETCH OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S BED.

The cottage, with its orchard and its garden, had evidently fallen from its former estate in every particular. That which had once been "a good dwelling," although by no means "a rich," was now, it was easily to be seen, with all its means and appliances for comfort, neither so comfortably or so neatly kept as, perhaps, it was wont to be in the olden time. It looked half-furnished, half-habitable, and poverty-struck. The orchard, too, which in former days showed its blossom, its fruit, and its grassy carpet in the front, was now (even what remained of it,) neglected-looking and waste, whilst the garden was cruelly invaded by a row of newly-built cottages.

There was, however, the little well of clear water before the door, from which, perhaps, Shakspeare had ofttimes taken a cooling draught; and some few other rural and moss-covered remains of his day, to note that which once had been.

We wandered once more into the church, and at length we were fain to commend our poetical friend to his own content and contemplations, and wend our way homewards without him. We left him leaning against the wall in the chancel, with his eyes riveted upon the epitaph at his feet — a solitary devotee, whilst the sun streamed in rainbow hues, from the lofty Gothic window, upon the plain flat stone, which marks the spot where the bones of the bard repose.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY ELIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY.

Of all the months in the Calendar, not one is regarded with so many hopes, fears, blushes, tears, sighs, presentiments, and palpitations, as the pluvious February. *True,* his skies are watery; his breathings chill; his moods uncertain, now *freezing,* and now *thawing;* his sunshine is brief, and, like the smiles of the world, fugitive, and somewhat uncheering; his flowers are few, and timid, and pallid of complexion, saving the snowdrops and crocuses. The feathered choristers which salute him seem scarcely in earnest with their song, as if yet hoarse and benumbed with the winter's rudeness. "The household bird with the red stomacher," — he whom Reynolds, and Gainsborough, and Collins, did not disdain to paint,—it is true, chants his requiem, and appears less shy and fearful than his companions. Again, the "lyrique lark," roused and gladdened by some breath of the coming spring, — some wandering trace of azure in the sky, peers with his bright eyes from his hidden nest, and, shaking the dew from his dappled breast, ventures into the regions of air. While afar, in some thorny brake, the blackbird and the missle-thrush may be heard making faint essay of their notes.

But, in our latitude, at least, February has no sea of sunshine,—no delicious haze of amethyst, — no purple twilight, such as Claude, and Both, and Cuyp, have poured upon their canvass; no deep umbrageous woods, and leafy bowers, — no wide-spreading corn-fields and furzy uplands, — no mellow, fruit-laden orchards, — no "trim gardens" rife with flowers and fragrance, and musical with bees, and glittering with butterflies, — no streams running pleasantly between green mossy banks, — and no brooks issuing with a bubbling cadence from beneath the fern-fringed roots of some ancient oak, or leaping, like a thread of crystal, out of the pure limestone rock. In fact, he has no flowers,— no minstrelsy, — no sunshine, — nothing that can be *compared* to the lavish attractions of still later months; and yet, doth *February,*—grey, and cold, and captious, and misty February bear away the bell!

But, whence is this? By what right "written or prescriptive," doth he assume this supremacy? Hath not *March* "dust," "one bushel" of which the wisdom of our ancestors declareth "is worth a King's ransom?" And doth not the throstle, bland rival of the nightingale, salute him with its strains? And hath no poor Clare, the peasant-bard, affirmed that now

——"Just to say the spring is come,
The violet smiles from her woodland home"?

Hath not April his "daisy trim," the darling of Malherbe; "*la belle Marguerite,*" "*la Paquerette vivace;*" the "*Fiore de primavera;*" "The little dazie that at evening closes,"—"The wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,"—"The starveling in a scanty vest,"—that "Golden tufte within a silver crowne;"—that pet of the poet to which all have done honour? Hath he not also his daffodils, and "pleasant primrose," his bright buds, and his wild flush of blossoms of all conceivable tints? And the cuckoo's shout heard on the far-off heath; and, passing all praise,

"The light-winged Dryad of the trees,"

the nightingale, sweet minstrel of the thorn,—sad Philomel,

"Most musical—most melancholy"?

Hath not "the flowery *May* his honeysuckle and hyacinth, hawthorn, and "sweet eglantine," his vale-lily, and cowslips, and kingcups,—his tender foliage, and soft green blades?

Lo! June—entereth he not

"——Arrayed
In green leaves;"

and doth he not bring

"Balm on the breeze, and blossoms on the bough,
Fair fruits, and flow'rs that forth their fragrance fling,
As thriftless prodigals?"

Hath he not

"Songs of birds, and clear, blue, cloudless skies,"

the "smiles and minstrelsy of nature"? And, doth not he bring with him the rose—"the garden's queen,"—the type of loveliness,—

"The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers"?

Whilst *July* hath the jasmine, the clematis, and the lily,

"Whiter than the ocean-surf;"

the bright blue convolvulus, and the Indian pink, and a whole host of rare blossoms, and nectareous fruits; and, crowning all, the promise of the harvest is written in every joyous field.

Then comes the generous profusion of August, when the burr of the sickle sounds cheerily in the fields, and the mellow strain of the reaper comes joyously on the ear, raising up visions of peace and plenteousness — of loaded wains, and barns overflowing, and humble gleaners made happy.

September, too, appears with his ripened fruits, "the downy peach," "the shining plums," "the fragrant nectarine," "the purple grape," and "luscious fig;" the gorgeous livery of his woods, and the golden splendour of his sunset-skies.

And yet stanch February thinketh nought of these; for *he* hath spells *more* potent, charms *more* alluring, claims *more* imperative; and, in proof, he appealeth to some two hundred thousand signatures that attest the fact. Oh! gentle Valentine! reverend Valentine! good Saint Valentine! *thy* festival is more heedfully celebrated than that of any other saint in the calendar!

Long before the advent of thy wished-for "14th," every bookseller's window becomes a "gallery of pictures," a "paradise of delights;" nay, "chandlers," and divers small shopkeepers in other "lines," venture to patronise the fine arts; and even itinerant apple-venders speculate on the day, embellishing dead walls, and the insides of umbrellas, with a galaxy of dainty devices, mingled with the choicest effusions of Catnach, than which a tulip-bed is less gorgeous, the verse of Hafiz less impassioned. Behold the mischievous little boy-god summoning to his aid the Muses of Poetry and Painting! Observe the designs, at once graceful and spirited, pensive and winning; intricate and fan-

ciful, yet, doubtlessly, most appropriate. Hearts bleeding, if not broken; and darts piercing as the Parthian; true lovers' knots, less indissoluble than the Gordian; quivers well stocked, and bows well-strung; heathen altars and Christian steeples; cooing turtles and chubby Cupids! Glance at the groups of lilies, and pansies, and violets, myrtles and jessamines, "forget-me-nots" and "love-lies-bleedings," — each illustrated by verses, which, *if borrowed*, the borrower ardently prays may be considered his own. Here is a rose as big as a broccoli, and plentifully bestudded with thorns: we behold it, and sigh with the elegant Malherbe,

"Que d'épines, Amour, accompagnent les roses!"

Here, too, is a stout over-sized heart frying in its own flames, and, that being *not* sufficiently typical of the inamorato's sufferings, delicately spitted upon a bouncing arrow, large as the cloth-yard shaft of ancient days. There is a dove with a mosaic chain round its neck, and a most palpably sealed letter in its bill, fluttering towards a gallant young gentleman, imposingly attired in the brightest of blue body-coats, the gayest of waistcoats, and the whitest of jeans. In this corner is the pictured semblance of a disconsolate maiden, habited in white muslin, with pink shoes on her feet, her hair flowing dishevelled on "her bare neck of snow," and a lily-white handkerchief in her lily-white hand; the back-ground presenting a lively portraiture of Old Ocean, as he is wont to appear when ruffled by a north-wester: a distant sail completes the scene. Need we whisper to the admiring foreigner that this particular design is *très-recherché* at Wapping Old Stairs?

But fancy runs riot in the inexhaustible variety of subjects, and, like the fly in the honey-pot, we are smothered in sweets. The fine frenzy of the poet and the fair tints of the painter provide Valentines of all sorts and sentiments, to suit every condition of humanity, and every variety of *la belle passion*.

And lo! *when* the selections are made and paid for,—when the millions of the enamoured retire to con over, and fill up, and fold, and indorse, and seal the delicious chosen — the "*Best Japan*," the "*Diamine*," the "*Pellucid*," the "*Anticorrosive*" "writing *fluid*" (*ink* is no more) flows not in "sixpenny bottles"-full, nor in pints, nor quarts, nor even gallons, but in streams, in rivers, in floods, and torrents. The plumes of the swan, and the crow, and the good grey-goose glide daintily over the "scented," — the "satin,"— the "tinted," — the "embossed," — the "illuminated," — the "hot-pressed," — the "wire-wove,"— the "gilt,"— and the "plain," which offer themselves as the fitting missives of love.

Poets of all magnitudes woo inspiration; and straightway merciless imputations are cast upon the sun, moon, and seven stars, which luminaries are immediately and unrelentingly shorn of their brilliancy, and sacrificed to the surpassing lustre of as many eyes,—black, blue, and grey,—as there are bright beaming gems in the heavens. Then the rose is flouted, and jeered, and said to "look pale," and "die with envy," beside the vermillion cheeks of some thousand scores of "Juliars," "Emmars," "Laurars," Betties, Kates, Pollies, Patties, Janes, and Jennies; and the lily is not painted *white* indeed, but politely jaundiced, being less fair than their brows, and less pure than their fingers; and, finally, the breath of the violet is libelled as "beyond all manner of doubt less fragrant" than the respirations of the same mul-

titude of young ladies. Cuvier's three kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral — are ransacked to do justice to the never-to-be-enough admired charms of the conquering fair who hold a million gallant hearts in thrall. The antelope is less graceful, the dove less immaculate, the diamond less lucent, the pearl less transparent, than the movements, cheeks, lips, eyes, and teeth of those masterpieces of creation. Now do the clerks at St. Martin's-le-Grand pray for an Act of Parliament "to restrain" or "prohibit" the correspondence of the gentle Saint Valentine,—NOW do the indefatigable gentlemen who philanthropically distribute the letters of an anxious and amiable public, groan beneath the excessive burthen of "waste-paper" and "foolscap," and meditate upon the propriety of a strike for an increase of salary. Now doth Miss Lucy bribe Prudence, the housemaid, to secretly call at the Dead-letter Office for the cruelly-intercepted Valentine; and NOW doth the said Prudence glory in her own "right and privilege" to "take in as many Walentines on her own account" as the tailor, butcher, baker, grocer, carpenter, and cobbler are ready and willing to send her.

Now, if May-Fair cannot *precisely* sympathise with Cheapside,— if the peeress look down disdainfully upon a festival thrice dear to the heart of the publican's heiress, — still doth the drawing-rooms of certain longitudes share with the scullery in a pleasing alarm. Miss Georgina Lavinia Celestina Swipes hangeth languishingly over her guitar, and Betty Dobbs museth tenderly above her dish-cloth, from the influence of the same soft apprehension. All Highgate and Hampstead,—all Brixton, Camberwell, and Croydon, — all Hammersmith and Turnham Green are on the verge of hysterics, and hearts beat with a strange sensation as the red-coated gentleman, politely cognomened "Walker the Twopenny Postman," crosseth the street, and the right hand of the same gentleman acquitteth itself of a thundering double-knock at the door.

Now the *ladies* located on the basement grow nervous and fidgety, in anticipation of certain customary tributes to their charms; and lo! at the startling summons cook flieth from the dripping-pan, and housemaid flingeth down her duster to clutch the "written inwentory" of their perfections from their adoring *love-yers*. And oh! the *toomults* with which these delicate functionaries gloat upon the snowy envelope, the mysterious symbol of "the kiss" dropped with a tender significance, and the seal, like a mandarin saucer, bearing a heart impaled and burning, and embellished on the *exergue* with the lively effigy of a thumb *from* nature! Oh! the unutterable complacency with which they see themselves saluted in fair black-and-white, with the deferential formality of "Miss!" And oh! the unspeakable ecstasy with which they discover that there are *some*, and "raal good judges too! as considers 'em a wast deal lovelier, an' more genteeler, and *more of the lady* than their missises."

Now — ay, NOW, *indeed*, all but the "douce married folk," who, in the sober, sad reality, have nothing to sigh for — but freedom — all are on the *qui vive;* and, despite the united attractions of his eleven brother months, — despite their blossoms and birds, blue skies and sunbeams,—sheep-shearing, hay-making, and harvest-home,—hop-picking, fruit-gathering, and mistletoe-ing, — *February*, without a leaf on his brow, or a flower in his train, — cold and capricious, blustering, and weeping, and scowling,—*February Fill-dyke* is welcomed with an impatient tremor of delight from John O'Groat's to Land's-End.

EVENING SONG OF THE NORMANDY FISHERMEN.

BY W. JONES.

"Priez pour nous, etoile de la mer!"

Pray for us, star of the sea!
Through the mist of the even we call on thee:
Mother eternal! be thou our guide,
And light with thy beaming the dark flowing tide.
Pierce the dark clouds that o'ershadow the night,
And steal o'er our souls with a thrill of delight.
The winds murmur hoarsely, the waves rise in foam,
Shine forth, star of beauty, and lead us to home!

Pray for us, star of the sea!
As alone on the waters we worship thee!
Thou hast heard us, for lo! in the bright'ning west,
Adorable one! thou art showing thy crest,
A beacon of love to the weary and lone,
A symbol of mercy when all hope is gone.
The winds murmur hoarsely, the waves rise in foam,
Shine on, star of beauty, and lead us to home!

Pray for us, star of the sea!
And for those whom we love, not watching thee,
They offer their vows at the fisherman's shrine,*
And bless thee that o'er us thou deignest to shine!
Fondly they wait us by Seine's lovely shore,
With hearts that are throbbing to hail us once more.
The winds murmur hoarsely, the waves rise in foam,
Shine on, star of beauty, and lead us to home!

Pray for us, star of the sea!
Ave Maria! we glorify thee!
Soon, soon shall we rest from our toil on the deep,
For dim in the distance is Heve's rugged steep;
Now Havre is seen, spreading forth 'neath the hill
That o'erlooks it in majesty, fair Ingonville!
The winds murmur hoarsely, the waves rise in foam,
Shine on, star of beauty, and lead us to home!

* On the heights of Honfleur, a picturesque town on the borders of the Seine, (celebrated by Washington Irving in one of his most affecting tales, "Annette Delarbe,) is a small chapel situate amidst the most remote scenery. Before going on any perilous enterprise, the fisherman here places his votive offering, imploring the intercession of "Our Lady of Grace."

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which Richard Savage bows to a new acquaintance, and makes a second experiment upon the patience of the public. Mr. Wilks introduces him to Sir Richard Steele.

About a fortnight after I had sent my comedy to Mr. Wilks, Gregory handed me a letter from that gentleman, which had been brought to his lodgings. I had addressed the play from thence, Gregory's abode being in a less remote and a more learned quarter of the town. The letter was couched in very polite terms; and while it contained a highly flattering opinion of the piece, somewhat dashed my expectations by the intimation, that the then present time of the year was extremely unfavourable to the production of trifles of that description. The writer, however, desired to see me on the following morning.

Mr. Wilks received me just as I had reason to expect. He was at once humane, considerate, and polite. He told me that, whatever the merit of my play might be, it could hardly prove a source of much advantage to me, if brought out so late in the season. He added, however, that its immediate production might be of incidental benefit to me. I was curious to know his meaning.

"May I inquire," said he, "how you came to send your play to me? It is true I am a manager of the theatre; but I have never set myself up for a judge of dramatic performances; and, indeed, have studiously abstained from taking upon myself any part of the responsibility which attaches itself to a decision upon them. Now, there is a gentleman amongst us, to whom it seems to me surprising that you had not applied."

"Mr. Cibber?" I inquired. "I have heard that Mr. Cibber is a great judge—"

"I do not mean Mr. Cibber," he returned. "Cibber is a worthy man, and has a due opinion of his own merit, as we all have; although all of us do not choose to let the world see it. To say the truth, the man who wrote 'The Careless Husband' must be a man of some merit. But I meant a man of far higher pretensions,—Sir Richard Steele."

"I do not know, sir," said I, "whether any particulars of my unfortunate history may have reached your ear; but I am indirectly connected with Colonel Brett, between whom and Sir Richard a very close intimacy subsists. I refrained from sending my play to him on that account, and on that account alone."

"Mr. Savage," said Wilks, "I do know your history, and so does Sir Richard Steele. You are quite mistaken, I assure you, if you suppose that any man could influence Sir Richard to do an injustice, or to pass a slight upon another; and you are not less in error if

Savage introduced by Sir Richard Steele to [illegible]

London: Richard Bentley

you imagine that Colonel Brett would instigate him against you. I have heard the Colonel speak of you in the highest terms."

I explained that I had no such suspicion of Colonel Brett; and that my reason for declining to submit my play to Sir Richard was, lest it should be said that I owed any advancement I might attain to my mother's connexions.

"To that person," I said, in conclusion, "I will owe nothing."

"This is not your first play, I think, Mr. Savage?"

"No, sir. I confided a small piece to Mr. Bullock, who—"

"Placed the profits in his own pocket," interrupted Wilks. "Oh! this money! It ought to be worth more than it is, seeing the devices men practise to lay hold upon it. Mr. Bullock, sir, is a person who, it is to be hoped, loves God better than man, and, it is to be feared, loves himself above all. Enough of him. I have something pleasant to tell you. Sir Richard Steele is very desirous of seeing you. You will call upon me again in a few days, when I shall be able to tell you about what time we shall bring out your play. In the mean time, I shall have ascertained from Sir Richard when it will be convenient that you should wait upon him."

I expressed my acknowledgments of his kindness, and saying I would trespass on his time no longer, arose to leave. He took me by the hand. "Pardon me—one moment." He stood for some time in apparent reflection, and then said, somewhat abruptly,—

"Mr. Savage, you see a man before you who has known more distress than, he sincerely hopes, you will ever be called upon to suffer,—who has many a time wanted a friend to say to him, 'Wilks, take this, or that, — *whatever it might be*," (he said these last words with an emphasis,) "and who has sometimes found such a friend. You must permit me to show my sense of your merit in the manner most agreeable to myself." So saying, he placed a purse into my hand. I hesitated, and was about to decline it. I know not why I should have done so; for, if it be a disgrace to accept money, or anything else, when it is freely offered, I cannot see how there can be any merit in the tender. I am certain I obliged Wilks by taking the money. He told me so, and I believed him. And for many a sum of money was I his debtor (he would not have permitted me to say this) afterwards.

I took my leave of him with such thanks as my heart dictated, and sallied into the street more impressed, I am ashamed to say,—but I should be more ashamed to keep it back,—with a sense of my own merit, than of the generosity of Mr. Wilks. As I was ever one of those who, whenever a stroke of good fortune befals them, cannot keep it to themselves, but must forthwith impart it to somebody, I determined, my immediate friend Gregory being engaged at the Custom-house, upon seeking Merchant. A man of business, however methodical, is sometimes missing; you cannot light upon him; but a man without money who hangs loose upon the town, is always to be found. I took my chance of Merchant in Drury Lane, and found him there.

He stared at the elegance of my apparel. "Eh?—how is this?" said he. "What slice of a rainbow has fallen to your share? But I forgot,—you lodge with a tailor. Come, come, you outstrip your beard. Poor Martin!—but martins build in strange places."

I did not think it worth while to undeceive him. "Why, you

know, Merchant, a man must make a figure in the world, if he wishes to hold his footing in it. But you look melancholy. We must dine together."

"Life is a scene of misery," said he; "but that everybody knows who has stared up at the oracular mouth of his grandmother. Poor Lovell lies dead above stairs."

I was shocked beyond expression. I had seen him only a few days previously.

"He went off at three days' notice," resumed Merchant, "and of course I am very sorry for it. But I am most sorry that he should have insisted upon seeing me in his last moments. Such scenes give a fellow the spleen. Can't a man go on a long journey without asking all his friends to see him off?"

"What did he say to you?" I inquired.

"Don't ask me. He wished chiefly that you should be sent for, saying it would be a salutary lesson to you as long as you lived. He had turned over a new leaf, as he called it, during the last week or two, and was going on, I believe, fairly enough,— Stephens had hopes of him,—when, as fate would have it, Death comes and trips up his heels. You should have seen him, or rather you should not have seen him, last night. There was Stephens by his side, holding his hand; his companions, myself included, standing about the room, talking in knots of two and three, — poking their fingers, raising their shoulders, lifting their eyebrows at each other. Whispers— 'Depend upon this'—'I'm sure of that'—'Poor fellow!'—'His time's come'—and more of that kind. Tomkins, the host, and his wife in a corner, in tribulation for their long score, — the only sincere mourners present. And *he!* — Heavens! I shall never forget it!—raving, all unprepared, hideous surprise—all overtaken —'What is this?'—'How is this?'—'*Why* is this?'—with a high voice, as though not himself, but a strange spirit were calling forth from him, wringing his hands, lamenting his past deeds — his misdeeds he called them — adjuring us all, as we hoped for mercy, to pray for him first, and ourselves afterwards."

"This is a frightful account," cried I.

"A truce to it," cried Merchant. "If you can derive any moral benefit from what I have told you, I am glad of it. Now, let us have some of your dinner—not here, though—this is too sad a place to eat in. Let us to Covent Garden, and forget our sorrows a while over a steak and a bottle. But how," he resumed, as we walked along, "have you contrived to get some money together? Have you had a dream of an old vexed fellow with a gash in his windpipe, waving you forth to an old tree in the middle of a field?— and have you borrowed a spade, and dug, and dug, till, lo! the aged man's ill-gotten wealth, in bags accurately labelled?"

"I have lately met with an old schoolfellow," said I, "who has stood my friend by advancing me a few guineas."

"An old schoolfellow, with the old play-ground feelings?" cried he. "How I should like to see such a rarity! He should be laid up in Don Saltero's museum.* My flock, with whom I was folded, have

* Salter was a noted barber, who began to make a collection of natural curiosities, which acquired him the name (supposed to have been given him by Steele) of Don Saltero. He kept a coffee-house at Chelsea, where his curiosities might be seen. I am not sure that his museum does not still exist.

got them into wolves' clothing, and the hides fit them to a miracle." After dinner, when the wine had begun to exercise its influence upon us, Merchant discoursed somewhat wildly.

"You cannot conceive, Savage," he cried, "how Lovell's death has disconcerted me. I would say 'afflicted,' but that I don't mean to permit anything in this world that may happen to myself or to others to deprive me of that most especial attribute of man,—laughter. When a man ceases to be able to laugh, he ought to lie with his ancestors, and make way for the next generation. But my heart is heavy. Would that I were fit to carry burthens, as poor Tom Otway makes his Jaffier say—a chairman, grunting under half a dowager, or a porter with an impregnable skull, and a wholesome bias towards strong beer. But the author business—ugh!" with a shudder. "Well may an author impress his brains upon prepared rags, with the pen of a foolish bird that is driven with a rag. To write for Gazetteers and Courants—daily or weekly!—to invent rumours of wars for things like Mist's Journal, or positive pitched battles for Dyer's Letter!*—to make light of the ten commandments,—to do murder for sixpence, steal for a groat, and bear false witness against thy neighbour for a mere nothing! Is it not monstrous? Stephens wants me to make the dying speeches, with a brief account of the sinners, to be ready for the commonalty as soon as the culprits step out of the cart. But no, thank you, I'm for an honest calling. I've set my heart upon it."

"And what may that be?" I inquired.

"I mean to turn highwayman," he replied. "And yet," he added gravely, "men meet no applause from the world at large for doing these things; on the contrary, they are invariably, when caught, hanged for them."

"The knowledge of which," said I, "will probably deter you from the pursuit of a profession which obtains so little countenance from society. But I must leave you. I promised to meet my friend Gregory at six o'clock."

Having settled the bill, and discharged the waiter, we were about to leave, when Merchant took me by the arm.

"I don't know," said he, "whether, to act consistently, I ought not to knock you down, and rifle your pockets; but I have still some of the foolish weakness of the old man upon me. I say, then, can you *lend* me half a guinea?"

I placed the money in his hand, with an intimation that he might have more if he pleased.

"No, no," said he, "this will be sufficient for a time, and this shall be the last time, Richard Savage. If you suppose I have discarded my principles, do you think I have lost my memory? Hang it, it's too bad to take it from you at all, but—Stephens, I am your faithful rogues' chronicler. Not a thief but shall make such a last dying speech as, were he alive, he'd wish to steal; and I'll set all the old women roaring, with 'Alack! alack! that such a hopeful youth should be cut off in the blossom of his days!' I've laid hold upon a bright thought: Stephens deserves hanging if he don't disburse liberally for it. What do you think of 'The Malefactor's

* Mist's Journal and Dyer's Letter were two weekly newspapers. Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that the number of weekly newspapers published at the time of which Savage is writing at least equalled those of the present day.

Manual, or the Guide to the Gibbet," with directions for taking it easy on the 'eventful day,'—a happy phrase, stolen from Addison's Cato—the proper way of smelling at the nosegay—the modish manner of sucking the orange; with speeches for all ages, from fourteen to threescore and ten. What do you think of that, maker of plays? Isn't that good gold to a bookseller?"

"It would have a villanous large sale, I dare say."

"If every rogue bought it, *what* a sale, Dick! Why, it would be in almost everybody's hands. I should keep a copy by me, for fear of appearing particular, and give one to you, lest you might want it."

At my second interview with Mr. Wilks, he told me that my play would be produced immediately. Upon this occasion he showed his friendship towards me by cautioning me against encouraging a sanguine expectation of its success. My first piece had been a short one; my second was considerably longer, and of a more ambitious character. Without wounding my self-love, he managed to make me acquainted with his real opinion of the merit of my performance: I discovered that it was not a high one.

At length my play was brought out—in the summer time, at the end of the season. It was indifferently performed, to an audience more patient than plentiful, who neither visited my deficiencies upon the players, nor their sins upon me. In a word, to have done with it for ever, Love in a Veil was, as Dryden says,

——— "not damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd.
There was a glance at parting; such a look
As bade me not give o'er for one rebuke."

At all events, I was willing to think so, and the compliments I received upon it from my friends established that opinion within me.

After the performance, I went behind the scenes, whither Mr. Wilks invited my attendance. He introduced me to the players, as one likely to be more intimately associated with them; and drawing me aside, whispered me that Sir Richard Steele had seen my play, and was waiting in an adjoining room to be introduced to me. In some perturbation, I followed him thither.

The manner of Sir Richard's reception of me was such as to relieve me at once of all embarrassment.

"I have got you at last, you rogue, you," said he, shaking me heartily by the hand. "Be seated. Well, our play—"

"Did as well as might be expected," said Wilks, hastily. "Do you not think so, Sir Richard?"

"Not a word about it," he replied. "It could not have succeeded better at this time of the year. It does very great credit to your abilities, Mr. Savage, and is a promise of something better — much better. Excuse me."

"I am proud indeed of your good opinion of me, Sir Richard," said I.——"Good lad—ingenuous, manly, open," turning to Wilks. "Come, you must sup with me at Will's. I cannot tempt you, Wilks, I suppose?"

"You know my failing," said the other, smiling.

"Your practice will hardly reclaim us young gentlemen, however," said Sir Richard. "Mr. Wilks pays so little regard to ap-

pearances, Savage, as to go home to his wife; and so little respect to the town, as to say that he can make himself happy at home. The fact is, neither the men nor the women believe him. The men cannot think how he can be happy at home with his wife in the house, and the women cannot imagine how a lady so vilely treated can suffer him to be happy."

"Better than the best is," returned Wilks, "that we do not regard what the men and women say, or what they think."

"Nay, my life on't, they mean you no harm," said Steele. "Poor things! it is some merit in them that they can think of anybody but themselves, even for a moment. Come, namesake, Will's is but a step — we 'll walk there. The carriage shall call for us in two hours."

When we were got there, he ordered supper, and proposed that we should retire into a private room. "I want you to myself for an hour or two to-night," he said, leading the way.

Supper being ended, and wine before us, he requested me to relate every particular of my life, from my earliest recollection, entreating me especially, when I came to that portion of my narrative which referred to my mother, to forbear all comments:—"Which," said he, "like spectacles to a good eyesight, only obscure and confuse the appearance of things."

"How comes it, sir," he said, addressing me suddenly, after I had concluded my story, "that you shall find the same person humane and pitiless, generous and niggardly, pious and profane? Have we, all of us, two souls, — one given us of God, the other lent us by Satan?"

"That I do not know," I replied. "If we have, I fear some of us make more use of that which is only lent, than of that which has been given us."

"I spoke at random," he returned; "let it pass. The theory was charitably raised by his friends in behalf of Lorenzo de Medicis. That mother of yours, Mrs. Brett, has good qualities—fine qualities; you smile; but, believe me, she has. I know her well; nay, I will say thus much, I have reason to be grateful to her. I will tell you at another time why I *am* grateful. It is impossible but she must sometimes feel, and deeply too, her injustice, her inhuman cruelty to you."

"I hope she does, for her own sake," I remarked with some bitterness.

"And for yours, *I* hope," he answered quickly. "But we must do something for you, if you will permit us. You will call upon me very early to-morrow morning. That reminds me, — where do you live?"

"At Wapping," I brought out with considerable reluctance.

He laughed heartily. "At Wapping! What, in the name of Drake, Blake, and Benbow, took you to that land of oakum and tobacco?"

I explained that I was lodging with the friendly fellow who had aided my escape from the crimps; and I took the opportunity of recalling Martin to his recollection, who had served under him in the Coldstreams.

"I remember him well — a man of terrible bodily strength; and a very worthy creature. Pray make my service to him, and beg his

acceptance of these two pieces from me. I shall be very glad to see him."

I could dwell too long upon that — the happiest night of my life. Not a word uttered during those three brief hours but I remember it vividly. Sir Richard Steele! that name can never be uttered by me, — the noble being that bore it can never be recalled to my memory, without emotion. I had found a friend, and he was a tried and proved one. Heigho! that life, short as it is, should outlive so many friendships! Samuel Johnson, known too late, I retain still, and one—but of her I am soon to speak.

CHAPTER XX.

In which Savage finds a liberal patron, and at the desire of his old schoolmaster renews his acquaintance with Sinclair. With a specimen of Mr. Myte's finesse.

Sir Richard Steele soon put me upon a footing of the most familiar and agreeable equality. When I waited upon him on the following morning, I found him brimful of schemes for my advantage, which he poured forth from his generous heart in huddling succession, mightily pleased with each, but dwelling upon none. At length a consciousness of the variety of these speculations appeared suddenly to present itself to him.

"Dick," said he, "we shall fall upon some means of making a man of you. You must expect but small advantage from your ingenious play. Towards the close of the season we usually treat the town to stale dishes, which, if they have a strong digestion they can relish as heartily as the most poignant delicacies we could set before them: if they have no appetite, what signifies it how they fare? But I should like to hear you speak. Have you formed no plans for your future life? Your birth may claim something higher than a seat among the rabble; or the precarious position of an unprotected wit."

"The situation in which I have long found myself," I replied, "has not been such as to suggest the notion, or to justify the expectation of any settled scheme of life; but if my abilities were thought equal to the discharge of the duties of some subordinate public employment, that would be the destination I should, of all things, prefer."

"These appointments, Savage, have been so long the reward of dunces, that they may justly complain when a man of parts succeeds to one. If a genius can't starve, still less can a dunce; there is no precedent for him, there is for the other."

I perceived that he was not serious, and smiled.

"But, sir," said I, "when so illustrious a man as your friend, Mr. Addison——"

"An exception," hastily interrupted Sir Richard. "There are a few exceptions. Mr. Addison's merit constituted no title to his advancement. Unhappily," and he sighed, "Addison and myself have suffered an interval between our friendship, which shall not exist much longer. His perverseness, I must call it so — shall not hurt himself so much as it has wounded me, as it will do if our separation lasts much longer."

"Mr. Pope, also, is a great man," I observed, with a view to withdraw him from a subject that gave him evident pain.

"The little nightingale,—he is, indeed. We seldom see him now amongst us. Since his quarrel with Addison—which, I fear, is irreconcileable,—he has almost abjured Button's."

I expressed my surprise and concern that two such men could live at variance. I had, indeed, heard of the Homer dispute, but had concluded that Achilles and Agamemnon had long ago settled their differences.

Sir Richard plunged once more into a consideration of what was to be done for me; but, after devising a variety of excellent plans, and a multitude of unobjectionable schemes, he gave up the task in despair. "It's like a man buying a cane," said he; "the fellow shows him so many, and they're all so good, he doesn't know which to choose. We must put off this subject. Chance frequently does that for a man which he can't do for himself. Let us give chance fair-play. In the mean time, I shall make you an allowance; and you may as well take the first quarter on the nail; for I have so many invitations to meet his Majesty's trusty and well-beloved chief-justice in Westminster Hall, which the sheriff kindly undertakes to deliver, that I may not have a guinea about me this day week."

I made several objections to this proposal.

"'S life!" cried Sir Richard, "here's a man declines money when it's freely offered. That bodes no good; I mustn't stir out to-day. After sunshine cometh rain. My good child, I insist upon your taking it. You don't know what a designer I am. I mean to have a return for it in meal or in malt, as the hucksters say." Then stepping up to me, and whispering in my ear, "Do you know that I don't know whether we may not be more nearly connected one of these days?"

"I do not understand, Sir Richard; more nearly connected!"

He bestowed a wise look upon me, and placed his well-laden purse into my hand gingerly. "You do not understand—nor do I mean you to understand—yet. Understanding comes of the gods, and comes as there is occasion for it, by little and little."

The reader may be sure that I went my ways in high spirits, blessing Fortune that she had at length greased her wheel, and given it an upward turn in my favour. When I got home I communicated to Martin and his wife all that had so favourably befallen; and drawing out my purse (so lately another's), insisted upon coming to a settlement of the account between us. Martin heard these good tidings with an evident, but with a grave satisfaction; and having after some friendly contention consented to receive a very poor, and as I thought insufficient requital of his kindness, which he forthwith handed over to his helpmate, he congratulated me on securing so excellent and valuable a friend as his old captain, in homely, but plain and honest terms, such as the polite (for even to affect a heart is vulgar) would not be guilty of the bad taste of employing. He presently ascended to his garret, after a rough and hearty shake of my hand, a strong invitation to come and see them shortly, and a warm wish for my happiness in the mean time.

In a few days I was comfortably settled in handsome lodgings in Gerrard Street, to which in due time I invited Gregory and Merchant, with such other friends as I selected out of a daily-increasing acquaintance, picked up for the most part at taverns.

With Langley and Myte also I renewed my acquaintance, and in-

troduced Gregory to them. Myte was greatly struck with my friend, who could fall in with his humour, and applaud and enjoy his fooleries. The little man soon became mightily solicitous to learn what were the specialties of Gregory's income, and whence derived; what expectations of a direct nature were his, and whether he could reasonably raise collateral surmises founded upon waning aunts and grandmothers in the socket. To these questions, from time to time propounded, I was enabled to return such answers as caused Myte to rub his ears, and to impart friction to his legs with exceeding satisfaction. "For," said he, "there 's Vandal — just his age, I take it—lorn damsel; I don't mind telling you, but I feel that I 'm a shocking old vagabond, deserving of mercy neither from man nor matron, till I 've secured a worthy Adam for her."

Sir Richard Steele did not know how to assume the patron, nor was I moulded in the nature, or practised in the arts, of the dependant. I considered him, as my friend, entitled to my thanks for his benefits, and no more. He was uneasy when I tendered them, and sometimes forbade me, under pain of his displeasure, to hint a syllable of gratitude or obligation. In the mean time, he introduced me to his friends—of whom few men deservedly possessed a greater number; admitted me as a constant guest at his table; allowed me the free use of his library; and supplied me with money liberally, although, it must be confessed, at irregular intervals.

It has been often said that Sir Richard Steele was my undoing, —that his example spoiled me,—that, participating his pleasures, I imbibed his vices,—and that his neglect of prudence and method made me methodically imprudent and neglectful. Altogether false, as I sit here—in gaol—whither, I assure such as concern themselves about the truth, I have brought myself by the unassisted force of a natural genius for getting into, and wading out of, difficulties. I disdain the canting apology for myself, built upon the detraction of another. Two years were spent in this agreeable intercourse. During this period very little had been said about settling me in the world, and still less, indeed nothing, had been done towards it. Steele's repugnance against moving in his own affairs until they became so embarrassed that any movement of his rendered them more hopelessly involved; and his preference of shifts and expedients, when the evil day came, to a well-devised and systematic plan, whereby he might release himself from his difficulties, were known to everybody, and to none better than to myself. It were the most unreasonable thing in the world to expect that such a man should have devoted much time to the study of my advancement. Besides, he protested that he required my services: I was useful to him in the arrangement of his accounts; if, Heaven bless the mark! a man can be said to be useful, who places the exigencies of another in so clear a light as to scare him from a consideration of them. I must not omit to mention that once or twice he hinted darkly about some cunning contrivance that had long lain in the innermost recesses of his brain, by which my fortune and my happiness were to be at once established; but, whenever I pressed him to divulge the cherished secret, he shook his head knowingly, and placing his finger on his nose, uttered solemnly the word, "Wait!"—and I did so. To wait *for* Sir Richard Steele was, in truth, to tarry; but to wait *with* him on the bank, was better than sailing without him on the stream.

I had now been, as I have said, two years under the protection of Sir Richard, when Burridge came once more to town. He called upon me at my lodgings. I had reason to believe, not having heard from him, that my obstinate refusal of his kind offer of protection had offended him. Time had worn out his displeasure; for he returned my warm greeting with equal cordiality. As Burridge could hardly say anything that contained or implied a praise of my patron without gaining my hearty concurrence, and as he told me many things that reflected the highest honour upon him, our conversation lasted a considerable time. I amused him by a recital of many of the foibles and follies of our common friend, at which he laughed heartily; detailing, in return, several whimsical adventures in which they had been engaged, illustrative of his social character and peculiarities, which my intimate knowledge of the man caused me to relish exceedingly.

"Why, my dear sir," I inquired, "do you not renew your friendship with Sir Richard? He often speaks of you with a degree of warmth that shows his affection for you has suffered no diminution."

"He is very kind," replied Burridge; "but that he ever was. No, Dick; it cannot be. I am altered of late years, and for the worse: he remains, it seems, unchanged. He would find me morose and cynical; I should discover him to be trivial and light. He would laugh at me; I should look grave at him. He would think me a dullard; I should think him a coxcomb. No, no; it won't do. Alcibiades, in the play, went in search of Timon; but when he found him, Timon did not thank him for his company."

"I have not yet told you," he continued, turning suddenly from the window, "what, beside the pleasure of seeing you, brought me hither to-day. Your old schoolfellow, Sinclair, is in town. He has left Cambridge, and, fraught with health, wealth, and spirits, is impatient to see what is to be seen, hear what is to be heard, and know what is to be known of that which is not worth knowing—good company. I hope you will become acquainted with him."

"If Mr. Sinclair wishes it, I cannot make a moment's objection."

"I have not spoken to him concerning it," returned Burridge; "but I will do so. You must discard the past from your memory,—no, you need not do that. Remember that you were boys, and that boys grow into men, and that men are not boys. To judge of the man from the boy, is to refuse an apple in August because it was confoundedly sour in May. You will find him greatly improved. I am much mistaken if he do not ripen into a fine fellow. You are aware, I believe, that he is highly connected, and that he inherits a considerable fortune. His friendship may be of service to you."

While I disclaimed any desire to cultivate the friendship of Mr. Sinclair on the score of any worldly benefit that might accrue to me from an intimacy with him, I professed myself, and with truth, very glad of the opportunity presented to me, of shaking him by the hand. I concluded by begging him to bring Mr. Sinclair with him that very evening, when he should witness how entirely I had banished all animosity from my mind. He did so. Sinclair was indeed greatly improved. I have seldom seen a man more eminently handsome, or one more calculated to ingratiate himself with his own

sex, or to recommend himself to the favour of the women. His manners were polite and prepossessing, his carriage was graceful, and his conversation modest and agreeable. I am recording my impression at the time. We spent a merry evening. The bottle, that "trotting whipster," circulated nimbly; Burridge became limber and frolicsome; Sinclair full of anecdote, and facetious, babbling of college pleasantries, unborrowed of the town; whilst I did my best to establish an opinion of my own consequence, and to make it appear that my merit entitled me to at least as large a share of it as I had acquired.

Thenceforth Sinclair and myself were to be seen together at all places of public resort. The splendour of his appearance, with which my restricted means in no degree permitted me to vie, reflected itself upon me; and the world was pleased to declare that in the selection of my friends I not only evinced an excellent taste, but also a politic foresight.

Of all my friends, Langley was the one to whom Sinclair chiefly attached himself. I do not wonder at it, nor that Langley should have met his advances half way. There was a great similarity between the two gentlemen. They were both rich, or with the prospect of being so; and both indulged a strong persuasion that wealth of itself conferred a claim to respect, which, set off by birth, was not for an instant to be questioned. Abilities,—genius,—these, in their opinion, entitled the possessor of them to no station equal with their own. He belonged to the rank in which he was born; he might, indeed, be received into a higher — upon sufferance. Merit did not earn the position: it was the reward of merit.

That this was the joint creed of Langley and Sinclair was sufficiently obvious, although it was not obtruded in a manner offensive to me. It was more especially apparent in their reception of Merchant, which was of so exceedingly civil a description, as implied the condescension of very great men to a very little one; but it was most observable when Gregory was present, who did not know how to treat a companion otherwise than as an equal, except when, as in Merchant's case, the extent of his information, his knowledge of life and of human nature, his abilities, and, above all, his misfortunes, commanded his deference, and claimed his respect.

Sinclair was a very frequent visiter at Myte's house, and a very welcome one. The little man did not know how to make too much of him, except when Gregory appeared, and then he did not know how to make enough of himself. Myte was a singular mixture, or rather, alternation of simplicity and finesse. He could not forbear imparting to me his secret longings. Drawing me aside one morning, he said,

"My son, Langley, tells me that Sinclair—what shall I call him? that must be thought of, — he tells me he is as rich as Crœsus or Crassus—either will do; and that he comes of an ancient stock. I wish I had known him earlier."——"Why?" said I, shortly.

"Why? — because there's my Vandal; and he's a string to her bow I should like to try first. If he snapped, we could pull out mad Tom. I don't think Tom's very deep in—do you?"

"I am surprised to hear you talk thus," I replied, "after the encouragement you have given to Mr. Gregory's addresses. Besides, you have no reason to believe that Sinclair prefers your daughter."

"None—I have none," he answered, shaking his head. "I might

frighten away the linnet, and not catch the goldfinch, after all. Fool's fowling that."

From this day forward, if Myte put any schemes into operation of securing Sinclair for a son-in-law, they were not openly practised. It is true, for some time I observed that Sinclair paid very particular attentions to the young lady, provoking enough to Gregory, although they were not of such a nature, or so constant, as to justify him in making them the subject of quarrel; but after some months these were entirely laid aside. I concluded that the absence of encouragement, on the part of Mistress Martha, had caused Sinclair to forego his design of supplanting his friend. Let me be just to him: I do not know that he harboured any such design. So it was, that his attentions ceased. Afterwards I ventured a shrewd guess as to the cause.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which Richard Savage is discovered to be in love; and exhibits tendencies towards a passion very frequently grafted upon it. With an untoward occurrence, which has no small influence on his future fortune and happiness.

I RECEIVED a message one day from Sir Richard Steele, desiring to see me on the following morning. Any requisition from that quarter was certain of obedience from me. I waited upon him at the appointed time. He hastened into the hall when I was announced.

"I am particularly engaged at this moment," said he, taking me by the arm. "A relentless rogue has, by mistake, been shown in to me, and wants certain monies. I am reasoning him out of the extravagance of his demands, and have brought his 'phiz' up some yard or two during the last ten minutes. A quarter of an hour, and I'll make him laugh and leave. Stop!—Go in there—no—come along."

So saying, he hurried into a back room.

"My love," he cried, to a young lady who had arisen from her chair, "pray do your best to entertain this gentleman, my friend, Mr. Savage, till I return to you, which shall be in a few minutes. Savage,—Miss Elizabeth Wilfred." And he left us together.

Miss Wilfred resumed her seat; I took mine. An awkward silence. To Miss Wilfred the sudden introduction evidently had been as unexpected as to me. For my own part, I was so much surprised, (as much, I confess, by the singular beauty of the young lady as by the abruptness of the case,) that I lost for a moment my self-possession, which rarely deserted me.

Helpless dog that I am! how can I describe Elizabeth Wilfred? And yet I feel that words could better portray her face than the pencil; for who ever painted soul? Raphael?—hardly. (Kneller, thy women had no souls — the better for thee!) But Spenser and Fletcher! they might assist my sorry inefficiency — those greatest painters of the beauty of women, who have less of earth than of heaven about them. Her complexion, her mouth, and her eyes were, perhaps, the most charming. Her complexion was dark, but with a warmth upon it; her mouth was more beautiful when she smiled, and most lovely when she was pensive; and her eyes were soft, and serenely sensuous. We presently fell into conversation,—if that may be termed conversation which is rather an interchange of common and trivial remarks, to which custom exacts an acquiescence

on either side. After a time, however, Miss Wilfred said, with a smile, "Mr. Savage, you are little aware, I am sure of it, that I have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Pardon me, madam, but really I think you must be mistaken. I am certain," I added, "that I have never till this morning had the happiness of seeing Miss Wilfred, whom, believe me, I could not readily forget."

"And yet it seems I have been forgotten," she replied, laughing. In a moment, however, her countenance changed, and she became exceedingly grave. "I fear I have been very wrong," she said. "Pray pardon me."

"For what, dear madam?" I replied. "It is as impossible that I shall not pardon anything you may say, as it would be to believe that you could do anything wrong."

"You are very polite. But I fear I should give you pain, if I were to mention where I have seen you."

"I entreat you, madam," (I stammered somewhat,) "to satisfy my curiosity. Still, I cannot but suspect you must be mistaken."

"I have, then, seen you at the house of Mrs. Brett."

"My mother! Is it possible?"

"Do not you remember," she rejoined, "a little girl who ran into the room when you were" — she paused — "kneeling to your mother?"

"Good heavens! and are you that"——

"Little girl? I am."

I forbore all inquiry touching my mother; indeed, I did not speak for some time. And who was this lovely girl? I had seen her, and remembered her, but I had never before proposed that question to myself. There was no issue of my mother's marriage with Colonel Brett—that I knew. Could she be a niece of the Colonel? A long pause ensued while I was revolving these matters within myself. At length, for lack of a better subject, I hit upon old Lucas, after whom I made inquiry.

"The good old man is very well," she answered. "I was not aware that you knew him."

"Oh, yes. I have seen him at the house of a friend with whom I lived, some three years since."

A second silence, of still longer duration. Heaven forgive me—and my mother!—I began to suspect and, looking into that sweet face, to fear that I had a sister. A more helpless moon-calf than I must have appeared at that first interview I can scarcely imagine.

"I must positively run away," said Miss Wilfred at last, and she arose. "Mrs. Brett expects me home before this. My father, I fear, will not be able to release himself from his company so soon as he hoped to have done."

I took heart at the mention of the word "father." "Your father, madam?"

She blushed deeply. "Sir Richard Steele is my father."

The guileful old knight! How he had kept this secret from me so long and so well was a marvel to me. I had not much time, however, to dwell upon this single and signal exception to his general practice, and upon his motives for it, before he entered the room.

"My love," he said, "I have been detained beyond expectation, and almost beyond endurance. You have no time to bestow upon

me this morning, I know. Permit Mr. Savage to have the honour of handing you to your chair."

I trembled as I received her fingers into my hand, and looked, I believe, supremely foolish; not the less so, assuredly, that Sir Richard regarded me with a comical eye of sportive malice. A moment more, and she had tripped through the hall, and was gone. The maidenly dignity—that is not the word—the graciousness of her bow at parting abided with me till I saw her again,—which was an age,—not then to be displaced, but renewed. And whither was she gone?—to a house which I had long cursed as an abomination, but which I now began to reverence as a temple. Thenceforth, I thought of her every day in the hour; as Juliet prettily says, and, like a coxcomb, hugged myself into a belief of the possibility of her meditations sometimes lighting upon me.

"I hope you will allow," said Sir Richard, when I re-entered the room, "that when I keep a gentleman waiting, I provide beforehand that he shall not feel the tedium of my absence."

"It is not your custom to keep your friends waiting, Sir Richard."

"But when I do, you will add, as a man of gallantry, in praise of the lady, and as a man of truth, in dispraise of me, that I seldom furnish them with such good company."

"I must needs confess that," said I.

"Then I need hardly inquire what is your opinion of Miss Wilfred?"

"The most charming young lady in England."

"In England!—what! this petty patch of soil! In Europe, say, rather: grant her one quarter of the world, I beseech you."

"With all my heart. You may judge my surprise when I learned from Miss Wilfred that you are her father, and the name of the lady with whom she is living."

"Your surprise was natural," he returned; "but I had a motive for my secrecy, which you may, perhaps, learn before Time's beard is grown much longer. Meantime, be it known to you that a better girl than my Elizabeth never came of virtuous parents. Your mother has a heart, Savage, for she loves her."

From this day I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with Miss Wilfred, during which I became as deeply enamoured of the beauty of her mind as of her person, which, indeed, was the visible counterpart of her mind,—all sweetness, harmony, grace, dignity, and innocence.

One evening, warmed with wine, and elevated by a sudden and unexpected accession of money, Steele said to me, with his gayest air, "Savage, you dog, have you ever thought of marriage as an ordination to which you may one day be pleased to submit yourself?"

"It has presented itself to my mind, certainly," I replied.

"And made its bow, and taken its leave again," he rejoined; "that is what you would say?"

"Not exactly. I have ever considered, since I have been of an age to make it worth my while to retain what I think, that the truest happiness is to be found in that state."

"It may be so, Dicky,—it may be so, my smug moralist. But many of the married fellows do not appear to be a whit happier than your wifeless men. They keep their happiness to themselves, I take it,—like a boy who comes suddenly upon a plum-cake: he devours

it in secret, wipes his mouth, puts his eyes back again, and hopes it may not disagree with him,—shockingly heavy at the chest, notwithstanding. A great deal depends upon the choice a man makes. Have you ever seen the young lady you could prefer before all others?"

I hesitated a moment; but, averse from reserve or duplicity, I resolved to deal frankly with my friend. Besides, there was rapture in the thought that his question pointed to his daughter.

"Is not that question perfectly unnecessary?" I inquired. "You must surely have observed long ago, Sir Richard, that I do prefer a certain young lady before all the world."

"Perhaps I have," he replied; "still I want to know from you who the young lady is."

"Miss Elizabeth Wilfred."

Sir Richard raised himself in his chair, and arranged his periwig. "Your servant, Mr. Savage: I thought as much. I'll swear you've been dropping soft syllables into the girl's ear."

"Indeed, my dear Sir Richard, I have not. My respect for you——"

"Is very great, no doubt," he interrupted; "but it would hardly hinder you from telling a pretty woman that you loved her, would it? If so, I must do something flagitious to give her a chance of a husband. You are anxious, probably, for an opportunity of confessing your passion?"

"If I might presume to hope," I replied, "which I never yet have done—"

"Then you are mistaken. If hope is to begin, you have not yet begun to be in love. Hope fellows love as closely as a led-captain a young heir. But now, in few words: you love the girl, but you do not know whether she has any tenderness of regard for you. If we discover that she has, the parson may prick up his ears, and the fiddlers screw up their cat-gut. She is yours, with a thousand pounds I mean to bestow upon her, but which will not, of course, enhance her value to you."

"By Heaven! it will not," I exclaimed in an ecstasy, seizing his hand with a degree of familiarity which the occasion excused. "Elizabeth Wilfred without a penny—"

"Would not be worth twopence to the majority of mankind. I have been long hammering upon this project, which will soon, let us hope, be effected."

"Will you permit me to ask," I inquired, "whether Mrs. Brett is aware of your generous intentions in my favour?"

"She is not," he answered; "but I have not overlooked her. There, Savage, I hope to be of service to you. We have Brett with us; but Elizabeth shall be the peace-maker between you."

"Oh! sir, I fear my mother is implacable. I know too well her relentless nature. She hates me."

"Poor woman!—she hates you—yes; but we must make her less wicked, and more wise. Don't you know that hate is love turned inside out."

"Yes," said I, "because the article is thread-bare. The other doesn't look so well, to be sure; but it lasts."

He laughed heartily. "Well, let us, then, call them next-door neighbours."

"Always quarrelling, with a high back-wall between them;" and I laughed in my turn. "I despair of her humanity," I added, seriously. "No matter; I am her debtor for one thing. She has lent me her pride."

"But not her other passions, I hope," he observed, gravely. "Do you not feel that by wronging you she has conceded your superiority? If you cannot forgive her, you should not complain of her. You would gladly accommodate your differences? Speak from your heart, and let me hear what it replies."

"Upon my soul, I would," I answered. "To be compelled to harbour resentment against any human being is abhorrent from me. To feel it, and in spite of myself to feel it, against my own mother, is the one misery of my life, heightened, as it is, ten-fold, by a persuasion of the misery it will hereafter entail upon her."

"If my girl loves you," said Sir Richard, "or you can bring her to love you, it shall go hard but we will get your mother into following her example. I will sound Elizabeth upon the point, the carrying of which you have perhaps most at heart. But we will proceed very gingerly at present; for, look you, I not only mean to make your mother love you, but to show her love in the old-fashioned maternal manner, by sundry bank-bills convertible at pleasure into the precious metals. Until we know what you 're to have, how can we decide what you 're to be? I am going down to Hampton for two or three weeks. Before I return, I shall have digested all my plans. Meanwhile, make yourself perfectly easy."

That I could not very readily do this, the sentimental reader will believe. What I was to be as to position, or what to have of money, was a matter of no present import. My whole soul was so entirely absorbed by Elizabeth, that I disdained to entertain, even for a moment, those vulgar considerations which occupy the major portion of mankind. Money, rank, influence,—what were these in comparison with the new passion that had taken possession of my heart? For the knowledge that she returned it, I would gladly have renounced all claim to either henceforth and for ever. But this I could not know for three long weeks; nor could my vanity, busy as it was in recalling everything that had passed between us since I had first been admitted to her presence, suggest any encouragement to me that hope had not from the beginning created.

Some few days before Steele's return to town, I was presented with an occasion of disquiet from a quarter whence I had had no previous reason to expect it. I was sitting at a tavern one evening with Langley and Sinclair, when the latter said, with a casual air,

"Do you know that our friend here has lately made me acquainted with Mrs. Brett? You can bear to hear your mother spoken well of, Savage. She is really a highly agreeable woman. It puzzles a man like me to understand her character. So much seeming good with so much positive evil—"

"And both kept so apart," said Langley; "there is the difficulty. We are all mixed characters, but this lady is an exception. But, Sinclair, you are very little of a philosopher. If you were one at all," he added, archly, "you would ere this have detected the fascination which draws you to the house of Mrs. Brett, although you might not have been willing or able to resist it."

"What do you mean?" said Sinclair, slightly confused.

"That Mrs. Brett is a very agreeable woman," replied Langley; "but that you have seen one still more agreeable, for whose sake you are disposed to think so favourably of Mrs. Brett,—and this, in spite of your friendship for Savage, whose wrongs in that direction might detract from her agreeableness with you."

"You allude to Miss Wilfred," cried Sinclair, "the reputed natural daughter of your patron, Sir Richard," turning to me. "Have you seen her? I suppose not. She is very well—a finely-proportioned, handsome girl, it cannot be denied, and amiable as beauty, and the consciousness of it, can make her, I believe. But beyond a little allowable flirtation it is not my design to venture, I assure you."

"Something like this says the boy who takes off his shoes and stockings and ventures into the river,—over head and ears before he can call out to Tom on the stile. But whatever your design may be, —shall I say upon Miss Wilfred?—I am greatly mistaken if she has not construed your attentions very differently. I protest, her eyes tell tales that, when I was a young fellow like you, I should have been happy to read."

I started, and turned very pale, or very red, I know not which,—nor whether my emotion was remarked. It was well for me that the bottle stood by me.

"Do you think so?" said Sinclair, twitching at his cravat. "I cannot flatter myself that I have particularly observed it. But, plague on't, where did the girl get her high notions? — from your lady-mother, I suppose, Savage. To think that we could ever become John and Joan,—my fortune and expectations, not to speak of—"

"Your figure," suggested Langley, with a wink at me.

"Well, it is not despicable, I take it," resumed Sinclair: "all things considered, such a notion is at least preposterous. The vanity of these young women! Because a young fellow says a few civil things to 'em, they must needs fancy he's dying for 'em. Ha! ha!" Here he flourished a pinch of snuff under his nose. "Poor, dear, dairy-maid innocence! They little know us sprightly sparks, who never swallow the matrimonial dose—"

"Till it comes too late to do any good," said Langley; "and then you curse the doctor for a quack."

"We do so,—and so he is," cried Sinclair. "Here's Savage looking all this while like a doctor who has swallowed a prescription he made up for his wife."

I left my company abruptly. The whiffling coxcomb! the superficial fopling! "To think that we could ever become John and Joan!" Vulgar animal! As though he could ever be included in a thought of hers. It was profanation to dream of it. As though his face, and figure, and fortune, might ever help him to such an angel! But it suddenly occurred to me that in these three qualifications he was my superior. I could not but confess that here, at least, I was no match for him. I could not but remember, at the same time, that in these lies the chief attraction of men to women's eyes. Chiefly, Langley's surmise troubled me. Had he, then, discovered any indications of love in Miss Wilfred towards Sinclair, whom I now began to hate horribly? *Could* it be? I know not how it was, but, handsome as the man undoubtedly was, he appeared to me the very last person in the world that such a woman as Elizabeth might be supposed to prefer.

The instant Sir Richard arrived in town, I made it my business to wait upon him. His project did not appear to have cooled with him, — a too common case, as I well knew, with Sir Richard's projects; but he counselled caution, moderation, and patience, three elements which he seldom brought to bear upon his own affairs. I took the liberty of remonstrating with him, saying that there could be no reason on earth why I should not at least be permitted the opportunity of ingratiating myself in the esteem of his daughter; on the contrary, I suggested, as nicely and *gingerly* (to use his own word) as I could, that nothing could be more proper than that I should be allowed such opportunity. He said in reply, that my mother had, in some sense, a right to a voice in the matter, having from her infancy taken upon herself the duties of a mother to his child, which she had fulfilled to admiration.

"Be easy," said he; "you do not know her. Leave Brett and me to manage her."

What could I do farther, or say? Nothing could I do, — but I cautioned him in express and emphatic terms against my mother, whom I knew, I made bold to tell him, better than himself, or even than Colonel Brett. To my warning, however, he paid little attention.

A month elapsed, during which I was, with his other creditors, an assiduous frequenter of Sir Richard's levee. He must have been one of the best-natured men breathing to have borne with me so well; for I was, at least, as troublesome to him, I suspect, as his other more legitimate plagues. A question he put to me one day, in an off-hand manner, was not calculated to lessen my pertinacious attendance upon him.

"Who is this Mr. Sinclair?" he inquired, "whom I have seen so frequently with you, and who has lately been introduced to me? One of the many pretty fellows, I take it, who infest the town."

"He is what he appears," I observed, "a young gentleman of birth and fortune." Steele had said sufficient to alarm my suspicions. After a pause, I added, "You have met him, I presume, at Mrs. Brett's?"

"I have; and, to say the truth, cannot for my part, discover his merit, of which I am told so much. I am one of those who never could be made to believe, for the life of me, that wealth is a good substitute for virtue; nor would I confide the happiness of a woman to the keeping of one whose money was his sole or his chief recommendation."

"It is impossible to misunderstand you," I said, in great agitation, — "you mean that my mother desires and designs to sacrifice Miss Wilfred to Sinclair?"

"How do you know it would be a sacrifice?" cried Steele, smiling at my perturbation.

I thought he was trifling with me. "For God's sake, Sir Richard Steele, tell me at once! *Would* it be a sacrifice? or has my mother kindly undertaken to expound the wishes of the young lady herself? If so, all claim to the happiness you intended for me, I resign."

"Resign yourself, at present," cried Sir Richard, "to tranquillity. You have nothing to fear, I promise you. On the contrary, if the girl's word is to be taken, everything to hope. Patience: the garrison will at last capitulate. We have sat down before it."

"And by remembering the siege of Troy, I may make myself

easy under a ten years' delay," said I; "but, can it be possible that Miss Wilfred has honoured me so far as to express——"

"Miss Wilfred has said nothing—did I tell you she had?" replied Sir Richard. "I judge from her looks when I speak of you, and from her words when I do not."

I am not sure that the rapture I felt upon this partial confirmation of my hopes was not increased by reflecting upon the rage and mortification of Sinclair, whose sentiments towards Miss Wilfred were, I made no doubt, of a much more serious nature than he would have had me to believe, and whose pride of purse and person my success would exacerbate almost beyond endurance. My mother, too, of whose then present feelings with regard to me I could make a tolerably near guess,—the nearer that I could not prevail upon Sir Richard to explain what they were, or how they manifested themselves;—the triumph I should gain over her, which I determined should lose none of its effect by my manner of carrying it;—it was a thing to hug oneself upon, and I did not stint myself that luxury: the thought that, after all, and in spite of all, to her sore and sickening sorrow, she would be the miserable means of making me more supremely happy than she of herself, had she loved me as much as she hated me, could have ever hoped to make me.

But, a trial awaited me, which I had not foreseen, and which came upon me while I was yet indulging dreams of felicity, and thoughts of vengeance. Calling upon Steele one morning, I found him pacing the room in some disorder. I saw at a glance that he had been expecting me, and surmised (for there is something impossible to be mistaken in a man's face upon these occasions,) that I was the cause of his anger.

"Sit down. Mr. Savage, I have been wishing to see you, that I may tell you, from this day I wish to see you no more."

I had taken a seat, but instantly arose upon hearing this unlooked-for declaration.

"My dear Sir Richard! surely you cannot be serious: wherein have I offended you?"

"You have been holding me up to ridicule,—nay, do not deny it, —I am too well satisfied of the truth of the accusation I now bring against you. I was a fool," he added, "ever to have countenanced or trusted you. I might have seen — I *have* seen that the vivacity of your imagination,—the petulant sallies of your wit are exercised without much or any regard to the object they light upon. That a benefactor should escape,—this was too much to expect."

A benefactor! Yes, he had indeed approved himself a benefactor,—the knowledge of that it was, and the suddenness of the accusation, that struck me dumb for some minutes. But my thoughts were not idle. Let me confess the truth. I remembered to have made merry, and that frequently, upon his foibles and his follies,—his personal vanity (who can forget his noon-day walk down St. James's Street to White's, with his hat under his arm, his clouded cane, his unclouded countenance, in the midst of that magnificent periwig?)—his grave simplicity at one time, and the levity of his wisdom at another. It occurred to me to tell him candidly all that I had at any time said of him, or all that I remembered to have said, and to put it to him whether I deserved so harsh a reproof. But a moment's reflection convinced me that this was one of the most unwise proceedings I could adopt. When a man believes that you have wrong-

ed him, he feels a morbid desire to continue in that belief, because he feels how superior he is, for the time being, to his supposed wronger. So nearly equal are we—the bad and the best,—that the latter can derive a delight from believing the bad man to be worse than he really is; forgetting that he himself is no better thereby,—unconscious that by hugging his own virtue, he lessens it.

"You are silent, Mr. Savage," he said at length; "and you have long maintained silence. I am glad of it. I rejoice that you, at least, retain a sense of shame. This will, I hope, be a lesson to you for the time to come. Not a word now. Leave me."

"A few words, and but a few," said I, approaching him. "Sir Richard Steele, if any man has inferred from speech of mine that I have not the utmost esteem and veneration for you, he is mistaken, and a fool; if any man has told you that I have injured or calumniated you, he is a knave and a liar. On my soul — my hand upon my heart,—a heart that must love you, whether you will or no,—the man, whoever he be, is a lying scoundrel. Speak his name. My hand will not be slower than his tongue to chastise its base owner."

"You use hard names, and talk big words, young man," cried Sir Richard; "I did not speak of injury or calumny. I am not a man to be safely injured; and, thank Heaven!" this he said with a confirmed air, that upon another occasion would have caused me to smile,—"thank Heaven! my character places me beyond the reach of calumny. I spoke of ridicule,—a more offensive, because it is a safer bolt to the shooter."

I did not well know how to bear this word "safer," with the imputation it conveyed. My passions were at no period of my life easily governable, or to be restrained by a consideration of the rank or pretensions of an adversary. Accordingly, I walked up to him, and said, with an air, I fear, too insolent,—

"It fits, to hear the writer of 'The Tatler' and the 'Spectator,' complain of ridicule; he, whose wit never spared his best friends, and never lost him one."

No answer, but such as a very red face supplied, the import of which I mistook. The generosity of Steele, so nobly conspicuous upon most occasions, was not present to him now, or he had confessed the justice of my recrimination, shaken hands, and said no more. But, no: he burst forth into a torrent of invective.

"It is your ingratitude—your base ingratitude, Savage, that I detest. I, who have studied your interest,—advanced your reputation,—furnished you with money,—designed your promotion——"

"Go on, Sir Richard," said I, with a sneer; "let me know every item of the bill. It is a sad satisfaction to the butcher to number the legs of mutton he has supplied to the poor devil in distress, for which he will never be paid. But, let me tell you, sir, there is something so terrible in a charge of ingratitude, that I must not, and will not bear it from you. It is at least as likely that you have expected too much, as that I have tendered too little. I despise, — I scorn, from my soul I scorn, the charge."

"You have a high spirit, I find, Mr. Savage," he exclaimed, contemptuously, "a very high spirit."

"And, why not,—and why not?" I retorted quickly. "Wherefore shall not Richard Savage have a high spirit, as well as Richard Steele? I have a proud spirit, too, sir; which his can hardly be,

who can throw in a man's face the obligations he lies under — *lies* under, indeed—prostration infinite! You might have recalled your friendship—you have squeezed and crushed it out of me. Ungrateful! you have made me feel, and not nobly—pardon me—how great a virtue gratitude may be made."

"Begone!" he exclaimed in vehement rage, "leave my house. Those words have lost you my friendship for ever."

"I thought I had lost it when I came in, and was sorry: I go out, knowing that I have lost it, and am indifferent. One word before I go. I paid no court to you—it was you who sought me. I thought you meant that I should be your friend, and that I had made one. I was mistaken. You imagined you were cheapening a dog to bark at your bidding, and to fawn and cringe at your call. *You* were mistaken. Both equally so."

"You have said enough for me, and more than sufficient for yourself," he replied. "Remember! all is at an end between us. My daughter—there you must, of course, feel——"

Not a thought had I bestowed upon Elizabeth during the foregoing scene. I am very glad of it. His injurious treatment of me deserved no such subdued or tame reception as my tenderness for her might have made me weak enough to give to it. But with the thought of her was coupled another, the memory of whom had no tendency to soften or to assuage. My eyes kindled as I threw a glance over my shoulder.

"Of course, sir, I feel," said I, "that you would reclaim your daughter, and that all is at an end between us. You need not have told me that. I saw from the first the poor pretext to shake me off."

"What now?—what now?" he exclaimed fiercely, starting from his chair, and advancing towards me. "What poor pretext—insolent vil—— I shall say something I would not, but under strong provocation, say. Begone!"

I met him half-way, and thrust my face towards him.

"My mother is at the bottom of this. Shame upon you, Sir Richard Steele! Well may you fear ridicule, who lend yourself to such wretchedness. I thought you had found the way to repay yourself the value of the obligations I owe to you. I thank you. It is a great relief to me."

"By G—! Mr. Savage, this is too much. I will not endure it. To suppose that I would lend myself to any baseness! Upon my soul, sir! but no matter. Your mother is no party to this. I have heard of your practices from as many——"

"Who are practised upon, doubtless," I interrupted. "I doubt not your word—I suspect your penetration. You are played upon, without knowing it. But I am gone."

My heart moved towards him as I turned away. He, likewise, I think, was moved.

"You will trouble me no more, Mr. Savage?"

"No more: and yet—one moment. Sir Richard Steele, I am a young and an impetuous man; I can scarce bear deserved reproof—undeserved reproach I cannot—will not bear. I have spoken to you, you will tell the world, with insolence; if I have, I am sorry for it; but I will not recall it, for you also have said too much. You reminded me of your kindnesses. It is fit I should acknowledge them. I will, if you please, recapitulate them with nauseous exactness.

No? " for, having shaken his raised hands, he pressed them against his ears. "Then, I make you my best bow—to you, who have been long weary of doing me services—to me, who am already weary of the mention of them—my best bow, because it is my last. God bless you, sir."

I turned upon my heel with an air of levity: how foreign from my real feelings they alone can judge who have parted in anger from a friend, with a conviction that that parting is to be for ever,—a conviction that pride has raised, and will maintain, though the heart bleed for it—as mine has done, and is prepared to do again. Pride to the last, which is to the soul of a man what his bones are to his body:—as, without these, a man were a mere mass of grovelling flesh,—so, without that, his soul is as water, without a vessel to contain, or a channel to direct it,—extensive, perhaps, but superficial: brittle ice in adversity,—in prosperity, feeble vapour.

It was some hours before I recovered my composure, or the appearance of it. Lost in a maze of conjecture, I vainly endeavoured to recollect any one occasion upon which I had spoken of my patron, which, fairly stated, could have supplied him with just ground of offence. I knew very well that men are as little disposed to bear the ridicule of themselves, as to forbear the ridicule of others; and I was aware that Sir Richard, who enjoyed a jest at the expense of another, by no means relished one at his own; a failing common to us all, and of which he partook in no larger degree than the generality of mankind. There must have been, therefore, some secret enemy at work, and him I resolved, if possible, to discover; with no view, however, of re-establishing my friendship with Steele, whose conduct towards me had, as I conceived, been such as no reparation short of an apology I felt he could hardly make, would obliterate—but for my own satisfaction. My suspicions tended towards Sinclair; yet I had no reason to suspect him — no reason which an indifferent person would call by that name. But Hate has eyes, and ears, and understanding, and wisdom,—senses, faculties, functions of its own: it disdains the operation of reason; it arrives at its conclusion without it, and most frequently to a just conclusion.

I had been wandering about I knew not whither, when at length I found myself at Knightsbridge. I know not what feeling it was that induced me to seek out the public-house to which Steele had taken me a year before, and in which, perhaps, he had, upon more occasions than one, sought refuge. I turned into it; and, in the very room we had occupied, took a sulky dinner. A bottle of wine was poured out to the memory of our friendship; and in it I steeped an earnest prayer for the health and happiness of the worthy knight, who had flung me from him—in utter ignorance (I believe I thought so) of the value of the gem he had cast away. This is the natural reaction. Perhaps a man never prizes himself so highly, or rather, is so disposed to set a high price upon himself, as when he has been depreciated by others.

In the evening, I betook myself to my accustomed tavern, hoping that I should find Sinclair there. I was not disappointed. Langley and he were engaged in talk at the other end of the room. The former beckoned me to join them, which I did. "Was never mortal man so full of woe!" cried Langley, as I took my seat. "Why, Savage, I never saw you look so melancholy since I have had the

privilege of peering into wretched men's countenances, and conning their expression."

"And, when was that privilege granted to you?" I said listlessly.——"When the gentleman in the black gown handed me over the certificate of my marriage," he returned. "Come, let us know what ails you, that wine will not touch."

I kept my eyes immoveably fixed upon Sinclair while I related what had taken place between Sir Richard Steele and myself. He underwent my scrutiny to admiration, not for a moment losing his self-possession.

"And, what officious blockhead,—I should more properly ask, what malicious knave has been filling Sir Richard's ear with stories to your prejudice?" demanded Langley.

"That is what I am determined to find out." Again I had Sinclair under my eye. "Your question, Langley, pre-supposes your ignorance of the rascal. Can *you* help me to his name, Mr. Sinclair?"—"Indeed, I cannot," replied he, coolly. "I have never heard you speak ill of Sir Richard, nor have I heard any man say that you have done so. Further, I have never heard anybody say a word against you."—"And yet you are intimate with Mrs. Brett," I remarked.

"She never mentions your name—a very discreet woman, Mrs. Brett."

"And you know Sir Richard Steele?"—The inference I intended was sufficiently palpable. His brow darkened, but was clear again in an instant.

"I have met him at Mrs. Brett's, and at Will's, with my friend, the Colonel. But, what is all this about?"

"What, indeed?" cried Langley. "Hang the scoundrel, whoever he be! When you catch him, crop his ears,—make them, at least, shorter than his tongue. This will blow over. Steele will not forgive himself till he has obtained your forgiveness. See, you have made Sinclair as dull as a droll at a nonplus."

Sinclair forced a laugh. "I wish I could see Mr. Savage in better spirits," said he, with a yawn.

"We must rally him, my boy!" exclaimed Langley, slapping the other on the shoulder; "and have we not abundant material to work upon? Megrim is a malady incident to lovers; and, when a man thinks himself in danger of losing his mistress, take all he has, and welcome. 'I'm for the rope,' quoth he."

Sinclair brightened at this speech, and cast an encouraging leer at Langley. My surprise gave place to my curiosity. What could Langley mean? Had he then heard of Steele's intentions? Had Gregory, the only man to whom I had confided my secret, betrayed his trust?

"I do not know what you are aiming at," observed I, with seeming composure. "Our friend Gregory, the only lover of my acquaintance, has no reason, I believe, to wish his head in a hempen noose."

"Sly dog!" cried Langley; "I've heard of the boy who could not read from any book but his own; you, it seems, can only read from other people's. And do you think we have never heard of Sir Richard Steele's Miss Wilfred, and of a certain engagement—eh?"

I was confounded first, and incensed second, and both in a minute. But I concealed my displeasure, although with some difficulty.

"And Mr. Gregory has told you this?" I demanded.

"As good as owned it when he found that we knew full as much as himself. But Mrs. Brett told me, with a smile peculiar to her, (I think, after all, she loves you, or will love you,) and I could not be easy till I took my nose to somebody else's ear; and somebody else whispered it to the third, and so the whole town has it. Sinclair has dropped his chin, and ponders sackcloth and a city wife."

"Not I," cried Sinclair, with sudden animation: "so fair a prize is not so easily yielded." There was a malignity in his face while he said this, which he was unable to disguise — from me. "But," added he, "I fear she is beyond the reach of either of us. Surely, Savage, you never imagined that Sir Richard was in earnest in his proposition?"

"And, why should I not so imagine?" said I, with a very civil smile. "Surely, you are not in earnest when you ask the question?"

"Indeed I am: but, Lord! what is it to me? I hope you may not afflict yourself too deeply, that 's all. I saw Langley's little fellow cry after the moon the other night; but they soon pacified him."

"But I am a great fellow, not a little one," I replied, my choler villanously rising, "and am content that the moon shall remain where she is. Perhaps," I added, jeeringly, "perhaps you conceive yourself to be the Endymion that is to lure this Diana from her orb."

"Ha! ha! very good, — perhaps I do conceive myself to be so, and perhaps I may yet prove myself to be so. Very good that, — was it not, Langley? Endymion! Diana!—charming, I protest. Mythology and sentiment. No, no, my good friend," and he shook his head.

"Hush!" cried Langley, who foresaw a storm. "Enough."

"My good friend," proceeded Sinclair, "Steele was laughing at you. I swear, he 'll have you down in print. No man better loves a jest."

"Do you know, Mr. Sinclair," with a coldly confidential air, said I, "that I never permit any man to break a jest at my expense—not even Sir Richard Steele?"

"Well, and what of that?"

"And that if you are in the jesting vein, you had best seek some other, whose temper and forbearance are greater than my own."

"Quarrelsome, Mr. Savage?—very well, sir. One word, and we drop the subject. I was not jesting. I merely drew my own conclusion."

I tapped him on the shoulder. "A word with you, sir."

He followed me. "You draw your own conclusion, you say. Can you draw your sword? Can you fight?"

He was surprised, but not daunted, by my vehemence.

"I can—when I see occasion."

"I attend you, then," said I, "or you me."

Langley thrust himself between us.

"What childishness is this?" he exclaimed. "Savage, you are mistaken, and wrong: indeed, you are. And, Sinclair, we are equally so. We have carried the jest too far. Dick, you are too hasty: on my soul, you are."

"I believe, indeed, we went too far," said Sinclair, frankly, coming towards me. "What the deuce! It were too much to ex-

pect to inherit one's father's fortune and wisdom too. Young fellows will be still young. I meant no offence. Savage, when I offer you my hand, I assure myself you will put no wrong construction upon my doing so. Friends, as before."

It had been uncouth and brutal to have declined a hand so offered. And yet never did a man dabble with another's fingers so ungracefully. We resumed our seats, and spent the evening together. Their spirits were high, and I forced mine into a seeming sympathy with them.

As I walked home, reflecting upon my brief quarrel with Sinclair, although I put no construction of cowardice upon the prompt offer of his hand, I could not help a doubt of his sincerity. An open rupture had been an obstruction of the game he was playing, or designed to play. I was confirmed in my suspicion by his after-bearing towards me—which was exceedingly cold and ceremonious.

THE OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Sing me that old familiar strain
   Which touched my heart in boyhood's years,
Before its chords were jarred by pain,
   Before its hopes were dimmed by tears.
Time has fled fast since first I heard
   Its music from those lips of thine ;
But well remembered is each word :
   So sing once more, oh, Mary mine,
      The old familiar strain.

Thine eyes have their soft radiance kept,
   That won my heart in life's young spring,
And o'er thy beauty Time hath swept
   Gently, with light and charmed wing.
Unaltered is thy graceful form,
   Thy trusting heart is still the same,
Keeping those true affections warm
   As when, before I dreamt of fame,
      You sang me that old strain.

Yes, sing !—as in those golden hours
   When life, and love, and hope were young,—
When fancy strewed our path with flowers,—
   Oh ! sing the strain that then you sung !
Your voice may have a sadder tone
   Than made sweet music in that time,
Ere grief or trials we had known,
   When first you sang in youthful prime
      That old familiar strain.

Methinks that on thy placid brow—
   So lightly touched by furrowing years,
Since first we plighted love's fond vow—
   Thought's graver shadow now appears ;
But yet if in thy very mirth
   Remembrance of our Dead will come,
Strong ties yet bind thee to the earth—
   So breathe once more within our home
      The old familiar strain.

TOMMY DODDY;

OR, THE GRAND PAGEANT.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER.

On the 4th of February 1633, Mr. Darrel, the City Marshal, was seen walking over London Bridge. He was closely wrapt up in a furred cloak, and his eyes were bent upon the ground, as if in deep meditation. He stopped opposite a shop which stood about the middle of the bridge, over which was a figure of a dwarf in armour, and a green wooden dragon, apparently gamboling by his side; under which was written, "Masks, Dragons, Giants, and other Devices for Pageants, made here by Simon Doddy."

Simon Doddy, an old grey-headed man, bowed low to the Marshal, and said that "he trusted that the Lord Mayor was satisfied with the articles that he had furnished for the great City Pageant on Candlemas Day." The old man's blood seemed to warm within him when he got upon this subject, and he added, that it would be well worth the King's while to take another journey to Scotland, if he were sure of being complimented again by such a glorious masque upon his return.

"Pray, sir, what did he say to the Lord Mayor about it? Was he not pleased? Was he not wonder-struck?"

"Ah! that he was, Master Simon; and the Queen was so delighted with it, that she wants to see it all acted over again. The Lord Mayor is going to invite their Majesties to a grand feast at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, when the same pageant is to be repeated."

"With additions, of course — of course, with additions," added Simon.

"Some few additions. For instance, in the two niches behind where the royal chairs are to be placed, there are to stand figures."

"Good."

"One of them is to be a Turk."

"Ay, ay,—beard, turban, and long robe."

"The other is to be a Knight Templar."

"Ay, ay,—red cross tabard, armour, and mace."

"They must both be ready in three days' time."

"Hardly possible, hardly possible, — unless I could get my boy to work in earnest."

"That 's a fine giant," said the City Marshal, as he looked round the pasteboard articles that stood in the shop. "I suppose it is a Gog or a Magog."

Here Mr. Darrel was somewhat startled at seeing the huge pasteboard figure shake his head deliberately three times.

"Tommy, Tommy, you are a sad boy," said Simon. "Take care how you play your tricks upon Master Darrel, for he is the City Marshal. Ah! sir," continued Simon, "if I could only get that lad to work without playing tricks, I should soon make my fortune; but no sooner does a stranger come in here than his pranks begin. Tommy, come here. Tommy, Tommy!"

Forth came Tommy Doddy, walking on the tips of his toes, with his knees bent as if he went upon springs. He was very slightly made, with a queer twinkle of the eye, and a funny look about the corners of his mouth.

"Tommy," said Simon, "the Lord Mayor is going to give a grand dinner to the King and Queen in the Merchant Tailors' Hall."

"He is quite right," said Tommy.

"And he wants two figures to stand behind the royal chairs: one is to be a Templar, and the other a Turk. The Turk to have turban, mustache, beard, long robe, and slippers."

"Quite right, father; and crooked sword."

"The Templar to have helmet and mail, red-cross tabard, and plate armour down to his toes."—"No, no," said Tommy, "that 's an every-day dress: he shall wear jack-boots."

"No," said Simon.—"Jack-boots—he shall," said Tommy, turning himself completely round upon the tip of one of his toes, and facing his father again.

"Mustache," said Simon.—"Quite right."

"Beard."—"Beard he shall not have, like the Turk. Besides, every one wears a beard now-a-days," said Tommy, going round again.

After the City Marshal had left the shop, the altercation continued between Simon and his son about the Templar's boots and beard. At length, Simon, for fear of irritating Tommy, gave way about the jack-boots, but still maintained his opinion as to the beard.

Simon and his son were up till very late at night finishing the figures on the eve of the grand pageant, and before they retired to rest the figures were dressed, and put up in the niches they were to occupy at the feast. The Templar was, however, still without his beard, which Simon intended putting on quietly himself, before daylight in the morning. Nothing particular happened in the dressing and putting up the figures that night, except that the leather of one of the Templar's boots was not stiff enough, and it slipped down as fast as they pulled it up. At length Simon observed, that a small nail would do it, and never be seen. Tommy said that "the Templar should not have a nail driven into his leg. How would father like to have the same thing done to himself?" Simon, however, said that he would have the nail, and he brought the argument to a conclusion by driving it in. Tommy looked cross, but immediately patting the Templar on the cheek, he said, triumphantly,

"Though he may be a little lame, he has got a nice smooth chin. He never shall have a beard; no, that he shan't."

Simon said nothing; but a good hour before daylight he was in the Merchant Tailors' Hall, with a lamp in one hand, and a fine curly beard and some paste in the other. He got upon a chair and was proceeding to daub the Knight Templar's chin with paste; but no sooner had he touched the figure with the brush than the lamp, beard, and paste were knocked out of his hand, and himself and chair overturned. Down stepped the figure from his niche, and strode down the hall, upsetting every chair and bench that lay in his way.

Simon trembled with fear as he saw the figure darken the doorway as it walked out. What was it? What could it mean? Should he stay where he was, or should he follow it? If the Templar walked quite away, his character as a punctual tradesman would be for ever lost. He determined to keep an eye upon his property, though the devil might be at the bottom of it: so out he went after it. There was light enough to distinguish the figure of the Templar walking down the street about a hundred yards before him.

A trick!—no, no, it was no trick; for the Templar walked lame,—

very lame of one leg,—the very leg that the nail had been driven into. Simon walked after him, and at length he screwed up his courage to the determination of overtaking the figure if possible. But the faster Simon walked, the faster walked the Templar. Then Simon took to running, but the Templar ran too; he went so lamely, however, that Simon entertained strong hopes of coming up with him. He was gaining ground upon him fast. At length the figure stopped, stooped down, and began tugging at something on his boot; he appeared to draw something out, and drop it upon the ground. When he began to run again his lameness had disappeared, and he soon ran away clean out of old Simon's sight. Simon paused and searched the ground to see if he could find what the statue had dropped. He found it:—it was a nail—the very nail he had driven into the Templar's pasteboard leg the night before. Simon said afterwards, that he could not tell why it was, but the finding the nail gave him a kind of unpleasant, shivery, creeping feeling.

Old Simon, however, did not yet give up the chase, but kept wandering on in hopes of meeting with his property again. Presently he found a maid-servant cleaning the steps before a door. He inquired of her whether she had seen a figure in armour, with large boots, pass that way? She said she had, and a naughty man he was.

"You may well say that," answered Simon. "But which way did he go? What did he do?"

"Oh, sir! he ran up to me in a most unshameful manner, put his arms round my neck, and gave me a kiss, as if he had known me all my life."

"Were not his lips very hard and cold?" asked Simon, gravely.

"Lor! how can you ask such questions, sir? They were very soft and very warm."

"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh, "girls think all kisses soft and warm. Do you know who you have been kissed by? You have been kissed by the Devil himself in a pasteboard case."

Simon wandered mournfully through two or three more streets; but seeing nothing again of the pasteboard Templar, he returned to his shop upon the bridge. He half expected, singular as it may seem, to find him returned to the back-room, where he had been originally fabricated; for when a man's mind is once filled with the supernatural, it is difficult for him to estimate probabilities.

The Templar was not there. Simon, after musing for a time upon this curious and unforeseen misfortune, returned, scarcely knowing why, to the Merchant Tailors' Hall. To his surprise and delight, the two figures were seen standing in their appointed places, exactly as he had left them the night before. Tommy was there too, fondling his two productions as a mother would caress her children. He patted the Templar's smooth chin, saying he should not have his sweet face spoiled with a beard — no, that he should not — no. Flesh and blood—that is to say, pasteboard and glue—could not stand it.

Simon shook his head, and said only, "Tommy, Tommy, you are a sad boy!"

In fact, although Simon somehow suspected that Tommy was at the bottom of all that had happened, it never occurred to his simple mind, as probably it has to our readers, that Tommy might have slipped on the armour, and personated the Templar. Tommy's only answer to this observation of his father's was a twirl round upon one toe and a laugh.

At length Tommy said, "Father, let us go to the starting-place, and see how the pageant gets on."

Accordingly Simon and his son walked off arm in arm for Ely House, in Holborn. Here they were instantly recognised by the porters at the gate, and admitted into the court-yard. The centre of the square was nearly blocked up with the fanciful chariots that were to take part in the procession, and about forty or fifty horses were there all ready caparisoned, and, for want of room, a great many more chariots and horses were standing in the orchard behind the house.

Simon and Tommy just walked round and examined them in a cursory manner. But none of these were the objects of Tommy's affection. They returned from the orchard, and went under the colonnade that ran along the right side of the square. Here were arranged a regiment of singing birds of gigantic size, with a huge owl in an ivy-bush standing as commanding officer in the centre, all framed of pasteboard, and resplendent with paint and varnish. Some of these were running about, and singing, or flapping their wings, having had animation communicated to them by inserting little boys into their interior, each furnished with his peculiar whistle or catcall. Others were leaning against the wall, or lying upon the ground, awaiting that vivifying process. Tommy greeted them all affectionately, calling them each by his proper name, and smoothing down his pasteboard feathers, or wiping the dust off his varnish.

As soon as the owl recognised the amiable youth who had given him existence, he testified his joy with a loud hooting. Tommy flapped his elbows after the manner of wings, and hooted his reply: and a rather lengthened conversation took place between them in the owls' language, very much to the delight and edification of the winged assembly, and greatly to the annoyance of many students of the inns of court, who were to form a prominent part in the pageant, clothed in splendid dresses, guarded, as it was called, with gold lace. Tommy, however, did not care for these—no, not a bit; and when any of these legal dandies happened to stray into the colonnade — the sacred precinct allotted to the birds, — upon a wink from Tommy, he was instantly surrounded by all manner of birds, blowing their shrill whistles into his ear. This joke of Tommy's, however, was in one instance nearly leading to serious consequences. A foppish young student of Lincoln's Inn was in this manner being whistled at, when he turned round in a rage, and knocked a canary-bird down upon the spot. A regular row ensued. The owl, who was the largest and oldest of the birds, jumped out of his ivy bush, and left his pasteboard face vacant, doubled his fist, and knocked the intruder down, while a hundred whistles and catcalls sounded in triumph over his fall. It is difficult to say to what extremity things would have gone; for the birds were one and all jumping out of their skins, and forming in a body together, while the legal men and their pages were bustling up from all quarters, had not Mr. Darrel, the City Marshal, at that moment come up, with half-a-dozen tall attendants in scarlet, with long staves. They drove the law-students away from the territories of the birds, and rapped the toes of all the little boys that did not immediately resume their winged form.

Although most of the masquers, and others who were to take part in the procession, were assembled in the house at an early period of the morning, they were not to set forth from it until the dusk of the even-

ing. In masques and pageants everything depends upon preparation and arrangement. Old Simon Doddy kept moving about with a serious and anxious countenance from chariot to chariot, while Tommy employed himself in lecturing his winged tribe, which, as was before observed, was the chief object of his attention, and practising his birds in the art of horsemanship, for they were to form part of the equestrian portion of the procession; while, in the great hall the masquers repeated their speeches over and over again. Thus passed the livelong day; and when evening had arrived, the showy pageant set forth for Merchant Tailors' Hall.

The King and Queen, with all their court, beheld the procession pass by from a splendid balcony erected for the occasion, hung all round with tapestry, and afterwards entered into the great hall of the Merchant Tailors, to hear the speeches of the masquers. What these speeches were it is unnecessary here to repeat. After they were concluded, supper was served up in the grand hall. In an arm-chair at the top of the centre table sat the Lord Mayor. On his right sat the King in a chair of state, and on his left the Queen. On the right of the King sat the Lady Mayoress; and, next to the Queen, the Recorder of London, in his robes. Behind them, elevated in niches, were placed two figures; the one representing a Knight Templar in jack-boots, clothed in complete armour, and holding a lance in his right hand. The other represented a Turk in a crimson robe, wearing a pea-green turban on his head, and holding a scimitar in his hand. These were the admiration of every one.

At length the trumpets sounded, and the Lord Mayor rose, and made a speech. It was long and dull,—all Lord Mayors' speeches are long and dull,—at the end of which he proposed the King's health, which was drunk with great noise and uproar of cheering. Then the trumpets sounded again, and the King rose, and made a speech. He thanked them for drinking his health, and for the noise thus made after it.

Then the King rose again, and told the company what a beautiful pageant he had seen, and asked whom he was to consider as the chief contriver of it. Upon which a shrill voice was heard from the bottom of the hall, saying "Me!" and presently a thin figure was seen emerging from the crowd, very gaily dressed, with a plume of peacock's feathers in the cap that he held in his hand. When he had got half way up the hall, he bowed; but before he had time to proceed further, the Lord Mayor rose, and said,

"May it please your Majesty, myself, and the rest of the committee for the arrangement of this pageant, are all agreed that the chief merit of contriving it should be given to Mr. Darrel, the City Marshal."

Upon which, Tommy Doddy, whom, doubtless, our readers have already recognised, made a full stop. He spread open the fingers of both his hands, and placing them one before the other in a line with his nose, looked at the Lord Mayor, and shook his head, and then twirling round upon his toe, disappeared among the crowd.

"Who's that?" said the King, in great anger at this want of respect in his presence.

"It's the Lord Mayor's fool," said the City Marshal, wishing to appease his royal anger.

"Come here, Mr. Darrel," said the King; and he knighted him on the spot, and a bumper of wine was drunk to Sir John Darrel's health.

Tommy Doddy, who was of opinion that the whole beauty of the pageant was owing to his own ingenuity, was very angry at Mr. Darrel taking all the merit to himself. When the King made the City Marshal a knight he was furious; and when Mr. Darrel described him as the Lord Mayor's fool, his anger knew no bounds, and he vowed he would be revenged. An opportunity offered not long after. Great discontent had arisen in London on account of certain monopolies, that had been granted to individuals by the King, and several turbulent meetings were held, which gave the Court much uneasiness. Tommy took advantage of this, and caused it to be reported that these outbreaks had been very much fomented by certain characters that had represented the monopolies in the pageant. His business, which was commonly termed that of "hobby-horse maker," brought him constantly in contact with persons about the Court, and enabled him to spread his reports through them in the shape of confidential news. When he had sufficiently raised suspicions respecting the knight's connection with these disturbances, he set to work in the following manner:—

Sir John Darrel had a large house which he did not occupy in Threadneedle Street. Tommy ascertained that no one lived in it, and that it was only secured by the door-lock. He soon manufactured a key that would open it, and thus gained access to it whenever he liked at night, without being observed. He then locked every room in the house that had a lock, and fastened them besides, and all the other doors, with long screws, carefully concealing the screw-heads with putty and paint, with the exception of one of the garrets that looked into the street. Into this room he conveyed a cast-off uniform of one of the King's yeoman guard, and a bundle of straw. With these he formed the figure of a man, with a black cap drawn over his head. He tied a rope round his neck, and hung him to a pole out of the window. He then screwed up the door, and came down, piling every bit of furniture in the house in a heap half way down the staircase.

Tommy had the evening before spread a report that there was a secret conspiracy in the city for a general rising, and that one of the yeoman guard was supposed to have been killed or made away with that very day.

Morning dawned; and the figure of one of the King's yeoman guard was seen hanging from a pole out of the window of Sir John Darrel's house. The Lord Mayor was roused from his morning sleep, and down he came, with all the force he could muster. The inmates of the house were summoned to surrender in the King's name. No answer. The outer door was then broken down with sledge-hammers, and at length the party arrived at the garret, where they found some old clothes stuffed with straw.

Tommy, however, all that time was not, as might have been expected, in the street, enjoying the fun. He had heard that the knight was to be arrested, and taken to Westminster for examination. He waylaid him on his road there, and hopping on his toes before him, he thus addressed him:—

"Ah! Sir John!—ay! Sir John!—ho! Sir John! You contrived the pageant, did you — carrots and all? Another time, Sir John, do not take credit for what you did not do!"

THE BARBER OF NORTHALLERTON

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

In the year 1800,—it might be a year or two earlier, or a year or two later, I cannot approach nearer to the exact date,—and, as Mathews's old Scotch lady said, "I believe it 's na material to the story," there resided in the town of Northallerton, in Yorkshire, a worthy, painstaking hair-dresser, &c. named Ramble, called in his day "a Jack of all trades." Were he now living, and pursuing his various avocations, he would doubtless be styled "a genius;" for, like Bob Handy, he could do "*everything*." Well may I say *could;* for, alas! he has long slept in the peaceful grave, in the churchyard of one of the *now* quietest country towns in the north of England. The rail-road has removed its traffic, and covered its pavement with grass; The church, which stands in the centre of the town, surrounded by its elevated burial-ground, is no longer agitated by the rapid passing to and fro of the "Wellington," "Highflyer," or "Victoria" post-coaches, or the "Royal Mail;" the guard's horn or coachman's whip no more disturbs the devotion of the assembled congregation.

Poor Ramble! in thy day Northallerton was a town of importance, and could boast of the "Royal Charlotte, six-inside, four-horse coach," passing through on its way from London to Newcastle, the journey being generally performed in fifty-six hours, exclusive of remaining one night in York. Passengers occasionally remained in Northallerton on business, and at times required the aid of the tonsor's art; and as surely as the "sound of coaches" was heard, so surely was Ramble seen to pop his bald pate over the closed half of his little shop-door, from which he could command a clear view "up street and down street," and gain the earliest intelligence, if not as to *who*, certainly as to *what* was coming. The Royal Charlotte's arrival brought him hope, but "hope deferred;" for, as regarded customers from, or by it, he must wait the "Boots'" or "porter's" summons to "dress a traveller just come by t' Charlotte." Not so when a lighter rattling sound was heard, and a travelling carriage was seen entering the town, "drawn by two or more horses." Then were Ramble's hopes raised to the highest pitch of expectation. On such occasions he flew to the door of the inn, thinking his appearance there with his shaving and dressing apparatus might gain him an order, as he said; and certainly, his clean apron, cravat, and shoes, his smooth grey locks, his bright pewter shaving-jug, his white napkin, and his smiling countenance, free from "superfluous hairs," gained him many a customer. The quarter sessions for the North Riding being held in Northallerton, his wig-dressing was called into notice, as he said, "four times a year—every quarter." And bitterly did the barrister lament who had brought his wig ready dressed, instead of having a spice of Ramble's office; for his dressing surpassed that of any other, far or near. It was Ramble's boast that he once dressed the wig of Judge ——, the very wig he wore when he passed sentence upon the notorious ——, for murder, the superior dressing of which was such, as Ramble was wont to boast, "that niver a single *air* of it was ruffled when he pulled *hof* his condemnation cap;—na', I did hear say as how he didn't have his wig

dressed again for half a year after I had put it properly into friz, I had done it so well. He said to me,—Judge said, I mean,—'Ramble,' says he, 'you are a right good un, and I wish I had you with me in all my trials; for good looks,' says he to me, 'goes a lang wa' with folks; and I niver seed a wig looked up to, in all my judgments, as mine was after your frizzing it, Ramble,' says t' Judge, '*niver*,' says he. 'But,' he said, said he, 'I must not take you from your native *ills* and wigs, and transport you to places where the *hair* is not so fine,' says he. 'You must continue to cut your customers, and not leave 'em. Strive your huttermost to forget the dressing you have given me, and that you ever had sentence passed upon you for your doings by a Judge,' says he. And he said, said he, 'There's a hopelessness in everything; so who knows but I may one day *horder* you before me again,' says he. But he *niver* did; 'cause he lost his Judgement from *hill* elth soon after, and was made superannuated by Government for it, with a *avenue* from the funds of Parliament to live upon for his life."

Ramble's talents were not confined to comb, puff, or razor,—no; he could play a little upon the fiddle, *did* beat the "big drum" in the Volunteers' band, and occasionally, when John Stockwell's little boy was ill from an over-ripe-plum affection, played the triangle. Nor did his acquirements cease here. He invented a "superior blacking," could varnish fishing-rods and walking-sticks, mend wooden clocks, put a new spoke into the wheel of a wheelbarrow, paint a sign-post, make a three-legged stool, hoop a washing-tub, repair broken china, make a mouse-trap, mend a watchman's rattle, (no New Police in his day), put up a four-post bedstead, fill up a broken window-pane with wood or glass, remove rheumatic pains loose teeth and warts, carve an odd figure or face on the head of a walking-stick, re-cover umbrellas, gild oak-apples for school-boys for "Royal Oak Day," or the tips of constables' staves, prepare the "chairing chair" for elections, post placards for "the rival candidates," (covering his morning's work with his evening's,) distribute bills for the theatre, missionary meetings, assizes, races, or auctions, officiate occasionally for the bellman; was a supernumerary in processions on the stage, and, from long service, cleanliness, and attention, was a leader in such; an extra constable at the hustings, a locum-tenens for the watchman, an additional waiter at the Race ordinary dinner, a tipstaff at the sessions, and the only dealer in cork-soles in the town.

The loss of Ramble was sincerely regretted; for in such a town he was indeed a treasure. "When comes such another!" "A man he was to all his country *dear*," and yet his customers never thought his charges so. His loss *was* great. He was a fellow possessed of valuable qualities, and a well-beloved member of society. He died "universally lamented," as the County Herald stated, "leaving no family, and an extensive circle of friends and customers to grieve at his removal."

I proceed to relate an anecdote descriptive of his genius, invention, taste, style, generosity, and liberality. He did not, like many of his and our day, make the most of a job. No: he said, "a thing well done was twice done." He charged moderately, because, as he said, "Cut and come again was a hexelent saying." Most of his customers did come again, even after he had cut them; but Mrs. Smith cut *him*,

and did *not* come again.—Who was Mrs. Smith?—Marry, it is of her I am about to write.

Mrs. Smith resided in Northallerton, and was possessed of a very snug property, or "coming in," as an independence is called in those parts. She was a maiden lady, but preferred attaching *Mrs.* to her name, though still a Miss. She had arrived at the respectable age of seventy, and resided in a snug, neat, comfortable, old-maidish sort of a house, with a careful, steady servant of all work, who, from long and faithful service, had become her confidant and companion. Mrs. Smith — "old Mrs. Smith," as she was called by the Northallertonians—had resolved to have a few friends to tea, cards, sandwiches, and home-made wine, as soon after Christmas as might be convenient to them and herself. A moonlight night was to be selected, or rather a night when that luminary *ought* to shine; because Northallerton did not then boast of lamps in the street, oil being too dull and too expensive; as "gas wasn't then invented." A Thursday was considered the most desirable day, — because, as her servant Bridget said, "the butter is always brought into the town fresh on Wednesdays, the market-days; and Snowball, the carrier, could bring some muffins from Richmond, where they *is* to be had in perfection;" — added to which, Thursday was the day on which, in the afternoon, the Female Committee of the Blanket-and-Flannel-Petticoat Society met to adjust their accounts, and distribute their comforts, taking tea first, and "a little hot, sweet, and good" after, "just to keep out the cold on their return home." Mrs. Smith knew that in selecting a Thursday she might safely invite Mrs. Dobson, the Secretary of the said society, who would then be "otherwise engaged, and obligated not to come;" the said Mrs. D., although an acquaintance of Mrs. S., being by no means a very agreeable one, or, as Mrs. S. said, "fit for every company, she says such very odd things, and everybody does not like it." As the intended party was to be Mrs. Smith's "annual," she was desirous and anxious that all should be in "apple-pie order." All was arranged,—the day, the hour, the order of the banquet. The large silver tea-pot was to be in attendance; the tea-urn was rejected, not having been brought into play, like the parish engine, for many a day.

"I can manage, ma'am, very well," said Mrs. Bridget. "The bright brass tea-kettle will look beautiful; and if you have it on the *ob* of the parlour fire, the singing of it will be quite cheering before the lights *is* lit, ma'am; and as Betty Speddy *spore* us her little girl the last time we had company, to help to toast the muffins, and keep the cat from the cream, (you will have cream, I 'spose, ma'am,) she will let her come again."

"Very well," replied Mrs. S. in her usual soft, tremulous voice, aged seventy; "I dare say we shall do very well, and be very tidy and comfortable; but there is one thing I *should* like to have done, and there 's plenty of time before I have my party. You see, Bridget, there 's that picture of my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy; the frame of it is very bad, and looks very shabby; now, I should like to have it regilded. Do you know anybody, Bridget, who could do it here—hey? I won't send it to York —that is too far off."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Bridget; "there 's Mr. Ramble; he does almost everything for everybody here; and, I dare say *he* could do it."

Mr. Ramble was sent for, and promptly attended. Mrs. Smith

stated her wishes to him, concluding with, "Now, do not attempt to do anything to the frame, unless you are *positive* you can do it *very well*, because it's the picture of my poor, dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy."

Ramble replied, in his usual rapid mode of speaking, and in the Yorkshire dialect, "Oh, dear, yes, ma'am, I can do it varry well; I can make it look like quite new; I can make it look so varry well that you won't ken it again: it will look far better nor hever it did afore, I can 'sure you, ma'am, Mistress Smith. I'll give you satisfaction, I promise you, ma'am, if you *honely* trust to me. Your Bridget knows what I can do."

"Very well, then, take it away; but be sure to let me have it back as soon as possible, for it's the picture of my poor, dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy, — pray, do, *pray*, be *very* careful, VERY cautious."

"Yes, ma'am, — good day, ma'am, Mistress Smith, — good day, Mistress Bridget. You wear well, Mistress Bridget, for a *hold* one, you do; you're made of the same good stuff as I *is*—tough and sarviceable, as I says. Good day —good day. I'll let your hold lady see what's what in the gilding line. I'll 'stonish her, you may depend. Good day—good day."

Away trotted Ramble, delighted with his job, muttering to himself as he jogged along,—"Ay, ay; they shall see what Northallerton can turn out, and what *I* can do; they shall see a piece of gilding fit for our Parliament member's best chamber. When it's done, and folks see it, I wonder who will send their work again to York or Leeds? No—no! 'Try Ramble—send to Ramble,' they'll say, and say right too. Nothing will be talked about but Ramble's gilding;—is there anything like it? —no, no, no — I should think not, indeed!"

On arriving at his shop, he entered into his *sanctum sanctorum*, or, as he called it, "his spankum spankorum." Here he carefully deposited his precious charge in a position favourable for his operations upon the shattered frame of its constitution, and lost no time in commencing his pleasing work—his labour of love. In due time he beheld the completion of his task, glittering like the sun in meridian splendour,—at least, such was its appearance to *him;* and, although the work had proceeded by "slow and sure" degrees under his hands, he stood transfixed with delight when he beheld the wonders of his art.

"Gilding, indeed!" he exclaimed; "ay, *there's* something like gilding — something *fit* to be called gilding, indeed! What will Mistress Smith say *now*, I wonder?—what *won't* she say? But, what the deuce, there's a *new* picture-frame, and a *hold* picture, — that will niver do at all, — the frame now quite shames the picture; it's like a *new* coat and a *hold* waistcoat,—a clean stock, and a dirty beard. What's to be done? Oh, I know; I'll rub in a new background."

To it he went, not hesitating to use the same brush with which he had lately painted the window-shutters of his own shop — "good, easy man!" Having, as he called it, "laid in his back-ground," he was delighted with the *improvement*.

"Ay," said he, "that's far better, very far better, a tremendous deal better; but, plague take it, *now* there's a *new* frame, and a *new* back-ground, but still a *hold* picture,—no keeping there; I must do

something,—I 'll touch up the features of his face a bit; where shall I begin? Let 's see,—oh! I 'll begin with his wig—wig, indeed!—stuff! they don't wear such like wigs now,—why it 's just like what my grandfather used to wear—wig, indeed! Bother! I shall rub it out, and paint him a *'ed* of *'air* instead,—it will be more fashionable, and will become him better,—make him look younger, too."

Out went the venerable uncle's still more venerable wig, and soon appeared what Ramble termed a " 'ed of 'air," for he was wondrous quick with his pencil — *brush,* I mean. The wig had vanished — " melted into thin *hair.*" To describe the *flowing* locks is impossible; they stood " on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine;" but Ramble was satisfied—*satisfied?*—he was delighted.

" Oh, beautiful, beautiful, grand! there 's work!—what *will* Mistress Smith say *now*, I wonder, hey? But, what the deuce, there 's a new frame, a new back-ground, a new *'ed* of *'air*, and a *hold* face—*that* won't do—all wrong—I must touch up his features a bit; then I *shall* have made a job of it."

Out went my uncle's black eyes, " and, in their stead," appeared two lovely blue ones. Ramble soon discovered his error, but reconciled himself with, " Well, niver mind; what odds? — blue *hies* is tenderer far nor black ones; maybe, he had blue *hies* when he was young, — children often has blue hies, and gets black ones when they grows up, and gets vexinated."

On went Ramble; the cheeks, the nose, the lips, the chin, even its dimple, all yielded to his transforming brush— his magic touch; nor did he himself perceive how great the change, how unlike *his* picture was to that of " my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy," until he had given it what he considered the *finishing* touch; then, and only *then*, did he become aware of the fact.

" Ha! oh! what! yes! no! sure! well! I never! what *have* I done? what *can* I do? she 'll kill me! —why it is not a bit like her poor dear uncle, who left her the little property she enjoys. Where shall I go? what shall I do? What business had I to paint without orders? I shall be ruin'd — I shall. It is *very well painted;* but then it 's not a morsel like her poor dear uncle. Oh dear! oh dear! What business had she to have the frame touch'd *at all?* it might have lasted her time very well, as it was —why, she 's seventy years hold! — there 's no fool like a hold fool —I always said so; there *niver* was any sense in hold women, and *niver* will be, no niver! I niver know'd such a fool as she is—no, niver! I NIVER did! Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do? what shall I do? If I set fire to my shop, I shall be hang'd for a burglary. I have it—I have it! I 'll make it all right! I 'll satisfy her, above a bit, I will — I 'll rub the face all out, and I 'll paint her a *flower-pot* instead!—what a fool I was not to think o' that before! — why, I paint flower-pots capitally,—I 've done scores of 'em in my time on pasteboard. It will save her a vast deal o' trouble, poor hold soul! —she 's seventy; and when folks call upon her, they keep asking whose picture that is? and she has to tell 'em all over and over again, that it is the picture of her poor dear uncle, who left her the little property she enjoys, so that she talks herself quite out o' breath."

To work he went; *out* went *the* face, and, in due time *in* came a flower-pot. Scarcely did he allow sufficient time for drying, so great was his desire to take it home and delight " hold Mistress Smith" with the excellence of his art. Mrs. Bridget announced *his* arrival

and *the* picture's to the old lady, seated in her easy-chair, in her snug little parlour, like "Patience on a monument," anxious to behold again the portrait of her poor dear uncle.

"Oh! Mr. Ramble, how glad I am to find you have finished your job; you can't think how I have missed it; however, you have done it at last: but I won't take *one* peep at it till it is in its proper place, so that I may be agreeably surprised with the renovation of the frame of the picture of my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy. Go on; you 'll find the old nails still in the wall. Be very careful: mind you don't slip off the chair,—you might hurt the picture. See that the nails be fast, and the rings quite safe. Don't hurry; and tell me when it 's up."

Mr. Ramble descended.

"Mistress Smith, it 's up, ma'am," said *he*.

"What 's that?" said *she*.

"Your picture, ma'am," says Mr. Ramble.

"Oh, no," says Mrs. Smith; "the picture you had of me, you know, was that of my poor dear uncle, who left me the little property I enjoy—and that 's a flower-pot."

"Yes, ma'am; I *said* everybody would know it was a flower-pot, it 's so very like. However, I can't stop to tell you all about it now, Mistress Smith, ma'am, 'cause I 've got to dress a traveller at the Golden Lion; but, you see, ma'am, when I had finished the frame, it quite shamed the picture, the gilding was so hexellently done; so I rubb'd in a back-ground, and then touched up the face a bit; but, you see, ma'am, somehow, when I had done it, I saw it wasn't a bit like your poor dear uncle, who left you the little property you enjoy; so I rubb'd it all out, and I have painted you a flower-pot instead. The frame comes to three and eight-pence; but I can't think of charging you *anything* for painting the picture."

THE LEGEND OF BABICOMBE BAY.

BY DALTON.

Dark was the night—the northern blast
 Across the Ocean drove,
When from her home pale Susan passed
 To seek the well-known cove,—
Clasping unto her bosom fast
 The pledge of lawless love.

Far, far had her Sweet William strayed,
 To early vows untrue,
And wedded with a wealthier maid,
 Forgetful of his Sue,—
A thing Sweet Williams, I 'm afraid,
 Are rather apt to do.

Mad with the tale, her fevered blood
 Thro' every vein ran wild,—
She gained the cliff—the raging flood
 Received that sinless child,
When—oh! I wonder how she could!—
 The maniac mother smiled!

A gush of tears fell fast and warm,
  As she cried with dread emotion,
"Rest, baby, rest that fairy form
  Beneath the rush of Ocean,—
'Tis calmer than the world's rude storm,
  And kinder—I 've a notion!

"The same cold waves shall roll o'er me
  That thy young limbs immerse;—
Thy father, too, shall follow thee,
  Dragged by a mother's curse."
She said—and plunged into the sea,
  For better or for worse.

Now oft the simple country folk
  To this sad spot repair,
When, wearied with their weekly yoke,
  They steal an hour from care;
And they that have a pipe to smoke,
  They go and smoke it there.

And ever as the village bell
  The Sabbath's curfew tolls,
O'er wood and wave, o'er flood and fell,
  Most mournful music rolls;
And the rustics cry, "Hark! there's the knell—
  The baby's knell—by Goles!"

When soon a little pearly bark
  Skims o'er the level brine,
Whose sails—when it is not too dark—
  With misty brightness shine.
(Tho' they who these strange visions mark
  Have sharper eyes than mine.)

And, beauteous as the morn, is seen
  A baby on the prow,
Decked in a robe of silver sheen,
  With corals round his brow,—
A style of head-dress not, I ween,
  Much worn by babies now.

To yon red cliff, impelled by fate,
  The vessel speeds her way,
And bearing on her phantom freight—
  She all but gains the bay,
Where two pale shadows eager wait,—
  And wait, alas! they may.

Those Spectre parents ne'er may gain
  That loved, that long-lost prize,
For, on the instant swells the main,
  And wild shrieks rend the skies;
And, e'er you 've time to wink again,
  All the bright vision flies.

Thus Devon's maids, when pressed to rove
  By evening's coming gloom,
In simple verse, to those they love,
  Record that infant's doom;
And thus their harbour's woody cove
  Is called "The Baby's Combe."

AUNT SARAH'S GHOST.

The incident recorded in the following narrative occurred in the year 1764, and, however improbable, is, I have reason to believe, strictly true. I received it from one who was an eye-witness, not indeed to the preternatural appearance itself, but to the agonized and fearful emotions produced by it upon the person to whom the extraordinary visitation was made.

The gentleman in question had, most unhappily for himself, imbibed very vague notions as to a future state of existence after death, notions which he obstinately cherished during a protracted life, to the ruin of himself, and the misery of his connexions. Accident threw me into his company in the year 1794, thirty years after the strange event had occurred. I was then very young, and heard with feelings of horror the blasphemous opinions and impious jests in which the unhappy man indulged. Never can I forget his state when I asked him if he had not been once surprised by the supernatural appearance of a near relative, or if he now believed what he then saw to be the effect of optical delusion. The deadly paleness of his countenance, (naturally very florid,) the convulsive struggles which shook his whole frame, the rapid motion visible in the muscles of his throat, the quivering of his lips,—*all* served to convince me that I had touched on a subject of deep interest. Greatly was I relieved when I once again heard the sound of his voice, tremulous and subdued as it was, as he replied that he had *indeed* seen a *something*, which he never could perfectly understand; then, recovering in some degree his self-possession, and turning quickly round, he asked me (rather sternly) where *I* could have heard of the circumstance, as he had never spoken of it to any one, his own family excepted, and even to them only at the period of its occurrence. I named the lady from whom I had received the relation, and he recollected that she was visiting at the house where he resided, and, of course, was made acquainted with all the circumstances just as they occurred. The poor man has long been gathered to his fathers, few of his near relatives are now living, and I have reason to believe that none of them were acquainted with this adventure (if I may so term it) of his early life. Before I proceed to the event itself, it may not be amiss to give some account of the family, as well as the previous life and habits of the hero of my story, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Mr. James, or (as he was called) in more familiar phraseology *Jim Taylor*.

There lived, then, at the period I have named, in one of our western counties, a widow lady named Taylor, who, with one son and two grown-up daughters, occupied a house situated in one of the pleasant towns for which the west of England is so justly famed. This lady had been for nineteen years the only and darling child of an exemplary clergyman, the solace of his widowed home (for her mother had died in giving her birth). Nature and fortune seemed to smile upon her youth. To the former she was indebted for a fine person, uninterrupted health, great quickness of intellect, and a buoyancy of spirits, shedding sunshine around her; while her father's prudent management of a liberal income was securing for her the prospect of future independence. Nor did she rely solely upon his provident care.

She had a rich uncle on the maternal side, whose future heiress she was (by all who knew his fondness for her) said to be designed. It is not to be wondered at, then, that with such advantages she proved an object of attraction. Offers of marriage poured in, and declarations of the most *disinterested* affection were made to the young heiress expectant. To all these attacks upon her heart she proved inexorable. Her vanity was flattered, but her affections were unmoved; and it was predicted by her sapient neighbours that Miss —— would never marry till she could marry *well*,—a term usually applied to a young lady when she sacrifices her happiness for wealth or rank. But oh! the vanity of speculation! Miss ——, reckless of the disappointment she was causing to her prognosticating neighbours, and the hopes of a fond father, decamped one fine morning with a pennyless cousin, whose sole recommendations were a fine person and extreme youth, for his age did not exceed her own by more than one year.

Born a *gentleman*, as he was frequently heard to say, this scion of an ancient, though reduced family, had scorned the paths of honourable industry, which might have conducted him to ease and independence, and restored the tarnished *dignity* of his house; he had but little, and would do nothing to increase that little. A marriage with his richer cousin at once opened to his view a prospect of wealth without exertion. Perhaps, too, he might not be *quite* so overpowered by selfish feelings as to remain utterly insensible to the affection of a fine girl of nineteen. Certain it is they decamped, reckless of the desolateness to which a father's hearth was reduced by this ungrateful conduct in a too fondly cherished daughter.

The first burst of passion over, the young couple discovered that they had acted a very silly part. The lady's friends proved inexorable; whilst her justly offended father, who had during nineteen long years borne all the discomfort of a widowed home for the sake of one thankless child, stung to the heart by her ingratitude, resolved to discard her from his heart; and, seeking consolation in a second matrimonial connexion with an amiable young lady, transferred his love to her, and to a family which she brought him. The rich uncle, too, who had not been consulted by either of the young people, though equally related to both, *enraged* more particularly at the want of respect shown to him by his favourite niece, withdrew his assistance and notice. Difficulties, mortifications, and privations followed, while bitter reproaches on both sides were not wanting to complete their misery. Thus matters went on, until death released Mrs. Taylor from her unhappy union, by taking her husband from her; and the widow found herself, at the age of thirty, with three fatherless children to support in the best manner she could. Providence, however, which forsakes not the widow and the orphan, opened to her some alleviation, and bread was found for herself and children, through the instrumentality of a sister of her late husband.

Mrs. Sarah Taylor, a single lady, senior to her deceased brother, had, through the bequest of a friend, been for some years possessed of an independent, though not a large fortune; and, unable to bear the thought that her brother's widow and children should want the common necessaries of life, invited them to her house. She was a woman of masculine person, violent, vindictive, proud, and self-willed. I presume not to analyse the motives which prompted her liberality to her relatives upon this occasion, Perhaps *pride* might have some share in

exciting a feeling, for which she had not been *eminently* distinguished. With many expressions of gratitude, Mrs. Taylor removed herself and children to the domicile of their aunt; but she soon found the bread of dependence to be that of bitterness, and that she had but exchanged one miserable lot for another. True it was that she and her children were fed and clothed; but they were subjected to every gust of passion, to every wound which an indelicate mind knows how to inflict upon unhappy objects depending on its bounty.

The petty delinquencies of her young dependants were magnified into crimes, and punished with rigour. So terrible was she in her wrath, that the little tremblers quailed at her presence; whilst their mother, conscious of their and her own helpless destitution, dared not interpose, but submitted in silent misery to what she could not remedy. It was not so, however, with *all* the objects of Aunt Sarah's bounty, who, though permitted to wreak her resentments upon the widow and her daughters, found in the son a disposition too nearly akin to her own to submit quietly to the tyranny of a termagant. Bearing a strong resemblance to his late father, and to his aunt also, both in person and in temper, *Jim* Taylor evinced such a spirit of insubordination as was far from agreeable to this lady. This spirit, which increased with his years, and was daily excited by her cruelty and example, soon became too powerful to be ruled even by *her* violence. He, and *he alone* dared "*to beard the angry lioness in her den*," to return "*railing for railing*," and to laugh at her threats. Although not remarkable for feeling of any kind, except where self was concerned, he did not like to witness the treatment of his sisters, and, much to the indignation of his aunt, would expostulate with her thereon in no very measured terms. It may excite some surprise that a lady so violent herself could be brought to submit to conduct which many a milder temper would have resisted. But be it remembered that violence is not unfrequently found to be attended by cowardice, and seldom dares to put forth all its strength before an equally violent antagonist. Besides, Jim Taylor was with Mrs. Sarah, a privileged sort of personage. The strong family resemblance I have noticed had done much for him. He was moreover the son of her *elder* brother, and consequently the representative of the family; a point of no small importance in her estimation. Then he was (as she was frequently heard to say) "such a *droll* fellow! To be sure, he was a *little* passionate; but it was soon over. Jim had not a bad heart, and would know better as he grew older." With such remarks did Aunt Sarah console herself for sundry squabbles of daily occurrence between her favourite and herself. Unfortunately for the fulfilment of her prognostics, Jim did not as he advanced in years manifest that improvement which she had sanguinely predicted. Obstinacy and self-will became daily more apparent in his character, and, strange as it may appear, it is most certain that his influence over his aunt increased in proportion.

The days of tutelage were over, the young tyrant had reached the twenty-first year of his age, and it found him still undecided as to the choice of any pursuit by which to earn his future support. Many such had been submitted to his approval by his aunt as proper to be adopted; but to all in turn he had declared strong objections. Years rolled on without his coming to any decision, when an event occurred which changed the whole face of affairs, and placed the destinies of Jim Taylor under his own sole control. The uncle I have mentioned was re-

moved from this world, and thinking perhaps that his niece had been sufficiently punished, he had relented at last, and bequeathed to Mrs. Taylor and each of her children a handsome competence. A valuable estate was moreover apportioned to his grand nephew James, together with a reversionary interest in that left to his mother; and thus were they at once relieved from dependence and misery, to ease, affluence, and comfort.

Language is scarcely strong enough to describe the transports of joy which filled the hearts of the widow and her children at this intelligence. To escape from the odious thraldom under which they had so long groaned was the immediate act of the former. With expressions of gratitude (the sincerity of which we must not too narrowly inquire into,) for years of shelter and sustenance, Mrs. Taylor took as hasty a farewell of her patronising sister-in-law as was possible, and removed herself and family to a town twenty-four miles off, — a distance which, seventy years ago, when railroads had not even been dreamed of, rendered the chances of frequent meetings between these *affectionate* relatives problematical. It is probable that Aunt Sarah's feelings on being relieved from a burthen which for many years had pressed upon her, partook more of joy than sorrow, as far as her sister and nieces were concerned; but it was a different matter to part with *Jim,* the idol of her affections. She therefore used every argument at her command to induce *him* to remain with her, if only for a short time. She alternately coaxed, scolded, wept, implored, and threatened; she even promised to leave him at her death sole master of all her property; but all in vain. To his mother's house he went, knowing that there he would meet with passive acquiescence in all he did; and now were seen in all their glaring colours the fruits of his injudicious management. Domesticated at so dangerous an age in the house of a weak mother, and furnished with money enough to procure the gratification of every wish, he gave a full swing to his passions. Even his *pleasures* were of such a nature as denoted the depravity of his heart, —bull-baiting, cock-fighting, &c.; practices which were, seventy years ago, patronised and encouraged by persons far above the vulgar.

But, *all* his time could not be spent in the cockpit or at the bull-ring, and Mr. Taylor became a *politician.* Scarcely could he be persuaded to rise and join the family circle until twelve at noon, at which time the postman's knock was heard; and then, but not *till* then, would he usually arise, hurry on his clothes, and carefully read over the newspapers of the day, making such comments thereon as seemed best to favour his schemes for the regeneration of his country.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of July, 1764, that my hero found himself, after a more disturbed night than common, tossing to and fro upon a comfortless bed, from which he felt no disposition to emerge. The defeat of a magnificent game-cock, on whose anticipated success he had hazarded a large sum, had soured a temper naturally irritable, and ever uncontrolled. He had remained longer than usual at his favourite amusement, stimulated the bird by every cruel artifice to more than common exertion, nor would he be induced to withdraw his miserable victim, until its sufferings were terminated by death. A very short respite had been granted to his rage and disappointment by broken and feverish sleep, from which he now awoke unrefreshed and unsubdued. One consolation might yet be granted to him, and in two hours the newspaper would greet his anxious eyes, and possibly

give him a little consolation. So he resolved, after a few muttered anathemas upon the memory of the unlucky game-cock, to make the best of a bad matter, and lie on snugly until the arrival of the post. His mother and sisters, with the friend to whom I am indebted for this narrative, were assembled at work in a parlour underneath his bedroom. The church clock struck *ten*, and its sound drew from Mrs. Taylor the remark that "it was really a *shame* for Jim to waste so much precious time in bed, *especially on so fine a day.* Do, dear Mary," cried she, addressing her eldest daughter, "do go up and rouse him. Tell him the hour, and endeavour to persuade him to get up."

Miss Taylor knew too much of her brother's habits and temper to expect persuasion would avail aught; but, in obedience to her mother's wish, she went to his room; where, having received only a rudely expressed negative, she returned to the parlour with the intelligence that her brother "would not stir from his bed to please any one until he *chose* to do so." She resumed her work; nor did she move again from her seat until the sound of the church clock as it was striking *eleven* reminded her of an engagement she was under to walk with a young friend at that hour. To ascend the stairs once more, in order to prepare for this walk was the work of a moment; but, as she was proceeding to her own room, she had to pass that of her brother, when she heard herself called by him in a voice so very different to its usual tone, so faint and so subdued, that she felt alarmed, and opening the door of his apartment, asked him eagerly if he were ill? Before she could obtain his answer she had reached the foot of the bed; and, if the sound of his voice had alarmed, his appearance terrified her. A deadly paleness was spread over his face, where large drops of perspiration chased each other down in rapid succession. His lips were livid, his teeth chattered, and a convulsive trembling shook his whole frame. His sister was not devoid of feeling, or of affection, for an only, though unworthy brother; her terror increased, although ignorant of what had caused his emotion, and it was not until the lapse of some moments that she was able to articulate these words:—

"Gracious Heaven! what is the matter with you."

"Oh, Mary, *dear* Mary!" cried Jim, (for fear makes us wondrous kind,)—"*dear* sister, I have seen Aunt Sarah. She stood just there, where you stand now, *looking*—no, *glaring*—at me for one whole hour, and such a sight! Listen to me," continued Jim, with a fearful solemnity of manner and tone,—"listen, and you will soon be aware that it is no dream by which I have been so terrified. No. The vision I have seen was too terribly real,—some omen of evil about to befall my aunt, and probably myself also. Such an appearance—one so fraught with horror, so out of the common course of nature, cannot be sent in vain! You might have observed that the church clock had just struck ten when you came to me with my mother's message."

Miss Taylor nodded assent.

"Well, you left me, and I was turning myself round in bed, with the hope that I might catch another nap before the arrival of the newspaper, when my attention was arrested by the sight of our Aunt Sarah standing at my bed's foot, and gazing at me most intensely. My first impulse was, to speak to the old lady. A second glance paralysed my tongue, choked all utterance, and chilled my very soul. There was at once a look so fierce, and yet so ghastly—so resentful, and so *unearthly*, that I could not support it,—upon my soul, sister, I could not;

and yet I felt *riveted*, as it were; my eyes were fixed, *as if for ever*, upon that dreadful object, and I gazed on in speechless agony, until—horror of horrors! — until she raised one of her thin *bony* arms. She shook her fist at me, — ay, shook it *furiously*,—and while she did so, her countenance assumed an expression so demoniacal that I lost for a time all consciousness, — I believe I must have fainted; but when I recovered my senses, there she still was, and again that dreadful arm was raised, and the shake of the fist repeated. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that, unable to support this scene, I shrank from it; I hid my face beneath the bed-clothes for, as I guess, more than a quarter of an hour. I then looked up, — still she stood in the same place, — still she gazed on me, but her countenance was now more subdued, nor was the arm again uplifted, as I had seen it twice before. Once more I hid my face, nor did I venture to raise it again. The church clock at length struck eleven, just after which your light foot, dear sister, your welcome foot greeted my anxious ear. I looked up; the unearthly visitant was gone. You know the rest; and I do beg and *pray* you not to leave me alone in this accursed room. Remain, I beseech you, close to my door until I am dressed, and able to accompany you below; nor shall any earthly consideration ever induce me again to enter an apartment where I have suffered so much. What this horrifying vision portends, I cannot tell; but that poor old Aunt Sarah is in some way concerned in it, I cannot doubt. Do not, however, leave me, — no, not for an instant, *alone*, in this dreadful apartment."

Miss Taylor, who really loved her brother, readily agreed to remain at his door, whilst he performed his *speedy* toilet, and they descended together to the sitting-room below, where James's appearance and story created the greatest consternation. His sleeping-room was changed; and the one he quitted was locked up.

It was observed that, although Jim kept close to his female companions during the whole of that day, he was not heard to utter one single oath, nor did he once curse, or allude to his usual topics, although he expressed much anxiety for the arrival of the post. At length the letter-man's knock was heard, and an epistle with a large black seal was brought in, directed to "*Master* James Taylor," who, tremblingly alive to the purport of this communication, opened it hastily. It was from a person who had during many years officiated as bailiff to Mrs. Sarah Taylor, while that lady kept a little farm, and was her confidential adviser. The letter was as follows:

"MASTER JAMES,

"SIR,—This is to give you notice that poor Madam Taylor, your respected aunt, was removed from us this morning by a very sudden and awful death. I happened to be at her house just as the clock struck *ten*, when she was quite well, and talking away as briskly as ever, chiefly about you, Master James, and she seemed to be a little vexed with you; but, just after the clock had struck, as I have said before, she dropped down suddenly; and, though we had the doctor, he could do nothing for her, for she only struggled a very few minutes, and then all was over. I shall be glad if you will please to come up, sir, as well as Madam, your mother, and the young ladies, to order about the funeral, &c. "And am, sir, &c. &c."

Words cannot express the consternation which pervaded the little party in the parlour on the perusal of this letter. The dreadful apparition of the previous day was now in a great measure accounted for; nor were the ladies of the family slow in *apprehending* that it was certainly permitted as a solemn, but gracious warning to withdraw young Jim from the course of life he was then leading.

It is true, that during a few weeks after its occurrence he appeared a reclaimed man; but, when time had at length weakened the impression of terror, he by degrees resumed his former practices, and became as worthless as ever. He was spared to a great age, married, and became a father. In all the relations of life, he proved himself devoid of every feeling but that of extreme selfishness, and died unregretted, as he had lived, unbeloved.

THE HEIDELBURG TUN.

BY FRIEDRICH VON HAGEDORN.*

Ye friends, let us henceforth be wise,
  And prudently all joys resign,
All pleasure that the earth supplies,
  Refuse fair woman and good wine.
Ye laugh, and whet your mouths for kisses,
  Ye laugh, and fill the goblet faster,
Ye love no doctrine such as this is,
  The Tun of Heidelberg 's your master.
    What learn ye there ?

Chorus—Full many things we well can spare,
  For that or this we do not care ;
  But no true man will e'er incline
  To hate fair woman or good wine.

Let us unite, and brothers be ;
  No tie can bind so close as this ;
Already half allied are we
  By friendly glass and woman's kiss.
We live on wine and soft caresses,
  No thirst for water do we know,
As hist'ry's oldest page confesses,
  The Tun of Heidelberg says so.
    What does it say ?

Chorus—Full many, &c.

In beaming eyes how bright 's the fire,
  How rich the nectar of the vine !
A woman's lips must love inspire—
  A hero's strength we gain from wine.
Yes—wisdom teaches, drink and love ;
  So did Pythagoras, we know ;
And if his name you don't approve,
  The Tun of Heidelberg says so.
    What does it say ?

Chorus—Full many things we well can spare,
  For that or this we do not care ;
  But no true man will e'er incline
  To hate fair woman or good wine.

* Born 1708, in Hamburg. Died 1754.

MISS DOGSNOSE.

Sick and disgusted with the heartlessness of London ladies, I determined to obtain a bride in the more unsophisticated paths of life. Accordingly, I retired to a small village in Gloucestershire. There was only one inn in the place, the "Pig with Two Tails," an excellent house of entertainment. Here, therefore, I put up, and enjoyed myself exceedingly for some time. I made acquaintance with the curate, Ebenezer Tadpole; also with the apothecary, Andrew Tims; and with the attorney, Thaddeus Shinkski, Esq. Our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. They often did me the honour of coming to the "Pig with Two Tails," where a light supper was always prepared for Messrs. Tims and Shinkski, rum-punch and shag tobacco for his reverence.

Shinkski sung well, and used to enchant us with "The light guitar," and "Shepherds, have you seen my love?" &c. Tims, nightly diverted us with a composition of his own, a parody, as I understood, "Here 's a health to bleeding, boys." The curate could not sing, but he told anecdotes. Mr. Tims once offered to introduce me to a Mrs. Dennis, who kept an "Establishment for young ladies." I acquiesced, and, dressing myself with more care than usual, I accompanied him to "Rosemary Villa," the abode of Mrs. Dennis. Tims was on a very familiar footing at "Rosemary Villa;" and therefore, though the establishment was at dinner, we were admitted. We followed the domestic into a large room, containing about sixteen young ladies, seated round a table, at which presided Mrs. Dennis, a lady of about fifty years of age; and a female of a remarkably ugly appearance, whose name proved to be Miss Polyhemia Dogsnose.

"Absolutely charmed to see you, gentlemen," commenced Mrs. Dennis. "Mr. Higgins, I understand you are a new arrival in this retired spot.—(Miss Thompson, this is the third time I have seen your knife in your mouth. I trust I shall not be shocked with *another* spectacle of the same, I may say, *disgusting* nature.)—I need offer no apology, Mr. H., for the plainness of our repast to a man of the world like yourself. —(Miss Walker, leaning your elbows on a dinner-table is not only *vulgar*, but I may say *coarse*.)—Mr. Tims, some blackberry pudding? The society here, Mr. Higgins, is naturally confined. But if Rosemary Villa can offer a mode of whiling away an idle hour, I trust you will consider it as always open to you. I strongly recommend this currant wine: an aged relative of mine, noted for her skill in these matters, is the maker. Miss Thompson, say grace."

The young ladies being dismissed, we spent a very pleasant afternoon. Miss Dogsnose was peculiarly attentive to me. Among other amusements, Mrs. Dennis allowed us to hear some of her pupils sing. Among the performers on this occasion was a beautiful young creature, of about seventeen, whose name was Clara Langton. She was a parlour boarder, and finishing her education under Mrs. Dennis. If ever there was a perfect specimen of human loveliness, it was Clara Langton! Why, why am I an ugly man? Clara sung exquisitely, and the sweetness of her voice had additional fascination from a slight melancholy expression. At once I owned the force of her charms, and succeeding visits to Rosemary Villa stamped her image so firmly on my imagination, that I fear time will never efface it. At length love for Clara obtained such entire possession of my breast, that I thought, talked, and dreamt of nothing else. One beautiful summer's evening, when Mrs Dennis and Miss Dogsnose were superintending the education of the other young ladies, I walked into the music-room, and there found Clara. I felt unusually bold, and therefore, after having made a few observations on the weather, and the pleasures of a rural life, I dropped on one knee, seized Miss Langton's hand, and urged my suit in the following candid and expressive manner. "Miss Langton, I am an ugly man—I know I am. But, Miss Langton, I can appreciate the opposite quality in another. I am very, *very* good-natured. I am rich, and—and—"

"Well, sir," said Miss Langton.

"I love you, Clara—I beg pardon, Miss Langton—upon my honour and soul I do, from the bottom of my heart! Consent to be mine, adorable angel, and every effort in the power of man—"

"Miss Julia Hobbs will write out the verb "*avoir*" five times, as a slight *punishment*, and a warning to the other young ladies under my care, *not* to sketch *figures* of individuals of the *male* sex on their slates, instead of performing their *arithmetical* studies."

These words warned us of the approach of Mrs. Dennis. In an instant, Clara, putting her finger to her lips, sat down to the piano, and commenced playing, while I wheeled my chair to a respectable distance. "Ah, Mr. Higgins," said Mrs. Dennis, on beholding me, "you are the very person of all others I was anxious to see. To-morrow is the birth-day of our beloved sovereign, and on that auspicious day I purpose to allow the young ladies a holiday, and a glass of wine each. Messrs. Tims, Shinkski, and our worthy curate, have promised to be present. I therefore beg, Mr. Higgins, that you will favour us with your company also."—"With the greatest pleasure, Mrs. Dennis," and

so I departed, to build castles in the air, under the directions of that skilful architect, Hope. On my arrival at the "Pig with Two Tails," I discovered that a new lodger had arrived, and on the first landing-place I was accosted by a very elegant young man in black, who seized my hand, and shouted,

"Ah! my dear Higgins, how are you?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir."

"Come, let us adjourn to my room; dinner will be ready directly," said my companion. Accordingly I followed him. On entering the room, he shut the door, and was about to embrace me, when, starting back, he exclaimed, "Why! what! how! I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; I took you for an esteemed relation of mine, Higgins,—whom, I understood, was down here—a relation of mine—I beg pardon—I—"

"No offence, sir—no offence," said I; "my name is Higgins, John Higgins."

"I beg pardon, sir; any relation to the Higginses of London?"

"Yes, sir; most of my family live there."

"Pray don't think me importunate; but, have you not some relatives resident in 'La Periwinkleshire,' as the French facetiously nickname the county?'

"I really don't know anything about Periwinkleshire; but I have an uncle, Toby, as we call him, with a family, living in Lancashire."

"The same, sir—the same. I shall still have the honour of calling you cousin. I am the son of Tobias Higgins, Esq. I have no doubt he has frequently mentioned in his letters a humble individual, Philip Augustus Higgins, his unworthy child, who, at length, has the happiness of shaking by the hand one whom he has been taught from infancy to esteem, revere, and look up to."

Saying this, my cousin again shook me warmly by the hand.

"Well, sir," said I; "I am always glad to meet a relation. Your father has never written to me, and therefore I was not aware that he had so old a child as you seem to be; but—"

"Cousin John, it is the indolence of old age; for, as you know, my respectable progenitor is now in the decline of life."

"True; but may I inquire what circumstance has brought you to this retired village."

"Why, the fact is, I am seeking in this solitude to banish from my thoughts the image of one whom I trusted, loved, and who betrayed me!"

Here my cousin was visibly affected, and applied his handkerchief to his eyes. He soon recovered his spirits; and, by his wit and good humour made the evening so pleasant, that I unconsciously drank too much wine, and while in this state I confessed my object for living in Gloucestershire, my love for Clara, and my previous efforts to obtain a wife. To all this he listened with very great attention, and at the conclusion of my history, stretching out his hand, which I shook heartily, he said, "John Higgins, your candour has won my heart. Everything in my power to forward your suit with Miss Langton shall be done, and I sincerely trust you may be successful. So cheer up, and let us hope for the best."

I was much struck with my cousin's generosity, and thanked him warmly. Soon afterwards, Tims, Shinkski, and the parson entered to play a rubber at whist, and I introduced him to them. He won the hearts of all by his manner and pleasantry, sung beautifully, and made

excellent rum punch, so that we were all delighted to have such an acquisition to the society of the "Pig with Two Tails."

The next day I introduced Philip to Mrs. Dennis, and he was, of course, invited to the evening amusements. The time arrived: the day was bright and sunny, and precisely as the clock struck five, Tims, Shinkski, Tadpole, Philip Augustus Higgins, and I, entered the hospitable gates of Mrs. Dennis. Beneath the shade of a large chestnut-tree were arranged two long tables covered with cakes, fruits, and such harmless luxuries; four bottles of currant-wine were also placed next to Mrs. Dennis, but these were only intended for the guests.

Miss Dogsnose was very lively, and once or twice trod upon my toes underneath the table, for what purpose I could not imagine; and as her behaviour to me was very extraordinary in the course of the evening, I may as well mention that in my opinion she had taken a *leetle* too much wine. Clara Langton sat next to Philip; and I observed that they grew very intimate in a very short time. At this, however, I took no alarm; and when he told me afterwards that he had been pleading my cause with Clara, I fully believed him.

She avoided speaking to me throughout the evening; and feeling rather hurt at this, I wandered away from the merry party, the sounds of revelry ill according with my feelings, and sought in a more retired part of the garden to regain my usual equanimity of temper. I had nearly done so, and was preparing to return, when, to my utter dismay, I beheld, crossing at the end of the walk, Shinkski, as I thought, encircling with "the strong arm of the law" the fairy waist of Clara Langton! He was evidently whispering soft nothings into her ear. "My first impulse" was to watch them; nay, I had already advanced with that determination, when I heard footsteps behind me. I turned sharply round, and found Miss Polyhemia Dogsnose walking towards me. I tried to escape; but she seized me firmly by the arm.

"Are you, too, fond of solitude?" said she.

"I am," answered I, coldly.

"All those who have *hearts* are so," continued she.—"Doubtless."

"I spend all my leisure moments in this secluded spot. Ah, Mr. Higgins, you are so kind—so—but let us seat ourselves in yon rustic bower, and listen to the warbling of the feathered songsters of the grove, attuning the heart to harmony."

Now, though I was dying with impatience, yet Miss Dogsnose had such a firm hold of my arm, that it was impossible to get away. I therefore submitted to my fate with a good grace.

"You appear fond of poetry, Miss Dogsnose."

"Poetry! who with a *heart* is otherwise—even in the lowest grade of life?—all men, and women, too, if that their breast contain a *heart*,—all feel the power of poetry! I, too, whose too susceptible—"

"Miss Polyhemia," I said, "pray do not give way to your feelings, nor with the tongs of retrospection rake from the grate of memory the dross of sorrow."——"My best comforter!" said she, weeping.

"If the sympathy of a warm heart—" I replied.

"Say no more," said she, dropping her head upon my astounded bosom,—"I am yours!!!"

I was for some time dumb with astonishment. At length pity and disgust took possession of my breast. "Upon my soul, Miss D.—"

"Nay, do not swear your thanks; and spare me, I beseech you."

"But I—"

"What! will you still force the crimson blush to mantle o'er my virgin cheeks? Be it so—I—I—I—how shall I speak the word?—I love thee!"——"Allow me to say one—"

"I can believe thee without one. With thee I will leave the flowers this little hand has reared, and follow thee throughout the world. I am yours!"

"Miss Amelia Scraggs, see if you can find Miss Dogsnose, and inform her tea is ready. Abstain from plucking unripe fruit, I command you."

Such were the words that announced the near presence of Mrs. Dennis.

"Hush!" said Miss Dogsnose, rising and walking forth,—"not a word. Send me tidings by a trusty messenger where I am to meet you. To-morrow night we will fly together. I am yours!"

"But, Miss Dogsnose—"

"Hush!"——and we were in the presence of Miss Amelia Scraggs.

"Mrs. Dennis told me to tell you that tea was ready, Miss Dogsnose."

I saw no more of Clara Langton that evening, and feeling ashamed of the scene I had gone through with Miss Dogsnose, I stole silently away, and pursued my way home. In vain I attempted to soothe my disordered feelings. The image of the hated Shinkski continually presented itself to my imagination, so that when I reached my home, I paced up and down my room in great agitation. My cousin Philip soon afterwards arrived, and very naturally questioned me as to the cause of my uneasiness.

"Has anything gone wrong, John?" said he.

"Yes, Philip; that perfidious fellow, Shinkski—"—"What of him?"

I related what I had seen. He entered so warmly into my feelings that I confided my interview with Miss Dogsnose to him, and begged his advice; and he candidly told me, that as he conceived her conduct to be the effect of tipsyness, any explanatory letter to her from me would be useless and absurd.

"And now," said he, "cousin, I have some good news for you; Clara is yours!"

I could hardly believe my senses. "What!" answered I, "can it be true?"

"My tale is short," responded Philip. "I hinted that I was a humble mediator between yourself and her,—spoke of your goodness of heart,—laid some stress on the pecuniary advantages you possessed,—and finally proposed that she should elope with you to-morrow night, as the custom of waiting for the consent of parents, and the other tedious forms were now looked upon with contempt by all young ladies of spirit. 'To all these things did Clara Langton seriously incline,'—pardon my waggery. Her timidity was undermined by the mention of a carriage and jewels; and the fortress of reluctance fell at the dreary picture I painted of the two more years she is otherwise destined to remain at Mrs. Dennis's. In short, my dear John, she is yours; and many happy years may you spend with your lovely wife."—"Philip," answered I, "if the gratitude which now agitates—"

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow," interrupted he. Leave everything to me, and prepare for a start by twelve o'clock to-morrow night."

Saying which, my cousin shook me warmly by the hand, and departed. The morrow at length dawned, and Philip having settled

everything, and given me a sketch of the safest inns to change horses at on my way to Gretna, left me to make some further arrangements; warning me to be at the back garden-gate of Mrs. Dennis's establishment by twelve o'clock punctually, where a post-chaise and my bride would be in attendance. The night was still, and rather dark. I hurried to the appointed spot: but to my utter astonishment, there was no post-chaise. At this moment the gate slowly opened, and a female figure issued forth cautiously, and apparently much agitated. "This must be she," thought I; and accordingly I softly whispered, "Mine own, is it you?"

"It is—it is," answered she, tottering towards me.

"Come to these longing arms!" and she fell into these outstretched members.

"Seize them—seize them, gentlemen!" roared Mrs. Dennis, rushing from behind the gate.

"She 's mine!" thundered I, "and death alone shall part us. Unhand me, Shinkski!—Tims, stand off!—Tadpole, beware my vengeance!"

But all was useless; we were overpowered by numbers, and dragged into the dining-room. Lights were brought—my intended *compagnon de voyage* lifted her veil, and displayed the red face and redder locks of Miss Polyhemia Dogsnose.

"Miss Dogsnose!!!!!" said I.

"Miss Dogsnose!!!!" said Mrs. Dennis.

Tadpole, Tims, and Shinkski, echoed "Dogsnose!"

"Pray, Mr. Higgins, will you be good enough to *explain* this extraordinary, and I must say, improper affair?" said Mrs. Dennis.

"I am perfectly unable to do so, madam," answered I.

"Miss Dogsnose, perhaps you will favour us," proceeded Mrs. Dennis.

"'The path of true love never did run smooth,'" commenced Miss D.; "and, though you, Mrs. Dennis, have nipped the early buds of mutual love by oppression and tyranny, yet one day shall the trials of our constancy be rewarded, and Higgins and Polyhemia become—one. Know you that now, though discovered, I still confess and glory in my love!" And thereupon she drew up her form to its full height—which was not much; and curled her lip, in profound contempt. She would also have curled her nose, but kindly Nature had saved her all the trouble.

"This is a *most* unusual proceeding, I must say, for people who appear *rather* too old for romance," said Mrs. Dennis.

"Mr. Higgins," said Tims, "I have to offer my humble apologies for interfering with your nocturnal amusements; but, as the information received by Mrs. Dennis led us to suppose that Miss Clara Langton was to be the partner of your flight."

"And so she ought to have been," answered I, nearly choked with passion; "and, instead of her, I find this ugly creature, whom I would just as soon marry as I would my grandmother."

"What!" screamed Polyhemia, "do you deny that you first weaned away my young affections, and then obtained my consent to an elopement, perfidious monster?"

"I 'll take my solemn oath I don't know anything at all about *your* affections; and that I never gave you a hope of obtaining *mine*, much less of running away with you."

"You hear him, gentlemen,— you hear him," answered she; "he

has perjured himself. Let his false pen speak for me," and she drew from her bosom the following epistle:—

"Fairest and best! mine own, my loved Polyhemia! my heart beats, and the pen which traces these happy lines, destined to be scanned by thy bright and starry eyes, trembles in my fingers. Can you forgive me? Is it possible so much goodness can lurk in human hearts? If that mine unworthy image holds a place in thine angel breast; if thou wilt forsake thy home, to wander through the world with me, meet me to-morrow at the hour of twelve, at the long gate of the garden. My cousin Philip has just entered mine apartment, and conjured me to use what little influence I had with thee, my love, to favour his views with Clara Langton; they love each other fondly. Let not their young hearts break in despair: think of our happiness, and ensure theirs. His chariot will be at the same gate by *ten o'clock*.

"P.S. Dearest love, circumstances of the most urgent kind have occurred; without Clara's elopement, ours cannot be. More when we meet. My heart beats and bleeds. All depends on you. Send an answer by my servant, who waits. Your ardent lover,

"JOHN HIGGINS.

"Pig with Two Tails, Thursday."

"Now, Mrs. Dennis, and gentlemen," continued Miss Dogsnose after reading the above, "is he perjured or not? am I a betrayed and injured maiden, or am I not?"

"Mr. Higgins," answered Mrs. Dennis, after a pause, "what *am* I to suppose?"—"What *are* we to suppose?" echoed Tadpole, Tims, and Shinkski.

"In the first place," answered I, with dignity, "*that* is not my writing; and, secondly, what the devil have you, gentlemen, to do with the business?"

"As the clergyman of this parish, I—" began Tadpole. "As the heads of the society of this parish, we—" also commenced Tims. "As a magistrate of this parish," interrupted Shinkski; "hem—suspicious characters—*hem*—silver-spoons—night—injured women—*hem*."

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "as your interference is optional, my answers to your impertinent questions shall be the same. Mrs. Dennis, may I inquire in what manner you became aware of my intended elopement?"

"From the following anonymous letter," said Mrs. Dennis.

"MADAM,—From the conversation which I unintentionally overheard between your pupil, Miss Clara Langton, and that wolf in sheep's clothing, John Higgins, I have discovered that it is their intention to elope to-morrow night! The post-chaise will be in the lane at the back garden-gate as the clock strikes twelve.

"Your well-wisher,

"PHILO BOARDINGSCHOOLIENSIS.

"Pig with Two Tails, Thursday."

When Mrs. Dennis had concluded, I said, "Pray, where is Miss Clara Langton now?"—"Safe in her bed-room," answered Mrs. Dennis.

"No, madam," said Miss Dogsnose. "Duped by the letter I received, I opened her door with my key, and gave her into the arms of her joyous lover, Mr. Philip Augustus Higgins."

"You could not have been such a consummate fool!" shrieked

Mrs. Dennis; and more she would have said, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a servant, splashed from head to foot, booted and spurred, and looking very tired, was shown up, as he said he had orders to see me.—" A letter for Mr. Higgins."

"Here am I." — I tore it open; the hand-writing was the same as that of both the former letters. It ran thus:—

"My dear sir, — As by this time I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit, I beg to state that you have all been humbugged; that I am no earthly relation to you, and took your name and cousinship to ensure my introduction to Mrs. Dennis's school. Ask Mrs. Dennis if she remembers a vow I made, that within a year of Clara's admission to her school she should be out again.—Yours truly, Harry Langton.

"P.S. Many happy days with Polly Dogsnose."

There was a long silence, broken at length by Mrs. Dennis.

"We have all been duped; but I more than all. That girl was put under my guardianship for the express purpose of keeping her from that scamp, Harry Langton, her cousin. He has obtained her, and fifty thousand with her. Miss Polyhemia Dogsnose, you must look out for some other situation. I have been sadly imposed upon."

"I have been damnably imposed upon," said I.

"I h-have b-been c-cruelly imp-osed upon," sobbed poor Miss Dogsnose.

"We have all been very much imposed upon," grunted, echoed, and re-echoed Tadpole, Tims, and Shinkski.

I CANNA LUVE AGAIN!

A BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

I canna luve again, mither,
  Sin' a' my hopes are fled;
This heart wad rend atwain, mither,
  If lowsed frae the de'd;
Ye saw us in our youth, mither,
  An' left us aft alane;
Ye bless'd us in our troth, mither,
  An' wept when he was gane!

O! wad that I had de'd, mither,
  When he lay cauld and still,
Than be a gleesome bride, mither,
  Wi' speerits laigh an' chill!
Ye fleech me for my weal, mither,
  But ken ye na I gave
My vows for him to seal, mither,
  For aye, unto the grave!

This weanie! could he sleep, mither,
  Upo' a stranger's breast,
Oh! it wad mak' me weep, mither,
  To see him sair at rest!
An' as the lines I trace, mither,
  O' him aneath the stane,
Upo' the bairnie's face, mither,
  I canna luve again!

THE BANQUET-HALL OF DEATH.

GHOST GOSSIPS AT BLAKESLEY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DUGARD."

When the party at Blakesley House re-assembled in the evening, Mrs. Dagleish had got such a violent toothache, that she could not tell her story of the "Black Riband," to the great disappointment of the little circle, especially of Mary Falconer, who said "they never were to have it," and seemed to think the toothache had been suborned on purpose to prevent its being told.

"I wish you had it," said Mrs. Dagleish, drawing up her leg; "you would see whether *you* could talk."

"I warrant her," observed Hugh Buckner; "she would talk any toothache away in half an hour."

"Do you think so?" replied Mary, briskly. "What a pity *you* are not a toothache,—I 'm sure I 'd try."

Hugh looked a little disconcerted, and Mr. Carliel, fearing a waspish answer might produce discord, interposed with an offer to supply Mrs. Dagleish's place, by telling them a "very nice ghost story." At these words they all settled themselves for listening, and Mrs. Dagleish put another piece of ginger into her mouth.

"Once upon a time," said Mr. Carliel,—"that 's the orthodox way of beginning a *nice* ghost story, — once upon a time, when knights and their squires used to roam in search of adventures, there was a chivalrous person called Sir Lindsay de Breton, who, accompanied by a faithful follower named Jasper, had his courage put to a test such as few men except himself could have sustained. They were returning home from the Holy Land, (where he had, of course, performed prodigies of valour under the banner of the Cross,) and took for their route the centre of Germany, at that time covered with immense forests, the scene then, as now, of many a fearful deed of necromancy. Coming to the entrance of one of these forests just at night-fall, which took away Jasper's stomach for going on,

"'Master mine,' said he, 'hadn't we better remain on the outside of danger? It 's better than getting into the middle of it. Suppose we stay where we are till morning; we shall then have day-light for our work.'

"'*You* may,' quoth Sir Lindsay, 'but *I* shall not; for I see a light yonder, twinkling like a tiny star between the trees, and doubt not it will conduct me to some hospitable roof, where I shall find a courteous reception.' So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and plunged into the thickest of the forest.

"'A plague on those lights! say I,' muttered Jasper, following his master, because he was afraid to remain behind; 'we paid dearly for trusting to one of them the last Sabbath evening: moreover, *I* see no light.'

"'Look!' replied Sir Lindsay, pointing in the direction of it.

"'I *do* look,' quoth Jasper, shutting both his eyes, 'but protest I can see nothing.'

"They rode on in silence for about half an hour, and Jasper, who had recovered his eye-sight, saw more plainly than he wished the little luminous speck glittering before them, which seemed, however, to keep

the same distance, notwithstanding the speed at which they were now advancing.

"'Truly,' said he, 'you might well say it *looks* like a star, for it *is* one; and we shall ride long enough before we get to it.'

"'Silence!' exclaimed Sir Lindsay, angrily; 'what's that?'

"'What's what?' replied Jasper, pulling up his horse, and holding his breath.

"'Did you hear nothing?'—'Nothing.'

"'Methinks you have neither eyes nor ears to-night,' replied Sir Lindsay.—'I wish I hadn't,' quoth Jasper, his teeth chattering as he spoke; 'for then—O Lord! what's that?'

"'What?' inquired his master, eagerly.

"'O Lord! it's nothing. A great green bough flapped in my face, and I declare I thought it was a great cold hand giving me a slap.'

"'Peace, knave! this is no time for foolery.'

"'No, nor for anything but to go to bed, if a beautiful truss of clean straw, now, would but show itself.'

"Again they pursued their journey in silence, and still the sparkling light danced and flickered before them. They had now ridden several miles. 'I'll see the end of this, come what may,' said Sir Lindsay, urging his jaded steed into a quicker pace.

"'It will see the end of us, I guess,' muttered Jasper, trying to keep up with his master, and silently commending himself to all the tutelary saints whose names he could remember.

"Sir Lindsay continued to ride on, his eye steadily fixed upon the light, and wondering wherefore he approached no nearer to it, when his horse suddenly stopped. He now saw their further progress was obstructed by two huge stone doors, on each side of which stretched lofty walls of the same material.

"'Aha!' said he, 'here we are at last. Dismount, and give some signal of our presence.'

"'Yes, here we are at last,' quoth Jasper, doing as he was bid; 'and now for the beginning of Heaven knows what.'

"He groped about for a bell to pull, or a horn to blow, but could find neither; so with the pommel of his sword he struck three heavy blows.

"They waited a few minutes, and then heard the slow, heavy tread of footsteps approaching.

"'Who is without?' growled a voice, that hardly seemed to issue from human lungs.

"'A Christian knight, bewildered in the tangled mazes of this forest, who craves shelter till the dawn,' replied Sir Lindsay.

"'That is, provided it will put you to no particular inconvenience,' added Jasper, who was most anxious to bespeak a good reception by his politeness, and at the same time suggest an excuse for not opening the door.

"'If you be a true knight,' replied the voice, 'the portals will fly back at your bidding; if you be not, go your ways.'

"'Worthy master,' quoth Jasper, 'I know I am but a fool, with reverence be it spoken to the father that begot me; but for once take a fool's advice. Stone doors that open of themselves can lead to no good: let us show them our backs; there's witchcraft in them.'

"'That we shall see anon,' said Sir Lindsay, as he alighted; and advancing towards the ponderous gates, he struck them three times

with the silver cross that surmounted his trusty falchion, repeating at each blow, 'A true knight, who has knelt at the Holy Sepulchre, and fought against the Infidel, bids thee open.'

"At the first stroke, heavy bars and chains were heard to fall; at the second, enormous bolts were withdrawn; at the third, the doors slowly rolled themselves back, and disclosed a flight of four-and-twenty marble steps, on each of which stood a slave, covered from head to foot with black crape, and holding in his hand a blazing torch. At the top, on a kind of throne, which was of ebony, sat DEATH. His outstretched bony arms and ghastly smile seemed to welcome his two adventurous guests.

"'Didn't I tell you what would come of it?' said Jasper, shaking like a reed, and making preparations to remount his horse and be off. 'Hitherto, master mine, I've followed *you*—now follow *me*.'

"'Hold!' exclaimed Sir Lindsay, sternly. 'Move not at your peril, except it be to advance, as I mean to do.'

"Jasper crossed himself, but he could not help moving, for not a limb of him would stand still. Sir Lindsay paused a moment to survey the scene before him. Even he was somewhat dismayed. A profound stillness prevailed. He looked at the crape-covered slaves: he could not perceive that they breathed; and they were perfectly motionless. Were they living beings, or but the mockery of life, ranged there as fit attendants upon the grim semblance above? Where, too, was he whose voice had answered them? He advanced a few steps — there was a loud groan — it came from Jasper, who now concluded it was his master's determination to go on, and that he must either do the same or remain by himself, a choice of dangers which made his heart sink within him; so for each step that Sir Lindsay took, he took half a one. This, however, gradually brought them within the stone doors, when they suddenly closed, the lights were extinguished, and they found themselves in utter darkness.

"'Very pleasant!' quoth Jasper, in a voice which singing-masters call a natural shake.

"'We are in the power of evil,' said Sir Lindsay, 'and must invoke the protection of Heaven.'

"'Lord have mercy upon me!' quoth Jasper, dropping on his knees, 'and forgive me for having come into this infernal place! Holy St. Nicholas be my speed! The blessed Virgin take care of me! The glorious—'

"'Peace!' cried Sir Lindsay, cutting short the pious aspirations of his faithful but terrified follower. 'Seest thou nothing yonder?'

"'Where?' inquired Jasper, turning his eyes slowly in every direction.

"'Yonder, as nearly as I can judge in this profound gloom, exactly over the spot where the grisly image of Death sat enthroned.'

"Jasper looked again, and then saw a faint streak of silver light, like a silken thread, which gradually assumed the form of an arch. They watched it in silence; and presently beheld a scroll behind the light, bearing this inscription, 'COME TO THE BANQUET OF THE DEAD.'

"'A sorry feast that for the living, I trow,' quoth Jasper.

"'What may this mean?' said Sir Lindsay.

"'It means, I fear, that we shall shortly be a supper for the worms. Ah, master mine! had you taken my advice, we, who have escaped so many perils by field and flood, by fire and tempest, should not have met with this scurvy fate, juggled out of one's life by the foul fiend.'

The light had now increased sufficiently to render the marble steps once more dimly visible, when Sir Lindsay perceived that the crape-covered torch-bearers had all disappeared.

"'I will ascend them,' said he, 'and see whither they lead.'

"'And I,' said Jasper, 'with your leave, will remain here, till you see whether you want me.'

"'On, slave!' exclaimed the identical voice which had answered them from within. At the same time he received a hearty thwack, as from a stout cudgel, upon his shoulders.

"'This is most marvellous!' said Sir Lindsay, looking round, and perceiving no one.

"'It is most barbarous,' rejoined Jasper, who also looked round, to return the blow with interest; for his blood was up at the affront.

"'Come what may, I can bear this no longer!' exclaimed Sir Lindsay, and he began to ascend the marble steps, followed by Jasper at a respectful distance, who considered he had no alternative but to advance, or be buffeted by his invisible assailant.

"They reached the top, and the next moment felt it sinking beneath their feet. Their first impulse was to rush down again; but, to their infinite dismay, they discovered that the whole flight had vanished, and they were standing, in mid-air, upon that portion where they had seen the grim phantom of Death.

As they descended, they saw gradually open before them a spacious hall, or chamber, hung round with black, and intersected with innumerable doors. Along the centre of this chamber, and extending nearly the whole length, ran a table, also covered with black drapery. At the head sat DEATH. Around were shadowy forms continually appearing and fading away, and which seemed to enter through one or other of the many doors that opened from the sides. As they arrived, a venerable-looking man, with a beard that descended to his middle, led them to the head of the table, where DEATH received them with a smile of horrible delight.

"'I should know that old gentleman,' said Jasper, in a whisper to his master, who stood surveying the scene with a perplexed but fearless spirit; 'I have seen his picture many a time in my grandmother's missal.'

"At this moment, a shadow glided past Sir Lindsay which filled him with grief and amazement. It was the semblance of his own father, but so pale and wo-begone, that it made his heart ache to look upon him. He was about to address it, when the phantom spoke.

"'Why art thou here, my son, before thou hast put off mortality? This is the BANQUET HALL OF DEATH. Here the universal monarch holds his revels, and receives each moment from the hand of Time his countless victims.'

"'Hast thou, then, put off mortality?' exclaimed Sir Lindsay.

"'Within this hour a wasting fever dried up the current of my life.'—'Ah, me! then I shall never see thee more.'

"'But thou shalt see what no mortal eye, save thine, hath ever seen,—mysteries which I have power to show thee. When we are of the world, — when we walk among the living, we startle at a single death. Behold here the TIDE OF DEATH, that never ceases, fed by battles, shipwrecks, plague, famine, old age, murder, suicides, disease, accidents. Space and time are here annihilated. There, enters one

who, while I speak, has been drowned in the Euphrates; there, another, who has just expired on the frozen summit of Mount Caucasus: there, a troop of brave spirits, from a field of slaughter beyond the Apennines, where the strife of war still rages; there, the crew of a stately ship that foundered this instant off the coast of Sicily; and there, the babe of a minute old, which but breathed one breath of life, and took its flight. But who can number them? Every spot of the green earth, every valley, every hill, the crowded city, and the sequestered village, the desert, and the ocean flood, are each moment paying tribute. To look on *this* scene, you would think there was nothing but death: but when we look upon the *world*, Death is so great a stranger that we are never prepared for him.

"'Now mark a mystery of the world. There is but one entrance into life. We quit it by a thousand. Observe those gloomy portals; note the names over each:—War, Self-Slaughter, Broken Hearts, Intemperance, Madness, Melancholy, Love, Jealousy, Age, Ambition, Pride, Grief, Want, Pestilence, Disease, Gluttony, Fire, Water, Air, Earth, with all the numerous ills and countless disasters that suffice to rob us of that fragile thing called life. As bubbles rise to the surface and vanish, even so man appears and is gone. The world itself is nothing but one huge charnel-house; for, for every created being that moves upon its bosom, a million lie beneath.

"'I read your thoughts, my son. Your eye is wandering from door to door to observe which yields the greatest quarry. Have you remarked which yields the least? The door of Broken Hearts has opened only once, and then to give entrance to only a solitary victim. The whole world has had but one broken heart within the period which has given Death his thousands. And who was that one? An ill-starred lover? A wronged and forsaken maid? A childless widow? A father, too proud of a darling son, whose name was stained with infamy? No. A usurious Jew, cheated by a spendthrift heir, who gave him false bonds for true gold, and the muck-worm laid him down and died for very grief amid his piled-up money-bags.

"'But, see how War fattens the lean ribs of Death!—how they come thronging in from each quarter of the globe! Self-Slaughter, too, whose purveyors are Love, Pride, Ambition, Madness, Jealousy, and Want, sends a goodly store. Gluttony and Intemperance despatch their bloated offerings every moment; and Age supplies a constant stream. All the things that be are Death's workmen. A loose stone, a rotten plank, a rusty nail, a little venomous worm, a few drops sucked from the green leaf of a wild plant, the dank midnight air, the rays of the glorious sun himself, shall filch from man that subtle unseen part of him, whose loss is loss of all; for then, what is he?—A loathsome carcass, which the living huddle out of sight, lest it offend their nostrils.'

"'I have been watching that centre door,' said Sir Lindsay. 'It is larger than any of the rest; and yet it seems too narrow for the multitudes that pass through it.'

"'That,' replied the phantom, 'is set apart for the exclusive use of those who are sick of being well, and employ physicians to cure them. *They* are a countless host. Death has no friend like the physician. His pen slays more than the sword.'

"'Master mine,' said Jasper, 'the sun is up, the birds are singing;

and if we would have the first of the morning for our journey, it is time we were jogging.'

"Sir Lindsay opened his eyes, and saw his faithful squire standing by his side, with the steeds pawing the ground, and impatient to be gone.

"'Have we really escaped from that horrible place?' said he.

"'What horrible place?' quoth Jasper.

"'The BANQUET HALL OF DEATH, where I saw and conversed with my father's spirit, and where ——'

"'Who would have thought now,' interrupted Jasper, 'that the beautiful bed of moss and green leaves which I prepared for you under this tree at sundown last night would have put such an ugly dream as that into your head.'"

"Why, I declare," exclaimed Mary Falconer, addressing Mr. Carliel, "you have been inventing it all yourself; and it is nothing but a dream of your own making."

"But is it not what I promised you," replied Mr. Carliel, laughing, "a very *nice* ghost story?"

"That it is," said Mrs. Dagleish; "and *I* thought it was a real one, and was wondering how the poor things would ever get out of the castle."

"I must say," remarked the Major, "you managed it uncommonly well, if there is really no truth in it."

"Nay," said Mr. Carliel, "as to the truth of it, you must settle that among yourselves."

"I see, cousin," said the Major, addressing Mrs. Dagleish, "your toothache is no better."

"No; hang the tooth! it was tolerably easy all the while I was listening to Mr. Carliel; but now it is coming on as bad as ever. I must go to bed, and wrap my head up in a yard of new flannel."

This caused the party to separate somewhat earlier than usual; but not before the Major promised them a capital story next morning, "founded on fact," in case his cousin should still be unable to tell hers of the "BLACK RIBAND."

TO MYRA.

WHILE on that sylph-like form my sight,
So riveted with fond delight;
Those eyes at once so soft and bright;
  Those locks of silkiest brown;
No festering cares my heart annoy,
Nor false delights my senses cloy,
But all is peace and all is joy,—
  An earthly paradise.
If thou art indeed of mortal birth,
A creature of this lower earth,
  That form was surely given
To elevate man's low desires,
Quick'ning his soul with love's own fires,
  And draw him near to Heaven.

RURAL SCENES.

BY MARTINGALE.

JANUARY.

> "Bote as an hosbonde hopeth, after an hard wynter,
> Yf God gyveth hym the lif, to have a good hervest."
> *Pier's Ploughman.*

> "He compareth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flockes."
> *Spencer's Shepheard's Calender, January.*

Grieve not that the wild rose has departed like a sweet thought,—droop not that the woodbine sounds not its bugle with perfumed breath,—sorrow not that the tall campanula rings not its melodious bells, or the little hare-bell sends not forth its enticing chime for the roving bee,—droop not that the matchless song of the nightingale has ceased, that its beautiful "jug-jug-jug," its thrilling swell, its liquid strain, flow not now from its seraph throat,—grieve not that the song of the thrush is hushed,—that the wild shout of the blackbird is more rarely heard,—and that the pœan of the lark, with its flight skyward, is not poured down in praise of the rising and of the setting sun. If the summer avenues of pleasure are closed, the gates to other scenes of enjoyment are opened hour and hour and day by day. Each season of the year brings its peculiar attractions and delights; and although at the present time the mind may be disposed to take a retrospect of the vanished seasons, which have passed amid exalting pleasures to some, and the causes of deep grief to others,—loss by death of the wife, the husband, the child, the friend,—hopes blighted when their fruition seemed approaching,—the radiance of joy obscured by the clouds of guile, of calumny, and of deception,—and the heart, redolent of the kindliest feelings, doomed to endure, unjustly, the pang of disappointment, the torture of treachery, and the heart-breaking of every bad passion and bad feeling; more and more powerful will become the conviction, that thrice happy are they who, amid the thorns and briers of this world,

> "Can lay their just hands on the golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity."

True it is that nothing stands still. While man is arrayed against his fellow man, the hidden operations of nature are proceeding in their silent but unerring course, and all for good, — mute as the tongue of true charity, secret as the hand of true benevolence, which neither seeks earthly ostentation nor earthly praise, but, like the workings of Nature herself, does all for good.

It is true that, to the careless and indifferent observer, the scene presented around during the winter months may seem to partake of the character of desolation, and to present no object worthy of the least attention. But it is not so with the true lover of rural life. All seasons are nearly the same to him,—the beautiful youth of spring, the full splendour of summer, the rich maturity of autumn,—even the seeming desolation of winter; for if the flower-roots are sleeping the sleep as of death,—if the woods are denuded of their glorious costume,—if the sylvan chorus is hushed,—if the days are short and gloomy,

and the hooting of the owl resounds through the scene lately gladdened by the gushing melody of the matchless bird of night,—he is never disposed to shake from his mind the conviction that a process is at work which, although it may be accompanied with gloom and the waste of the desert, is not only essential for the renewal of life and vigour, but derives increased attraction on the score of contrast alone, —a zest which bears a precise ratio to the silent but essential operations of Nature herself, directed by the hand of unerring wisdom.

There is in Nature nothing but what is beautiful,—nothing unworthy of admiration,—nothing but what demands thankfulness; and the disregard which is by many paid to her productions, reflects no honour upon those who evince it. Happily, however, all minds are not so constituted; and it is, after all, a source of high gratification to perceive that the study of everything, even remotely connected with the productions of nature, of whatever character, is making rapid strides, opening the temple of true wisdom, and inviting even the comparatively ignorant to walk in, and to partake of its advantages, its pleasures, its blessings.

January is the severest month of the season. That it is attended with much privation to the poor labourer is beyond dispute. That, in the highest desolation of winter, a peculiar degree of grandeur is presented around, cannot be denied. A nipping frost may bind the streams and pools in icy chains, and force the wild aquatic birds to seek the larger rivers. The snow, a welcome visiter to the farmer in many respects, may descend with feathery wings upon the earth, clothing it with a pure robe — a world of unsullied whiteness, and of almost unbroken silence; but there are both beauty and nature in the prevalence of frost and snow. If, as is the case in some instances, the former, left to its own operation, be a destroyer, the latter is at hand as a peaceful protector. The young wheats, beautifully green in their winter garb, and many a flower-root sleeping along the lines of the hedge-rows and the copses, as well as upon meadow and moorland, are wrapped in the snowy mantle, and protected from the effects of the chilling-frost, like to the infant, screened by its mother, the widowed wanderer, from the biting blast, blessing it with the warmth of her own bosom, and waiting only for the prevalence of the sunny ray to lay bare the encompassing robe. How beautiful, too, the woods, on which the snow has descended, or when every branch is covered with the crystal rime!—a fairy palace, indescribable in beauty, as well as unattainable by the imitative exercise of the nicest art; yet frail withal as the frost-work of error before the warm glance of the sun of truth. The ivy, then, is more conspicuous, hanging its green festoons on countless trees, clinging with pertinacious grasp, like deep prejudice to the mind, until decay and ruin are the inevitable consequences; while the solemn sentinel yew seems to assume an aspect of deeper solemnity, and of more cautious watchfulness. In the depths of the winter woods, as the footsteps of the stranger are bent onwards, the feeling of loneliness and desolation, yet possessing grandeur withal, becomes more and more impressive, heightened, if possible, by the want of that sweet summer chorus which resounds through the summer months; and if an unexpected sound falls suddenly upon the ear, it is that of the watchful carrion crow, or the deep and ominous croak of the raven, the sudden rush of the wood-hare; or, at nightfall, the sharp bark of the wily fox; or, at some sudden turn the "Good night!"

of the woodman, as he is proceeding homewards to his own cottage, from the humble window of which the cheerful wood-fire is throwing its welcome light.

How fantastic, too, the display upon the window-panes at this season of the year, after the frost of night. Here, is a mass of feathery plumes; there, a group of flowers in almost every variety of form, bringing to the remembrance the thought of the sunny fields of May. Here, is the frightful rock, beetling over the angry surge: there, some old feudal castle, with its unassailable keep, the scene of many a deed of crime and bloodshed,—the playful sport of fancy,—or the matchless tracery of some fairy finger. Yet a long continuance of frost and snow inflicts many severe privations upon the tiller of the soil — the village labourer: in many instances he is deprived of the usual means of employment, and, consequently, of subsistence; and, undergoing severe suffering, his condition should never be disregarded by the charitable and the wealthy. Nor less in large towns, those who, through the inclemency of the weather, or other unavoidable causes, are also thrown out of employment. If, in the one case, the hand of charity should be extended, the like praiseworthy example should be followed in the other.

The continuance of severe frost and snow deprives the fox-hunter of his usual means of invigorating and exciting exercise; and many an anxious look is cast to the least indication of a favourable change in the weather. Nevertheless, there is full employment for the gun in the hardy pursuit of wild-fowl, which abound the more during the long continuance of a severe storm. Nor is the attention confined to these especial favourites. Wandering along the margin of the woods, the eye is greeted with the sight of a host of wild pigeons; yet, cautious of the approach of man, they hurry on the wing, making the wood resound with their boisterous uprising, dropping, perhaps, on the neighbouring turnip-lands, yet placing watch-birds in the adjacent trees to give alarm to the whole flight, in case of any coming danger. On the hedge-row trees the starlings are screaming and preening themselves in the sun; while the fieldfares are busily feeding on the fruit of the thorn-trees, exulting and commingling in the most harmonious manner, yet timid and wary of the approach of the stranger. It frequently happens, however, that the skylarks, assembled in large flocks, have forsaken their usual localities, and taken up their abode nearer the sea-shore, until the return of milder and more favourable weather. The rambles of the gunner, on these occasions, will, however, frequently bring him in contact with the rarer species of winter birds; and if he be a lover of the delightful science of ornithology, redolent, as it is, of the woods and streams, the mountain, and the moorland, the open common and the tangled brake, the pool and the river, he will not disregard the opportunity of making additions to the interesting stores of his own museum.

During the prevalence of severe frost and deep snow the operations of the plough have wholly ceased, as well as nearly all other field-labours. The farming man is slowly driving his team along the lanes, dragging a heavy load of farm-yard manure to the required spot. The farmer's boy, breathing upon his chilled fingers from time to time, or striking each hand upon the opposite shoulder, is cutting the turnips for the flock of quiet sheep; and a discontented knot of rooks, perched upon the neighbouring tree-tops, are silently watching the needful

operation, and marking the approach of every horse on the line of the adjacent road, or waiting for the return of the cart, after its load has been upshot,—a welcome banquet when all other resources have failed them; while the partridges are niding near the lee of the adjacent wood, and high over head a flock of wild geese, assuming the form of a figure of 7, are hurrying, with a cackling cry, to their feeding-ground during the night, immediately followed by the mallard and his mate, seeking a similar locality, at the rate of upwards of sixty miles an hour. The stroke of the flail resounds on the thrashing-floor of the barn. The young horses, and the young cattle, pigs, poultry, and pigeons, mingle in harmonious contact, feeding upon the refuse thrown out by the laborious thrasher; as the former himself overlooks the scene for a time, and then retires to his own fireside—the blazing hearth, rendered, if possible, more bright, and certainly more characteristic and comfortable by the gracefully curling smoke of his own pipe, and the sparkling of the true October.

Night descends upon the earth with marvellous rapidity. The first star of eve, unfurling his signal banner to his compeers, calls forth the whole radiant army of Heaven, the divisions of which emulate each other with their brilliant coruscations. The air is more chill and piercing; and the sounds which met the ear during the day become fainter and fainter. A pale light is gleaming from the cottage window, presenting a striking contrast to the bright blaze from the curtained room of the wealthy cultivator. But the village inn resounds with the mirth-making of a number of wandering "potters," or dealers in earthenware, who have accidentally met together in the course of their peregrinations. These gradually subside; and a spirit of drowsy stillness broods over the village, broken only at intervals by the striking of the clock in the old tower of the village church.

Previously to the arrival of this hour, provided the ground is clear of snow, the poacher, bent upon his prowling and destructive expedition, has secretly left his cottage,—an untidy habitation,—by the back-door, and proceeding along the margin of the old orchard and the old croft, has reached the ancient village stile and field-footpath, pursuing the nearest way to the well-preserved cover, but avoiding the turnpike road or public highway, as places presenting the chance of his "whereabout," and likely to lead to his detection. The poacher generally ascertains whether the keeper is from home, or laid up with illness,—even whether the hounds are to visit the locality next day. Under the latter circumstance, he avoids the road which he is pretty certain will be taken by the earth-stopper in the nearest direction to the earths. But the thorough-paced poacher cares little about *him;* for he can always see the light of his lantern, and is therefore presented with sufficient warning to avoid the possibility of coming in contact with that important personage.

The poacher has, very probably, previously set a number of snares,—soon after night-fall, perhaps, whilst returning from his occupation in the fields or woods,—to be last visited on his return home; others he sets as he proceeds, to be taken up at the time just alluded to. He is accompanied by a well-trained dog, which never gives mouth in pursuit of game, and is kept during the day in the cellar, or some secret out-house. He is also provided with nets, which he uses in the most dexterous manner. For instance, if the hounds are to meet in that locality the next morning, the keeper has unlocked the gates of, per-

haps, the very best preserved covers, for the convenience of the huntsmen and the whips. The poacher avails himself of this circumstance, fully aware that, if he is successful, the loss of the game will be attributed to the supposed circumstance of the hounds having driven the whole away by drawing the covers for Master Reynard, leaving the secret poacher unsuspected. He is well acquainted not only with the very spots where the largest number of hares as well as pheasants abound, but the readiest and most effectual methods of securing them, avoiding the use of the gun for the destruction of the latter, the report of which may give the alarm, and armed only with nets and snares, assisted by his dog, for securing the former. Imagine him tracing the outside of the cover, stopping up the "runs" in some instances, or placing snares in others, bearing in mind that at the same time the objects of his pursuit are feeding in the "open" immediately adjoining the cover. Imagine him, when all is silent around, as he stands in the lee of the wood, listening, with his dog at his heels, if anything unusual is astir. All is comparatively quiet and secure; and an idea is floating in his mind that the keeper has been spending the evening with the huntsman at the village inn, where the pack has been stopping for the night. Imagine him, having advanced with the most silent caution, arrived at the unlocked gate which leads into the very heart of the cover. He opens it wide, but with great caution, lest it should creak upon its crooks, and occasion alarm.

The gate is thus placed wide open; while his faithful dog, that perfectly understands the whole operation, is a mute spectator, only awaiting the word or signal of command to perform his portion of the duty. The net is then unfurled, the ear of the poacher being occasionally upraised to mark and make himself doubly assured that all is safe. All is as mute as death, — the winds are hushed, and not a branch is stirring,—although it would suit his purpose better, if the breath of midnight were breathing rather loud through the whole well-preserved cover. The upper part of the net is tied fast a little below the top of each gate-post: the lower portion is pegged securely to the ground,—so managed, however, as to leave the net somewhat *pursed*. All is now ready,—and all secure. The poacher, armed with a stout stick, takes his stand behind one of the gate-posts, and immediately speaks to his dog—"Snap! Snap! good dog! go along!" Away darts the lurcher at a tremendous rate. He takes, in the first instance, a wide range,—comes nearer and nearer, so that nothing can escape him. The timid hares are alarmed from their feeding ground, and hurry away, for the security of the cover. Their "runs" through the fence are stopped up; and they are compelled to fly to the gate. One after another goes bolt into the net, and becomes entangled in its meshes. The weapon of the poacher is upraised; and as each victim presents itself, he deprives it of existence by a heavy blow on the head.

Thus, in the course of a short time, a valuable booty is secured; and he prepares for his return homewards, his faithful dog obeying the summons by a peculiar but low-sounding whistle. As he proceeds in that direction, he manages to take up the wires which had been set in the first instance; and he finds, perhaps, that his burden has become further augmented. Under these circumstances, he may find it extremely needful to avoid the open fields, and take a nearer cut through the wood, with all the intricacies of which he is perfectly well acquainted. The solemn aspect, and the mysterious sounds of the woods,

at midnight, might appal the stranger; but these appal not him. He is familiar with all; and his correct and listening ear can immediately tell, amid the usual dissimilarity of noises of the midnight woods, whether they proceed from the footfall of any human being—the only sounds of danger to him. The hooting and shouting of the owls,—the fearful croak of the midnight raven,—the sharp bark of the fox,—the rustle of the foremart amid the dead leaves,—the quick progress of the weasel,—the deep, mysterious tones breathed through the solemn yew and the crowded host of Scotchfirs,—and the varied voices, which, commingling, swell the chorus of all the occupants of the solemn midnight sanctuary,—these are as familiar to his ear as the song of the lark, the thrill of the thrush, the shout of the blackbird, or the coo of the wood-dove, during the merry months of spring, or the splendour of summer. Proceeding up one riding, and down another, crossing the old bridge at the end of the mill-stream, advancing along the margin of the old common, and so onwards, he reaches his own cottage, stows away his booty,—the sale of which is probably left to his wife, retires to rest, and goes to his work in the morning, unsuspected, as if nothing had happened during the preceding night; thus completing, probably, his poaching propensities for the season, and, as is almost invariably the case at some time or other, spending the proceeds of his illegal and dangerous practices amid scenes of swagger, drunkenness, and riot.

MY SOLDIER-BOY.

VERSES FOR MUSIC BY DR. MAGINN.

I give my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know,
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood,
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun.
For country's claim, at honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise—
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heart-felt strains
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

THE SADDLE.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

S Jem Cullum rode home from Swindon fair, a gipsy woman met him in the way.

"What a pity," said the sybil, "that such a handsome young farmer should be a bachelor."

Jem Cullum was no friend to the gipsy tribe, but this bit of well-timed flattery was too much for his vanity; besides, he wished to learn how the woman came to know that he was a bachelor.

"Coom, coom, none o' yer gammon, missus," said he, laughing. "I ben't a varmer, and I ben't handsome, anyhow."

"I dare say many a young 'oman wishes you warn't," replied the gipsy. "I 'll be bound the squire's daughter don't think you so much amiss, neither, in that red wais'cot. Ah! you may blush, young man; but you were born under a lucky star — ay, a very lucky one, indeed. Cross my hand with a shilling, my handsome master, and I 'll tell ye yer fortune."

"Dald, if that ben't a good un!" cried Jem, thrusting his right hand to the bottom of his breeches pocket, and fishing up a shilling. "But how coomd 'e to know as I was a zingle man?"

The gipsy's dark eyes twinkled: she saw that her bait had taken, and that the gull was hooked.

"Oh! it doesn't want a conjurer to tell that," was the reply. "I could see it with half an eye."

"Ah! yer dogged 'cute," rejoined the conceited rustic, with a grin. "But coom, here 's the money. Now tell m' what good luck 's to happen to m'."

He tossed the shilling to the fortune-teller, and stretched out his paw, which she seized and examined with great attention.

"Ah!" cried the dispenser of good luck, "I said so! That line shows you will marry a handsome rich lady, and that tells me you will some day have a pretty round sum left you as a legacy. I told you, you were born to good luck, master."

"Well, maybe I be," observed Jem, grinning; "but it 's a long time comin'."

"Wait a bit longer, and you 'll find that I 've told you the truth," continued the gipsy.

"Well, well, we zhall zee all about it zome day," cried Jem; and, giving his horse the spur, he jogged on down the road.

Mr. James Cullum was the most conceited sample of mortality in the whole parish. He had learned to read and write at the village school, and, by an occasional visit to the neighbouring town, he had picked up a few words and phrases with which he sometimes "bothered" his neighbours, who thought Jem "a mortal sprack chap;" but in truth he was a great fool, so crammed with vanity, that it eclipsed the little sense he originally possessed.

Jem followed the noble profession of a farrier and horse-doctor, and sometimes added to his gains by dealing in horses or pigs, or any kind of live stock by which a trifle might be made. As he rode home, he pondered on the words of the gipsy woman, which, albeit he had grinned when they were uttered, made a deep impression on his vanity.

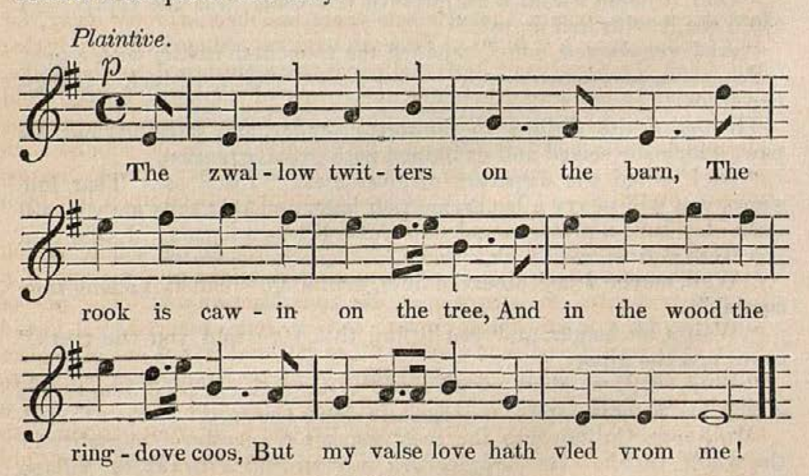
"What," thought he, "if I was to become a rich man, and live in a girt house, and ha' zarvants o' me own! Many mwore unlikely thengs than *that*. Poor people *may* become rich uns; and when people be rich, everybody looks up to 'em. That Miss Rosa—her 's a very nice body, and mortal good-natured. A ain't got a bit o' pride—noa, not a mossel."

Here his reverie was disturbed by a violent shock, which nearly sent him over the head of his steed. So completely was his mind occupied by the bright visions which the fortune-teller had conjured up, that he did not perceive the turnpike gate was shut, and accordingly rode plump upon it, which caused the "'pike-man" to utter an extemporary benediction upon his carelessness.

Mr. Cullum's *chateaux en Espagne* occupied him too much to permit him to return the greeting of the 'pike-man, and he went on his way still musing.

"My owld uncle," thought he, "ain't made up 's mind to die 'et;—but a med as well, vor what use a 's on. I wonders what th' owld bwoy 'll leave I? I dare zay Jack Smith thenks *he 'll* go snacks in 't. A 's allus carneyin' ov un, and takin' th' owld chap presents—vust one theng, then 'nother; but 'twon't do, I kneows. Master Pearce be a rummish customer, and old birds ben't cot wi' chaff."

As he passed the end of a green lane, Jem Cullum heard a human voice carolling at its highest pitch a favourite song of the district. The singer was mounted on a little rough-coated pony, and Jem perceived that it was a lad who lived in the village. But we must give our readers a sample of this ditty.



II.

Like tiny pipe of whaten straw,
   The wren his leetle note doth zwell,
And every livin' theng that vlies,
   Ov his true love doth vondly tell.

III.

But I alowne am left to pine,
And zet beneath th' withy tree;
For truth and honesty be gone,
And my valse love hath vled vrom me!

"What a martal doleful strain th' be'st a zengin', Joe," observed Cullum, as the vocalist emerged from the lane, and joined him. "What, ain't Zally good-natured, eh?"

"Oh, I l'arned thuck zong at Highworth last Lammas," replied Joe, grinning, "and I zengs un to plaze mezelf."

"And th' mak'st a noise like a dumbledore in a pitcher," remarked Cullum. "Plague take all zengin' and music, I zay. The best music in the world 's two vlails and a cuckoo!"

"Ah! that 's your way o' thenkin'," rejoined Joe. "I likes a good ballet, 'specially when a body 's got zummut to whet 's whistle the while. That 's a sprack mare o' yourn, Maester Cullum."

"I b'lieves a is," said the farrier, urging his steed to a full trot. "Come along."

The confabulation ceased for a time, and the two worthies soon entered the village, when the first news that reached the ears of Cullum was the serious illness of his uncle, who had suddenly dropped down in a fit while conversing at his own door with a neighbour.

"Ah!" thought he, "the gipsy wasn't much out!"

Having put up his steed, Cullum repaired to the humble dwelling of his dying relative, to whom he was next of kin.

About an hour afterwards Jem Cullum was seen coming up the village, with a visage anything but expressive of good temper. Old Pearce had yielded his last breath surrounded by a few friends and relatives, to whom, being speechless, he had made several little presents. When pressed upon the subject of his *will*, the old man shook his head in token that he had not made one; and young Jack Smith found that his attentions during the last ten years had been thrown away, for Jem Cullum was heir to all. This all, however, comprised very little; and when the remains of Master Pearce were consigned to the grave, Jem began to pry into every hole and corner of the house for the "old stocking," in which his uncle was supposed to have secreted his savings. Disappointment, however, attended his researches; he only found such personal effects as belonged to an old bachelor of very humble means, whose income was derived from a small annuity settled upon him by a gentleman to whom he had once been groom.

Among a number of odd things in a closet was an old saddle, which Jem took home to his own house, thinking it might save his own if a neighbour wanted to borrow. It was a very antiquated affair, out of repair, and not worth half-a-crown; but, as Jem observed, "it would do to lend, and would save t' other;" so he kept it, not out of respect to the memory of his deceased uncle, but for economy, — a matter to which Jem had, from his youth upward, a careful eye. He was a saving lad, both by nature and habit, and could drive a bargain with any man for twenty miles round; in fact, under an apparently stupid and clownish demeanour, he masked a good deal of the cunning usually found in such characters.* When at Swindon Fair, he met with a horse-dealer who took a fancy to his mare; but the man would not give

* An old London trader was wont to say, that if a Yorkshire bagman ever called upon him, he invariably buttoned up his breeches pocket, and inwardly swore

enough by several pounds, and so they parted without coming to a bargain.

Some time after, Jem Cullum went to Burford Fair upon the same mare, when he met with the aforesaid "dealer."

"Well," said the would-be buyer, "you haven't sold your mare yet? I suppose you've come down a bit in price by this time?"

"Noa, I ain't," replied Jem.

"Well, what *will* ye take now?"

"Just what I axed vor her avore."

"That's a good deal too much; but the creter looks a good un."

"A *is* a good un," replied Jem, patting the neck of the animal,—"as good a bit o' hoss-vlesh as a body can put's two legs acr*a*ss."

"Ay, ay, that's what every seller says."

"That's what *I* says," observed Cullum; "and I won't take a varden less vor her iv I kneows it."

"Well, if you won't, you won't," replied the man; "and so I suppose I must have have her at your price—saddle and all?" he added, with a grin at the quaint-looking object."

"Oh, noa, noa! I wants he at whoame," said Jem; "can't zell 'e he no how!"

"Well, well, tak't off, and just tie her on to that string of hosses," rejoined the dealer; "and while I go and get chainge for a pound-bill at the bank, you go and order a couple of glasses of licker at the inn. I'll be with 'e in five minutes."

"What'll 'e ha'?" asked Jem, calling after him.

"Cold without," bawled the dealer.

Cullum entered the inn, and calling for the liquor, observed that the gen'elman would be there in a minute, and pay for the two glasses.

"Oh, very well, sir," said the waiter, looking well at the features and dress of his customer, for he had been bilked once or twice, and had read of the exploits of Dando in the London newspapers.

Jem Cullum sipped his liquor, and looked around him. He read all the notifications hung up in the room, and began to spell the contents of a county paper more than a week old. He then looked at the clock; more than half an hour had passed away, and the horse-dealer did not come.

"Martal strainge," muttered Jem. "I'll gwo and zee what's become ov un."

With these words he walked to the door, but no dealer was to be seen; and, looking still further, he perceived that his mare was not among the other horses, on a string a short distance off. Upon inquiry nobody appeared to know the man with whom he had been dealing: and he learnt to his dismay that the string of horses did not belong to him;

to have no dealings with him. Not so with those from the west of England; for sometimes he trusted to their representations, but found, at length, that the West-countrymen, by their affectation of simplicity, had, as sailors say, "got the weather-gauge" of him completely. We were once told a story of the meeting of a couple of horse-dealers, one a Yorkshireman and the other a Bristolian, at a town in Hampshire. Both had faulty horses, and they mutually resolved to cheat each other. After some haggling, the Yorkshireman exchanged his beast with the West-countryman, giving him five guineas besides. As soon as the bargain was struck, and the money paid, the Yorkshireman exclaimed, "Ha! I've doon thee, lad; the poor beast is damnably spavined!"—"He! he! he!" chuckled the Bristolian, "that's very odd; but do you know, that when I looked into my hoss's mouth this morning, I *vound his tongue a hanging by a vibre!*"

—he had only used them as a post for a few minutes, in order to lull suspicion in Jem's mind.

In the midst of the wonderment which ensued, a little boy in a smock frock came up.

"Was thuck mare your'n, zur?" asked the urchin.

"Eez, to be zhure a was," replied Jem eagerly,—"where is a?"

"Oh, hur's a longish way off by this time," said the boy, "vor I zeed a man gallop out o' th' town 'pon her, pretty nigh ha'f an hour zence."

"The devil you did!" groaned Jem.

The novelist of some thirty years since would here diaper the page with stars, and leave the reader to picture to himself the distress of the plundered clodpole, — but this retreat is denied to us. Jem Cullum roared like a madman; he by turns cursed the fellow who had plundered him, and called upon the bystanders to go in pursuit of the thief, promising them the most extravagant rewards in the event of their capturing him. Some pitied, others derided the poor farrier, while the more humane advised him to go home, and draw up a hand-bill describing his mare, and offering a sum of money to those who could give information respecting her.

Jem considered this advice deserving attention, and strapping the saddle on his own back, trudged homeward, with a heavy heart. As he entered the village, a crowd of children came around, and began to stare at the man who had put the saddle on his own back; the very dogs joining in the outcry of old and young at his strange equipment.

The next day, Jem Cullum borrowed a horse of a neighbour, and rode many miles in search of his lost mare, but his inquiries were fruitless, and he was compelled to give up all thoughts of regaining her, for not a creature did he meet who could give any account of the thief,—the mare was irrecoverably lost,—"clean gone," as he expressed it, "like old Molly Little's eyezight!"

About a week afterwards, Jem Cullum was aroused from his midnight slumbers by a noise below-stairs. Something was stirring in the kitchen; Jem felt nervous, held his breath, and listened.

"Ha!" thought he, "perhaps it's the rascal who stole my mare, come to zee what else a can rob m' ov. I'll bide still. A won't vind much down stairs."

As this passed in his mind, there was a loud noise below, like the breaking open a cupboard or a chest of drawers: the thief, it was plain, had made up his mind to ferret out every hole and corner. Jem felt the perspiration start from every pore. What if the plunderer should finish the night's work by coming up stairs and cutting his throat? The thought was horrible; escape was impossible, and he might be murdered in his bed, without his old deaf servant hearing of it until the morning.

While he lay in this horrible suspense, Jem thought he heard the thieves leaving the house: he held in his breath, and listened. They were certainly quitting the kitchen; but then, the noise among the poultry, of which he kept a considerable number, plainly told that they were determined to levy a tax on his live-stock: several hens uttered stifled noises, as if choking, and a duck's breath seemed to depart all at once, in a smothered "quaaaa-ack."

"The wosbirds!" thought Jem, "they'll not leave a vowl in the yard!"

At length the noises subsided, and all was silent as the grave. Jem lay counting the hours, and praying for morning dawn. Morning at length came, and then Mr. Cullum crept from his pallet, scratched his head, yawned, and looking out of the window, took a survey of the premises ere he ventured to descend.

Having satisfied himself that the coast was clear, Jem proceeded to call up the aged creature who performed for him the joint duties of housekeeper, cook, and maid of all work, and then master and servant proceeded down stairs to reconnoitre.

The farrier's sad forebodings were realised; the kitchen and outhouses were stripped of everything portable, and chanticleer came strutting up to him, without a single mate, the skeleton of the poultry yard!

Among other things, the thieves had taken away the old saddle, along with a better one: not an article above the value of threepence had been left in the place!

This cruel plundering nearly drove Jem mad. He was heard at times to deal in vague surmises as to the honesty of his neighbours, some of whom he suspected had paid him the nocturnal visit. Then he cursed the gipsy woman, who had assured him of good fortune, and swore he would bring her before the justices, let him meet her when he would. But nobody cared for his surmises, or his threats, and few pitied him, for he was always looked upon as a greedy, selfish fellow.

A few days afterwards, while Jem Cullum was at the neighbouring town, a parcel was delivered at his house by the carrier. On reaching home, Jem was informed of its arrival, when he eagerly set to work to open it. It was carefully made up in a piece of old sacking, and cutting open the seams, he discovered, to his great astonishment, that it contained *the old saddle!*

"Dald if it be n't th' owld zaddle agen!" exclaimed he. "Luk 'e here, Patty."

"Massey upon uz!" cried the old woman, lifting up her eyes, "zo it be!"

"And cut all to pieces!" continued Jem, pulling off its covering; "how cussed spiteful ov 'em! Hallo! here 's a letter."

Sure enough a letter was inside. We give it *verbatim et literatim:*

"*Mester Cullum*

"*i sends you back your saddell koz its sutch a cusnashun rum looking hudmedud of a theng that pipl woll no it direckly them dux o yourn warnt so bad butt the fouls was dam skinney i hopes nother time theal bee fater so no moor at preasent from your frends.*"

Jem Cullum, as he finished reading this elegant epistle, swore an oath which would sadly grate on ears polite.

"I wishes the ducks was in their gutses," added he, "veathers and all!"

Old Patty was too deaf to hear this benediction, but she saw her master's perturbed countenance, and muttered, "Zo they be, Maester Cullum; they 'd rob a church."

Jem Cullum continued to mutter curses upon his tormentors as he beheld how the saddle had been cut all to pieces by the thieves who had despoiled him.

"It 's aggrivation," said he, "the malicious wosbirds! how 'll they

zar' m' next? Anyhow, the leather 'll be useful," and he tore off a piece as he spoke, when out tumbled a piece of dirty paper.

"What's that?" thought Jem, picking up the paper and unfolding it; "I'm blest iv 'taint pound bills! hurror! hurror! Luk 'e here, Patty! here's owld uncle's zavins bank! hurror!"

With these words he commenced capering about the kitchen with the notes in each hand, to the wonderment of old Patty, who thought him quite bereft of his wits.

"Hurror!" cried Jem again; "this 'll make up for the mare and the fowls too! *The gipsy's right after all!* I'll go to chuch next Sunday, and zet just avore Miss Rosa, that I will."

TO A FOUNTAIN IN HYMETTUS.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

—— *γλαυκεων Χαριτων θαλος, καλλικομων μελεδημα, σε μεν Κυπρις ατ' αγανοβλεφαρος Πειθω ροδεοισιν εν ανθεσιν θρεψαν.*

IBYCUS *ap. Athenæum.*

These infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

O PURE and limpid fountain,
What snow on Alpine mountain
Sparkles like thee?
While on thy turf reclining,
Our features soft and shining
In thee we see.
The zephyrs flitting o'er thee,
O fount, methinks adore thee,
And linger still,
With winglets light and tender
O'er thine eyes of splendour,
And drink their fill.

A thousand sunny flowers
Their fragrance, like rich dowers,
Around thee shed;
And through the woodbine branches
No breeze its coldness launches
On thy calm bed.
Sunshine upon thee slumbers,
As if thy rills' sweet numbers
Lull'd it to rest;
The stars of night and morning
For ever are adorning
Thy crystal breast.

About thy banks so fragrant,
That little rose-winged vagrant,
Cupid, is seen;
And in thy silv'ry waters
Bathe the mild Goddess-daughters,
In Beauty's sheen.
The Dryads rob'd in brightness,
With feet of fawnlike lightness,
The Graces Three,
Beneath the golden glances
Of Hesper weave their dances,
O fount! round thee.

Pan leaves his rosy valleys,
And by thy brightness dallies
All day,—and wakes
Echo—the forest haunting—
Up with the notes enchanting
His wild pipe makes.
Here, too, at times resorted,
Fair Venus, when she sported
With am'rous Mars.
Their hearts with passion beating,
And none to view their meeting,
But the lone stars.

Play on, thou limpid fountain,
Eternal as yon mountain
Olympus-crown'd:
Gush on—in light Elysian,
As Poet's shape-fill'd vision,
Or Apollo's round.
The smiles of Heaven above thee,
And the stars to love thee,
Fount, thou shalt glide
From thy crystal portal,
Strong, beauteous, and immortal,
Whate'er betide.

OLD GREEN, OFFLEY'S REGULAR CUSTOMER.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

In some one or other of the Spanish novels there is an account of a very systematic gentleman, who, from enjoying himself continually, and having no visible occupation, came under the polite consideration of the police. Polite it was, for an alguazil waited upon him one morning, before his habitual hour of rising, and requested to be informed how his excellency "carried on the war," hinting the while that some of the vile and unworthy suspected him of being connected with a band of robbers; and that, on the other hand, the superstitious and uncharitable believed him to have dealings with the devil. The question, knotty as it seemed, was soon unravelled. The Don rose; put on his unmentionables, and drew from the pocket thereof a large old-fashioned key, which he applied to the lock of an old oak chest, and throwing it open, displayed to the swimming eyes of the alguazil a goodly store of dollars.

"These," said he, "are the fruit of long toils in the Indies. I regulate my daily expenditure so that, should God grant me the utmost length of days allotted to human life, there will be yet enough to provide for my funeral, and purchase masses for my soul's repose."

The alguazil bowed profoundly to the philosophic proprietor of dollars, declared him to be a most exemplary citizen, and withdrew.

Now, if old Green had lived in Madrid instead of London, he would have arrested the attention of the police; and the police, by way of retort-courteous, would have arrested him. He was quite as solitary and mysterious an individual as the Spaniard, but he had not the theatric deportment, nor had he the chest of dollars, though he had that which might purchase it a hundred times told. In a word, he

would not have done at all for Madrid, nor Madrid for him; but he did very well for London, and London, in return, for him.

For some twenty years old Green passed at Offley's the only portion of each day and night which he devoted to anything like social converse. He occupied apartments at a boot-maker's in Piccadilly; for the use whereof, together with the small charges of his ceremonial breakfast, and his washing, he paid punctually every Monday morning. No man, woman, or child, ever visited him. No creature, in fact, ever came into the presence of his lares, except the household maid of all work, or the hebdomadal apparition of the Mycyllus, or his wife, to receive the amount of the bill, and deposit the receipt. He never condescended to throw a glance on either book or newspaper.

The only extensive journey he ever took was to Brighton. He had been advised horse-exercise, and change of air, blue pill, &c. for dyspepsia, by Abernethy; and he purchased a horse—a weight-carrier necessarily, and at a high price indeed, — and, after three days of a painful progress, he arrived at Brighton. Weeks went by. Green fed plentifully; after a little, sat easily in an easy chair; soon he came to walk without straddling; lived on the best, — paid his bill punctually every Monday for his own personal consumption of all (and they were numerous) which our neighbours, in their familiar addresses to the public, style *objets de consommation;* but he never once bethought him of making the slightest inquiry whatsoever touching the inconvenient quadruped which Abernethy had prescribed for him. Other weeks went on: Green liked his inn; and not being a beggar, and never having had any ambition to ride to the devil, he had quite forgotten the animal whose motions had excited his brain, upon the principle of counter-irritation, more effectually than it was ever set in motion before or since. He was roused, however, to the consciousness of the horse's existence by the ostler's presenting himself before him with a grave bow, and professional tug of the fore-knot, and informing him that he was sorry to say that Mr. Green's horse had been stolen over-night.

"Ah!" said Green, applying his hand as though in philosophic reminiscence to a quarter which had been injured; "never mind! just tell me what's to pay for his keep."

He returned from Brighton shortly afterwards, and never again trusted himself out of London, or upon anything except his own stout legs, saving on one occasion, when he made a voyage down the river *à la Turque.* He was a man built on the largest scale in every respect: considerably above six feet high, very bulky, yet very strong. In frame he was a worthy representative of Jack Falstaff, but here ceased the resemblance; for, never was there a less intellectual countenance than Green's, or one so grossly and dully sensual. He had a huge bullet-head, covered with hair of reddish brown, so closely cropped that it looked like a congregation of bristles. The eyes were large and prominent, and utterly without expression; the jaws huge and pendulous; so, too, was the double chin. The mouth was most capacious; the lips worthy of a Tâtar, and always moistened either in the enjoyment, the anticipation, or the recollection of food. He literally lived for but one sole purpose upon earth, and that was to eat. Much as he drank, — and he drank copiously of all manner of liquors, — he drank only to promote digestion. I say this confidently, for he obviously had no judgment whatsoever in wine or spirits. On the contrary, though voracious in his eating, he was nice in his choice, and a right good

judge both of the quality and cookery of what was served up to him. It was known that Green had been in business—it was supposed as a manufacturer of cloth; and he had retired some twenty years before the date I now contemplate, with a large capital, on the interest of which he lived. London was the scene of his proceedings: and they were very systematic. Immediately after breakfast he invested his person with a profusion of fine linen, and an enormous lace-frill, and according as the day looked serene or gloomy, he assumed either a bamboo-cane, or a large cotton umbrella, and shouldering this like a pike, he sallied forth to acquire an appetite for dinner. He walked on doggedly, exchanging no greeting, and not appearing to look either right or left, until he began to feel his appetite rising, which occasionally did not take place till eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and then he proceeded to order his dinner at the tavern where for a long series of years he had invariably dined. It was no uncommon thing to see a whole haunch of venison on his table, procured at an expense of several guineas, or a quarter of lamb at the like cost, following soup and fish.

The house he frequented was a second-rate tavern in New Street, Covent Garden, called the Swan. Here he dined in the upper room, at a small sulky-looking table, always reserved for him. He came every day; for as he never gave an invitation to dinner, so did he never accept one; nor perhaps did he ever receive one. He had no friend, no relation in the world, except a sister, whom he had discarded, and left to utter poverty, and all its worst consequences to a woman. Neither did he ever even sit at the same table with any one. Nothing could annoy him more than for a body to say to him during the process of dining, "How d'ye do, Mr. Green?" The reply was only a short, fierce grunt, like that of a grisly bear disturbed while discussing the carcass of a buffalo. To ask him to take wine was regarded as an injury, and resented by an angry motion accordingly. But he never stopped an instant until he had satisfied his voracity. He then sighed heavily, and addressed himself to his bottle, reposing in a sort of solemn silence, as though he had accomplished a great and virtuous action.

During this happy state, Green was unconsciously sitting many and many a time as a lay-figure for some of our first painters,—Maclise, Stanfield, Cattermole, Lewis. Certainly no better model for a gorged and drunken friar could have been found in the universe, and as such he appeared in Maclise's celebrated "Vow of the Peacock." As soon as Green had completed his digestion, and recovered his powers of locomotion, and finished his one or two bottles of wine as it might be, he shouldered his stick or umbrella, and marched off straight for Offley's. Here he joined a lot of old codgers who used to meet every night at the round table in Offley's great room, and who, as they respectively occupied their thrones, looked about as lively as the pre-Adamite Sultans, whose impassive countenances met the gaze of Vathek in the Hall of Eblis. This party consisted of six or seven old men, tradesmen of the neighbourhood, and sundry of them the deposed functionaries and former potentates of the select vestry of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden. The business of the day being over, they assembled to feel their independence as citizens, and assert, with a grave self-assumption, their importance as men. They had now only to pay their own way, instead of coaxing or extracting payment from others; and they enjoyed the solemn feeling that they had risen from shopkeepers

to Britons! They were no longer servants of the public, but an integral part of the free public itself. They had a right to express an opinion upon anything, (provided they could only form or find one,) from the foreign policy of our mighty empire, down to the parochial policy of their own limited precincts. All were decked out with a dull precision of decent dress; and the countenances of all proclaimed that their notions proceeded in the tread-mill round of their avocations and habitudes, and never could escape beyond. Nothing could be more aristocratic in the way of quietude and exclusiveness than the whole course of their jollification. They were calm and cold as fashion could desire at —— House; they never laughed nor talked loud; and they were equally averse to sharing their intellectual feast with any individual who had not been properly introduced and accredited. Green was; and, though not strictly *of* them, he never failed to be *with* them during the course of their compotation, which was carried on from about ten to twelve. He was free of their board, and his portly person lent grace to their assemblage. He told some inquirer how he was,—and then, after nods round, "took his state," and, unless he was provoked into some brief sentence, was thenceforth silent. But, if silent, he was a silent consumer; for he always contrived to carry away under his belt *one* of Frawley's mutton-chops *at least*, or a couple of Welsh rarebits, a bottle of stout, and a couple of *goes* of brandy. He would then retire to his bed with the sturdy strides of Ajax when retreating before the Jove-supported might of Hector and the Trojans.

At length Green's appetite began to fail him, and awfully grieved and alarmed was he. Medical advice was sought, and he was informed that he must submit to a regimen and a course of alteratives. This was not to be endured. He would not condescend to be one of those willing

"Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

He threw physic to the dogs, and ate on as well as he could; but his performances gradually decreased, and his spirit sunk within him. At length he called one morning at Lord's (the Swan), where he dined, and stated to the waiter, with tears in his eyes, that he should not try to dine there that day, for that it was of no use, and that he feared he should never dine again as formerly, and that it was horrible. The waiter sympathised with him with all a waiter's sympathy upon a subject so pathetic, and suggested something delicate to enter into treaty with his stomach, after a series of protocols of burnt brandy, or brandy and soda water. Green gave his head a melancholy and boding shake, and said it was no good.

He departed. No immediate alarm was excited, as in the case of the "ladye of the old oak chest;" but when he had committed the unprecedented absence from his lodgings, not simply of one, but of two nights, the boot-maker came in alarm to Lord's, to inquire after his correct and punctual lodger. No tidings! Lord's waiter had already been to Offley's — no tidings! The plenipotentiaries of the taverns and lodging-house met daily for a week, and they aided their consultations by constant reference to the round table and select vestry of Offley's, and to the square table near the window and its frequenters at Lord's.

Days passed, still no tidings! The magistrates were now visited by the persons pecuniarily interested in the fate of the missing man. The recommendation was, that the police should be employed to search for

him, and advertisements describing his person be issued, and a reward offered for information respecting him. This was done. No tidings! At length, after the expiration of nearly a month from the time he disappeared, his body was found near Rotherhithe. The watch was in the fob,—the pocket-book, well stored, in its place,—and all his recognised personal effects about him. His clothes bore no mark of violence, nor did his corpse, beyond some abrasions about the head and face, which obviously must have been received from contact with barge or vessel. The body was recognised by the plenipotentiaries who had conducted the inquiry touching his fate. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was, "Found drowned;" and it remains probably for that hour when no secrets shall be hid, to disclose in what manner, or under what circumstances, he met his fate.

Everything remained in his lodgings undisturbed. No paper was left behind him either to illustrate his past life, or indicate his future intentions or posthumous desires. It only *appeared* that he had some thirty or forty thousand pounds' worth of stock in the English and French funds; while there seemed reason to suppose he had money invested elsewhere. His neglected sister administered, and was raised from abject poverty to useless affluence. The object of committing wealth to the hands of such people is inscrutable. Who can here, with reference to the original possessor or the inheritor, point the moral?

THE DEATH OF PIERS DE GAVESTON.*

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"Now, by my soul, he dies! Sir Knights, I 've sworn ere I depart,
That Arden's black hound shall have blood, his teeth shall grind his heart!
The scornful stripling who hath dar'd to beard me to my face,—
By Heav'n, it makes me almost mad to brook such foul disgrace!"

Fiercely, and with impassion'd voice, the Earl of Warwick spoke,
And the deep tones through the lofty hall a murmuring echo woke;
The three knights sat in thoughtful mood, and by their half-drawn breath,
It seem'd as if their minds were one, and their resolve was death!

Then rose Earl Arundel, "Methinks Gaveston's fate is seal'd,
But there are things of grave import, I ween, should be reveal'd;
My Lord of Beauchamp! lead us forth, that we ourselves may see
How well the dainty Gascon and thy prison-hold agree."

* * * * *

On the mattress of a gloomy cell, in Warwick's ancient keep,
Lay a gallant form, and comely clad, whose eyes were clos'd in sleep;
The locks fell loosely o'er a brow that seem'd surpassing fair,
And features that had lovely been, but for their haughty air.

A smile was on his pallid cheek, a sneer his proud lip wore,—
Was he thinking of some courtly fête he mingled in once more?
Dark thoughts have veil'd that smile in shade, his hands are clench'd—he raves!
"*Ye* part me from my royal liege,—down, down, false abject slaves!"

He waken'd with a start—his naked arm had touch'd the steel
That bound him to the stony floor, on which was plac'd his meal,

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* Piers de Gaveston, although guilty of many follies, was the victim of gross treachery. Confiding in a treaty, by which his life was to have been spared, he became the dupe of Lords Warwick, Arundel, Hereford, &c., whose knightly honour had been pledged for its fulfilment. Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in conjunction with the others, conveyed him to his own castle, and thence to Blacklow Hill, a mile distant, where he was beheaded.

Rich leaven, with the choicest fruits and wines; but all in vain,
For they were spread beyond his reach, to mock his burning brain!

The door creak'd harshly on its hinge, and then 'twas open'd wide,
And Gaveston beheld the knights advance, with stately pride,
Their visors scarce conceal'd the ire that from their dark eyes burn'd,
But, unabash'd, each fiery glance the prisoner calm return'd.

"Methought ye would not wait for me to linger o'er yon food,
The vulture spurns the carrion cold, and slacks its thirst with blood!
Come on, bold traitors to your king! wreak all your rage on me,
And murd'ring him who scorns ye all, complete your treachery!"

Then loudly laughed Earl Hereford—"Ay, call upon your king,
And see if Edward to thine aid his myrmidons will bring.
The childish monarch is, like thee, a suppliant for life,
And soon the grave will hold ye both, and with it England's strife!"

The words came to the captive's soul wing'd as a pois'nous dart,
The head bow'd low to hide a tear, a chill came o'er his heart!
The shuddering frame too plainly told the fears for which 'twas moved;
They were not for himself, but for the master he had lov'd!

"What, whining now!" Lord Beauchamp cried. "Right glad I am 'tis thus;
The cub, in thinking of its sire, forgets to bark at us.
What say ye, lords, to this rare sport? The singing-bird is mute,
No more to strain o'er wassail cups, or sing to lady's lute!"

As a flash of lightning shoots athwart the gloomy folds of night,
Or a tiger glaring on his prey, the youth survey'd the knight:—
"It boots thy bravery to taunt a captive in thy cell;
But were I with thee in the field, it might not suit so well!"

"By my father's sword," the Earl replied, "one brief hour shall not pass
Before ye view the field ye crave, and mingle with its grass!
And even in death these towers of mine shall gaze upon thee still.
Mount! mount! my men, and lead him forth: he dies on Blacklow Hill!"

The torches shed a fitful gleam, as fast they spread along,
And the night-winds, ruffled by the tramp, pour'd forth a dirge-like song.
No time for pray'r—the neck was bent—the blade hung glitt'ring o'er—
"My king!" he murmur'd as it fell,—and Gaveston was no more!

* * * * * *

Oh! lonely is that place of blood; a huge cross marks the site
Where fell dishonour stain'd the shields long gain'd in valiant fight.
Ye who may gaze with awe-struck soul on that unhallow'd spot,
Mar not the sleep of death!—let all his frailties be forgot!

THE KNIGHTS OF YORE!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

They sleep! they sleep, those knights of yore,
  Amidst cathedral gloom,
And mould'ring banners drooping o'er,
  Emblazon forth each tomb!
A dauntless host, and true as brave
  Was that chivalrous race,
Who chose to rest in Glory's grave,
  Than brook with life's disgrace!

They live, they live, those warriors bold,
  By Time itself enshrin'd;
Their deeds, oft sung by bards of old,
  Survive in deathless mind!
All honour'd be their hallow'd dust,
  And treasur'd each high name—
They left it in their country's trust;
  Raise high the meed of fame!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSIC.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

The two Doctors—the Lion and the Lamb.

"Il y a plaisir d'être son malade: et j'aimerais mieux mourir de ses remèdes, que de guérir de ceux d'un autre."

"Throw physic to the dogs."

"The pharmacopœia is the primary book necessary to be studied by a young apprentice."—LUCAS.

"These animals are all very fond of *pulse*."—*Natural History.*

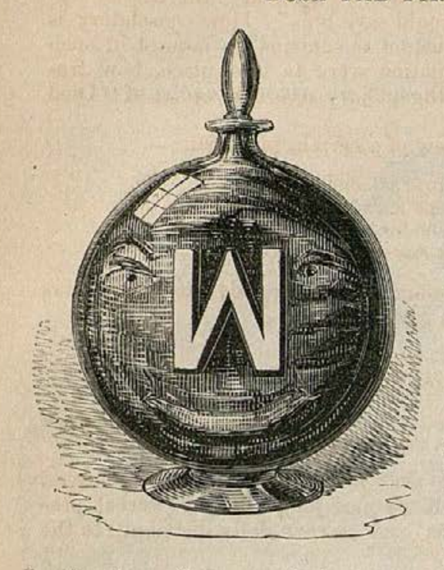
"S'GAN. Entendez-vous le Latin?
GERONTE. Non.
S'GAN. *Deus sanctus, estne* oratio latinus? *etiam*, oui. *Quare?* Pourquoi? *Quia substantivo et adjectivum, concordat in generi, numerum et casus!* Voilà, justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette."

'Ο βιος βραχυς ἡ δε Τεχνη μακρη.
"Vita brevis, sed ars longa."

"Signor Dottore, non c'è che questa differenza fra di noi—mentre che voi spogliate un uomo di tutto cio che possiede e poi lo uccidete; noi lo uccidiamo prima e lo spogliamo dopo."—*The Brigand to the Doctor.*

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."
"Your only thought of the *dead* must be—how to *bone 'em.*"

DOSE THE FIRST.



E think it essential to the right understanding of our views to commence by a few definitions.

"Doctor" and "physic" are two terms universally understood, and both too frequently misapplied. Now the less you take of the latter, the better for you; and the more the former takes of you,—the worse it will prove both for your body and your purse.

A "doctor" is a man dressed in black, with a *grave* countenance, (which is too often the forerunner of *death*,) who generally goes abroad armed with a stop-watch, a lancet, and, latterly, a stethoscope.

In the days of our youth he was wont to appear in a cocked-hat, with an amber-headed cane, and a small muff for his hands; but in these days of rapid progression and utilitarianism, there is considerably less personal pretension — outwardly — in the "medical adviser."

Being licensed to cure or kill (as the case may be), his deeds are never investigated, or his (presumed) infallibility called into question.

If a man die under the infliction of his remedies, he is supposed by law to have fallen a victim to the malady. He had "the best of advice, poor fellow! but nothing could save him." How consolatory is this!—and yet if it were the custom to summon an inquest in such cases, and a *post-mortem* examination were to take place, how frequently and justly would an intelligent jury record a verdict of "Died of—the Doctor!"

As Boileau writes to the nephew of a certain physician:—

"Ton oncle, dis-tu, l'assassin,
M'a guéri d'une maladie?
La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon médecin
C'est que—*je suis encore en vie!*"

How many who handle the pestle and mortar are only fitted by genius and education to carry a hod and mortar!

DOSE THE SECOND.

"Truly, I have found," quoth Panurge, "a great deal of good in the counsel of women, chiefly in that of the old wives amongst them."

Old women, especially among that invaluable class called nurses, are famous physicians,—that is, if we may judge by their verbal prescriptions, and the "advice gratis" which they daily distribute to the afflicted.

Their potions, it is true, generally contain ingredients not to be found in the pharmacopœia; but being more palatable than the "doctor's stuff," they are consequently more popular.

Their confidence in their infallible remedies induces them to dose their patients "right and left," (certainly not always *right*,) and in their own peculiar circle they are "most esteemed old women." And indeed there are many practitioners of the "old school," who are universally esteemed "old women," too, by the new school.

A PARENTHETICAL DIGRESSION.

Deeply impenetrated with the truth of the aphorism, that "Whatever is useful ought to be generally known," we submit the following approved and celebrated "domestic medicines" to the notice of the afflicted.

Anus loquuntur:—

A stick o' brimstone wore in the pocket is good for them as has cramps.

A loadstone put on the place where the pains is, is beautiful in the rheumatiz.

Cut off the legs of a mole and tie it on the buzzom, and you won't have no more fits.

When babbies is troubled with worms, the leastest drop o' gin give to 'em mornin's fasting will—kill 'em!

Warts, if ever so bad, will go, if the spittle 's used fasting o' mornin's. (So, in consequence, if mothers *lick* their babbies every mornin' afore breakfust, it 'll be good for 'em!)

For a cold:—a basin o' water-gruel, with half a quartern o' old rum in it, or a quartern, if partic'lar bad, with lots o' brown sugar, going to bed.

If you 've got the hiccups, pinch one of your wristes, and hold your breath while you count sixty,—or *get somebody to make you jump!*

If your nose bleeds, put the street-door key down your back.

If you have a cold in the head, and your nose is troublesome, and you want to get rid of it, rub the bridge with a morsel o' tallow.

The ear-ach. Put an ing'un in—your ear after it 's well roasted.

Among the Laplanders, their "medical adviser" is a conjuror, who utters his charms and incantations in a jargon unintelligible to his patient. Even in our enlightened isle the physician writes down in hieroglyphics, with an air of mystery, certain little words, (inflicted with incurable CONTRACTIONS,) which are only to be deciphered by his confederate—the apothecary.

But, notwithstanding all this specious appearance of necromancy, we must candidly confess we have ever understood that *our* respectable M.D.'s are—no conjurors!

Disease is to the doctor—nine cases out of ten—a riddle, and *he* proves himself the best who has cunning enough to *guess* it. The glaring fault of which he is culpable is, that he will not "give it up" when he finds it puzzles him, but still goes on groping and blundering in the dark. To be sure he never will nor can allow that he is able to "make nothing of it;" for if the party afflicted with the doctor — the disease, we should say—have the "wherewithal," the doctor is sure — to derive a great deal of benefit from his skilful applications, whatever contrary results may happen to the unfortunate sufferer.

DOSE THE THIRD.

"Whoever wishes to learn the business of a surgeon or apothecary, or both in one, should first consider whether he has talents, abilities, and learning to enable him to go through the duties of a laborious profession with credit to himself, and advantage to his fellow creatures."—*Tirocinium Medicum.*

The latter part of the above quotation would have been more appropriately written, "with *advantage* to himself, and *credit* (twelve months, or more) to his fellow-creatures;" for that is, after all, the bull's-eye of the target in which he must shoot his arrow, or rather stick his lancet.

A youth who has "walked the hospitals," and spent "I don't know how much" in cigars and "cold without," must, according to the canon of the first law of nature, self-preservation, begin to "look about him," as soon as the painful process of "trituratio," or "grinding," has enabled him to pass his examination.

He must take care not to let friends or relatives "steal a prescription," but charge them all. As for friendship and love, they are poetical fancies that he ought to root out of his brain (if he have any) as speedily as possible. A "Temple to Friendship, &c." and a "Temple to Love," are sheer nonsense, and all these affections of the nervous system ought to be eradicated,—they stand in the way of business.

"*Admoveantur hirudines ij. tempori utrique,*"—apply two leeches to each *temple,* — which is tantamount to saying, *Fiat venæsectio,—bleed 'em!* And if a man cannot bleed his friend or his relative, whom ought he to bleed?

When just commencing business, he should be very accommodating, —(accept invitations or presents—in fact, accept anything but bills)—

and, as he must have wine to offer his genteel visiters, he will of course, in return for *his* bottles, take, *pro re nata*, occasionally a dozen or two of wine of any patient who is *in sero lactis vinoso*—in *the* wine *way!*

Should he be invited by any respectable family to a party, which his rank and profession entitle him to expect, he must be particularly circumspect in his conduct and conversation.

If he has the voice of a Lablache, he ought not to sing, or he may be considered "*vox et preterea nihil.*"

If he can dance, he must refrain from the temptations of Terpsichore. The gallopade and the gallipot are the antipodes of each other.

If he play the flute (according to the fellows of Guy's) like a Nicholson or a Drouet, let him not attempt even an accompaniment to the piano, or it may be uncharitably supposed he is better acquainted with the scales of music than the shop scales, and he will run the risk of being weighed accordingly in the opinion of his audience. Do not, therefore, let him blow the flute, lest he be blown upon.

In fine, all these accomplishments are unbecoming the gravity of his profession, and will lower him in the estimation of his patients, or to be patients.

In conversation he may be polite and gentlemanly, courteous, cool, and collected, and even be permitted to aspire as high as the complimentary.

He may take a hand at cards, if his circumstances will permit him to lose, or, on the other hand, if he be an adept. In respect of his gratuitous morning visiters let him pay every attention.

To the old women, in particular, let him show a marked civility. There is many a medical man who owes his carriage to the good report of old women. It is really wonderful how very favourably they take the virus of flattery when inoculated by a skilful operator. They are peripatetic advertisements, and frequently recommend the "nice young man" to a respectable family.

In first accouchements, their recommendation as nurses goes an immense way.

"Nil sine *labore*—et labor ipse voluptas ;"

therefore let him take care to give the said nurses the customary shillings out of the guineas, if he is fortunate enough to touch that coin in the plural, and *repetatur* (repeat the dose) if necessary. As old Dr. L. was wont to observe, "I have almost invariably reaped guineas for the shillings I have sown in that way."

If all his "talents, abilities, and learning," should fail to procure him bread in the profession to which he is bred, he must have recourse to the desperate act of advertising,—the *dernier ressort* of a doctor in despair. We do not mean the insertion of a three shilling and sixpenny paragraph in the columns of the Times or Post, commencing "Wanted patients," &c. — that would be *infra dig.:* for, although he may be "out of *patience*," he must not publish his case to a discerning public, who will indubitably attribute his lamentable condition rather to a want of skill than to the true cause. No; he must take up the well-worn stump of his goose-quill, and write or compile a book! The subject must be one of general importance:—"Podagra," "Strabismus," or some nervous disorder, (the nerves are the strings which are played upon the most effectively (lucratively) by the profession,) or, "Diseases incident to," &c. &c.

Let him adorn the title-page (gild the pill as it were) with some apt quotation from Paracelsus, Hippocrates, or Galen; or snatch a pearl of the kind from somebody else's book, who has had the trouble of diving for it in the ocean of somebody else's nonsense. Affix "Member of the Royal College of Surgeons," at full length, after the name, and dedicate the precious composition to some leading member of the profession, with, or without permission,—which latter is most likely to be the case,—for they generally "smoke" the affair; experience has couched their eyes, and they "see through it;" but with the public the "thing" takes admirably; especially if he append some remarkable cases, and explain the treatment and cure with all due precision,—which he may readily acquire from some of the clinicals.

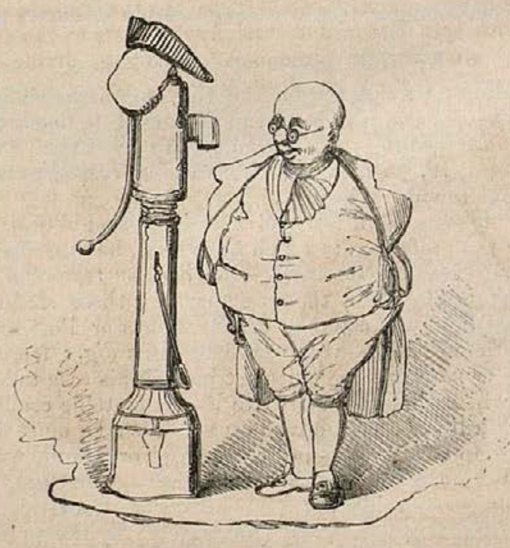
If he do not feel quite "up" in his English composition, he may get it corrected by some poor devil of a schoolmaster, in return for a few boxes of *unguentum citrinum*, gratuitously presented in cases of "*tinea capitis*," which *will* get into the boys' heads when nothing else will.

Two hundred and fifty copies, printed in five editions of fifty each, will go a great way, (like cantharides, spread thinly,) and perhaps *draw!*

This "trick of the trade" sometimes proves an excellent hit; and, with hypochondriacs particularly, it is very often like fly-fishing—for they actually spring out of their element, and are caught by (not the hook, but) the book.

They buy the book: there comes immediate profit. They find a case described, so "exactly similar" to their own, that they are actually in a fever till they have consulted the talented author. *That* fee is the first dot of the line: it only remains for the practitioner to continue it. In some maladies there is really no seeing the end of it.

For gout, rheumatism, &c. &c. are really gregarious; sympathy brings the sufferers together, as if by making a sort of joint-stock of their ailments, they imagined they derived some alleviation of their



Two pumps consulting.

disorders; volubly communicating the diagnostics, symptoms, &c. of their maladies; opposing their labial complaints against their corporeal, and thus endeavouring, by a kind of counter-irritation, to procure relief, — according to the most approved principles of the celebrated St. John Long; who played a *rubber* in the game of life, and dealt so adroitly that he always won.

DOSE THE FOURTH.

"Nous autres grand médecins, nous connoissons d'abord les choses."

A physician—an M.D.—whether by favour of *the* College, or a German diploma, which, like *the* sausages, may be purchased by the pound (sterling) from the University of H——, or B——, or any other medico-factory, — a physician must have a respectable domicile; (he *should* have a carriage, and a servant in livery;) credit with his tailor; suavity and gravity in equal parts, and a BRASS PLATE on the door. Thus fitted, he may catch a guinea now and then; but the *gratis* line *pays* extraordinarily well if he be an adept.

A young beginner must *do* something, or somebody; for, unless he has the digestive organs of a chameleon, the twenty-one parts of oxygen and seventy-nine of nitrogen composing the "air we breathe," will not support the disciple of Hippocrates.

But we were about to give a few hints concerning the gratuitous. Now this is a "trick," by which, if he can play his cards prudently, he is sure of turning up trumps; in fact, he has the game in his hands. Like many other tricks, however, this requires a clever confederate; and for this purpose he must select an intelligent chemist, to whom he must refer his grateful patients for the preparation of his prescriptions, —all marked with the precautionary N. T. S. N.* Of course, "there is a peculiar drug or a preparation in the prescription which is only to be obtained genuine at Mr. What's-his-name's shop."

The patient makes a bow or a courtesy (masculine or feminine, as the gender may be), and is "so obleeged" to the kind-hearted, benevolent, philanthropic doctor, and straightway posts to the confederate, who charges "according to agreement," having to divide the profits

* "Ne tradas sine nummo."—"Do not deliver the medicine without the money."

with the physician, at the moderate rate of ten shillings in the pound, still reserving to himself a handsome profit, as drugs and chemicals cost " next to nothing:"—ex. gr.:

℞ Antim. Tart. gr. iv.
Syrupi Rhæados, ʒj.
Aquæ Puræ, ℥vj. Capt. ℥j. ter quotidie.

for which he charges two shillings, yielding a clear profit of one shilling and ten-pence, which, after deducting fifty per cent., leaves a balance of eleven-pence.

A man may do an excellent stroke of business in this way in a populous neighbourhood, not only feathering his nest (with the down of the geese he humanely plucks without the least pain, none of them being sensible—of the deplumation), but obtaining at the same time a name for his disinterested philanthropy.

DOSE THE FIFTH.

If he find all his acquirements are likely to lie hid, and be neglected —which is too frequently the case with those whose modesty equals their capability — the young doctor must blow the trumpet and beat the drum, after the fashion of the mountebanks and travelling quacks of old.

In order to do this effectually, he must cut the general and approved practice of the faculty, and start some absurd system of curing certain diseases incident to the human frame, and let the world into the secret of his local habitation and his name through the medium of a public lecture.

If he have no genius for invention, let him import some German humbug of the first quality, such as,

Homœopathy, or the pea-and-thimble rig; or,

Hydropathy, or water-witchery; or,

Mesmerism, the great attraction of the present season; or anything else with the mystic terminals, *pathy* or *ism:* the more ridiculous the better.

"Lorsque le médecin fait rire le malade, c'est le meilleur signe du monde."

Strabismus, for instance, may catch the *cross*-eye of many, and make them—*smile;* or, Orthopedia may cause the *lame* to—*halt!*

At all events "*en avant*" must be his motto; neck or nothing,—the doctors (the PILLers of the *Constitution!*) "*must* live," although (as a cynical magistrate once said to an impostor when he expressed the same sentiment,) we "do not see the *necessity* of it!"

"A sure application when the cold is severe."

DOSE THE SIXTH.

PRESCRIPTIO. AD MEDICUM FORMANDUM.

℞ Saponis mollis—libram unam.
Æris alieni—quantum ex amicis suis procurandum sit.
Conscientiæ (*telæ elasticæ*)—scrupulum, si opus erit.
Manus muliebris—tactum eruditum.
Cordum leonis—unum.
Lynceorum oculorum—duos *rectos*, si sic possit et rectè ad nummos conspicientes.
Confectionis Latinæ linguæ (vulgo caninæ)—granulum.
Curriculum cum aurigario vel *tigre*—pro *vehiculo*.

Hæc in ordinem cautè et callidè redigenda sunt et fiunt remediatori cuique remedium dulce decorum efficaxque.

———

PRESCRIPTION. TO MAKE A FORMIDABLE DOCTOR.

Take of soft soap—one pound.
"Tin," *alias* cash—as much as he can procure from his friends.
Conscience (gum elastic)—a scruple, if needful.
A blue-stocking's hand.
A lion's heart—one.
Of lynx's-eyes—two *sharp* ones; if possible looking *straight* at the "*blunt.*"
A mouthful of mixed Latin (vulgarly called Dog-Latin).
A "pill-box," or chaise, with a coachman, or a tiger—for a vehicle.

These are to be cunningly and cautiously combined, and will benefit the doctor, if not the patient.

DOSE THE SEVENTH.

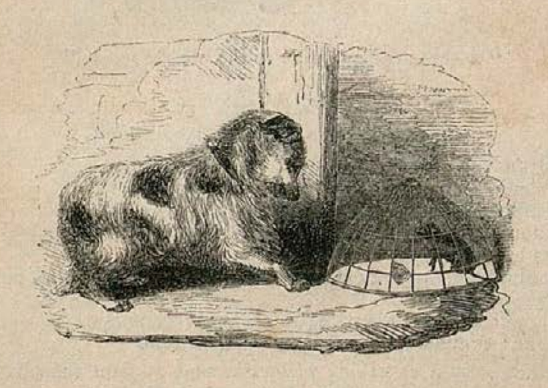
Courteous Reader! — We are well aware that, after all we have so cleverly described and proscribed, you will still seek as eagerly as ever the prescription of the "gentleman in black."

The uninitiated, who, in the belief they have a genius for galenicals, are fond of dosing, may dose themselves; or, if they must dabble in "doctoring" others, let them limit their practice to the sick, and leave the *well* alone, or—they may "kick the *bucket.*"

Physic is the luxury of the rich. The artificial life they lead requires all the aid of tonics, stimulants, and narcotics, to make that life worth; their maladies are commonly the result of *malice prepense.* With the poor, accident, or the dietary which sharp necessity and lean misery (two poor devil guardians) dole out with the concentrated stinginess of twenty step-mothers, is the primary cause of disease. There is, however, one favourable feature in the position of the latter,—they rarely get more than they require either of food or physic.

The rich almost invariably suffer from the superabundance of both. But all the world is more or less fond of being "doctored." Why? Credulity is the offspring of Ignorance, and the prey of Cunning, and—

"Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat."



"When taken to be well shaken."

The Mock Marriage.

London, Richard Bentley, 1842.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Savage, during an interesting interview, obtains a half-confession, which enables him to bear up against his misfortunes. With other matters.

Thank God for everything! but most earnestly do I render thanks to Him for this, that having been pleased to visit me with many afflictions, he has endued me with strength of mind to bear them. In my worst trials I never bated a jot of heart or hope, or sought by that which some people call patience, others resignation, and I weakness, to spare my own shoulder when the wheel was to be got out of the slough. Away, then, with Sir Richard Steele! I had lost his friendship by no fault of my own; let me say, rather, he had capriciously recalled it. Surely, his friendship could be of little value, who so easily lent, and so lightly reclaimed it. No—I could not think that; but, as was usual with me, and as it is with the world at large on like occasions, I easily satisfied myself that I was altogether right, and that my patron was entirely wrong.

One circumstance, which I learned the next morning, assured me of this, while it banished the resentment from my breast, which otherwise I might have indulged—a brief anger in any case it must have been that I could have borne in my bosom against a man whom I so much loved, and whom, I think, no human being could hate. Mr. Addison was then lying dead. Steele must have known this calamity at our interview on the yesterday. The death of this great man—for great he was (let him who doubts it ask Mr. Pope, but for whom none had doubted)—I could well believe came like a stroke of thunder upon his friend, who reverenced him almost to idolatry. Sir Richard was not himself when he taxed me with ingratitude. He would in time, and in a short time too, do me and himself justice. Steele, then, must have his will. Our acquaintance was at an end. But in one point, to me the most vital of all, my own will must be consulted and followed: which was, that Elizabeth Wilfred should fulfil her original destiny, and be consigned to no other arms than my own.

I had never known a father, and therefore could not be supposed to understand very clearly, or to recognise with much submission, the moral authority of a parent, or the extent to which it may be enforced. It was not resentment against Sir Richard that aided my belief that I had a perfect right to obtain possession of his daughter, even against his declared will, more particularly as that will had been once declared in my favour. There seemed a special fitness in the match which fitness, beyond question, had in the first instance suggested itself to her father. It is true I was born heir to an earldom, and, but for one Earl, had taken the title and estate of another; but a cursed retrospective Act of Parliament had illegitimated me. I gloried that it had done so, nor was it a cursed act, since equalled in

fate with Elizabeth from the first, I shared that blank cast of fortune with her.

I made it my business to lie in wait for Lucas, whom I had not seen for some years, and who was now become a very old man. After several days' strict and unwearied watch, I lighted upon the ancient steward, and making myself known, led him away to an adjoining tavern.

"Eh! what! what!" said he, after I had with some difficulty explained myself, — for Lucas was somewhat deaf, — "want me to give this letter to Miss Elizabeth?"

My letter, I assured him, merely contained a request that Miss Wilfred would honour me with an interview of a few minutes.

"And where's that to be?" cried Lucas, repeating the question two or three times. "She goes nowhere without an eye upon her; you know whose eye: it sees—it sees."

"If Miss Wilfred should consent to see me," said I, "surely, my old friend, we can evade Mrs. Brett's vigilance for a few minutes. You will manage that for me, I know. Meantime, you will deliver that letter?"

He brought me a reply on the following morning. The dear girl could not conceive what I could have to communicate to her — she had heard of my quarrel with her father, and deplored it — would willingly, if she knew how, assist a reconciliation between us — was fearful I could not be admitted to my mother's house — and finally consented to grant me five minutes, if Mr. Lucas thought it could be contrived with safety to me and to himself.

At the appointed minute I was at the door, and was cautiously admitted by Lucas himself, who had been on the watch at one of the narrow windows at its side.

"Follow me to the back room," said he; "you mustn't stay long. My lady may be upon us before we're aware. Miss Elizabeth," he added, throwing open the door, "here is the young gentleman. Mind!" in a whisper to me as he returned, "no kissing, or I shall be sure to hear it. I've got my Sunday ears on to-day."

I entered, and approached Miss Wilfred with great respect. She extended her hand frankly, but in a slight confusion. Her hand trembled as she withdrew it, which was on the instant, and gently. I wished I had detained it.

"Madam," said I, when we were seated, and after some hesitation, "the kind note you were so generous as to return in reply to mine, informs me of your knowledge of the unhappy misunderstanding between Sir Richard Steele and myself."

"I was extremely sorry to hear my father say he had reason to be offended with you," she replied; "but I cannot believe that his anger will be of long continuance. He did not speak of its cause."

"Calumnies, madam, with which his ear has been abused by certain enemies of mine, of whom I have many."

"I hope you are mistaken there, as I am sure my father is in his judgment of you. So young a gentleman, surely, can have made but few enemies."

"Pardon me, Miss Wilfred," said I, smiling, "foes are like fools, —one is the cause of many. I believe you know that I have *one* enemy in the world."

She sighed, and cast her eyes on the ground.

"Of her it is not proper that I should speak," I resumed; "the

best I can hope from her is her indifference. But in your father I have lost a friend; and, indeed, madam, were I as rich in friends as I am poor, I could not afford so heavy a loss."

"I am greatly concerned," she answered, and she looked so; "and if I knew how I could with propriety—" She hesitated.

"I will not tax your goodness, dear Miss Wilfred," said I, and *I* hesitated. I was about coming to a point upon which I had made up my mind to be satisfied, but which, now the moment was come, I dreaded to touch upon. But it must be, nevertheless. So fair an opportunity I could hardly expect to be accorded to me again.

"If I deplore, as, upon my honour, I do," I resumed, "the error Sir Richard Steele lies under, and which has induced him to alter his opinion of me, because I lose thereby the advantage of his counsel and his conversation, you may conceive, madam, how much more I lament that error, when I tell you that it has not only caused him to withdraw the friend, but to assume the enemy. Your father, madam,"—I trembled a little here, and looked calf-like, I dare say,—"your father, madam, designed me to be the happiest man breathing, and now has it in contemplation to render me the most miserable."

I raised my eyes respectfully to her face. How beautifully silly she appeared at that moment!

"I do not understand" — faltering — "what you mean, Mr. Savage."

"Did, then, Miss Wilfred never hear of a—" (confound me if I could lay my tongue upon the right word)—"of a certain—gracious intention on his part to make me more supremely blest than—" (no — I could not utter play-jargon to her)—"to make me happy, dear madam,—most happy."

Her blushes told me that my meaning was understood. "My father is a very strange man, Mr. Savage, and—"

"And a very good and generous one," said I, quickly; "nor is his daughter less good and generous. Oh, madam! if I could hope—"

"I must obey my father in all things," she replied with some demureness.

"And would Miss Wilfred have obeyed her father, had he commanded her to make good his intention, — for she alone could have fulfilled it? Forgive me; I fear I am too presumptuous."

There was something at fault with the bosom of her gown. She replied, bashfully, after a short pause, "I must not answer your question. My duty to my father forbids it. I am fearful I have acted very indiscreetly in consenting to see you without his knowledge, as it must be without his approbation, should he learn that I have done so. I will, however, repeat that I am grieved that Sir Richard should have conceived a false opinion of you, and that I am sure it is a false one. Oh! Mr. Savage! endeavour to regain his esteem, and to secure it. Your merit entitles you to the friendship of so excellent a man as my father."

She feared she had said too much, and paused, averting her face in confusion. It was this, and not her words, which however conveyed some hope, that filled me with transport.

"A time will come, madam," said I, "when Sir Richard Steele may not consider me as one altogether unworthy of his friendship, and when he may derive some pleasure from the reflection that he once lent me his countenance. It is time that I should begin to

justify the opinion he has been pleased to entertain of my abilities. My vanity, perhaps, induces me to believe that I may succeed in doing so. Your good wishes towards that end will enable me to bear up against the difficulties which I foresee will beset me."

"Indeed you have them, then," she replied, with animation. "I am sure," she added, looking down, "I ought to feel an interest in the happiness of Mr. Savage."

"I can forgive Mrs. Brett her cruelty, since it is the occasion of your goodness towards me," I returned. "It will indeed sustain me if — one question, I beseech you. I know I am too bold, but— there is a gentleman who calls himself my friend: he may be so. He is also acquainted with my mother; her friend too, I believe. His name is Sinclair."

She started, and flushed crimson, but presently became very pale. "Mr. Sinclair is the friend of Mrs. Brett—" She paused, and then added, "He is no friend of mine. I have my troubles as well as yourself, sir. Indeed, I am very unhappy."

At this moment Lucas burst into the room. I could have run the old booby through for his ill-timed interruption. Miss Wilfred arose in great alarm.

"Here she comes — here she is — here she will be in a minute," cried Lucas. "I know the creak of her carriage-wheels a mile off. Miss Elizabeth, run up stairs. Savage, creep under that table."

"Pray, madam," said I, "be not alarmed. Let me hand you to the door. Lucas, I am waiting to see the Colonel."

"The coach has passed—passed the door. A false alarm! Hurrah!" and the old fellow threw up his leg. "But oh! I thought my lady would give me a shaking to-day, and so she has. Get you gone, —get you gone. We 'll contrive better another time."

"But five minutes longer," said I, "and I am gone. Leave the room, Lucas;" but he kept his place sturdily.

"The old gentleman is frightened," said Elizabeth. "We must part now." She approached me, and placed her hand in mine with a captivating ingenuousness. "Mr. Savage," said she, "it were affectation, and of affectation I hope I shall never be guilty, were I to pretend ignorance of the purport of your question, or of your motive for wishing to see me. Rest assured that the welfare of Mr. Savage will cause no one greater pleasure than it will bring to Elizabeth Wilfred. And why should I not add, if it will be a satisfaction to you to hear it from me, that Mr. Sinclair can never be more to me than he is at this moment. I will never be the wife of Mr. Sinclair."

I raised her hand to my lips in a rapture, and bestowed I know not how many kisses upon it.

She courtesyed lowly to me as I retired, with a look of regard — I can call it no more—which shone in my heart for many a weary day afterwards.

Perhaps a man is never more in favour with himself, or may be more readily excused for being so, than when he believes that he has created a tender sentiment in the bosom of a beautiful and amiable girl. "Sir Richard Steele, your most obedient," — "Mrs. Brett, your very humble servant," said I, between my clenched teeth, — clenched with excess of transporting triumph, as, with rapt eyes and fascinated, I gazed upon the dwelling in which my beloved girl was enshrined. "I delight in the malice of the one, since, but for it, Elizabeth perhaps had never loved me; I rejoice in the anger of

the other, since without it I had perhaps never known how much I was loved."

At length I tore myself away, and betook myself to Myte's, not to impart the cause of my happiness, but to make it apparent that my recent reverse of fortune, which had doubtless been communicated by Langley, had in nowise depressed my spirits, or disturbed my equanimity. Here, if anything could have added to my perfect felicity, it would have been the sight of my friend Gregory, evidently established in the good graces of the whole family.

Gregory and I went away together. As we walked, I made him acquainted with all that had passed at my interview with Elizabeth. The circumstances of his own condition caused him to sympathize with my feelings more warmly than otherwise he could have done, and to announce confidently a successful termination to my suit, now, as he conceived, fairly begun.

"But," said he, "have you no fear of Sinclair? Langley tells me that he is a vast favourite of your mother, and that he is taking great pains to ingratiate himself with Sir Richard Steele. He is clearly enamoured of Miss Wilfred, and we all know what love can do. Love, that could transform the brutish Cymon into a hero, may metamorphose Sinclair into a sober gentleman. What, should he make proposals of marriage?"

"He will be rejected," said I, "as I told you."

"Come," he returned, "let us look upon the matter fairly. He is a man of family and fortune,—handsome, accomplished. His character is tolerable. He would have your mother's influence in his favour; and you cannot suppose that Steele would be insensible to the advantages of the match."

"All this notwithstanding," I replied, "if he has said in his heart, I will have none other but Elizabeth Wilfred, he writes bachelor to the end of his days. I tell you, Gregory, she is mine."

"You will be offended, Savage, if I hint to you, that it will be as well you should be upon your guard."

"I take your warning in very good part. Langley has infected you with his doctrine. Handsome fellows with large fortunes can't always carry the day. There is something so palpable in these advantages, that creatures of soul turn from them."

"Hang him!" said he, "I don't like him; yet one cannot but see how attractive he is to the women. I began to be jealous of him, I confess, and thought at one time Myte less disinterested than I have found him. Didn't you observe a particularity in his attentions to Martha some months since? It ceased after he had seen Miss Wilfred."

"After he has heard Miss Wilfred, any particularity of attention he may bestow upon her will also cease. Enough of him. Have you seen Merchant lately?"

"Yes, with Sinclair. He is his constant companion. Pity that a man like Merchant should be degraded to the condition of a dependant, or rather, should voluntarily debase himself by consenting to be one."

"You surprise me," said I. "Sinclair has been kind to him, we know; but surely you do not mean that he is, therefore, a dependant?"

"I mean that he is become a whetstone for the whittle of Sinclair's humour—his butt. He took me apart the other evening, and said

with a blush, (there is hope of him, therefore,) 'You think this sorry work, Gregory, and so it is; but behold!' chinking a purse. 'When the barber pays, blunt razors may be borne. Which appears to you the more conspicuous in these dreary bouts, my complaisance, or Sinclair's dulness?'—'They are about equal,' I answered. 'There is no attrition, my child,' he replied. 'While I continue impassive, he will never improve. Meanwhile, his gold passes currently. He is a tree more beautiful in the fruit than the foliage.' Here we see, Savage, the predominance of wealth."

"It will always be so, while mankind consent to acknowledge it. I wonder you should expect that Merchant should be more virtuous than his neighbours. He professes to live upon the world, and a goose is a godsend to him. Let him alone. He fulfils his fate. It is as essential a part of wisdom to know what to avoid, as to learn what to seek. He is a warning, not a pattern. Besides, how moral he is making us. Is not that a merit in him?"

Gregory was, as I have before said, a very worthy fellow; but he had never known want, and knew not how hard a task-mistress is necessity. Let smug prosperity be dumb when misfortune comes to judgment. Oh! beautiful indeed is virtue! but *how* beautiful let him avouch,—to quote my own words,—

> "Who amid woe, untempted by relief,
> Has stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
> Which then, even then, he scorn'd, and blush'd to name."

Within a month, I was once more in a situation to revolve all the arguments that might be urged in favour of Merchant, and to feel less tolerant of such high-flown morality as sometimes proceeded from the mouth of Gregory. The cessation of Sir Richard's liberal allowance to me left me no alternative but to get my living by the labour of my hands, or to starve. In this emergency, I renewed the acquaintance of Mr. Wilks. This constant friend deplored my misfortunes without alarming my self-esteem, and relieved my distresses without wounding my pride. He gave me small hope of any immediate restoration to the friendship of Steele, who, it seemed, spoke of me with a degree of acrimony which at once surprised and grieved him. Meanwhile, he urged me strongly to turn my thoughts once more to the stage. The slender success my earlier efforts had met with he was pleased to attribute rather to a want of knowledge of scenic effects, than to a deficiency of dramatic power. To attain this indispensable preliminary knowledge, he thought it requisite that I should make the acquaintance of the players, whose experience might greatly assist me, (for players talk little else but of plays,) and be constantly behind the scenes, that I might observe the resources of the stage, and perceive unmoved, and at leisure, how they were brought to bear upon an audience.

I availed myself of the hint, and in a short time—for my address was pleasing, and my manners were easy—I obtained the confidence of all the principal performers, and the good will, I believe, of everybody in the theatre. My days were chiefly spent in conversing with players, and my nights in witnessing their performances, till at length, from seeing plays, I began to feel a wish to write them, and, from the study of actors, became ambitious of being a player.

My necessities gradually increased,—necessities which the kind-

ness of Wilks would have averted altogether, as it frequently mitigated them,—so frequently, indeed, that I was ashamed to avow my real state, and I was now sunk in deplorable distress. I studiously avoided all my former friends, for my appearance was not such as would have recommended my society to them; and was compelled to live from day to day by chance, or upon expedients. I had youth, however, and spirit, and, best of all, the love of Elizabeth Wilfred, to sustain me. Why, then, have I called my distress deplorable? Because, fool-like, I forgot myself, and must needs for a moment talk the world's language. When I had no mortal dinner, I dined ambrosially with her, and in dreams of her tender presence enjoyed Elysian repose on a bulk or in the shambles of the market. Call it cant, if you will—bravado—coxcombry: let those feelings be restored, and restore me those days — those nights — or worse, — for worse have I endured, and worse than the last did no man ever endure—recall them, O Time! if thou couldst, and with them renew this heart, making it a heaven-kissing heaven — a heaven because it *did* hope,—and I were thine once more to do thy harshest upon!

One day I was, as was my custom, lingering behind the scenes, when Brett came up and accosted me. I had not spoken to the Colonel for some time, and he had not chosen to disturb my reserve. Now, however, he approached me familiarly, extending his hand.

"I fear, Mr. Savage," he said, "the world has not treated you too well of late."

"I have no recent cause to complain of the world," I replied. "It never treated me too well. The world, Colonel," I added, with feigned gaiety, "is not so bad but it might be worse, nor so good but it might be better. It is a tolerable round world, after all. If a man can keep his footing while it revolves, it is pretty well; if he is shaken off, not much worse. You see I am a philosopher."

"You look like one — pardon me, I do not mean to offend you. Can your philosophy help you to discover a better man out of Bedlam than Wilks?"—"It cannot. But why out of Bedlam?"

"Because there are many there, child, who have had their good deeds flung at their heads, and the same knocked out their brains. Hark 'e—a word with you;" and he took my arm, and walked with me on to the stage.

"Wilks," said he, "has been urgently pressing with your mother to do something for you. No man living, — *I* am out of the question,"—and he shrugged his shoulders,—"has so much influence with her as my friend Wilks. Steele is not sufficiently grave or earnest to succeed with her, and you have offended him. I am sorry for it."

"I have ceased to be so," I returned; "but I am sorry that Mr. Wilks should have undertaken so ungrateful an office. I wish you to believe that he has not done so at my solicitation."

"I can readily believe that," he replied, laughing; then, between his teeth, "Child of Anne Mason art thou, O Savage!" He paused for a moment, and continued, hastily, "She has sent you fifty pounds, and designs to let you have two hundred more. She has *promised* two hundred more."

"I will not accept a farthing," said I, when my surprise had abated so far that I could speak.

"Odso!" he exclaimed, "it is a strange fish that loves not water. I will take it back, and bid her buy a skreen with it, lest she should

catch cold in her heart after opening it so freely. Come, come, this is worse than folly. Take it from me, then, as coming from me."

"If I were sure it did come from you, Colonel, I would do so; and now, I think I may be certain of it. Impossible that my mother could design me service!"

"Ah, well! as Frank Burridge used to say," he returned. "No more of it."

Glad, I am almost ashamed to say, to strain my belief in favour of Brett, I accepted the money. "I am your debtor for it," said I.

"Pish! We are going for a time to Bath."

"Miss Wilfred too?" I inquired in trembling haste.

Brett placed his hands upon my shoulders, and looked into my face. There was an expression in his I had never seen before.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "the arrow has struck you, has it? Draw it forth; break it in two — away with it. She is very well, and unmarried, and she goes with us. Let me do you one service in my life, I will carry a message from you."

"My respectful regards are all I would send, Colonel."

"They shall not be lost by the way," he returned, pressing my hands warmly. "Should you hear of my death shortly, Richard, give me your good wishes to the other world, as I offer you mine in this."

"Why, what is the matter?" I inquired.

"The liver. This comes of dear Addison's company, gone before us, alas! and Steele's, and the rest, who are to follow. The doctor tells me I am not immortal, and that I have lived as though I thought I was. I wish my tombstone could say a good word of me without lying; but who can live up to his epitaph? Farewell!"

He went from me a few paces, and returned.

"When I am gone, your mother may treat you more kindly. Do not spurn her kindness,—for my sake. Grief softens the heart, and humbles it. Catch it before it fall, and press it to your own. The love of the human creature will gush forth, and all will be as it should be. A sermon from Colonel Brett!" he added, rallying. "Well; I have a gift more than I thought for."

Colonel Brett, farewell! I record your words. That they were *but* words—it is not my fault!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Another instance of benevolence exerted in favour of our author. His appearance on the stage, with a glance at two or three of his audience. With a surprising communication, which precipitates him upon a dangerous adventure.

Fortune at this crisis stepped forward, and placed another prize in my hands. I had recommended myself to the esteem of Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, (the "poor Narcissa" of Mr. Pope,) a lady of whom I can never speak without gratitude and affection. Perhaps my story — which was well known to her — attracted the regard of Mrs. Oldfield, and at length interested her strongly in my welfare.

"Mr. Savage," said she to me one day, "what a pity it is that a gentleman of your abilities should be wafted about the world without any settled plan or purpose! Permit me to speak frankly to you, and do, I beg of you, be candid with me. Can I serve you?"

I dropped my eyelids, but answered nothing. What I thought I shall not reveal. Are not all young men coxcombs?

"Will not fifty pounds a year," she continued, "in some measure

enable you to pursue your studies without molestation? You must try whether it will, or no. Nay," raising her finger, "no long speech, which I perceive you are meditating, or I shall run away and leave you."

I had not meditated a long speech; my heart, which was now running over at my eyes, was too full for that; but I raised her hand, and pressed it to my lips.

"You will understand me, Mr. Savage," she said, "when I hint there is a reason why I must not see you at my own house, or at any other place than this. I desire your *friendship*," she added with emphasis. "Not a word more of this as long as we live, I entreat you. Send to me to-morrow morning."

She took her leave of me with a grace that I have never seen surpassed except by one, who may blush, perhaps, but will not be offended that I include her in the same paragraph with Mrs. Oldfield. The faults of my benefactress were such as the world cannot, or will not, readily pardon. Of these it would ill become me to speak. Beauty she had (at five-and-forty she was beautiful); inimitable elegance and surpassing grace were hers; a joyousness of air, a harmony of carriage, a loveableness (to coin a word) of mien upon the stage almost irresistible. It was not until I had well-nigh exhausted the first year's allowance made to me by this lady, and paid in advance, that I began seriously to consider my situation.

"After long choosing and beginning late," as Milton said concerning a very different work, I fixed upon the story of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury as one admirably adapted to a dramatic purpose. That I have not changed my opinion, a second play, now completed, which I have by me, and which is one day to see the light, will testify.

Unhappily for the due prosecution of this arduous task, I was again overtaken by distress before I had effected much progress in it. Notwithstanding, slowly to be sure, but doggedly did I grovel on with it, forming my speeches in the open air, and committing them to paper casually obtained, with a pen borrowed for the nonce from some small shopkeeper, who with a smile, half pity, half contempt of a poor wit at his wits' end for a dinner, thanked God, I dare say, that nature had given him no more brains than he could carry in his head without making the world as wise as himself.

Cold about me—hunger within me—a beast that loves not the cold; the desolate streets before me; the journeying moon overhead, posting onward, heedless of her solitary minion; fair weather and foul: I bore it all unflinchingly. My play was at length completed; and, placed at temporary ease by Wilks, to whom, in the hope of repaying some part at least of his kindness out of the profits of my tragedy, I made my wants partially known, I was enabled to revise and correct it, and to prepare it for the stage. I had written the part of Sir Thomas Overbury for Booth, beyond question the greatest actor of his day.

Wilks was eager to serve me, but others were first to be served; not so many (I say it without vanity) by reason of their merit, as by virtue of their influence—influence which will beat merit out of the field any day, and every day, to the end of time. The season was now drawing to its close. There seemed no help for it, but I must put on patience, and let my play stand over to another year. But Wilks, ever studious of my advantage, recommended me to place my

play in the hands of Cibber, saying that even now something might be made of it to satisfy my moderate expectations.

"What do you say now?" he exclaimed gaily.* "Hill has given you an excellent prologue and epilogue. Your play is much better than, in fairness or reason, could have been expected from so young a man, and the town is not very fastidious at Midsummer. You have often spoken of trying your fortune as an actor. Imp your wings in Sir Thomas, and let Cibber's boy, Theophilus, take Somerset. Mills—careful Mills—the safest actor on a dead level that ever made villanous faces, shall be your Northampton. Your story is so universally known, that your appearance as a player will inevitably draw a good house."

"I could wish that my merit, rather than my misfortunes, should contribute to my success," I remarked.

"Go, go: don't be foolish," he replied; "the greater the audience, the more to perceive your merit. Who cares what brings 'em, so they be brought?"

Anxious as I undoubtedly was, seeing that I could not secure Booth, to make my first appearance as an actor in a character I myself had written, and which, accordingly, I might naturally be supposed to understand thoroughly, I felt, nevertheless, a great repugnance against submitting, or rather, committing my tragedy to the talons of Cibber.

My fears were too well founded. Let me do the man justice. Cibber was an excellent actor: in comedy he was truly great. No man could so well evolve the details of a character,—one of the subtile creations of rare Ben Jonson, for instance; or produce it in its integrity, — an individual living being, to the audience. No actor could better portray the less artful, but more artificial old fellows, (I mean artificial characters drawn artificially, whereas, Jonson's take their root in nature,) of Etherege, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, and the author of "The Careless Husband." But tragedy was beyond him. With him, her dagger was poison, and her bowl was blood. Mere declamation, noise, nonsense; a grim face for sorrow, the goggling of eyes for despair; a termagant in a taking for rage,—action overlaying speech. I was obliged to submit with as good a grace as I could muster to the interpolations of this busy meddler, who, to say the truth, was not deficient in good nature, and who really conceived that he was doing me a service. The young Theophilus† was set down for Somerset, and flattered himself that an opportunity would be at length afforded him of showing the world in general, and the "old put," his father, in particular, that he was destined to achieve great things on the stage.

The night was at length fixed; the play was advertised; the first appearance of the author himself in the principal character stood conspicuous in the bills, and full of hope and expectation—confident of myself at least, if not of my play, I awaited the issue.

That I had formed a preposterously absurd estimate of my abilities as an actor, with great confusion of countenance, I am compel-

* Aaron Hill, who showed great kindness to Savage. He was a very benevolent man, and might have made an excellent poet, but that *being a genius*, he thought great works were to be produced without labour, and, accordingly, did things which the world *has* "willingly let die."

† Theophilus Cibber, in his youth, promised greatness in his profession; but he never fulfilled his promise. He was the husband of the great Mrs. Cibber, and was a very base and worthless fellow.

led to admit. I may as well tell the truth at once; I had no genius for acting. How was it that Betterton, at threescore years and ten, wrinkled, gouty, and scant of breath, could present Hamlet, to the wonder and delight equally of exacting age, and of apprehensive youth? how, but by the force of genius, which plumped up his cheeks, inflated his lungs, and put the spirit of thirty into his legs? There is no art, which is to convey genius, that imposes so perfect a study of it as the art of acting. How I grin, at this moment, to think that I should ever have obtruded my cub-like inefficiency upon the stage!

But, as though I had not sufficient to disconcert me — an unpractised actor, performing for the first time on the first night of his own play — there sat my devilish mother in a side-box, gay and giggling, finger pointing, and expounding into the ear of the smirking and self-satisfied Sinclair who sat between her and the woman whom, of all the world, I had long panted to behold, and yet whose presence, upon so trying an occasion to myself, even more than the exhibition of Mrs. Brett, fluttered my spirits, and alarmed my fortitude. I was well-nigh fainting when my eyes first lighted upon three persons towards whom my heart owned such different feelings, and I was fain, when I left the stage, to recruit myself with a copious draught of brandy. Said the shocking woman — the mother, — when, having re-entered the stage, I took my station beneath her box, that I might escape her hateful eye, "Our young Sir Thomas appears to have taken his poison early in the play, does he not?"

But what said the sweet and gentle creature whose face ever beamed with mercy, and breathed it? Not a syllable came from her lips the whole evening, although, as I saw, Sinclair directed many remarks to her. The agreeable rattle was baffled, and looked not so agreeable (I enjoyed his mortification from behind) when the curtain fell amid tumultuous applause, which, to say the truth, did more honour to the audience than to the play or the performers.

Sir Thomas Overbury was played three nights, and then withdrawn, and to my no small satisfaction; for by this time I had become thoroughly disgusted with my be-Cibbered play, and with my own qualifications as an actor. I saw not Mrs. Brett, or her Sinclair, or my pale and trembling Elizabeth, on the second or on the last night. This was a relief to me that I cannot express. Had my mother known how great a relief it was, she, at least, had revisited me.

Of the tragedy itself, time has enabled me to think with justice, and now entitles me to speak openly, without the imputation of vanity. Such portion of it as I could call my own was by no means without merit; nay, when my youth, and the difficulties under which it was composed, are borne in mind, it displayed no common—I will not call it genius, but—aptness for dramatic composition. The tragedy, its performance, and publication, served my purpose; putting more than a hundred pounds into my pocket, a sum much larger than had ever before found its way there, and which, until I took it fairly in hand, I looked upon as almost inexhaustible.

Praised, caressed, and flattered on all hands but such as dabble in the inkstandish, — money in the pocket, — lightness in the bosom, — vanity in the head, — I showed myself once again in the taverns and chocolate houses, and paid off some of the old scores of insult

that had been lent me to help my decadency when I lost the esteem of Steele. But there were many with whom I renewed a friendship that I had been the first to suspend; for I hold (although necessity has often compelled me to swerve from my doctrine,) that when a man becomes low in the world, the best thing he can do, both for his own sake, and for that of his friends, is to keep aloof from them, and this, not because he so much doubts the stability of their friendship, as that he values it too highly to hazard its dissolution.

I found some difficulty in satisfying Gregory that I had not neglected him, and Langley rallied me unmercifully upon my pride. But Steele had taught me to place entire confidence in no man, and I needed not experience to teach me that Langley and myself were best apart when we could not meet upon an equal footing. Towards Sinclair I began to entertain no kindly feelings. His insolence at the theatre was not so direct that I could lay hold upon it for the purpose of making it the foundation of a quarrel; and yet it was so base and unmanly as to justify me to myself in the determination I came to, of seeking a quarrel with him. Besides, his pertinacious persecution of Miss Wilfred, backed, as it was, by my mother, began to irritate me exceedingly. It was high time that I should snatch the prize out of their hands, and at once fulfil my own happiness, satiate my revenge, and gratify my resentment,— my revenge against my mother and Sinclair, and my resentment against Steele, which, only since my good fortune, had kindled in my bosom. In a happy hour I lighted on Merchant, who was exceedingly glad to see me; as, indeed, he ever was; for he knew that his company was acceptable to me. Before me he could launch forth, without fear of rebuke or moral reprehension; but I believe, when he inveighed against the world, that it was merely talk; and that he thought higher of human nature than he chose to acknowledge. We dined together, and compared notes. He listened to my story with interest, and I to his with regret.

"It is my curse, or my misfortune, Savage," said he, as we sat over the second bottle, "that, like poor Jack Lovell, (how many of us there are in the world!) with a perfect knowledge of what is right, I am compelled for ever to do that which is wrong; and not only to do mean things — for many a fine fellow is brought down to that,— but to be, myself, a mean thing. What do you think of laughing because another chooses to be merry, and to be grave because another is in the sulks, and all because that other carries the bag? What is your opinion of a service like this?"

"That it is dog-service," said I, indignantly. "Merchant, you shock me. None but a dog——"

"Take not away the character of dogs," he interrupted; "their tails never wag but when they are pleased. I wish I could say the same of my tongue. This paramount fellow, Sinclair — your friend and schoolfellow — I have sold myself to him, — that part of a man which is invaluable till it is bargained for, and not worth a rush when it is bought — *that* have I sold, — what the great call honour, and the small, conscience, — do you take me?" striking the table with the back of his hand.

"Come, come, you are making too much of this," said I: "Sinclair is your patron, and is probably vain of being so,—shows it too grossly sometimes, perhaps. You could not have descended so low, and retained the pride that impelled your speech just now."

"That's it!" he exclaimed, "there you're wrong. Did you ever see a little boy tread upon a twig, keeping it to the ground with his foot? When he takes away his foot, up springs the twig, and his young chaps catch it. So it is with a man's pride. He may tread it under his foot; but, if he do not break it, 't will fly into his face, as mine does now. Why had I not seen you oftener? your example had shamed me. From this day forth I have done with him. I relinquish him to Lemery and Simms."

"And who are they?" I inquired.

"Slaves that will make the devil think human souls are not worth trying after, — that they are gudgeons easily caught, and worth nothing. At this moment, the three are about as base a business as ever brought fruit to the gallows tree. You will clap your hands when I tell it you; for it is a cross-bite practised upon your delectable mother."

"Ay?" said I, suddenly interested, "how's that? Sinclair and Mrs. Brett are the best friends in life."

"They are so; but what of that?" he replied; "must not old adages be suffered to stand their ground? Have you no respect for our great-grandmothers, who got it from Solomon, and have told us what friendship is? Now for my story. There is a young person —a gentlewoman, let me call her,—living with your mother—a nominal niece—most great houses are furnished with one."

"You mean Miss Wilfred," I exclaimed impatiently; "go on, I beseech you."

"You know her, then. Sinclair told me you did not. Well, he conceived a passion for the girl—no wonder. Such a divinity! By Heaven! I gnaw my heart when I think of it. But, to go on. Miss, wise in her generation, or deficient in taste, wouldn't have the man: prayers, entreaties, threats from Mrs. Brett,— no, all would not do, — he was not *the* man. Behold, now, what a noble scheme enters the heart of my Sinclair, — a heart, do you mark? which is now as full of malice as of love — for he has been rejected, you see; and man is a magnanimous fellow in his way. He obtains Mrs. Brett's consent to carry off the girl, under pretence of conducting her to the theatre, (Mrs. Brett will follow in a few minutes in her chair — do you take?) to his own lodgings, where a parson, less scrupulous than serviceable, is in readiness to tie the knot. That is the understanding with Mrs. Brett; and to that she consents."

"Gracious Heaven! and when is this scheme intended to be put into operation?"

"How pale you turn, and stare!" he returned. "What is all this to you or to me? Such things are done daily. But the worst of it is, this will not be done. Mrs. Brett is to be outwitted. What do you think of lay Lemery for a parson, and secular Simms for a clerk,— a sham to save appearances for a time, and to have his revenge upon the girl?"

"Good Heaven! speak!" I cried in a frenzy, starting from my seat "When is this to be?"

"It is over by this time, I dare say," he replied; "but what's the matter?"

I had fallen back into my chair, as though shot through the heart. The dew gathered upon my forehead—I had not strength to wipe it thence.

"Where is this scene acting?" I demanded in a faint voice.

He evaded my question, which I repeated two or three times.

"What signifies it?" he said; "you are not going to turn chevalier for your mother, are you—or for the girl? What ails you?"

"Where is it?" I exclaimed in a voice of thunder, which caused the waiter to pop his head in at the door, and to withdraw it as suddenly. I seized my hat and sword.

"The place! the place! By Heaven! I must know it."

"Charing-Cross. Robinson's coffee-house."

"That house of infamy! Merchant——" I turned to him, clenching my fist in his face, "if this infernal project shall have proved successful, it were best we never meet again. Your heart's blood shall flow for it. What am I saying? You did not know — you could not know——"

He caught me by the cuff, and the skirt of my coat.

"Why, you 're not going there? you 're drunk. Sit down. This fellow, Sinclair, would make nothing of whipping you through the body. What says Mercutio? 'One, two, and the third in your bosom — the very butcher of a silk button.' If it were Lemery and Simms, now, a great round mouth, and a 'bo' would frighten 'em out of the window."

I tore myself away from him, and rushed into the street. We had been sitting in Morris's coffee-house in Norfolk-Street. Charing-Cross was no great distance off. I ran there as fast as my legs would carry me (and they never better served me), and up the long passage leading to the vile house, which I burst into without ceremony.

"Whom may you please to want, sir?" inquired a woman with the most shockingly ill-favoured countenance I had ever beheld, as she met me midway in the entrance, standing there, as though bent upon arresting my progress.

"You have a wedding-party up stairs, I believe," I brought out, fetching a long breath.

She hesitated a moment. "You are a friend of the gentleman, sir? La! I think I have seen your face before."

"And I yours," I returned; and so I had; but where, I had not time to study. "I *am* a friend of the gentleman, and of the lady too." I had said too much, it seemed.

"You can't pass: no friends of ladies are allowed here. Dick! Dick!" Dick, however, was not forthcoming.

"Woman," said I, "if you have never beaten hemp at Bridewell, and been whipped there, your turn will soon come, if you do not let me pass you. The constables will soon be at my heels, I promise you." So saying, I laid my hands upon the shoulders of the frightful woman, and pushing her aside, hastened up stairs.

I needed no special direction to the room. The voice of a female, in supplication, and as I judged, upon her knees to Sinclair, whose voice I heard too, alternately expostulating and threatening — these were more than enough for me. I tried the handle of the door — it was fast. I knocked loudly at it.

"Who 's there? what, in the devil's name! is the matter, now?" cried Sinclair.

"It is I—open the door—you had better; or I will force it open."

"Who are you? What do you want? Begone, fellow!"

"Good sir, whoever you be, I am sure you will be my friend. Release me from these barbarous men."

It was Elizabeth who addressed me.

"Trust me, dear madam, I will," replied I. "Sinclair, you base hound!" trying to force the lock, which, however, resisted all my

efforts, "you shall pay dearly for this. My name is Savage——" A shriek followed, and a clasping together of the hands.

"Great Heaven! Mr. Sinclair," cried Elizabeth, "in Mercy's name, do not——"

I heard no more. With the strength and violence of a madman, having receded several paces, I threw myself upon the door, and burst it open. Sinclair had measured his distance, and made his lunge well. Had it not been that the force I had exerted caused me to come half headlong into the room, and in an oblique direction, his sword had inevitably gone clean through my body. As it was, it passed through the tip of my sleeve, raking my shoulder slightly. Catching hold upon the wrist of his sword-arm with one hand, I grasped him in the side with the other, and flinging him from me with all my force—a force augmented by hatred and rage,—I dashed him against a table, spread with decanters and glasses, upon and over which he was thrown, and which, with a crash, came with him to the ground. He was greatly hurt, for he did not rise, but with loud curses called upon his confederates to thrust me from the room, and make fast the door. The terrified girl clung about me, imploring my protection. "Dear Mr. Savage, you will take me from this place, won't you? I am sure you will. You are not a friend of Mr. Sinclair, as they told me you were."

I had not shown myself so, indeed; nor did I care at that moment to give him any further proof of my enmity. I took the trembling creature round the waist, and led her to the door. Turning to the two men, I said,

"You had better not stir. Take care of your master, or your friend. He needs your assistance. Your ordination is of recent date, Mr. Lemery. I know you; and, Mr. Simms, when I next see you, you will not cry 'Amen' to my greeting."

I hastened down stairs with my fluttering prize, who still clung closely to my arm. An evil-faced, bull-dog looking fellow, was in the passage.

"Dick," said I, half familiarity, half imperiousness, "I have a guinea for you, when you have got me a coach."

The fellow's face relaxed into amiability.— "Your honour——," he began.

"Dick, you cowardly rogue, you!" cried the woman, "let him pass at your peril."

"Draw your sword, sir," said Dick, "and make belief to stick me. Only make belief, if you please, your honour."

I did so; and the fellow, affecting a fear which, I'll be sworn, he never felt since he could write or fight man, ran out of the house, protesting that he would not wait to be spitted for the whim of the best woman that ever wore petticoat.

"Pretty doings!" cried the woman, coming forward, "that a gentleman can't marry a lady comfortably."

"Dear, good woman," began my Elizabeth, "pray take pity on me! I will bless you for ever."

Such words from an angel to so hideous a hag! I thrust the execrable woman into her room, turning the key against her; and taking my lovely burthen in my arms, carried her down the passage, and placed her in safety in a coach which had drawn up at the entrance; and, thrusting a guinea into Dick's leathern hand, leaped in after her. "Where to, your honour?" said Dick. I knew not where. "Hyde-Park Gate," said I; and the coach was presently in motion.

THE LASS OF ALBANY.*

AN UNPUBLISHED SONG.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

(TUNE—"Mary's Dream.")

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea
That roars between her gardens green
And the bonnie lass of Albany.

This lovely maid 's of royal blood,
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three;
But oh! alas! for her bonnie face!
They 've wrang'd the lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree;
And a town of fame, whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albany.

But there 's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be:
We 'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper wan the gree;
Who now commands the tower and lands,
The royal right of Albany.

We 'll daily pray, we 'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently.
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We 'll welcome home fair Albany.

THE MAYOR OF OUR TOWN.

AND HIS LONDON CONTEMPORARY.

ONCE upon a time there lived a hero, named George Baker. He was neither witty nor wealthy, neither a scholar nor a statesman, but —A MAYOR. Notwithstanding his many infirmities, he was a source of great amusement to the town over which he presided, whilst he maintained the dignity of his office by a huge pig-tail, rendered cumbrous and white with powder and pomatum; by knee-buckles studded with brilliants; and by a gold-headed cane, which was a sort of mace of office. As *George Baker*, he was kind as a lamb, and quite as simple; but he, the mayor of the town, *as mayor*, "would yield to no man for the sense he entertained of the importance and dignity of his office."

Among other peculiarities in his *official* character was a feeling of official respect for official persons, in the same exalted sphere of official life as himself. It was of no consequence to him whether the *Lord Mayor of London* was a Whig, or a Tory, a lover of Bonaparte and the French, or a hater of both; a wealthy man, who supported the office with dignity; or a poor man, who saved money from the sum al-

* The MS. of this ballad is in the possession of B. Nightingale, Esq. The "bonnie lass" is the Duchess of Albany, the daughter of the Pretender. The original has been shown to Mr. Allan Cunningham, who will attest the genuineness of the autograph.

lowed by the corporation. He might be Churchman or Dissenter, Presbyterian, or even Papist, provided he was Lord Mayor of the city of London. As George Baker, he might neither love nor respect him; but in his capacity of mayor of "our town," the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London was sure of securing the "devoted respect of his most faithful, obedient, and very humble servant."

One of the usages of *our Mayor* was that of forwarding every year to his London contemporary a large turbot and a hallibut. During eight consecutive years, eight consecutive wagons had received eight turbots and eight hallibuts, always in due time for the Lord Mayor's day, and invariably accompanied with the following epistle:

"MY LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,

"The Lord Mayor of —— feels his annual pleasure to be to send a turbot and a hallibut (both alive this morning) to his lordship of London. May they prove agreeable and comfortable to his lordship and party! From your friend and brother Mayor of the town of ——,

(Signed) GEORGE BAKER."

During eight successive years, eight successive Mayors of the city of London had been so ungracious and ungrateful as not to do more than reply in terms of respectful acknowledgment for this distinguished mark of the Mayor Baker's approbation, and neither turtle nor venison, white-bait or salmon, had at any period of the year reached the mansion-house of "our town." But George Baker's NINTH mayoralty was more successful: for the Right Honourable James Greenfat, Alderman, M.P., who then filled the civic chair, desired his secretary to intimate his intention of reciprocating the compliment.

"An elephant!" exclaimed George Baker, as he laid down a letter on the breakfast-table,—"an elephant! What shall I do with an elephant?"

"What's that you say, my dear George," asked his affectionate wife. "Did not you say something about an *elephant?*"

"Yes, I did, my dear."

"Why, what in the world does all this mean?" asked the Mayoress of "our town."

"What does it *mean*, dear Mary? why it's as clear as the nose on your face. The Lord Mayor of London is going to send me an elephant."

"What are we to do with an *elephant?* where can we put an elephant? what are we to feed him with? and how very expensive he will be to 'our town and corporation.'"

"Our town and corporation!" exclaimed George Baker, in an agony of surprise and wonderment: "why, my dear, what can our town and corporation have to do with the matter? The elephant is sent to *me*, not to the town, or to the corporation. You know, my dear, an elephant is a very rich present. Kings sent them to Kings in former days; and nothing can be a greater proof of the respect which the Lord Mayor Greenfat has for me, than to send me such a gift as this is."

At this moment, the town-clerk entered the back parlour, where the feast of rolls, tea, and herrings, was enacted every morning from the first of November to the first of May, at a quarter past eight to a second.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayor," said the town-clerk as he made his

obeisance to honest George Baker, "I have some important news for you; one hundred kegs of spirits have been seized on the barrack-ground, and three of the smugglers are in custody."

"Indeed, Mr. Flicker," replied the Mayor, with unaccountable unconcern; "I have also some news to tell you. The Lord Mayor of London has written to me a most handsome letter, to tell me that he is going to send me an *elephant*."

"God bless my soul and body!" cried the town-clerk; "why, you don't say so, Mr. Mayor. An elephant!"

"Yes, an elephant, Mr. Flicker," added the Mayoress.

"Well, that bangs every thing I ever heard of," replied the town-clerk; "why, Mr. Mayor, what *will* you do with an *elephant?*"

The Mayor's dignity was now roused; and his reply corresponded with his feelings—

"The Mayor of —— will be at no loss what to do with him, Mr. Flicker, I assure you."

"Oh! of course not—of course not," said Mr. Flicker, who drew in his horns, and began to feel a necessary portion of awe and respect for the Mayor of "our town." "I hope no offence, Mr. Mayor—I hope no offence; but, as the saying is, elephants are not very common in these parts. Tom Page, who has lately come back from *Ingy* (India), tells some rare good stories about elephant-hunting. Perhaps you might like to talk with him."

"Very much, indeed," replied the soon reconciled Mayor; "he may be able to give me some advice with respect to the sort of house I must build for him, and the food I should get ready."

The rest of the interview was devoted to the subject of the smugglers; and then the Town-Clerk and the Mayor parted.

"You'll not forget to send up Tom Page," cried the Mayor as the Town-Clerk left the back-parlour.

"I must build a strong house for him near the Lees," continued the Mayor; "for no doubt he will require air and exercise, and that spot of ground is just the very thing."

"What do elephants *eat?*" asked Mrs. Baker.

"Mutton and beef, I believe, my dear Mary," replied the sage. "This elephant will be an expensive piece of business; but then, you know, I cannot refuse him."

"Refuse him, my dear George! Why, who would think of refusing him? I dare say an elephant is worth——"

"A thousand guineas," replied her husband; and Mrs. Baker shrieked with delight.

The Town-Clerk had been faithful to his promise, for in less than a quarter of an hour Tom Page knocked at the door of the Mayor's residence.

"Mr. Flicker tells *me*, Mr. Mayor, that you wish to see me about *h*elephants. Well, I've seen a great many of 'em,—hundreds, thousands, all running about like mad. They're most dangerousest creatures. Big as they are, they turn round in a twinkling, as the saying is, and '*run*''s the word, or '*death*''s the motion. And then, what a lot they eat!"

"Of what?" asked George Baker, with some anxiety.

"Of rice and potatoes, of oats and barley, and anything else they can get," replied Tom Page. "Nothing comes amiss to them, except

meat or fish; and they are no good judges of beef-steaks and onions, or corn-beef, or a leg of mutton."

Mrs. Baker looked staggered. She felt such unbounded confidence in her husband, that this flat denial to his beef and mutton story surprised and overwhelmed her. Her faithful George perceived it.

"I know," said the Mayor to his agitated spouse, — "I knew, my dear, either that the elephant lived *wholly* on mutton and beef, or else would live on *any thing but* mutton and beef, I was not sure which, but one or the other I *was* sure of."

"Oh! you 're quite right," said Tom Page, — "you 're quite right, Mr. Mayor, they never touch mutton or beef."

Tom Page then furnished the Mayor with some interesting and important particulars relative to the kind of house necessary to be constructed for this wondrous animal; and James Hogben the carpenter, Peter Minnis the builder, William Saunders the plumber, and Titus Lewis the blacksmith, were all summoned to the piece of ground near the Lees, there to give their best advice relative to the solid and stable construction of the future residence of the London Elephant.

The builder proposed "*deep foundations*," as he had been told that elephants tore up with their feet the ground of their abodes.

The carpenter advised oak for the walls of the building.

The bricklayer, rocks, stone, bricks, and masonry.

The plumber was very learned on a constant supply of water, and suggested the necessity for a bath.

The blacksmith thought iron staples, bolts, bars, and chains were indispensable, and recounted all he had heard of a wonderful elephant who, when seized with a frenzy, destroyed all but iron spikes and iron cables.

The Mayor now waited with some impatience the arrival of the promised gift, — but it did not come. Some told him that "November fogs were unfavourable to the health of the elephant, and that no doubt the Lord Mayor of London had refused to allow him to make the voyage in bad weather;" others said, "there was no wind, and no brig could get round the Foreland." The Mayor offered one guinea reward to the seafaring man who should first announce to him the arrival of the vessel; and telescopes were all directed towards the Thames and the road to London.

The month of November passed off as foggily as usual, and neither tusks, trunk, nor teeth of the wonderful quadruped arrived to disperse the general gloom. But on the 3rd December a light breeze sprung up, and James Spearpoint, a true-British tar, who had seen some service, and could show both scars and wounds, hobbled up the High Street with all possible celerity, to communicate the joyful intelligence that a brig from London, named "*The Elephant*," was to be seen clearly about two miles off, evidently bound to "our town," and was coming straight ahead to "our port."

The brig entered the harbour. During half an hour the Captain and crew were engaged in mooring the brig; and when chains and cables were all adjusted, George Baker could no longer restrain his impatience, but approaching the side of the port, demanded, "Is he quite well, Captain?"

"Yes, I 'm quite well, thank you," replied the honest tar. "But what 's the meaning of all these people being here to look at my brig?"

"Oh! they have only come down to see the elephant," responded the Mayor; "mere curiosity. But, as I observed just now, how is he?"

"Very well indeed, thank you. True, our passage has not been a long one. Left London the day before yesterday."

"I'm the Mayor," said George Baker; "the elephant is for *me*. You know it is sent me by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London. Everything is ready for him."

"For whom?" asked the Captain.

"For the elephant," replied the Mayor.

"What elephant?" asked the Captain.

"The elephant you have brought with you," replied the Mayor.

"I've brought no elephant with me, except my own brig," observed the Captain.

The crowd set up a huge hoarse laugh, which was soon caught up, and extended from the end of the port near the sea to the top of High Street; while George Baker, accompanied by his faithful Tom Page, returned to his back-parlour, there to listen to the counsels, anecdotes, and elephantic histories of his chosen companion.

Another week elapsed, the elephant did not arrive, and the honest Mayor grew somewhat fractious as well as impatient. At length a Court of Aldermen and Common Councilmen was assembled, "on urgent and special business." Various were the *local* matters which demanded the attention and decision of these country senators; but when these had been despatched, George Baker addressed the Court as follows:—

"Gentlemen, there's another bit o' business which I have to lay before you. As Mayor of this town, I have always sent to his worship the Mayor of London a turbot and a hallibut. The city of London has never sent nothing in return for all the turbots and hallibuts, except some letters all full o' flummery; but now the Lord Mayor has sent me an elephant; and as he has done this to me, your Mayor, I think you should come to a vote on the subject."

The Town-clerk observed, "that the reg'lar way of bringing the matter forward would be for the Mayor to lay before the Court the letter of the Lord Mayor of London, and then that the Court should take that letter into consideration, and come to a vote of thanks."

"But the letter is to *me*, George Baker," replied the Mayor, "and not to the Mayor of 'our town.'"

"Then if the present is made to *you*, not as Mayor, but as a private individual," said Mr. Common Councilman Sledge, we, as a court, can have nothing to do with it. It is all a *personal* matter."

"Oh! there's nothing *personal* in it," replied the Mayor, rather hastily; "it's all as respectful as can be."

"Perhaps the Mayor will have the goodness to favour the Court with an inspection of the letter," said Captain Grinnis, one of the Aldermen.

"There's the letter, Mr. Town-clerk," observed the Mayor.

The Town-clerk, having contrived to decipher an almost illegible scrawl, read as follows:—

To George Baker, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

Sir, — I am charged by the Right Honourable James Greenfat, Mayor of the City of London, Alderman of the Ward of Billingsgate,

Member for the Borough of Allspice, and Master of the Grocer's Company, to acknowledge the reception of your valuable and acceptable present of a turbot and a hallibut, sent to grace his Lordship's festive board, and which were highly approved by his Lordship's distinguished guests. At the same time, I have it in charge to communicate to you, sir, that his Lordship will avail himself of the first suitable occasion for conveying an equivalent to you, which he hopes will be received with corresponding feelings. That you may long live to cultivate the same good feeling which happily subsists between your old and respectable Corporation and the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, is no less the desire of his Lordship than of, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
JACOB GOOSE, Secretary.

Mansion House, 12th November.

At its conclusion, Alderman Grinnis submitted to the Mayor that this could not be "*the*" letter he had referred to, since it did not contain *one* word on the subject of the elephant.

"Then the Town-clerk has not read it right," said the Mayor. "Give it to me."

"There," added George Baker, opening the letter, and reading it from the phrase beginning, "At the same time," &c.—"for conveying an elephant to you."

"No, it is not *elephant*, Mr. Mayor," interrupted the Town-clerk; "it is *equivalent*."

"Equivalent?" said George Baker. "Why, what's an *equivalent*? Whoever heard of an *equivalent*? It's elephant. Look at it, Alderman Grinnis."

"With pleasure," said the Alderman; but it nearly cost him his life, for the discovery of the mistake of the worthy Mayor threw the Court into convulsions of laughter; and George Baker remained for some days in seclusion and solitude in his back parlour.

At length, however, the "equivalent," not the elephant, arrived. What was it? A turtle? No. A boar's head? No. A haunch of venison? No. Jewellery, tortoiseshell, ivory, mother-o'-pearl? No—*but twelve pounds of green tea!!!*

THE BEAUTIFUL BANKS OF THE TWEED.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

How lovely is Tweed's flowing tide,
As softly it murmurs along;
The sun beams upon it with pride,
And wakens its banks into song—
From birds who are resting their wings
By its margin, instead of the mead,
Bright, bright is the vision that brings
The beautiful banks of the Tweed!

Here Nature delights to repose,
And is seen midst the clust'ring trees
That shelter the sweet blooming rose,
Whose fragrance is borne on the breeze!
Fair spots may be found 'neath the sky
That few on this earth can exceed,
But few can have charms that outvie,
The beautiful banks of the Tweed!

THE IMMENSE CONCERN MANIA.

BY OLD SCRATCH.

It is a prevailing insanity among shopkeepers of the present day to be at the head of an immense concern, and it is a malady which in almost every case finishes with a fatal result, not only to the individual who is the immediate subject of the complaint, but to those who may happen to be bitten in the interim. It is curious to watch the progress of the disease to which we allude, and observe its effects on the party whom it happens to attack; while it is remarkable that, as the cholera took its walk along the banks of the Thames, the immense concern epidemic chiefly confines its ravages to the leading thoroughfares. It generally seizes the proprietors of linen-drapers' shops, and, like the bite of the tarantula, sets them cutting the most extraordinary capers, in the course of which they start off into a most lively *galop*, and conclude with a *pas*, not of the most graceful kind, in the Court of Bankruptcy. The first symptoms of the disease to which we allude are generally to be observed in an insane desire to practise the rules of arithmetic on the windows and the shopmen; the former being divided successively by eight, by four, and ultimately by two; while the latter are continually multiplied to an extent that renders an addition to the premises absolutely necessary for containing them.

An immense concern at the West End generally begins in a single house, and the disease first developes itself in a strong itching to take the next door, which, when once accomplished, is soon followed by an eccentric resolution to add the words "and Co." to the name of the proprietor. The malady is not, however, yet incurable, and may be got over, if checked at this stage; but when there are symptoms of a disposition to treat for another house, the patient's case may be regarded as desperate. Another most distressing characteristic of the complaint is, the tendency that is sometimes exhibited to cut away the ceiling of the shop, and annihilate the first floor; thus subjecting the premises to a most alarming enlargement of the lower extremities.

Having done its worst with the shop itself the mania begins to show its effects upon the goods, which suddenly become sprinkled here and there with small tickets; but these in a short time give way to a rash of labels that breaks out perceptibly in every part of the window. The next stage is an eruption of large placards, conveying incoherent hints about "giving away," "selling under prime cost," and other unaccountable acts of generosity, which the patient professes to practise; while by degrees he grows bolder in the tone of his tickets, and sundry commodities are placed under the public eye, inscribed with mysterious allusions to "an alarming sacrifice." The breaking out upon the goods shortly flies to the windows themselves, which are soon covered with enormous posting-bills, in which the words "Extensive Failure" are extremely conspicuous; and there is a desperate effort to arrest attention, by thrusting goods almost into the street, with a printed invitation to the public to "Look at this," and a most uncalled-for allusion to the "distress of the Spitalfields weavers." The disease now be-

comes convulsive: enormous piles of drugget are deposited outside the shop, in bold defiance of the Paving Act, carpets dangle from the upper stories, blankets float in the air, and pieces of calico flutter in the breeze, while straw-bonnets are dashed recklessly into the window, with an intimation that there is a choice of twenty-five thousand, all at a price not even worth mentioning. Blocks are dressed up in cloaks to look like customers; dresses that have been lying in the ware-room since last year, are labelled as "Quite new, and just imported." Every thing is marked at an astoundingly moderate price; but, by some strange accident, there is not a ticket but what has slipped from one thing to another, if any one wants to purchase the labelled article. After these very active symptoms, the disease comes to its termination; the immense concern dies a natural death, and the proprietor amuses the public by a series of candid confessions to the commissioner of bankrupts, or gratifies a spirit of enterprise by "bolting" to America.

It is difficult to prescribe the proper treatment for the malady above alluded to, for, unless checked in the very earliest stages, it generally gets beyond the reach of art to arrest its progress. On the first symptoms beginning to show themselves, we recommend a bath, to be administered by throwing cold water copiously on the person affected; and when he begins to wander on the subject of enlarging his windows, it is fortunate if a good-natured friend is at hand with a wet blanket, which should be instantly applied as moist as possible. When there is a tendency to enlargement, it would be better if the patient could be confined by his neighbours refusing to quit his side; but even this treatment is sometimes ineffectual, for we have known cases in which it has been thought that a cure had been achieved, when suddenly it was found that the morbid inflammation had only been checked at the sides to burst out at the back with increased violence. An enormous tumour was found to have been for some time forming in the rear; and though everything appeared to be in perfect repose as far as the front was concerned, it appeared that there was internal enlargement actively going on, and the feverish symptoms were soon followed by a frightful eruption in the back.

When this stage of the disease is reached, cold lotions must be laid aside as useless; but the great danger consists in the patients endeavouring to find relief from his own drafts, to which he resorts with alarming recklessness. This, however, cannot last, and his condition becoming evident, he generally submits to some very warm applications on letter-paper; and these are generally followed by stronger treatment, in which parchment blisters are rather freely resorted to. The malady frequently terminates by a last effort to get blood; but this is almost always fruitless, and the patient sometimes transfers himself voluntarily to the hospital in Portugal Street, where a species of whitewash is administered, which allays irritation, and cures the complaint, but leaves the constitution greatly impaired by the remedy.

THE NECROMANCER;

OR,

GHOST *versus* GRAMARYE.

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER, AUTHOR OF "STURMER."

"Is not this something more than phantasy?"—HAMLET.

"THEN I am to infer, from all that you have just advanced, that you really believe in ghosts?"

"Stop, my dear friend! I did not go quite so far, although I will admit that a belief in supernatural visitations does not appear to me to be incompatible with the exercise of reason; nor ought it to be advanced as a proof of ignorant credulity or vulgar superstition in those persons who own their credence in them. Everything is possible with the Allwise Being, whose ways are inscrutable to our limited comprehensions. The traditions of all nations and all religions contain accounts of apparitions, ghostly warnings, and revelations, mysteriously connected with the world of spirits; and I myself have seen—"

"My dear Baron, if *you* assure me that in your sober senses, and in a waking mood, you have seen a spirit, my incredulity will certainly be greatly staggered, and I shall almost be prepared to admit that such things may be; for I know you to be the soul of truth."

"Softly, softly! Had you not interrupted me, you would already be aware that I meant only to tell you that I had seen, and been well acquainted with, a person who had witnessed a supernatural appearance of so awful a nature, that he would have discarded it from his mind as the coinage of an over-excited imagination, had not other persons been present at the time, to whose senses the shadowy visitant was equally apparent, and had not circumstances borne out the strange and fearful mystery developed by it."

The preceding conversation took place one winter's evening, in the dark oak-panelled hall of an antique castle, on the German border of the Boden See (Lake of Constance), not far from the little peninsula which is occupied by the fortified town of Lindau, and commanding a view across the broad expanse of waters of the opposite shores of Thurgau, and of the snow-covered Alps of St. Gall and Appenzell, which form its magnificent back-ground. The interlocutors were an old Bavarian nobleman, proprietor of the mansion, and a Tyrolese gentleman, who was his guest.

"For Heaven's sake," resumed the latter, "let me hear your story: I have a passion for these sort of horrors; and the time, the season, and the place we are in, are all admirably suited for a narrative of the supernatural school. I think, however, it will go hard with me if I do not account for your marvels by natural causes."

"You shall judge," rejoined the noble *châtelain*. "All I ask is, that you do not interrupt me in my recital. The story was related to me very many years ago; and I have not alluded to it for such a length of time, that it will be necessary for me to concentrate my recollections of its various details in order to render them intelligible to you."

Then passing his hand over his forehead, and silently collecting his thoughts for a few moments, he thus proceeded:—

"The person from whose lips I received the details I am now about to relate to you was a countryman of my own, named Waldkirch, and a disciple of the famous Cagliostro. He had passed part of his youth in Paris at the period when that extraordinary empiric was the lion of the day, and had become deeply imbued with the mystical arts with which he inthralled the imaginations of the lovers of the wild and marvellous. Every one who has heard of Cagliostro has heard of the startling revelations which he made to various persons respecting future events of their lives, through the medium of magic mirrors. My friend Waldkirch had applied himself so successfully to this peculiar branch of the *black art*, that he had become nearly as great an adept in phantasmagoria as his celebrated master, or even as that prince of necromancers, Cornelius Agrippa."

"Pardon me for this once interrupting you," said the Tyrolian. "I thought it was of real *bonâ fide* phantoms you were to discourse, and not of optical delusions such as come under the denomination of phantasmagoria, and the shadowy deceptions conjured up by such a charlatan as Cagliostro."

"And so it is," returned the old Bavarian; "and my phantom will appear in the proper place, if you will allow me to proceed uninterruptedly in a narrative, the interest of which I should be unwilling to mar by confused or broken details. Waldkirch travelled for some time through the southern states of Europe, after his departure from Paris, and during his stay in Sicily became acquainted with the Conte Felice Sammartino, a young nobleman of the greatest promise, the only surviving child of the Duke Sammartino, who was himself the representative of one of the wealthiest and most ancient families in the island. This young man became so interested in the occult sciences, which formed the favourite pursuit of Waldkirch, that he passed much of his time in his society, and finally induced him to visit his father, the Duke, at a magnificent villa which he possessed on the sea coast, about five leagues from Palermo, where he had lived in almost monastic seclusion, since the loss of his eldest son, who had been torn from the bosom of his family in the most afflicting and inexplicable manner.

"The Duke Sammartino's family had consisted of two sons, the youngest of whom (the Conte Felice) had originally been destined for the ecclesiastical state, in order that the undivided wealth and estates of that noble house might be settled upon his elder brother, the Marchese Gaetano Sammartino; that being one of the conditions upon which depended his marriage with the Marchesina Lucrezia Parisio, an orphan heiress, to whom he had been betrothed while they were both children. Although their projected union had originated in family conventions, which had decided that the riches of the Sammartini and the Parisii should form one *apanage*,—and although, as is generally the case in such arrangements, the inclinations of the young people had been the last thing taken into consideration by the directing elders,—yet, by a happy chance, so strong a sympathy sprung up between Lucrezia and Gaetano, that they were lovers while they were yet children, and would mutually have chosen each other as the partner of their future existence, even if their parents had not already decided upon their union. Three years' absence from Sicily made by Gaetano,

during which period he visited the principal courts of Europe, instead of diminishing the ardent affection they had so early evinced for each other, appeared to impart to it increased intensity; and no sooner had the young Marchese returned to Palermo than preparations for the solemnization of their nuptials were forthwith commenced with extraordinary magnificence. All that was noblest in Palermo had been invited to assist at the ceremony, and a succession of fêtes to be given by the different connexions of the youthful bride and bridegroom were to follow it; when, the day but one before that appointed for the marriage, Gaetano suddenly disappeared, and was seen no more!

"Since his return to Palermo, he had been in the habit of going almost every evening to the villa I have already alluded to, (the one inhabited by the Duke Sammartino when Waldkirch first became acquainted with the family,) that he might superintend the preparations that were in progress for the reception of his bride, who was to pass the first days of their marriage in that beautiful retreat with him. On the evening of his disappearance, he had proceeded thither as usual; but the night passed away, and he did not return to Palermo,—the morning came, and still he was absent. Expresses were sent in all directions in search of him, but in vain. None of his attendants had accompanied him to the villa; those of the Duke who remained in permanence there had beheld him depart as usual; and this is all that was ever known on the subject.

"To describe the consternation and despair into which the fair young bride and the whole of the Sammartino family were plunged, when hour after hour passed away, and no trace could be discovered of the lost Gaetano, would be impossible. On the day following his disappearance, it became known that an Algerine corsair had been seen off the coast on the fatal evening, and that some of the crew had landed in a boat, and carried off several of the inhabitants of those shores. The Duke immediately ordered two of the fast-sailing vessels called *speronari* to be equipped and sent in pursuit of the pirates, and Felice insisted upon embarking in one of them. But a violent gale of wind dispersed the little squadron off Trapani; one of the *speronari* became disabled, and was obliged to return to Palermo; the other one, containing Felice, with difficulty entered the port of Trapani, where they heard that a Barbary corsair had been seen to founder the preceding day, and all on board perished. This intelligence was but too well calculated to extinguish all rational hopes of Gaetano's still surviving, which had been connected with the supposition of his capture by the Algerines; yet so unwilling were the bereaved family to give themselves up to despair, that they still clung to the possibility that the vessel which had been seen to go down at sea might not have been the one in which the unfortunate youth had been carried off; and the Duke, accordingly, instituted inquiries all along the Barbary coast, tending to ascertain whether Gaetano had been carried into slavery thither, and in that case offering an immense ransom for his liberation.

"Nearly three years were thus spent in unavailing researches, and they were at length forced to resign themselves to the belief, that if the ocean had not buried in its unfathomable depths the object of their painful solicitude, he must have fallen a victim to the barbarous treatment of the pirates, and perished at their hands. And could anything have embittered the utter despair which succeeded to the clinging tenacity of their long-cherished hopes, it must have been the cruel un-

certainty in which they remained concerning the catastrophe which had deprived them of one so amiable and so beloved.

"The destinies of Felice, however, were materially altered by the death of his brother; for, as he by that event became sole heir of the Sammartino family, he was emancipated from the life of celibacy to which the ecclesiastical profession would have doomed him, and it became the absorbing wish of the Duke that the hand of Lucrezia should be transferred to his surviving son, and that the union of the two families, which had been decided upon for so many years, should be thus ratified. One person alone obstinately objected to this substitution; and that person was the fair young mourner, whose widowed heart recoiled with horror from the idea of breaking its faith to the lost Gaetano.

"Felice, although captivated by the beauty and virtues of the young heiress, and sensitively alive to all the advantages of such an alliance, refused, with a noble generosity which did honour to his feelings, to press his suit with her as soon as he became aware of her strong objections to another marriage; he even carried his disinterestedness so far as to advocate her cause *against himself* with his family, and with her guardians (of whom his father was one), and generously protected her against the solicitations with which they persecuted her. 'Lucrezia is right!' he would often say; 'who knows but that my brother still lives? and would it not be dreadful to take advantage of the uncertainty that involves that question, in order to deprive him for ever of that which was dearest to him in the world! Could I, after co-operating in so culpable an action, dare to raise my voice to Heaven, and supplicate for his restoration to us? And, *if*, indeed, he no longer exists, how can we better honour his memory than by abstaining from filling up the void which his death has left amongst us—by sacrificing all our hopes upon his tomb,—by respecting as sacred all that ever belonged to him?'

"This exaltation of sentiment, however, did not coincide with the Duke's feelings and wishes, and all that Felice could obtain from him was, that he should refrain from molesting Lucrezia for another year, during which time he continued his researches for his lost brother with unabated ardour, but with no happy result. As for Lucrezia, touched by the delicacy of Felice's conduct towards her, she felt herself constrained to respect and admire the man she could not love, and insensibly a tender pity succeeded in her bosom to the profound indifference she had previously evinced for him. She could not remain blind to the extent of his passion for her, nor insensible to the magnanimity with which he protected her from the importunities of his family; every new victory that he obtained over himself rendered him more estimable in her eyes; every fresh sacrifice of his dearest wishes to her peace of mind was eagerly advanced by the Duke as a motive for softening the inflexibility of her resolves.

"It was at this particular stage of the affair that Waldkirch appeared at Palermo, and was invited by Felice to visit the Duke at his villa. The presence of the German stranger there formed an interesting epoch in the existence of the melancholy circle; his acquirements were varied and captivating; the exaltation of his ideas; the mysticism with which his conversation was tinged, and vague hints, darkly thrown out, of supernatural powers exercised by him — powers that could bring him into communion with beings of another world,—

invested him with a sort of solemn interest in their eyes. He soon divined their characters, — entered into their individual feelings, — became the confidant of each, — and gradually acquired a dominion over the minds of all, for which it would have been difficult for them to account. The Duke especially, whose mental powers had become weakened by grief, succumbed to the influence exercised by this extraordinary man, and unresistingly admitted the mysterious inferences thrown out by him of an intercourse with supernatural agencies; Waldkirch became his oracle,—and the heart of the bereaved father thrilled with an awful hope that, through his ministry, the fate of his lost son might be revealed to him.

"At last he ventured to give utterance to those hopes, and one day throwing himself into the arms of his new friend, besought him to exert his powers in order to throw some light upon the inexplicable disappearance of Gaetano.

"'My friend,' he said, 'although the Church of Rome brands with the epithets of *sorcery* and *malefice* the science you have mastered, and threatens with excommunication not only those who practise it, but those who have recourse to it, yet I cannot resist the impulse which drives me to brave that contingent penalty, that, through your exertions, I may obtain some certain insight into a mystery which has desolated my domestic happiness. You see the wretched state of mind into which we are all plunged: Lucrezia's grief for the loss of my poor Gaetano has so far yielded to the influence of time, that it has softened into a calm and tender regret, which would ultimately leave her willing to favour the addresses of Felice, could her conscience be satisfied as to the certainty of his brother's death. Felice, on his part, is consuming away,—his health and courage sinking under the perpetual struggle to which his feelings are exposed by the intensity of his passion for Lucrezia, and his respect for her scruples. As for myself, you behold an unfortunate father, the representative of a noble and time-honoured race, who sees his name about to be extinguished,—his hopes of living in the children of his children sacrificed to the dreadful doubt that hangs like a cloud over the fate of one of them! Could that doubt be but dispelled, all would be well. Waldkirch, you understand me! have you the power of raising the veil which conceals the secrets of the world of spirits from the uninitiated? does your science embrace the possibility of ascertaining whether Gaetano be alive or dead? and, if so, can you bring conviction home to the minds of those so deeply interested in knowing the truth?'

"Waldkirch fearlessly assured him that he could.

"Scarcely was this interview over, when Felice, unconscious of the conversation that had just passed, sought his friend, and flinging himself into an arm-chair with every demonstration of despair, exclaimed,

"'Waldkirch, I can bear this no longer! I must quit this spot,—I must leave my country.'

"'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed Waldkirch, 'what has happened?'

"'My friend — my dear friend!' replied the young man, 'in vain have I struggled against my love for Lucrezia! it has overcome my firmest resolution to smother it within my own bosom; every day increases the intensity of my feelings; and if I remain longer here, I shall not be able to resist persecuting her with the expression of them.'

"'Be assured,' said Waldkirch, 'that the heart of the Marchesina

will at last pronounce itself in your favour; and that she will yield to the wishes of her friends, and bestow her hand upon you.'

"'Never!' cried Felice,—'never, as long as she retains a vestige of hope that Gaetano still lives!'

"'You believe, then, that an awful certainty would decide her?' inquired Waldkirch; 'and, what if I tell you that it would be possible for me to bring that certainty home to her conviction?'

"'What do you mean?' exclaimed Felice hastily, and fixing his eyes with terrified surprise upon the countenance of his friend.

"'I mean,' was the answer, 'that it is possible to compel the disembodied spirit to appear once more upon earth; and, if ever terrestrial interests could warrant the peace of the tomb being thus invaded, it would be in a case like the present, where the tranquillity of so many persons depends upon the truth being incontrovertibly established.'

"'No, no!' exclaimed Felice, shuddering, and turning to a deathlike paleness, 'I cannot countenance so impious a measure! In the name of Heaven, say no more of it, Waldkirch! Let me still be the victim. Destined from my earliest infancy to be sacrificed to my brother's aggrandisement and happiness, let me to the last fulfil my melancholy doom!' And, hiding his face in his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Waldkirch reasoned long and eloquently with Felice upon his scruples; and, giving him at last to understand that the experiment which he proposed would be merely a pious fraud, intended to bring certainty to the minds of the Duke and Lucrezia, (by convincing them through an optical delusion, of the reality of that melancholy termination to Gaetano's existence, which had long since ceased to be a doubt to all but to those two persons,) he succeeded in obtaining his adhesion to the plan he meditated. But it was necessary also to obtain that of Lucrezia; and Waldkirch found that to be the most difficult part of his undertaking. At last, upon receiving from him a solemn assurance that, if her betrothed lover still lived, the conjuration would produce no result, a reluctant assent was wrung from her, and only granted in the lingering hope that the failure of Waldkirch's experiment would give weight to her fond expectation of once more beholding the living Gaetano, and authorise her to persist in preserving inviolate the faith she had plighted to her first and only love.

"As soon as the unanimous consent of the family had been obtained, Waldkirch required that a delay of several days should be granted to him, in order to prepare, by reference to his books of gramarye, for the great undertaking. During his *séjour* at the Duke's, he had had ample opportunity of making himself master of every detail relative to the appearance and manner of the unfortunate Gaetano; a full-length portrait of him, which had been terminated but a few days previous to his disappearance, enabled the adept to impart to the shadowy vision which he was preparing the closest resemblance to the ill-fated youth; and the supposed manner of his death decided him as to the way in which he should represent that catastrophe to have happened.

"At the expiration of ten days Waldkirch's preparations were terminated, and he announced that in the evening the mysterious question was to be resolved. Fasting, prayers, and vigils, added to the mystical communications of the German necromancer, had produced the desired effect upon the minds of his friends; wound up to a state

of fanatical credulity in his powers, the emotions they evinced ended by inflaming his own imagination; and the state of nervous excitement to which he was raised contributed powerfully to the illusion which he wished to produce. In the dimly-lighted chamber of their guest, the lower end of which was buried in shadow, the Sammartino family were assembled: Waldkirch had neglected nothing that was likely to add to the mysterious horror of the scene that was to be enacted; an Æolian harp (an invention then unknown in that part of the world, and specially reserved by him for his exhibitions of magic,) had been placed outside of one of the windows, and the wild, unearthly tones it gave forth as the night-wind swept across its strings, seemed to the trembling listeners to be the wailings of a spirit in purgatory. They drew more closely together, and Waldkirch, stepping forth from the group, in a solemn voice adjured the spirit of the departed Gaetano to appear to them, and reveal the manner in which death had overtaken him.

"Scarcely had the words been pronounced when a blue and ghastly light partially illuminated the obscure end of the chamber, and discovered a large mirror, from the surface of which a dense mist slowly rolled away, and revealed to the astonished gazers the form of Gaetano Sammartino, clothed in the identical dress which he had worn on the night of his disappearance, his hands heavily fettered, and water streaming from his hair and garments, as he lay stretched in utter lifelessness upon the sea shore! While their eyes, as though fascinated with horror, remained fixed upon the apparition, the surge appeared to roll slowly over it, and bear it away to its ocean grave. The mist again spread over the surface of the mirror, and all was shrouded in darkness. Not a word had been uttered during this strange scene; breathless silence had attested to the awe with which it had pervaded the minds of the excited family; but at the termination of it, a cry of anguish burst from the lips of the heart-stricken Lucrezia, and she fell fainting into the arms of the venerable Duke.

"A dangerous illness was the consequence of the painful emotions she had endured on the evening of Waldkirch's exhibition of his supposed unearthly powers; but from that date no further doubt remained upon her mind as to the fate of her lover; and to the fluctuating hopes which had so long tortured her, succeeded a calm resignation which betokened, at no very distant period, a still happier and brighter state of feeling—so true it is that the worst certainty is less intolerable than a state of suspense.

"Meanwhile the Sammartino family publicly attested to their belief in the death of Gaetano by going into mourning for him; masses were said for the repose of his soul; a monument erected to his memory in the chapel belonging to the family in the church of La Martorana, in Palermo; and finally, Felice assumed his brother's title, and from thenceforth became the Marchese Sammartino. Waldkirch had quitted Sicily shortly after his successful stratagem, and, after having passed some months at Naples was preparing to leave it for Rome, when he received a letter from Felice, announcing to him that his fondest hopes were about to be realized, and inviting him to return immediately to Palermo, that he might be present at his marriage with Lucrezia, and witness an event which he had been so instrumental in bringing to pass.

"Waldkirch lost no time in obeying the summons; he embarked for Sicily, but, the wind being contrary, the vessel did not reach Pa-

lermo until the eve of the day on which the nuptials were to take place; and, as Lucrezia had expressed a desire that the ceremony should be solemnized in the chapel of the Duke's villa, in the presence only of the nearest relations of the two families,—and that it should be followed by no rejoicings save a *fête champêtre* given to the tenantry, in order to distinguish it from the courtly splendours that had been prepared for her first bridal,—Waldkirch proceeded direct to the villa, and arrived there just in time to accompany his friend to the altar.

"The noble pleasure-grounds and gardens had been thrown open to the numerous peasantry belonging to the Duke's estates; and the lovely young bride, leaning upon the arm of the happy Felice, whose countenance was radiant with an expression of triumphant love, mingled with the gay throng, receiving their respectful felicitations, and acknowledging them with graceful affability. After the *bal champêtre* (which commenced on the smooth lawn at sunset) had terminated, a plentiful repast was served in the great hall of the villa, to which all the rustic guests were indiscriminately admitted, as well as the various strangers who had gathered together from the neighbouring *paesi* to witness the rejoicings. Among these latter, the noble hosts had remarked a person whose presence seemed ill suited to the joyful occasion; for he wore a dress peculiar to one of those confraternities which abound in the southern states of Italy, and whose members, in observance of a vow, devote themselves to attending condemned malefactors to the place of execution;—a dress which not only effectually conceals the countenance of the individual wearing it, but imposes a solemn prohibition against his being spoken to,—I mean the habit of a Grey Penitent. The ghastly fashion of the garb, the long shapeless robe of livid grey loosely shrouding a form of almost shadowy thinness,—the close capuchon covering the head and face, with two holes cut for the eyes, which invested it with the character of a death's head,—contrasted strangely with the gay holiday dresses of the Sicilian peasants, and the more costly elegance of the bridal party, and forcing upon the imagination images of suffering and death, caused the hearts of all who had remarked the unseasonable guest to sink with undefined apprehension. This vague terror was more particularly experienced by Lucrezia and Felice, whose glances were, in despite of themselves, strangely fascinated towards the unwelcome visitant; and each time that they gazed upon him they beheld his lack-lustre eyes intently fixed upon them.

"At last, towards midnight, the crowd dispersed, the orchestra became silent, the tables in the banqueting-hall were abandoned by their late noisy occupants, and nobody remained there but the immediate family of the bride and bridegroom, Waldkirch, and the Grey Penitent (who had remained immoveably fixed in the recess of a window, having by signs declined sharing in the banquet).

"'My children,' said the Duke, looking at the young couple with glistening eyes, "the fondest wish of my heart is realized by your union, and my grey hairs will now descend with satisfaction to the grave. May my blessing rest upon your heads, and prosper you! My friends,' he continued, turning to his few remaining guests, 'before we retire, let us drink to the happiness of Felice and Lucrezia!'

"At these words the Grey Penitent emerged from the recess where he had remained half concealed by the draperies of the window-curtain, and advancing with measured, noiseless steps towards the table, seized

upon one of the flowing goblets that had just been filled out, and raised it to a level with his lips.

"'Have you no other name to pledge?' said he, in hollow accents. 'And *Gaetano*, where is he?'

"The Duke started at this abrupt allusion to his dead son, and an expression of sadness overclouded his countenance as he replied, 'Alas! my beloved Gaetano is lost to us for ever on earth. You do not seem to be aware, reverend stranger, that he has been taken from us to that world from whence there is no return.'

"'And yet,' continued the stranger, in the same accents, 'if the last voice that vibrated on his ear could *now* be heard, he would not remain deaf to the call! Old man!' he continued, turning to the Duke, 'bid thy son, Felice, call upon his brother's name!'

"'What does he mean?' murmured the affrighted group; while Felice, pale as death, grasped the arm of Waldkirch for support, and Lucrezia leaned half fainting upon the shoulder of her father-in-law.

"'Who pledges me?' resumed the terrible stranger, looking around, 'To the memory of Gaetano! and let all those who loved him follow my example.' And he raised the goblet to his lips.

"'Whoever you may be, reverend penitent,' said the Duke in a tremulous voice, 'you have pronounced a name which has insured you a welcome here. Approach, my friends! let us not be outdone by a stranger; let us all drink to the memory of our beloved Gaetano!' And at this appeal, the glasses were raised with trembling hands to the lips of all present, with *one* exception, and replaced empty upon the table.

"'There still remains one full goblet,' said the penitent; ''tis that of Felice! wherefore does he not drink to the memory of his brother?'

"He held the wine-cup towards him; Felice shrunk back from the invitation, pale and trembling, his forehead covered with cold drops of agony, his eyes wildly distended; but a gesture of entreaty from his father seemed to overcome his repugnance, and seizing the goblet from the hand of the Grey Penitent, he stammered forth, 'To the memory of my dear Gaetano!' and replaced it upon the table untouched.

"'*'Tis the voice of my assassin!*' exclaimed the Grey Penitent, in an accent which thrilled all present with horror; and, tearing open his garments, the cowl fell back from his head, and revealed the well-remembered lineaments of the unfortunate Gaetano, stamped with the ghastly characteristics of death, the breast and throat perforated with gaping wounds!

"At this horrid spectacle, all those whom terror had not transfixed to the spot, fled shrieking from the hall; and Waldkirch, who for the first time beheld the realisation of that which his arts had so often simulated, fell to the ground in a swoon.

"When he recovered his senses, the phantom had disappeared, the guests had dispersed, and he found himself stretched upon a couch in his own room, with his servant watching beside him."

Here the Tyrolian, who had during the preceding recital been smoking very assiduously, laid down his *meerschaum*, and interrupted his friend.

"Do you not think it possible," he inquired, "that your necromancer, Monsieur de Waldkirch, might have exceeded the bounds of temperance at the wedding-supper, and that the apparition of the Grey

Penitent was conjured up by the fumes of the libations he had poured out to the black-eyed Sicilian girls?"

"He would fain have believed so," replied the Bavarian, "and have contemplated the whole occurrence as nothing more than a distempered dream; but the state into which the unfortunate Felice had been thrown, deprived him of the possibility of a doubt. A prey to the most horrible convulsions, the unhappy bridegroom only recovered his consciousness to ask for a confessor, with whom he remained shut up for several hours. What passed between them never transpired, for the seal of confession is sacred; and Felice, who never arose from the bed to which he had been carried from the banqueting-hall on that fatal night, expired without proffering a word to any other human being. The Duke did not long survive him, and bequeathed the whole of his possessions to the virgin bride of his two sons."

"And, what became of her?" interrupted the Tyrolian.

"She founded a convent on the site of the villa where the strange events I have just related had occurred, and, taking the veil, ended her days there. In laying the foundations of a magnificent chapel, which she caused to be built in expiation of the horrible crime which had involved the extinction of the Sammartino family, an old dry well, the entrance of which had apparently been bricked up for several years, and covered over with brushwood, was discovered, and from its depths was drawn forth the skeleton of a man, bearing upon the third finger of his left hand the gold *alliance* with which Gaetano Sammartino had been betrothed to Lucrezia Parisio!"

"Umph!" ejaculated the Tyrolian, with a most provoking expression of incredulity. "Take notice, my dear Baron, that I do not attempt to dispute the fact of the murder, but I take up my position against the genuineness of the ghost; and now I will tell you what my actual impressions are. That Felice murdered his brother, I look upon as an undisputed fact; two strong motives impelled him to that horrid deed,—first, to save himself from becoming a priest, and lastly, that he might marry a beautiful young heiress, with whom he had fallen in love. It is natural to suppose that he confessed his crime to his spiritual director; and my opinion is that that reverend personage, disapproving of the marriage, and not daring to prevent it by betraying the secrets of confession to the family of the delinquent, enacted the part of the ghost, that he might terrify the conscience of the murderer into an avowal of his crime. Did this supposition never present itself to the mind of your friend, Waldkirch, who himself was such an adept in practising upon the credulity of his dupes by presenting to them ghosts and goblins of his own manufacture?"

"I fancy not," replied the old Bavarian gravely, "for I know it to be a truth that so *serious* an impression did it produce upon his mind, that from that day Waldkirch abjured the black art, and everything connected with the delusions of necromancy, and that, like Prospero, he broke his wand, and buried his book in the sea, 'deeper than did plummet ever sound!'"

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. NOSEBODY.

BY DAVUS.

"QUI n'a vu Paris, rien n'a vu," say the French. The Spaniards say something like it of Seville. I (*we*?) say the same of London. Many a good honest soul comes up from the country to look *at* London, but few come to look *into* it. Every countryman talks of "London smoke;" but even that is only to be seen after an ascent of St. Paul's or the Monument; from either of which "London smoke" may be viewed to advantage, teeming like the vapour of a huge lime-kiln. Hundreds, ay, thousands of worthy people pass daily up or down the Strand and Fleet Street, unconscious of the nightly scenes enacted in the neighbourhood of this extraordinary thoroughfare. How many are there in London whose *day* begins when half the city are in their beds! How many who daily rise without the means of procuring a meal, and not knowing where they shall next lay their heads! But these are facts for the consideration of the select few of the Statistical Society, and not for the forty thousand readers of the Miscellany.

Mr. Nosebody was one of those who had been born and bred in London, and lived in it all his life, but he had not *seen it*,—as the following episode in his unchequered life will sufficiently demonstrate.

Mr. Nosebody had been left an orphan when very young. His parents, though scant of means, determined to give their boy—their only child—a "liberal education," as it is termed, and qualify him for something better than trade or business. With this object, they sent him to Merchant Tailors' School, where he had made some progress in classical learning, and had even mastered some of the odes of Horace; but, as soon as he had been deprived of his natural protectors, his uncle, a regular London tradesman, whose ledger was his Bible and Psalter, thought that, while acting as guardian to the lad, he might turn him to good account. Accordingly, young Nosebody was transferred from school to his uncle's own establishment, where he was employed in the capacity of, nominally, junior clerk, but, virtually, as errand-boy. But Julius Nosebody did not like the shop—he had a soul above it, and as he grew up, his distaste increased, so that at sixteen years of age, he obtained a situation in a banking-house in Lombard Street.

At the end of the first year, young Nosebody had saved enough out of his scanty salary to purchase a silver watch; and before he had attained the ripe age of twenty-one, the deaths of two or three of the old clerks had given him a step higher in the establishment of Messrs. ——. Then was seen, instead of the green riband with which the watch was wont to be drawn forth as "dinner hour" drew nigh, a huge appendage, like a gilt dog-chain, terminating in a couple of seals of gigantic dimensions—"real gold." It is very true they had long remained ticketed in a pawnbroker's window in

Whitechapel, as

But all the shop-boys who passed that way voted them old-fashioned; and, but for Mr. Nosebody, they would probably have remained there until this very hour. They vied in hue with a copper tea-kettle, and one of them contained a crystal, while the other bore a cornelian, on which was engraved an armed head, which the subject of this notice pronounced to be the veritable effigies of Alexander the Great, and moreover, "a real antique,"—for Nosebody, like his betters, affected a smattering of antiquarian knowledge.

But we must turn from these trifles. Time rolled away; seasons came and departed; and, as Mr. Nosebody grew in years, he began to look about him for a partner. Like all prudent men, he had ever "an eye to the main chance," and was not long in finding a widow without family, ("without encumbrance," we were about to write, when our own comfort came and looked over our shoulder,) but with a snug little competency, whom he persuaded to become Mrs. Nosebody.

The hero of this sketch soon discovered that he was not destined to perpetuate his name. The Nosebodys were an ancient race, and, like the Slys, had come in with the Conqueror; but it was clearly apparent that the marriage of Julius Nosebody and Dorcas Golightly would stand thus in the pedigrees of the family:—

Julius Nosebody, of Jemima Cottage, Mile End, Gent. = Dorcas, widow of Sampson Golightly, of Duck's-foot Lane, Esq. *ob. s. p.*

The ugly spectres which had haunted Mr. Nosebody in the semblances of accoucheurs and monthly nurses, and the shrill cries of toothless mouths, soon fled, and left him undisturbed. Mr. Nosebody thrived; and, having purchased a few mining shares, they turned out so profitably, that Mr. Nosebody removed to a larger house, and actually set about forming a library, for he had always been fond of a book, and was wont occasionally to send biographical notices on the death of some city Gripus to the European Magazine,—a periodical which, doubtless, some of the readers of this notice may remember. Then was repeated, as an example and encouragement to all future aspirants to civic fame, the often-told story, how the aforesaid Gripus came up to London a simple country lad, with eighteen pence in his pocket, and a lump of bread and cheese in his wallet; and how, by dint of application and frugal habits, qualities always to be found in great minds—he acquired a fortune of——pshaw! as for the rest, is it not written in the European Magazine in livelier colours than we can paint it?

This literary turn improved the acquaintance of our friend; and, as he kept what he called "a capital glass of the real Roriz," he found no difficulty in obtaining a guest; and sometimes a personage to whose name the magic initials, F.S.A., were appended, would do him the honour of dining with him; in return for which, he was occasionally invited to the meetings of the Archaiological conclave in Somerset House.

It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Nosebody's acquaintance met with an old college chum, who loved "a lark," and who, as

soon as he had set eyes on the quaint figure of the banker's clerk, began to question Addison, for such was the name of the young F.S.A., as to the "old fogey," he had brought with him.

"Oh! it 's an old city-bird, with whom I dine sometimes," replied Addison, with a wink; "he keeps a prime bottle of port."

"Ah!" rejoined the Cantab, "how came you to know him?"

"Oh! never mind that, now," continued Addison, laughing. "I am going to get him passed into the Royal Society's room, presently, and then we can have a chat together."

The introduction was soon accomplished, and while Mr. Nosebody listened with devout attention to a very learned paper, the two friends sipped their coffee in the adjoining room. What Nosebody heard read is not recorded, and we regret to tell the reader that, having lost our memorandum of the date of his visit, we are unable to state whether he was edified by a discourse on the parallax of Sirius, or a recondite dissertation on "the old red sand-stone formation," so much gossiped about by twaddling geologists; the anatomical construction of the Icthyosaurus and the Megatherium; or the nature and properties of carbonic acid; but we have no doubt that it was on some subject equally instructive and comprehensible. Perhaps he was entertained, by way of interlude, with the vigorous blackballing of some unfortunate wight who sought the high degree of F.R.S.—for that scientific body sometimes indulge themselves in that harmless amusement, especially if the candidate should be a member of the medical profession. Be this as it may, Mr. Nosebody left the room with a vastly high opinion of the mental powers of his fellow-men.

"My friend, Stubbs," said Addison, introducing his acquaintance to the old clerk,—"Mr. Julius Nosebody."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said Stubbs, bowing; "handsome suite of rooms these."

"Very, sir," replied Mr. Nosebody, proffering his snuff-box,—"vast conglomeration of intellect, sir! wonderful thing the human mind—hem!"

"I 've been thinking," observed Addison, "that, as you have seen that grave body in all its solemnity, you should take a peep at another assembly. You are a philosopher, Nosebody, and should see and study human nature under all its phases: suppose we now adjourn to the *Coal Hole?*"

"Capital thought!" exclaimed Stubbs, as if he had not heard of it before. "Fine place for the study of character, sir."

"I 've heard of it, gentlemen," replied Nosebody, with a shrug. "It 's a horrid place."

"Not at all, not at all!" cried the two friends in a breath; "you 're vastly mistaken. You don't suppose we 'd take you to any disreputable tavern!"

"Well," replied Nosebody, after a pause, during which he applied to his snuff-box, "I 'll go—I 'll try it, on your recommendation; but mum to Mrs. N. you know."

"Oh, of course," rejoined his friend. "We never talk about these things to the ladies; and Mrs. Nosebody always says she can trust you with me, 'because I 'm so steady.'"

Not to weary the reader with dry detail, we shall proceed to relate that ten minutes afterwards Mr. Nosebody and his friends were in the room up stairs at the *Coal Hole;* and, sooth to say, it was a

change indeed! The old clerk found that it was in reality another phasis of society, as Addison had justly termed it, and a wonderful one to boot. The scene was as different to that he had left as it was possible for any two scenes to be. It resembled one of those magical changes so common in fairy tales, and so ingeniously effected in our pantomimes. Nosebody could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. But ten minutes before, he was surrounded by soberly-clad and grave-looking people, whose thoughtful countenances, with scarcely an exception, bore the stamp of intellect and respectability. *There* the mind was busy,—*here* sense was active. The incense of "mild Hawannar" and "full-flavoured old Cubar" mingled in one dense cloud, which filled the apartment, now crammed with visiters of several grades, all intent upon enjoying themselves; but we shall shortly call in the graphic aid of Leech, whose faithful pencil will best delineate the scene.

"Welsh rabbits for three" were ordered by the trio, and Mr. Nosebody pronounced his modicum "excellent," and the stout "splendid."

Having despatched the rarebits and the stout, they determined to try "a *go* of brandy" a piece, and, after a little coquetting, Mr. Nosebody was persuaded to attempt a cigar. The first few whiffs were delightful, and the old clerk, lolling at his ease, listened with much gratification to a glee with which the singing gentlemen, in a snug nook of the room, opposite the door, indulged them.

The time passed very pleasantly, and the brandy and water disappeared rapidly. Mr. Nosebody (who loved a pipe on the sly) had nearly finished his cigar, when they were joined by two young men, friends of Addison.

"Well," said Stubbs, "not such a bad place, Mr. Nosebody, eh?"

"No, indeed,—very respectable place, sir,—very," replied the old clerk; "but it *used* to be in the time of Kean, I believe."

"Oh! ay, *then* it *might* have been. Kean wasn't particular."

"No, so it seems," continued Mr. Nosebody, sticking the remaining morsel of his cigar on the point of his pen-knife; "very debauched fellow that.—Halloo! sir, what the d—l are you doing with my hat?"

The concluding portion of this speech was addressed to one of the new-comers, who was quietly emptying his glass of grog into Mr. Nosebody's hat, supposing it to be that of his friend. Tickled with the absurdity of the mistake, the young man was seized with a fit of laughter, and forgot at the moment that an apology was due to the owner, which so provoked the old clerk, that he immediately dropped the remnant of his cigar into the offender's glass.

High words arose, mutual compliments passed, and a row would have inevitably ensued, but for the interference of Addison, who managed to patch up the difference, and fined the offending parties "a glass of whisky punch all round." More cigars were also called for.

Mr. Nosebody had taken the brandy and water under the conviction that it would settle the Welsh rarebit and the stout; but he had now some serious misgivings as to the effect of the punch; nevertheless, there was no backing out of it, so he attacked the punch and another cigar, which he observed was "*raytlier* stronger than a pipe," and laughed and talked with a vivacity quite unusual with him, greatly to the amusement of his companions.

"You 're fond of music, Mr. Nosebody?" observed Stubbs, giving his friend a nudge.

"Very, sir, very," was the reply. "Music, sir, is a charming accomplishment. They sing well here. I had no *ide-a* they did it half so well."

"Do *you* sing?" inquired Stubbs.

"Why—yes—no—a little sometimes—just to please myself or Mrs. N. you know."

"Ah! that 's always the case with a good singer," remarked Stubbs, rising from his chair, and affecting to procure a light, while he turned his back upon his own party, and winked to the professionals in the corner. "Gentlemen, I 've a friend here, who sings a capital song."

The professionals "twigged it" in a moment, and one of them begged that the company might be indulged with a specimen of Mr. Nosebody's vocal talent. The "audible silence" which immediately followed told that no excuse would be received. The old clerk blushed, looked down at his watch-seals, and then fished up the piece of lemon which lay at the bottom of his glass. "Hush! hush!" was repeated in several parts of the room; escape was impossible, and Mr. Nosebody, giving one or two preparatory "hems!" attempted a bacchanalian song,—at least, so it was supposed to be, for it comprised "rosy wine,"—"jolly god,"—"bumper,"—"fill the goblet," and a few other stereotyped phrases, with which such compositions are usually sprinkled. But the name of both poet and composer are to this day unknown. We blush to record it, Mr. Nosebody was drunk; and though he did not appear conscious of it himself, not a soul in the room doubted it. He had contrived to blunder through what appeared to be a couple of stanzas, when he begged to be excused on account of a cold!

Uproarous applause followed; Mr. Nosebody's style of singing was justly pronounced original; some likened it to Braham's, others to Phillips', and compliments were showered on the performer, when all on a sudden a raffish-looking young man in a Mackintosh, with very long hair, and a cigar in his mouth, proposed "the health of the gentleman who had so kindly favoured them with a song."

The health was drunk amidst tremendous uproar, which had not subsided when Mr. Nosebody, with the assistance of his companions, who were fast approaching to the same happy state as himself, scrambled on to the table, holding his glass in one hand and the remainder of his cigar in the other.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice which plainly indicated how *very* drunk he was,—"gentlemen, this is the hap—no—the proudest"—(hiccup)—"moment of my life—to see"—(hiccup)—"myself sur-r—ounded by such a conglom—glom—glomeration—ation—" (This was a favourite word of his.)

"Draw it mild!" cried a voice.

"Gentlemen," continued the old clerk, "it was one of the ru—les of my club—never—no—never t' interrupt the speaker"—(hiccup).

"Hear! hear!" cried a score of voices, with mock earnestness.

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Nosebody.

"And tailors," interpolated a smart shopman, imitating the voice of the orator, and a roar of laughter followed.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Nosebody, for the fourth time, waving his

hand to enjoin silence, "I'm determined"—(hiccup)—"to take no man's ip-ip-ip"—(hiccup).

Some of the company, assuming that this was the signal for a cheer, indulged him with three "hurrahs."

"No, I didn't mean *that*," continued the orator; "I meant ip—*ipse dixit!* I meant that I'd always judge for myself. Talk of the Coal Hole being a vu—v—vulgar" — (hiccup)— "place!—it's the temple of the Muses! Gentlemen, I'm a plain man, unused to public speak—speaking"—(hiccup) — "but I say the Coal Hole — the Coal Hole, gentlemen—"

"Isn't so dusty, is it, father?" cried a man in a bear's-skin coat.

Mr. Nosebody turned towards the speaker, but in doing so he stepped off the table, and down he came amidst an infernal crash of plates, jugs, and drinking-glasses.

The joke had now proceeded far enough; the friends of the old clerk dragged him out from amidst the wreck, and having sent for a cab, poor Mr. Nosebody, after paying for the damage he had done, was driven home to his anxious partner, who was astonished beyond measure at seeing her spouse in such a sad pickle. But we will not violate the privacy of domestic life. If any of our readers have ever been similarly situated, they will supply the omission. The next morning Mr. Nosebody appeared at the banking-house with a large green shade over his eyes, which were in deep mourning; beneath which his nose, red and swollen, peeped out abashed and drooping. He was suffering from what the Almanach des Gourmands terms the remorse of a guilty stomach, and the effects of his fall, which had sadly disfigured the feature so prominent among the family of Nosebody. To the anxious questions of the customers of the establishment the reply was, that he had had a fainting fit, and fell against a chest of drawers in his bed-room!

THE LIONESS.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Lieutenant Carlysle was one of the noblest, best, and most generous youths that ever sought the shores of India. He was exactly sixteen when he sailed from England, leaving behind him many true and sterling friends, that his many virtues and amiable disposition had won for him. He was of a most sanguine temperament, and one of the handsomest lads I ever beheld. From infancy we had been brought up together.

Some ten years had elapsed, when an apparent stranger rushed into my room, and grasping me by the hand, began to pour out a thousand kind speeches of recognition. For a few moments I thought the gentleman had made a mistake, and was about to tell him so, when a peculiar smile for a single instant lighted up his countenance, and I immediately recognised it as that of my old excellent friend, Perceval Carlysle. Yes! the emaciated, care-worn, and haggard being who now shook me cordially by the hand, was no less than the dear companion of my boyhood. Occasionally, indeed, I could trace the speaking eye, the fine countenance of my early friend. But, alas! all signs of health and youth had fled. Ten short years had robbed Carlysle of all his bloom, and much of his wonted high spirits. The fire of his eye, and the joyous tone of happier days were gone. His good heart, his generous soul alone remained, alone were saved from the general wreck of his once buoyant mind and athletic body. At first I thought ill health, the warmth of eastern climes, or probably dissipation, had caused the havoc I beheld. Perceval, however, soon undeceived me. He saw my distress. He marked my horror, as I tried to recall his once handsome features; and, reading my thoughts, he at once exclaimed,

"I see you are startled by my altered looks. I expected no less; but I thought, as I had sent you an account of my accident, you would have been better prepared to anticipate the change in my personal appearance."

"Accident! I never heard of any. I have received no letters from you these three years."

"Then my epistles have gone astray, that's all. But as they have done so, I will tell you how the affair took place; that is to say, if you wish to hear it."

I expressed my desire to do so, and he repeated to me the following circumstances, which I give as nearly in his own language as possible.

"I was quartered high up the country, commanding a detachment, at least fifty miles from any other European. My only recreation was lion-hunting, which I occasionally indulged in, and succeeded in destroying several of these superb animals, which were here so numerous and so bold, as often to approach our tents, and carry off our provisions.

"I was thus amusing myself one morning, well-mounted on a fleet Arab, followed by a dozen men on foot, and armed with an unerr-

ing rifle, when one of my people suddenly discovered the prints of a lion's paw in the sandy plain over which we were passing, apparently inclining towards a deep jungle some two hundred yards in advance of us. I instantly dismounted to examine the foot-marks, and was carefully tracing them, when a sudden cry of terror made me look up. I did so, and beheld immediately in front of me a magnificent lioness, which had suddenly bounded out of the covert. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang towards my horse; my *syce*, however, alarmed by the appearance of the queen of beasts, had quitted the rein, and before I could reach him, the frightened animal was half across the open space. My servants had all fled. I was alone. The lioness was lashing her sides with her tail; she was evidently meditating an attack. I had but one resource left. After vainly calling on my servants to return and support me, I levelled my rifle, and, just as she rushed forward, fired. For a single instant I was not quite sure whether I had hit her or not. She suddenly halted, threw up her head, and gave a terrific roar. I was now convinced she was wounded; but, alas! seemingly not in any mortal part. She glared on me. Human nature could stand no more. I threw down my gun, and foolishly overcome by fear, I fled. In another second I was conscious of my error. I heard her come panting along close beside me. It was all over with me; I knew my fate was sealed. I threw myself down; the lioness actually, in her haste to overtake me, sprang over me. I heard a shot, and a piercing cry from the animal told me she was again hit; but I did not once dare to look up to see how seriously.

"After about half a minute, I could not resist the temptation, the desire I felt to read my doom. I slightly turned my head, only the least in life, and beheld the lioness licking her paw, through which a ball had evidently passed; the blood was also flowing copiously from her jaw, where my discharge had in the first instance taken effect. She was sitting up on her haunches, in evident agony. No sooner, however, did she perceive the very slight movement which I had made than she sprang up, and in the next moment I felt her teeth penetrate my back-bone, while one of her claws tore my left shoulder bare of flesh; in the next, she lifted me off the ground, and carried me forward. This, however, was evidently an effort to her. Her wounded jaws refused to meet; but still she held me, screaming, struggling, praying for death, tightly in her teeth, as she bore me on with the same ease with which she would have raised a kitten. I shouted to my servants to fire. It seems they feared to do so, lest by accident they might destroy me instead of the animal. Alas! little did they know my feelings at that moment! Instant death, a release from the excruciating tortures I was then suffering, would have been the greatest favour they could have conferred on me.

"Thus I was carried for about a hundred yards, when, overcome by pain, the lioness dropped me, and lying down, began to lick the blood which streamed from my wounds. I could feel her rough tongue as it passed along the bitten parts, and tore open the tooth-marks. I could feel her warm breath as she placed her mouth to my lacerated shoulder. One gripe more, one single wound in my throat, to which she was close, and I knew all would be over. I even attempted to turn over to her to offer it to her jaws. She

placed her paw on the bare bone of my shoulder, and rolled me back, adding another, and, if possible, a more acute pang, to my sufferings. Again she began to suck up my blood as I lay groaning beneath her.

"My servants, I supposed, rallied and alarmed her; for she suddenly once more started up, and making her teeth meet in my left arm, began to drag me away. Great Heavens! I feel even at this moment the same agony I then endured. In recalling the tortures of that instant, I almost fancy I again experience the pain she caused me as she dragged me along, evidently bearing me towards her lair to feed her whelps. Suffering as I was, I knew all this; I read my doom, and shuddered at it. Twice did the flesh break away from my arm, and twice did she renew her savage hold on me, and that so powerfully, that she succeeded in getting me inside the jungle. Here she paused, unable from pain to proceed further. Two or three shots were fired at her without success. At length, finding her situation perilous, and her prey likely to escape, she retired a few paces, and determining on one effort, raised herself, and opening her huge jaws, suddenly bounded on me. I felt her teeth, but they closed not: I felt her whole weight on me, but she stirred not. In the next moment I heard a human voice. I was released from the ponderous load, and lifted up,—the lioness lay dead at my feet. She had expired in the very act of destroying me. She had ceased to exist as she attempted to destroy me. She had died on me. I fainted. I was taken in a palanquin, in a state of insensibility, nearly three hundred miles, and I was treated for two years as an invalid. At last I was recommended to try the air of my native country. I returned to Europe, and here I am."

Poor fellow! he is now no more. Escaped from the perils of the East, he has found a grave in his native land. *Requiescat in pace!*

ONE TOO MANY.

It is all very well to talk of native princes, and paint them (when speaking to those who know nothing about them) as great monarchs, armed with uncontrolled powers of life and death, possessed of revenues and jewels far beyond the most glittering hopes of Christian kings, surrounded by lovely nymphs, gorgeously attired ministers, and every luxury that can inflame the imagination. But their true position is little known, little cared for by the majority of our countrymen, or they would cease to envy the borrowed splendour of these potentates, who are in real truth nothing more nor less than state-prisoners, forbidden to issue a single edict, unable to stir from their palaces, without the permission of the British resident, (a term meant to be synonymous with ambassador,) who is placed by Government at the court of each of these petty princes, for the purpose of watching and keeping them in good order.

This officer is bound to see that the monarch's salary (for the nawab only receives a certain income from the East India Company, in lieu of his extensive revenues) is properly expended; that he meddles with no political affairs; that he confers no honours, receives

no guests, without the authority of the British rulers. In order to withdraw his mind from dwelling on what *he is*, and what he *might be*, the resident encourages the prince in giving fêtes, flying kites, (this they actually do for thousands of pounds,) forming hunting parties, and making a great fuss about little affairs. To prevent his highness from bribing any one, the said officer has the charge of the royal jewels, which he only gives out on state occasions. He manages to employ one third of the nawab's servants, and keeps the *swaree* (or train) of elephants in his own grounds. In a word, a sovereign prince, reigning over a territory in British India, has about as much power as a state prisoner in the Tower, who, though flattered by an outward, an apparent respect, cannot command a single moment of real liberty.

The greatest difference, however, exists between these potentates and those who have refused to submit to our rule. I remember well a scene which passed with one of the latter, when I was secretary to the resident at Moorshedabad. An envoy had arrived from the Nawab of —— to the British resident, his mission having for its object the cession of a considerable territory to the East India Company. The utmost secrecy was to be observed: a single word betrayed might ruin the whole affair, and involve the prince in a serious affair with his neighbours. It was therefore with some difficulty that the native envoy would even consent to my being present, so jealous was he lest the subject of his embassy might transpire.

Mr. A——, the resident, received him with due honour in the large hall of his magnificent mansion, where he ordinarily held his *durwan*, or court. It was a magnificent chamber, floored with marble, and fitted up with several European looking-glasses. To do honour to the guest, these mirrors were now uncovered, and the mats, which occasionally covered the floor, were rolled up, and placed in a corner of the room. The conference had begun. Several points had been mooted and settled, when I remarked the Envoy's eye fix itself steadily on one of the glasses, as if he beheld some object of interest in it. He, however, made no remark, and went on conversing. The interview was nearly over, when he slowly rose, and walked towards the corner of the room. He saw the surprise of Mr. A——. He read his astonishment at this strange proceeding in the midst of an important discourse; but he calmly turned round, and remarked,

"You will excuse me, great sir, if I am mistaken. You will, I hope, pardon me if I am correct in my supposition, and agree with me that my present act is dictated by justice and prudence. Those high in position cannot be too cautious."

The Resident stared, unable to comprehend the proceeding.

"I may be mistaken; but I think not," added the native chief. Then, suddenly drawing his dagger, he plunged it into one of the rolls of matting. A hollow, a deep groan issued from it as he quickly repeated the blow. Then turning, with a look of triumph and satisfaction, to Mr. A——, he quietly said, "I knew it was so."

"You have killed some one. I am sure that cry proceeded from no beast of prey. It was a human voice I heard."

"Precisely," replied the other, without changing a single muscle of his countenance,—"precisely," and he coolly unrolled the mat, in the centre of which a corpse lay weltering in its blood.

"What have you done? You have murdered him."

"By stopping the slave's mouth I have saved the lives of thousands. He will never attempt to betray his master again," added he, spurning the body with his foot. "But I see, great sir, you don't like the sight of the wretch. If so, do not let us think of this little incident any more; but, with your leave, we will adjourn to another room."

The Resident assented. The cession of territory was agreed on. The dead black-man was thrown into the Ganges. It would have been *impolitic* to have made any stir about the matter..

STRANGE GAME.

No country in the world, perhaps, offers such temptations for the true sportsman as India. The quantity of game, (particularly in Bengal,) exceeds the most sanguine ideas of an untravelled Briton. The sport itself is considerably more majestic, and more imposing. The wild peacock, the florikin, the black cock of India, are incomparably beyond the puny game of the West. The traveller, who has hunted the tiger, the lion, and the wild boar, may almost venture to look down on fox-hunting as a childish amusement. The very dangers which environ the Eastern chase give it an excitement as superior to that of Great Britain, as the fox-hunt boasts over the capture of a tame cat, or the destruction of a harmless rabbit. Remember, I am an Indian; I speak as an Indian; I write as an Indian. Were I an Apperly or Nimrod, I might then view the subject in a different light.

The whole face of the country in the East seems alive. A thousand species of birds unknown in Europe—a thousand different kinds of animals, omitted by some of our best zoologists—a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene. With a gun over the shoulder, a host of objects, besides those which are styled "legitimate game," offer themselves to tempt a shot, (not that I ever had the craving desire, which some men feel, merely to kill and destroy, for the sake of wanton cruelty,) from their gay plumage and curious form.

I was strolling through a wood "high up the country," with my Manton on my shoulder, my thoughts all centred in Europe, when I heard a curious noise in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up, and found that the sounds proceeded from a white monkey, who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight at beholding "a fellow-creature of a larger growth," for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics, and walked quietly along, till suddenly a large branch fell at my feet, narrowly escaping my head. I again paused, and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration I instantly turned round, and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded, when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears. The agonised

shriek of a young infant burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me. I could see the wretched animal, already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear its dreadful moan. The last agony of a hare is harrowing to the tyro, and I have seen a young sportsman turn pale on hearing it. The present cry was, however, more distressing. I turned round, and endeavoured to hurry away. This, however, I found no easy task; for, as I moved forward, the unhappy creature followed me, springing as well as it could from bough to bough, uttering a low wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily, but mournfully, in the face, it seemed to reproach me with my wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on, but still it pursued me. When I stopped, it stopped; when I attempted to go forward, it accompanied me. Never in the whole course of my life did I feel so much for a dumb animal; never did I so keenly repent an act of uncalled-for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger in torture, and at once to end the annoying scene, I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single-barreled, I was about to re-load it for the purpose of despatching the maimed creature, when, springing from the tree, it ran up to within about half a dozen paces of me, and began to cry so piteously, and roll itself in agony, occasionally picking up earth, with which it attempted to stanch the blood by stuffing it into the wound, that, in spite of my resolution, when I fired, I was so nervous, I almost missed my aim, inflicting another wound, which broke the animal's leg, but nothing more. Again its piercing shriek rang in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance, I threw down my gun, and actually fled.

In about half an hour I returned, for the purpose of fetching my Manton, fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What, then, was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced under the shade of some trees, I stole almost close to them before they perceived me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment, and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner; the others were busily employed in tearing open the wound, trying to destroy the already dreadfully maimed creature. A shout drove them all away, save the dying animal. I advanced; the little monkey was rolling in agony. I took up my gun, which lay beside him. I fancied he cast one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved from his misery. I did not hesitate; with one blow of the butt-end I dashed out his brains. Then turning round, I slowly returned to my quarters, more profoundly dispirited than I had felt for many months.

Take my advice, sensible reader, if you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.

THE GUARD-ROOM ALARM.

"PADDY BURKE!—Paddy Burke! where are you, you mutinous rascal?" shouted, at the top of his voice, a little squab fellow with an exceedingly florid nose, who occupied the head of a rough deal table, around which ten or twelve other individuals were seated, engaged in the serious discussion of the contents of a gallon jug of whisky-punch. A stranger would have been puzzled to decide upon the character of the assemblage before him, for the air and manners of the individuals composing the party were decidedly *civil*, while their attire was unquestionably *military*. Their conversation, too, was a singular amalgamation of warlike and pacific topics,—"Dundas's manœuvres" and "The Trade List" were confounded with the platoon exercise, and the price of Jamaica rum. Upon the white-washed walls of the apartment swords, carbines, helmets, belts, and cartouch-boxes, with other military equipments, hung in ostentatious display; in short, it was the guard-room of a party of one of those yeomanry corps which, during the stormy period of the Irish rebellion in 1798, had been formed by the loyal citizens of Dublin for the defence of that city. Amongst the numerous corps which the enthusiasm of the time had called into being, none could be compared (in the opinion of the individuals composing it) with "The Royal Linen Hall Corps of Yeomanry."

Of such fiery spirits was the little party composed who occupied a temporary guard-room in an old house in Grangegorman Lane, under the command of Lieutenant Dempsey, a loyal and substantial linen-draper of North King Street, whose military genius, like that of Washington, had never developed itself until the exigencies of his country called it into action. It was this gallant individual who was vociferating so loudly for his servant, Paddy Burke, a humorous, lazy fellow, who owed his birth, parentage, and education to "de sweet Liberty,"* and who had now, in answer to the Lieutenant's reiterated summons, shuffled into the guard-room, scratching his shock head, and trying to look as foolish as the natural roguish expression of his features would allow.

"So, sir," said the Lieutenant, darting an angry frown at his tardy domestic, "you 're come at last, sir? Why didn't you come as I told you, when I kicked at the floor, sir?"——"Faix, Cap'n——"

"Don't prishume for to reply to me, sir, when I 'm spaking. You must obsarve military discipline, Paddy Burke. I see you have been indulging in that beastly habit of sleeping, sir; you 've been asleep on your post, sir."

"Bad cess to de post myself slipt on dis blessed night, Cap'n Dimpsey, jewel; dough dere 's no denyin' I fell off for about five minnits upon de table below stairs."

"Paddy Burke, you scoundrel! sir, don't let me hear another

* *The Earl of Meath's Liberty*, a district of Dublin, which, like Alsatia in London, possessed the privilege of a sanctuary from arrest for debt. "De boys of de Liberty" have been long celebrated for their drollery and roguery, and for a peculiar dialect, in which the letters *th* are always sounded like *d*.

item out of your mouth. It's a bad sign when a man falls off in a glorious cause. No man should fall off in these perulous times, when the eyes of Dublin and the rest of Europe are upon us, and the nation depinds its life upon the undoubted valour and vigilance of the Royal Linen Hall Corps of Yeomanry."

After this ebullition of loyalty, the Lieutenant leaned back in his chair, and looked around him with calm dignity, while his companions in arms violently assaulted the table with fists, spoons, and glasses, meaning thereby to intimate that the Lieutenant had spoken the exact sentiments of every hero present.

"The Lift'nant is about right," said Corporal Fogarty: "I'm positively informed, too, that his Majesty—long life to him!—said to Billy Pitt the other day, that he didn't value Boneyparte three skips of a cricket while he had the brave Linen Hall boys at his back."

"Depind upon it, gentlemen," said the chairman, solemnly, "Government knows the value of our corps, or they would never have intrusted to us the defence of this important position."

"The duty is cruel harrashing, though," added Jack M'Cabe, who was brewing a fresh jug of punch by the fire.—"And the fatigue is enough to kill a priest," groaned Sergeant Gallagher, emptying off his glass.

"It certainly *is* severe," replied the Lieutenant gravely; "but soldiers can't expect much ase. Here, Paddy Burke, pull off my boots, sir. We must suffer for our country, gintlemen,—(that's beautiful punch, Mr. M'Cabe,)—and scorn to complain. Asy, you rascal, or you 'll twist my foot off. Glory, gentlemen, is our bacon and our pole-star,—don't forget them rashers for supper, Paddy Burke, you villain!—So, fill your glasses, and I'll give you,—'Our gallant corps!'"

The toast was echoed round the table with three times three, and washed down with a copious libation of reeking punch, the effects of which now began to be visible on most of the company. Anecdotes were related, which nobody listened to; jokes thrown off for the sole amusement of the joker; and songs sung, at the particular request of—nobody but the vocalist. Yet, amidst these incongruous elements, an elevating consciousness of the invincible courage, and the tremendous power of the Loyal Linen Hall Corps, with a proportionate contempt for all the Frenchmen and Papists on the face of the earth, seemed to fill every breast.

"Here's bad luck to Boney," screamed Peter Brady, the little button-maker, from the foot of the table.—"And confusion to the Pope," shouted Dick Lindsay, the Presbyterian hatter of Capel Street.

"Give us your fist, Dick, my darling!" cried Corporal Fogarty, stretching across the table in a sudden fit of friendship for the Protestant hatter, overturning a candlestick and half-a-dozen glasses in the attempt.

"What an infernal noise you all make!" growled Sergeant Gallagher, who had been nodding asleep in his chair.

"That's what we like," replied Corporal Fogarty, "as the ould song says."

"Bravo, Corporal!" cried Barney Maguire; "we're the boys that ain't afeard of nothing."—"True for you, Barney. I wish you

had seen how I made the rebels run for it at Ballinahinch," continued the Corporal.

"That 's a fact, anyhow," observed Sergeant Gallagher; "for, by all accounts, *you* ran first, and they ran after you; and the divil a tighter race was ever seen upon the curragh of Kildare."

A shout of laughter followed this reflection on the valour of the Corporal, who tried to laugh too, but made a sad failure of it.

"Well, I wish we had a brush with the infernal scoundrels, just to show them what our brave corps could do," said Lieutenant Dempsey. "We 'd thrash the ragged rascals like *pays*," cried Peter Brady.

"Don't hurry yourselves; maybe they 'll come time enough for you," said the Sergeant.

"Sergeant Gallagher, sir, I mean to say, for my own indivaydiale part, I don't care how soon they come; and I 'm sure I spake the loyal sintiments of this gallant corps when I say, the sooner the better, sir, — I repate the words, the sooner the better, Sergeant Gallagher;" and the Lieutenant knit his brows fiercely, while a loud cheer followed his heroic declaration.

"It 's likely, then, that you 'll soon be gratified," replied Gallagher, drily, for I heard this evening that Holt and a large body of rebels are marching upon Dublin; and it 's not improbable that an attack may be made upon this quarter of the city this very night."

"Serious?" said Dempsey, with visible uneasiness.

"As the Attorney-General," answered the other.

"Where did you hear the news?"——"At the Castle guard, — and from the best authority."

"Dear me! that 's quite unexpected," said the Lieutenant, growing very pale; but endeavouring to hide his trepidation under an affectation of gaiety. Ha! ha! ha! ha! capital fun 't will be. But, we 're in a very exposed situation here, — quite unprotected, I may say; yet still I hope and thrust that none of our brave and loyal corps contimplate the remotest idaya of running — I mane of retrating on the present critical occasion."

"Pooh!" said Dick Lindsay, "I 'll lay any wager 't is only a false alarm; we 've had fifty such before now."—"Some contimptible hoax, I 'll take my oath," added Jack M'Cabe.

"I vote we turn out the guard and *patrowle* the roads," exclaimed Peter Brady, who had reached "the devil may care" stage of drunkenness, leaping from the table, and flourishing his sword in a most extraordinary manner over his head.

"Sit down, Mr. Brady, sir, and don't make an *omadhawn* of yourself. As your shuparior officer, I order you to shathe your sword, and take your sate, sir."

"I 'll be d—d if I do," roared the little button-maker. "I 'll defind our glorious constitution till I die," and he commenced anew a vigorous broad-sword combat with several invisible enemies; which was terminated by his comrades pulling him into his chair, and disarming him without ceremony.

Lieutenant Dempsey, whose spirits had begun to revive when he found that the majority of the company apprehended no danger from an attack of the rebels, was now heard vociferating for Paddy Burke to fetch in "matayrials for another bowl of screeching hot punch," which he protested should be the last mixed that night.

"And now, Jack M'Cabe," added he, "since we 're all comfortable again, I call on you for a song, sir."—"A song! a song!" echoed every voice round the table.

"By the piper o' war, that 's a good one!" said Jack. "Everybody knows I 've no more voice than a bellows."—"Then, Jack, I 'll take the duty on myself, and give you a 'volunteer,' gentlemen," said the Lieutenant.

The proposal being received with general acclamation, Dempsey took off a bumper, threw his head up, and his chest out, and, after a few preliminary hems, commenced as follows:—

"You might thravel the universe o'er
From Galway to Tanderagee,
But a match for our illigant corps
I 'm sure that you never could see.
In battle no danger we shun,
Like lions we enter the field,—
We fear neither bullet nor gun,
And we 'll die, boys——"

The Lieutenant's song was interrupted by the report of a gun discharged at no very great distance.

If a blazing shell had dropped into the guard-room, greater terror could not have been depicted in the countenances of the party; but no one ventured to speak until Paddy Burke came tumbling up stairs, exclaiming, "Dere! — dere! — did yees hear it — de shot? De boys are comin'!—de rebels are upon us!"

"D-don't be alarmed, gentlemen! In what qu-qu-qu-quarter—was the shot?" inquired Lieutenant Dempsey, making a desperate effort at composure.

"It came from the lane at the back of the garden, where I posted Ned Dooley sentry this evening," said Corporal Fogarty. — "Poor Ned 's done for as sure as bricks," said Jack M'Cabe.

But the words were hardly spoken when in rushed Ned himself, bareheaded, and with a face pale as a ghost's. — "The rebels! — the rebels are upon us!" cried Ned, gasping for breath.

"For Heaven's sake, bolt the doors, gentlemen! Compose yourself, Mr. Dooley, sir. What 's their force?"

"I don't know, but the lane is full of them."

"Good God! the villains have surrounded us! — they 'll slaughter us in cold blood! Go on, Mr. Dooley, tell us all you know."

"I was on my post in the garden, sir, when I thought I heard a light rustling in the hedge next the lane. 'Who goes there?' says I; but the divil an answer I got, though I could still hear the crackling of the twigs in the hedge. 'There 's something wrong here,' says I to myself; and stooping down, I saw betune me and the light of the sky a pair of murdhering long pikes moving over the top of the hedge. 'By the fist of Fin M'Cool, them 's rebels!' says I again to myself; so, of coorse, I made no more to do, but taking a dead aim at the villains, I fired off my carbine, and then cut and run for the bare life."

"Bless my soul! What 's best to be done, gentlemen?" said the Lieutenant, in pitiful accents. —"Send to the Castle for assistance," suggested somebody.

"A capital idaya! I 'll write a despatch to the General this instant. Corporal Fogarty shall carry it," said Dempsey.

"The divil a toe I'll move out of this," replied Fogarty.

"Do you refuse to obey me, Corporal Fogarty?" said the Lieutenant, sternly.

"Most decidedly, Lieutenant Fogarty," replied the Corporal, doggedly. "I've no notion of having myself shot."

"Then, Corporal Fogarty, sir, consider yourself under arrest."

"I'm particularly obliged to you," said the Corporal, quietly taking a chair by the fire.

"Where's Mr. Brady?" inquired the Lieutenant.

After a narrow search, the valiant button-maker was found under a watch-coat in the corner, buried in so profound a sleep, that nothing could disturb him. — "Sergeant Gallagher!" cried the Lieutenant. No Sergeant replied to the call.

"Mr. Lindsay, sir," said the Lieutenant, "I know that you have—"

"The gout," interrupted Mr. Lindsay, grinning horribly; "I couldn't walk ten yards if I was to get fifty pounds for it."

"Jack M'Cabe, sir," said the commander, turning an imploring look towards the individual addressed, "Jack, my boy, I depind upon you."

"I've a wife and seven children depinding on me already," replied Jack.

"Is there *nobody* will volunteer, for the honour and glory of the corps?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, with tears in his eyes.

A dead silence fell upon all, and it was evident that the valour of the Loyal Linen Hall Corps had, like Bob Acre's, oozed out of their palms. At length, after a brief but anxious discussion, it was resolved that Paddy Burke, who had been bribed to undertake the duty, should be intrusted to carry it to the guard at the Castle.

"We may as well cut a flourish about the affair," said the Lieutenant, as he sat down to write his despatch.

"By all manes," said Lindsay; "keep up the honour of the corps."

In a few minutes the Lieutenant had his despatch completed, of which the following is a copy:—

TO THE GENERAL IN HASTE.

Guard-room, Grangegorman Lane,
10 o'clock at night.

DEAR GENERAL,—The rebels is on us. They marched in by the circular road about half an hour ago, and druv in our advanced guard, Ned Dooley, who in the most gallant manner shot several of the villains, and then retreated in beautiful order. The enemy next circumvented the guard-room; but I am proud to say the Loyal Linen Hall Corps did their duty like Britons, and repulsed the rebels at all points. We have now fired away all our ammunition, and must surrindher, unless you send us immaydiate assistance.

I am, dear General,
Yours to command,
TERENCE DEMPSEY,
Lieut. L. H. C. Y.

P.S. The rebel force is now *bivowked* in the garden. I can't say egsactly what their number may be; but by all accounts it is nigh hand to ten thousand.

This important missive having been placed in Paddy Burke's hands, with strict injunctions not to let grass grow under his feet until he had placed it in the hands of the officer of the guard at the Castle, he was lowered silently from an upper window, and left to make the best of his way thither.

Anxiously did the besieged party await the result of their application, wondering that the enemy remained so quiet; but they accounted for it by supposing that they were only waiting for additional forces to come up before they commenced the grand attack. Some of the most resolute of the party, who ventured to peep out of a back window, swore that they could see the rebels moving about in the shadow of the hedge. Suddenly the roll of drums beating to arms, and the shrill call of a bugle in the direction of the Castle, filled the hearts of the desponding party with renewed courage. In a few moments drums and bugles were heard in various directions, and before the gallant heroes of the Loyal Linen Hall Corps had, with tears in their eyes, done congratulating each other, a troop of heavy dragoons and a couple of light field-pieces came galloping up.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the Lieutenant, devoutly, as the dragoons formed in front of the guard-house, and girding on his sword, he proceeded to reply to the summons of a dragoon, who was hammering at the door with the butt-end of his carbine.

"Lieutenant Dempsey!" shouted the soldier.

"Here I am," cried the little man, tripping over his sword in his agitation.

"Have you lost many of your party, Lieutenant?" inquired the General.

"Why, then, not to say a great many, Gineral. Sergeant Gallagher's missing, that's all."

"But you had a severe skirmish with the rebels?"

"A murdherin' skrimmage, Gineral. It was God's marcy we warn't all massacred," replied the Lieutenant.

Meanwhile fresh troops were arriving from the different military posts. The alarm had also spread through the city that a large body of the rebels had marched in, and were burning and destroying all before them; but still no visible enemy appeared. Captain Johnson had returned, and reported that the rebels were not to be found in the lane; and Lieutenant Dempsey was again called before the General to account for the extraordinary disappearance of the rebel force. Cross-questioned and puzzled, he at length confessed that his account of the attack on the guard-house was a little embellishment of his own, according to the practice of all great commanders, in describing their exploits; but that it was as "thrue as gospel that Ned Dooley had shot, at laste, one of the rebels in the garden."

Lights were instantly procured, and Ned conducted the General and his attendants to the spot where he had seen the pikes of the fellows projecting over the hedge, when he fired upon them, — and there, weltering in the blood which flowed in a stream from his side, lay the lifeless form of a venerable — BILLY GOAT!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Argent! argent! sans toi tout est stérile;
Là vertu sans argent n'est qu'un meuble inutile."

"Chi hà quattrini hà amici."

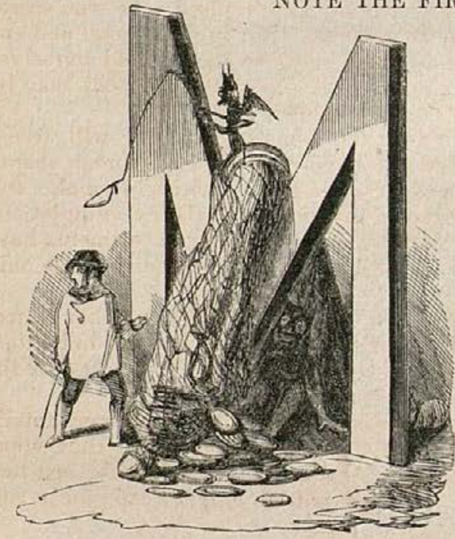
וְהַכֶּסֶף יַעֲנֶה אֶת הַכֹּל׃
קהלת.

"Dinero, llama, dinero."

"Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Gold;
Es ist ein schönes Ding das Gold."

"They say that 'Knowledge is Power:' I used to think so; but I now know that they meant '*money!*' and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world."—BYRON.

NOTE THE FIRST.



ONEY, *alias* cash, *Scotticè* siller, *vulgo* tin, blunt, the mopusses, the shiners, the stuff, the dibs, the rowdy, —under any or all of these various names, is indisputably—*capital!*

Possessed of it, vulgar pretension and stupidity become the objects of adulation, admiration, adoration; while wit, learning, and integrity, in the absence of it, are shunned and avoided — teetotally "cut," — get the "cold shoulder" in the public way, and the "brown loaf" at the private board.

It is universally acknowledged that "poverty is no sin," neither is the plague; but the "worldly wise" cautiously shrink from the contagion of both.

Still, paradoxical as it may appear, the poor have many friends, but the rich have none. For the rich, the proud, and the ostentatious, give that which they need not for that which they most desire — money for notoriety. Many indeed bestow their benefactions for the sake of the publicity which their pseudo-charity obtains. The rich have no friends — no; they are no more loved than the gay flowers are by the bees, although they are as eagerly sought after in the sunshine of prosperity for—the good that may be extracted from them, and, unless worth be joined with wealth, such will ever be the case. Let the poor man, then, rejoice that he at least is treated with solid sincerity, while the rich man is eternally fed with the moonshine of flattery, although both prove as unsatisfactory as the dietary awarded to Tantalus.

Money is, in fine, the realisation of the imaginary lever of Archimedes; the world (that is, *our* world, comprising the commercial, political, shop-keeping, money-grubbing, calculating, paltry pounds, shillings, and pence people,) is readily depressed or elevated by its action. Their loyalty is even selfish. We remember how aptly poor Tom Dibdin combined these two feelings in a toast which he once gave with great applause at a public dinner: "May the man who supports his sovereign, never want a sovereign to support himself!"

NOTE THE SECOND.

The ways of attaining money are so various, so trodden, and so Macadamised, that the goal may be reached by the "meanest of mankind;" and he must be either an arrant fool, or — a very honest man, who remains poor.

Alchymy has been scoffed at and ridiculed as a bubble of the brain. Now, this sneering contempt is the offspring of pure ignorance or disappointed ambition. That which incompetency and want of skill are unable to obtain is decried and despised; the true secret has never been divulged by the adepts. But in this liberal and enlightened age we should be ashamed, nay, we should hold ourselves criminal, to conceal any knowledge we have acquired that may be turned to the advantage of our fellow-labourers.

We have discovered the true secret, and we will freely impart it. All those furnace and blow-pipe moles in human shapes — velvet-capped and barnacled — who have worked in smoke and obscurity, have truly laboured in the dark. All their manipulations have been made with the "noble" metals. Their experiments have ultimately ended in smoke, — while the poor alchymists have only got—the *vapours!*

Besides, they are or were mean, covetous, grasping, illiberal men, who sought not the good of their kind, but their own individual profit. And right pleasant is it in our "mind's eye" to observe the gradual evaporation of their ingots!

Reader! they were on the wrong scent — nay, they were totally ignorant of the appropriate bait for the fish for which they so patiently angled. Truly, they might as well have fished for red-herrings with a toasting-fork. But we will no longer keep you in sus-

pense. We have, we must confess, a sort of feminine incontinency of secrets.

The alchymists were wont to use the *noble* metals as a *base.* We, on the contrary, know that a base metal, or rather a compound of base metals, is the egg from which the golden pheasant is hatched, —the popular name of it is ——.

Really the great, the paramount importance of what we are about to divulge, affects our lingual muscles to that degree that we should inevitably stutter in the delivery, were it not a simple monosyllable, —or had we not the favourable facility of communicating through a goose-quill,—grateful, or to be grateful reader, it is—

BRASS!

NOTE THE THIRD.

We venture to offer a few maxims, with a running commentary for the encouragement and edification of the money-grubbing youth —the sum of whose existence is one of addition or multiplication.

"*A penny saved is a penny got.*"

This is a particularly pretty phrase; sounding very like the monitory voice of Economy, or the shrill treble of her starched old maiden sister, Prudence. It is no such thing. It is the voice of hypocritical cant,—a trite saying of the family of the Skinflints, and is practically worked out in every bargain where a poor dealer is compelled to sell to a purchaser with a long purse, and a short allowance of conscience; and is jocosely described by the narrow-minded save-alls as "putting on the screw."

As they continually grow more hardened, and there is no hope of their becoming *penitent,* we heartily wish these "penny-getters" may obtain gratuitous apartments in the Penitentiary, as narrow and ill-furnished as their own minds.

"*Penny and penny laid up make many*"

is a mere fact of simple addition; and the rusty old saw wherewith the young miser commences to cut a figure in the world, picking up pence, as magpies do silver spoons, for the sole pleasure of hiding them in holes and corners. A monomania, or rather, a money-mania which is incurable. These men heap dunghills, but never scatter the manure over the land (although no class of men look more after the *till,*) being notoriously tenacious of "forking out."

When the renowned Harvey was investigating the ebb and flow of the ruby tide of life, had he been surrounded by such bloodless flints as these, he would never have discovered the "circulation,"—for your veritable high-dried miser effectually dams the current of what monetary writers term the "circulating medium." But why offer pomegranates to the lips of a statue? unavailing are the words of the wise breathed in the ears of those who are wilfully deaf as adders. The evil bears its own punishment, for the "*auri sacra fames,*"—the accursed thirst for gold is insatiable and unquenchable.

NOTE THE FOURTH.

"Ma poche est un trésor; sous mes precieuses mains le cuivre devient or."
Nouveau Comus.

"Money makes the mare to go."

Young men love maids, and old men money. Unfortunately, it must be confessed, however humiliating to our philosophic spirit, that money *is* essentially a necessary of life in this nation of "shop-keepers,"—as Napoleon sneeringly designated us. A great man was he; but not a "finished gentleman" nor a "*sovereign*" either, until the "*milling*" he got from Wellington, which certainly "finished" him; although, strange to say, it effectually "clipped his currency."

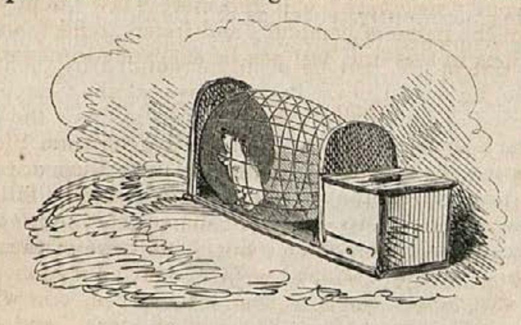
"Here 's change for a sovereign."

But, *revenons à nos moutons,*—money *is* essentially a necessary of life. Now, there are four ways of obtaining it:—

You may beg it;

but, without you are an adept, this is very difficult; and then, again, there is that prying, impertinent Society, called the Mendicity, with its Argus eyes, and spies that will, perchance, pounce upon you,

and carry you off, even as the relentless eagle does the new-born lamb, and, *presto!* you (the destitute father of six small children, and a helpless mother, who has been confined to her bed with "anything,"—"I don't know how long,") find yourself in full work upon the "wheel," which continually and practically solaces you with the philanthropic reflection that "*one good turn deserves another!*"



YOU MAY BORROW IT.

This is very innocent, but they are doubly innocent who make advances, and, besides, the "lenders" are a very small body,—so small, indeed, that "one trial will prove the fact," as the patent medicine venders phrase it. Among relatives, especially, you will find a great difficulty in obtaining or extracting the "needful;" they are generally nervously tenacious of being "cozened." Therefore, "try it on" with strangers; for, it frequently *does* happen, the less you are known, the better.

A poor cousin of a very opulent merchant stood cooling his heels in the outer office for two long hours, when at length he was admitted. His distress, by the way, *was* genuine.

"Well, sir, what is it?" said the rich man fiercely.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, sir. I am really in great difficulty."

"No long stories. What do you want? Come to the point," and he impatiently drew out his gold chronometer.

"A fortnight's rent is unpaid, — my wife is ill — very ill, — and they threaten to turn us into the street."

"Well?"

"A trifle, sir, would——"

"Psha! I've nothing to give: I have too many claims upon me already. I beg you will not trouble yourself to call here again. I hate poor people. Work, sir, work. I cannot waste more time. I am going to '*Change.*"

"The sooner the better," replied the applicant, and, casting a withering look of indignation at his opulent cousin, he rushed into the street. He was a wit — a poor wit. His cousin was a fool, but a rich fool.

You may sometimes do a little in I.O.U.'s and notes of hand, but the worst of it is, that the debts you contract in this way render you liable, and creditors will cruelly put you in that awkward position which, at one tap, makes yourself and your circumstances on a par — being both confined; and the probability is, you may grow considerably *less* before you are *enlarged.*

You may steal it.

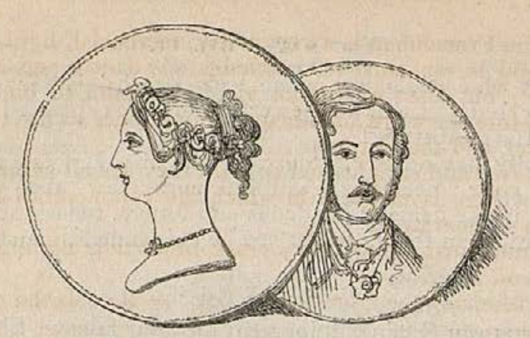
Hold! "who steals my purse teals strash" is very pretty in Shakspeare, but you will find it very differently expressed and interpreted in Burns' Justice!

"Necessity has no law," too, you will discover, is a mere legal fiction, for your "necessity" will find more "law" than you desire. Therefore, in the name of handcuffs and fetters, reflect, and suspend your operations in this line, lest *you* be suspended in another line.

You may earn it;

that is, if you can obtain employment for your talents. Should those talents be of the *Doric* order, and you are a pig-headed, persevering plodder, with no more brains than is necessary for filling up the small vacuum left by Nature in your thick skull, you are very likely to bore your way into something; but, if they are of the *Corinthian* or *Composite* order, and you are by birth and education a polished gentleman, full of wit, learning, and intelligence, you will have to fight for it, — being too delicate to do "all work," and too nice in your distinctions to do "anything." This is *infra dig.*: and that you have too much spirit to condescend to; and the probability is, that you will see old *Doric* (a cheesemonger, or a tallow-chandler,) shovelling up the "filthy lucre," and perhaps becoming a mayor and a knight, or a baronet,—in fine, a man with money may become anything—but the situation in which it has accidentally placed him! Meanwhile you look on, with your taper fingers in the pennyless pockets of your seedy suit, and appear very like an ass in a pound; albeit, a pound is the last thing you will find, if you go astray,—for, though you do look like an ass, the world will be too polite, in this instance, to take you for one, and so considerately let you wander free—without the pound!

"He gets very little in the pound."



A sovereign and a half-sovereign.

NOTE THE FIFTH.

If you have neither wit, wisdom, nor virtue, "put money in thy purse," and you shall straightway become the observed of all observers. Lean wits will court your favour, and praise and laugh (the rogues, oh! how they will laugh) at all you utter! Wise men will duck their sapient heads, and cast the pearls of their mental treasures before their porcine entertainer. The virtuous will seek you for the power you possess of doing good, in the earnest hopes of "coining" the means into the inclination. What, though the true cause of this adulation be anything but flattering — blink it! — gild the bitter pill with self-esteem, and gulp it. The mere contact of true worth is something, for, like the loadstone, it invariably imparts at least a portion of its virtue by contact and friction.

"For who the devil doth not know
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces, which we mental call?
Beggars, in every age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by situation;
The rich and great are understood
To be, of course, both wise and good."*

At all events, while entertaining wit, wisdom, or virtue, at your hospitable board, you will have the consolation of knowing that, however "*erroneously*" you have acquired your wealth, the world cannot have any just cause to assert

Malè parta, malè dilabuntur.

Trade is a very legitimate mode. It consists in buying at one price, and selling at another. Of tradesmen there are two kinds, who both observe this rule, with a difference. For example: one buys his wares, and sells them at a profit; while the other sells them at a loss, and yet, strange to say, is generally the most thriving man of the two; getting rapidly rich in spite of bankruptcies, while the former only becomes "respectable, and pays his way." One, in fact, hatches his chickens by the old and tedious, though natural, mode of incubation,—the other by steam!

NOTE THE SIXTH.

Dineros y no consejos.

The cunning inhabitants of Domfront, in Normandy, say, "*Nous ne te demandons point de nous donner de l'or; mais place nous dans un lieu où il y en a!*"

* Churchill's Ghost.

Now the Frenchman is a very witty, mercurial, light-heeled gentleman, and is, we must acknowledge, *the* dancer and *the* cook *par excellence;* but then we cannot yield the palm to him in money-getting, while there are such beings in existence as the Irishman, the Scotchman, and the German.

In this free and enlightened country they are all admitted without duty; for there is no tariff in which the commodities they usually bring are enumerated.

The Frenchman, in ordinary cases, importing nothing more than *politesse* and boasting.

The Irishman—the "broth of a boy"—the "loved of all the ladies"—has a *stock*—

("I hold him rich, al' had he not a *shirt*,")

—of impudence and blarney.

The Scotchman—pride—(of the right sort, being founded not upon self-esteem, but self-respect,)—and an inexhaustible stock of perseverance.

The German has many points in common with the Scotchman; but, unfortunately, he is more devoted to the metaphysical than the mathematical, the visionary than the substantial, and has therefore almost always a whim, a crotchet, or a mystery in his otherwise clever brain, that frequently stands in the way of his promotion:—

"I haf a broject vitch sall zurbrise de vorld,—bot it 's a zegret. Ven I vill gommunigate it, you sall be asdonished—zo zimple—you sall vonder as it nefer endered beople's prains!" As he rarely can find any one to "buy a pig in a poke," and he refuses to go the "whole hog" by imparting his "zegret," he eventually drops down from his elevation into a vender or mender of wooden clocks; for he is naturally an honest man, and abhors both poverty and crime.

The Frenchman turns cook, or dancing-master, or a teacher of languages; and although he is probably a provincial, and neither his grammar nor pronunciation accord with the rules of the Academy or the purity of the Parisian, he boldly assumes the title of a Professor of the French,—and if he has been in the imperial army, and travelled,—the Italian, and Spanish languages, and he gets money. As for his accent, which renders his "method" very like "teaching English with an Irish brogue," he cannot help that, and English ears are not likely to detect or discriminate; and he may truly say with the Gascon, when he had been stripped of all his personal property by brigands, "*Jé né gardé qué mon accent qu'on n'a pas pu mé prendré!*"

The Irishman, who is a "born gentleman," despises drudgery, as he terms everything that requires a steady application, and turns his undeniable talents to reporting for the press, or—marries an heiress.

The Scotchman thinks nothing beneath his dignity that is honest, and boldly and confidently places his foot on the lowest roundel of the ladder of promotion, relying upon his zeal and ability to enable him to reach the top,—which is almost infallibly the case; for he is cool and collected, and never misses the opportunity, for which he is continually on the watch, to push his interest.

If he engages with a firm, however wealthy, even as a junior clerk, he merely regards it as the preliminary to a partnership, and his ambition, ably seconded by his ability, is frequently rewarded by the attainment of his object.

NOTE THE SEVENTH.

There are two particular classes in the money-market who deserve especial notice,—the borrowers and the lenders.

First in the throng is the licensed lender, affectionately termed by the grateful borrowers "*uncle*," whose armorial bearings are Three Balls *or*, with the motto, (understood), "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*,"—for he never advances except on the deposit of a valuable security, in the tangible and convertible shape of plate, linen, wearing apparel, or other personal property, for which he delivers a memorandum written on a miserable specimen of pasteboard, two inches by one and a half inch square, termed a "duplicate," charging the moderate interest of twenty per cent. Truly he ought to be an excellent chess-player; for no one knows the value of a *pawn* better than "mine uncle."

From a flat to a flat iron, he "takes in" everything.

Only fancy a literary man "*pledging*" Anacreon or "*spouting*" Cicero!—or an old woman "raising the wind" upon a pair of bellows!

Then there are borrowers, whose real and personal estate it would puzzle the magniloquent and magnifying Robins to catalogue, who condescendingly communicate their need to a friend, abducting a certain portion of superfluous coin in the most off-hand manner imaginable, as if they were actually conferring a favour.

But, although these "metallic tractors," or rather *sub*tractors, appear always quite "at home," they are invariably "found out," when their too easy friends "make a *call* upon them."

The lenders, of course, are numerous, or it would be impossible for the borrowers to live; and, notwithstanding the vocation requires the utmost circumspection, is fraught with danger, and bristling with the thorns of anxiety, it is well known that most of these pecuniary purveyors—really take a *great interest* in lending!

With some, indeed, it becomes a perfect passion, and, mixing as they do with men of no *principal*, they frequently abandon their own, and are ruined; while the chorus of the ungrateful and designing borrowers is more curious than classic in its strain.

"The old fellow's 'done brown,'" says A.

"I always thought him 'green,'" adds B.

"He looks 'blue,' at any rate, now," chimes in C.

"He's a 'grey' old badger," declares D.

"He's an extortionate old hunks," ejaculates E. "I once borrowed a cool hundred pounds of him, and he actually deducted twenty-five pounds for interest and commission."

"Shocking!" cries A, indignantly.

"Did you repay the hundred pounds?" enquires B, with a dubious leer.

"Repay!" replies E; "certainly not. Why, I should have considered such an act a downright encouragement to usury. No, sir, I have more respect for the 'moral' of society."

And so the too accommodating lender drops; and whether he really coincides with A, B, C, and D, and believes he is actually "done brown," and has assumed the hues of "green," "blue," and "grey," and is ashamed to appear such a parti-coloured monster in the eyes of the world, or for some more cogent reason, certain it is he has recourse to the efficacious remedy of "white-washing."

The advertising borrowers, the C. D. (query *seedy*), and Y. Z. (query *wise-head*) do the thing in a more business-like manner, as for example:—

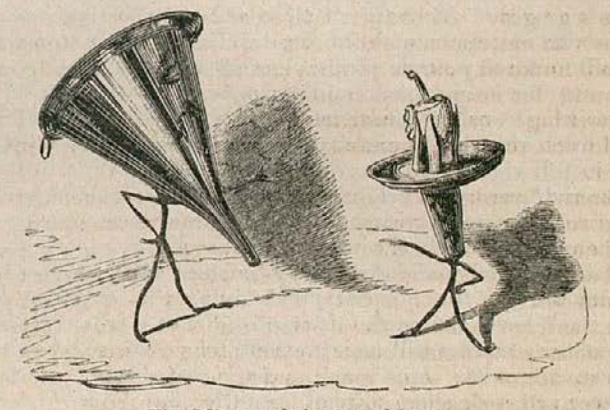
"Five pounds will be given for the loan of fifty pounds for three months. Undeniable security and references if required. No money-lenders need apply. Address C. D." &c.

Five pounds for three months! This bait is eagerly devoured by some retired tradesman, who is probably discontented with the paltry three per cents, the produce of his savings invested in the Bank.

He seeks an interview with C. D.—confesses candidly he is "not in the habit of doing these things,"—and asks as a favour to see the securities. C. D. forthwith produces a cash-box, and displays some old leases, (already assigned, or long since expired,) and a number of shares in the Pengully Mines, situated somewhere in Cornwall, which (he gratuitously informs the small capitalist) are, according to the last annual report, expected to produce "lots of tin," although at present they are at a discount in the market, owing to something or somebody.

Then, as to the promised references, he can give some of the first names in the city, but confesses it is rather a ticklish affair, and might affect his credit (?) to let his friends "suppose" that he is in want of money, — many of them being ready to give him a cheque for ten times the amount; but he wishes to be independent, (very true!) and would rather make a sacrifice (of the small capitalist?) than lay himself under an obligation. Still, to satisfy the lender, if not already assured of his ability to reimburse the trifle required, of course he must submit.

The novice, who is probably quite as anxious as the borrower to keep this delicate transaction a secret, consents to forego the references. The affair is amicably arranged; notes are exchanged, (that is, a note of hand for a bank-note,) and the lender walks gingerly away with the very liberal discount in his pocket, his flustered imagination filled with splendid visions of rapidly increasing his store. He has opened a new mine; but, should he continue to "work it," he may find to his cost, (what many other wiser heads have done before,) that new mines often consume more than they produce!



The Miser and the Spendthrift.

IL MONTE DI FATO.

(THE MOUNTAIN OF FATE.)

WANDERINGS OF A PAINTER IN ITALY.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

Almost all travellers who visit Italy pass through Terracina in their way from Rome to Naples, which is what the Italians call half way between those far-famed cities. It is a great pity, however, that so few stop there. Perhaps not one in five hundred ever remains an hour longer than he is obliged, but all are anxious to escape, and turn their backs upon "*la polizia, la dogana, il grand' albergo,*" and the most beautiful spot in all Italy.

Let the traveller, however, walk down upon the smooth beach, and look round upon the beautiful objects which there present themselves. With his face to the sea, let him stretch his vision into the far, far distance, where the aerial and the watery elements unite, and form one great lucid concave of bright sky. The islands Isola Ponza and Ventolene look like two bright clouds floating in the mirrored air, and the ripple of the water is converted into a long track of fleecy clouding, that, if you stand near enough, reaches to your feet.

To the right, at some miles' distance along the shore, you have the beautiful village of Santa Felice, topped by a long line of building—the palace erected by Prince Poniatowski; and below this fine promontory the slope is studded with a flock of picturesque dwellings. Continuing to turn, you have a forest of rich foliage, vineyard, and garden before you; and, springing out of this, and rising higher and higher, until the eye is carried into the clouds, you have the lower and the upper town of Terracina. On the left you see the fine old ornamented brick tower of the church, upheld by an immense mass of wild and picturesque building, interspersed with vineyards and pergolas, and trellises of the grape and the fig.

Then comes the magnificent Palazzo Braschi, with its long terraces, and deep rising gardens of orange-trees, loaded, perhaps, with their fruit, and scenting the air around. More to the right broken masses of building rise one above the other, divided by shadowy groves of the feathery olive and the sportive vine. Then comes a fine old castle, with its broad walls and square towers shooting up into the sky; then high banks of tall trees, with the verdant earth seen between; lower still, gardens filled with the luxuriant and varied greens of the artichoke, the pomadore, the finocchia, arched over with shrubs and fruit-trees, and topped by tall Oriental palms in full vigour and luxuriance. And here stands, in the midst of these rich green and brightly coloured masses, the convent of St. Francesco, but twenty years ago the scene of a terrible event. It was then a boy's school, into which those daring outlaws of the mountains entered, and forced away fourteen of its young and terrified inmates, for the purpose of obtaining their ransom; some of whom alas! never returned. It stands now as it was then left; and some culinary articles still hang in the kitchen, where, since, no meal has been prepared. It is now lonely and deserted. Behind it is the tower and rude short spire of the little church, with weeds and

flowers growing from its walls. Above it rises the high road, and by its side rich plantations of the olive. Below is its foundation of bold and rugged rock, interspersed with foliage and vegetation, and in places loaded with forests of the Indian fig and the aloe, with its flower-laden stems. Lifted still higher on the point of green and massy mountains, are the grey and splendid ruins of two grand ancient palaces, built by Theodoric, of immense extent, stretching out with an endless range of strong-built arches, still perfect, and forming a magnificent line; whilst all around, for an incredible space, long subterraneous passages, vaults, and chambers, are exposed to view, filled with rubbish, or overgrown with weeds and brushwood. Descending on the right of the town, towards the Naples road, huge cliffs present themselves; and there is one detached from the mass which stands towering by the gate opening upon the road, of a monstrous and terrific magnitude and height, throwing every other object into insignificance.

By circling round towards the point from which you set out, a splendid range of mountains presents itself stretching out towards Naples, farther than the eye can reach. Here the margin of the sea is beautifully broken into bays, and its green banks are seen intervening in a way which gives the idea of many islands, and joining on in this direction, lies the wild and picturesque Lake of Fondi. Coming close to the spot whence you started, you have before you the present and the ancient ports of Terracina; the one but little used, and the other long fallen into decay; but its firm masonry is still observable, notwithstanding the many ages and mishaps by which it has been visited: there are its massive iron staples, and some rust-worn rings, reduced now almost to a thread. The whole, both from what it has been, and is still, is curious, and full of interest and beauty.

Having enjoyed this magnificent panorama, let the traveller walk up to the green bank towards the gardens and vineyard, where those posts are placed for suspending the quail-nets, and where, in the season, these birds are as abundant as flies. With his back towards the sea, he will have a view of a glorious range of mountains, a little to the left behind the town, which have not yet been spoken of. The nearest of these are called the Liana and Lianella, which were rarely unoccupied by one or other of the bands of brigands, but most frequently by that of Antonio Gasperone. Through the gap between them may be seen the mountains of the great head-quarters of the bands, Sonnino, about fourteen miles distant; and, further still, the traveller will catch a glimpse of two of the highest and grandest near this spot, Monte Romano and Monte di Fato. Let him sit down, and he shall hear the story of what once happened upon the latter.

In this beautiful scene, and near the margin of the bright blue sea, small masses of rugged *scoglia*, or sea-rock, lay scattered about at some distance the one from the other, imbedded in the sand; their colour dark, and their shape and character like that of metal which has suddenly been changed from a fluid into a solid state by immersion in water. Upon one of these, which projected about a foot and a half above the sand, some dried sea-weed had been laid, so as to make a tolerably comfortable seat, and upon it sat an invalid soldier. He was seated with his face towards the sea, his right leg and foot rested upon the sand, his left was lifted up, and supported upon the

bit of rock on which he sat. At his back stood a stout walking-stick, on which from time to time he leant for support, whenever he had occasion to move his body. He had a companion, a man of much larger make than himself, who sometimes stood by his side, and at others was to be seen stooping, as if picking something up at a few yards' distance. At one moment he approached the figure seated on the stone, at the next he ran a few paces towards the sea ; and then, after stooping as before, returned again to his companion. Seen from a distance, these movements would remind one forcibly of a person amusing himself with a Newfoundland, or large water-dog, sending him to fetch and carry. You saw the arm of the man who was seated on the stone move with a sudden jerk, as if throwing something, and at the same moment the other started off, ran a few paces, stooped, and appeared to bring something back.

As these forms had the bright sky reflected in the sea behind them for a back-ground, they looked vague, and almost shapeless, to the dazzled sight; but, approaching nearer, you beheld a couple of invalid soldiers playing at "*boccia*" upon the smooth, sandy, and shell-bespangled shore.*

These men were dressed alike, in the loose, grey, misfitting military great-coat, with its strap and button behind, and the blue pointed cap — the *bonnet de police* of the French, with its tip and tassel hanging over the shoulder. Both men exhibited marks of recent indisposition, and it was clear that they had both been badly hurt, or wounded. A strongly marked difference in their personal character was perceptible. The one seated on the stone was a small man, with an intelligent and rather a melancholy aspect, looking very pale and thin, and appearing still to suffer ; his limb was thickly bandaged about the knee, and as it lay straightened out, he pressed his hand upon it, and now and then regarded it with a sorrowful look. His great-coat had been gathered in behind, until the strap was made to reach one of the buttons in front ; but it was still too large for him, and its tightness, whilst it gave some idea of the neatness of the soldier, exhibited the wasted form of the wearer.

His comrade was a burly figure, with shoulders rather narrow, large corporation, and stout heavy limbs. His left arm he carried in a sling ; and the thick fleshy hand that belonged to it appeared to be a useless and inconvenient appendage. There was little military, and nothing intellectual, about him ; but his broad round face was marked with great good-nature, and he showed an extraordinary tenderness in his manner towards his companion, who was evidently his superior in rank. It was not, however, the soldierly respect which is paid to the three stripes of yellow worsted lace which graced the grey great-coat of the disabled man, and which, as is well known, exacts a salute from the private soldier in the armies of the Continent, although no such compliment is paid to it in our country ; but an attention of a different sort — 'twas the kindness of a bro-

* This game is a great favourite with the lower class of Italians, and very much resembles our game of bowls. In the play-grounds attached to the wine-houses round balls of wood are used ; but, in the absence of these, pebbles, or bits of stone, brick, or tile, are made to serve the occasion. A "jack" is first of all thrown out, as in "bowls," and the players bowl or pitch whatever it is they play with as nearly as they can to the mark they have put for the purpose, and whichever comes nearest reckons.

ther. Very little was said; but the bright sparkle of a pair of grey eyes, deep set in a mass of flesh which puckered and swelled all round them, — the distention of a couple of thick ruddy lips, displaying good sound teeth, over which presided a strong rounded nose, supported by a full chin, fleshy cheeks and neck, gave evidence of what was passing within, and made up a character which, contrasted and employed as it was, could not fail to win attention. The play continued, but it went on languidly on the part of the lame soldier upon the stone. Standing by the side of his comrade, the good-natured fellow threw out the "jack," but to such a distance, that the other said,

"No, no, *caro*, that is too far; it hurts me to throw so far. Put it nearer; there, that will do."

Each threw, and it was necessary to decide which piece lay nearest to the jack.

"Well," said the soldier on the stone, "who has it? Is it yours?" The other shook his head.

"I don't *know*," observed the first, "and I cannot rise to see; but it seems to me you are first."

The other shook his head, and smiled quietly to himself. The bits of stone were now brought back, and the same thing repeated.

"Well," said the lame soldier, "who is first now?"

His comrade indicated that he again had lost, and held up one finger, as much as to say, "This time you are only one in."

"*Aibo!*" rejoined the other, "it is impossible. Stand more on one side, and let me see. I don't believe it; *securo*, that bit to the left is nearer than the other, and that is mine. You cheat yourself."

The good-natured fellow, who was prodigal in everything but words, made a sign of dissent by shaking his head, and sawing the air with two fingers, after the manner of Italians.

"Ah, well!" said the man seated, "*ahime!* I don't think I can play any more now, *caro*. Come here, and sit down. My knee pains me," and rubbing it with his hand, he looked upon it and sighed.

Picking up his cap, and giving it a blow upon his thigh to beat off the sand, with a look of concern and sympathy, the tall man sat down by the side of his companion. The reader, no doubt, is aware that the men before him are the Sergeant and Buffalo Beppo, who had been engaged in the affair of the *Casale*. They had been for many weeks inmates of the military hospital close behind them, and had come out to breathe the fresh air, and while away a heavy hour or two. They sat together for some minutes without speaking. The Sergeant altered his position a little, took the stick from behind him, and bowing his head, leant his arms upon it. Presently the poor wounded fellow began,

"Beppo, I wish the surgeons had taken this limb off. It will never be of any use to me; it is only an incumbrance."

Beppo made a sort of grunting noise, fidgeted on his seat, shook his head, and waved his hand.

"You think it is better as it is, Beppo," said the Sergeant. "I doubt that very much. Two months and more — I think they might have set me to rights by this time."

Beppo shrugged his shoulders, and if he *had* been a speaking animal, *being* an Italian, would have said, "*Come si fa* — what's to be done?"

The Sergeant appeared to understand him, and responded, "*Ebbene, che sarà, sarà*—well, what must be will be."

At length, raising his head slowly, the Sergeant observed, "I know not how it is, Beppo, but I cannot forget that melancholy affair at the *Casale;* the recollection of it haunts me. *Madonna mia!* it is not the first blood that I have seen spilt, nor is this the first wound I have received; but it was altogether so unlucky. I did my best, and for my own hurts I care little; but, *maledetto!* I cannot forget it. I dreamt of it continually as I lay in that little bed in the hospital, with poor Andrea by my side in the next *poverino.* You remember the night he died?"

Beppo made a motion as if he meant, "I wish you would not talk about it."

"Poor fellow!" continued the Sergeant, "after he had received the sacrament and the viaticum, he lay quiet for some time, and all thought him gone; but he suddenly raised himself in his bed, and calling to me in a voice which I shall not readily forget, said audibly, 'Sergeant! *brigadiere!* there they are—four of them—all but Matteo.' He then made a motion, as if about to leave his bed; but he fell with his face over the side of it; and when the nurse came, she found him dead, and in that position! *Per Dio!* it appears impossible, but I am sure I heard and saw it."

Beppo showed evident signs of being distressed by what he heard, and appeared to dissent from his comrade.

Raising himself a little, he said, "I have seen that cursed spot again and again, as plainly as I saw it when the morning broke and showed me my silent comrades. *Maledetto!* I shall never see the sun rise again without thinking of it."

Here Beppo uttered a grunting husky sound, which might be taken to mean, "No—no!" and at the same time he plucked gently the Sergeant's coat from behind. The Sergeant shook his head, pressed his hand to his forehead, and then slapping it down upon his thigh, said, "*Sangue di Dio!* and then to let that *birbone infame* escape! *Disgrazia mia Crista—lino!*"

After a minute's musing, the Sergeant continued, "I knew I had seen that tall powerful devil before, who played us that pretty trick of putting out his hat to be shot at, instead of his head. I felt certain at the time it was that desperate and bloody leader of the Vallecorsian band, Meo Varrone; but I cannot tell—it puzzles me beyond all things to conjecture who the shepherd could have been who led us to the *Casale.* I am certain that the wine he had in his *boraccio* was drugged, by which I should conclude that he was no friend to the bands; and yet his shyness of being seen by us, his escape, and an indistinct recollection I have of his face, all make me think he is not what he pretended to be. He said also, his motive in giving notice to the force was revenge. What!—upon the whole band?—or upon whom?—and for what? *Maledetto!* it is not possible. However, he will do well to keep out of the reach of the brigands. Where did you say you lost sight of him? When you went in search of that *ladrone,* you took one side of the *Casale,* and the shepherd the other,—did you lose him directly, and never see him after?"

Beppo implied that he did by nodding his head.

"*Dio buono!* all who saw him, except the sentinel, who is ever drunk or stupid, are dead now! *Madonna mia!* five poor fellows and

the brave Andrea! *Che disgrazia!* I wish I had died on that cursed mountain, or on that litter of green boughs upon which they brought me to the hospital! Beppo spread out his hands as well as his lame arm would allow him, and looked up imploringly to the Sergeant, who covered his face with his hands. Turning his head away, the Sergeant remarked, in a low voice,

"It is not that altogether, Beppo; a soldier must take the chances of war, and ought not to lament over his comrades who die doing their duty; but—but—there is something I have often wished to ask you, Beppo, but I fear to do so." Beppo looked surprised. "It troubles me, and makes me miserable. You know, *caro*, when the men came from the mill to bring us off from the mountain, both myself and Andrea were in a state of insensibility. I knew nothing of it, or even where I was, for a day or two. My first sensations were that my flesh was full of thorns, and that I was being roasted before a large fire made by the brigands; a blaze of light seemed to surround me, bright sparks were flying about my head; but these gradually went away, the fire had burnt itself out, and I thought I lay shivering in the cold, and in darkness. Presently I perceived a faint glimmer of light, and hearing a voice call me, I opened my eyes, and Matteo, one of the five who fell upon the mountain, stood by the place on which I was lying. I saw his face and his uniform as plainly as I ever saw them. He regarded me with a fixed eye and savage expression, and said, 'Sergeant, I died four hours after you left the mountain!' He then shook his hand at me, and I lost him. *Dio mio!* I have not—I cannot forget it. I think of it—I fear, Beppo—"

Grasping his hand, Beppo almost articulated, "No, no; a dream."

Hesitating, the Sergeant at last said, "Tell me, Beppo, tell me,—were the bodies looked to and examined before we were taken from the mountain? Were they—were they really dead?"

Beppo was obliged to make his comrade understand that he did not know. The Sergeant turned away his head, covered his face, and groaned. At this moment the corporal turned his head in the opposite direction, and touching the shoulder of his comrade, directed his attention to two figures walking close to the margin of the sea, coming towards them.

The Sergeant looked, and suddenly said, "*Per Dio*, one of those men looks like the miller who, assisted by his people, conveyed us from the mountain. Who is the fellow with him? *Cristo santo!*" he exclaimed, "it *is* the shepherd!—is it not, Beppo?"

Beppo shook his head.

"It *is*," said the Sergeant. "Help me up, Beppo."

"No, no; *caro*, you mistake — sit still." And Beppo held him down, grunting and pointing with his finger, as much as to say, "They are coming this way, and then we shall see."

The men had now approached within a few yards of them. The Sergeant kept his eye anxiously fixed upon the figure who was in the sheep-skin dress of a shepherd, as if still in doubt of his identity. The miller was the master of the mill at which Beppo had called for assistance on the morning of the fatal affray, a jolly, good-tempered, round-faced, corpulent man, of about fifty. He saluted the Sergeant and Beppo, asked about their wounds, and, Italian-like, appeared disposed rather to sit down and gossip than to go on. He therefore took a place on the stone by the side of Beppo, at the same

time directing the man who was with him to go on home, when the Sergeant interrupted him by exclaiming,

"*Dio buono!*—that must be the fellow."—"Who?" said the miller. "The shepherd."—"Well," said the miller, laughing, "he *is* a shepherd—my shepherd."——"No, no," responded the soldier; "he is the man who led me and my party to the *Casale*."

Here the miller broke into a loud laugh, and the man, who had stood still leaning upon his long stick, after the manner of all shepherds, opened his eyes, at the same time showing a set of teeth bright as ivory, and laughing out openly. Before that, he had stood looking timid and shy, puzzled by the steady and inquiring gaze of the Sergeant: he now assumed a different look, and the soldier said,

"Umph!—perhaps I mistake, but I never saw such a likeness."

"And so you fancy," said the miller, that my *garzone* resembles the shepherd who led you to the hiding-place of the brigands. *Per Bacco!* Sergeant, your head is so full of that affair, that I believe you never see a pointed hat without remembering that pretty trick played you at the *Casale*. After all, what does it matter who it was? That it was not my fellow, I am quite certain; for he is an exceedingly simple creature, and has lived with me since he was a child. I wonder whether either of the brigands who are here could throw any light upon the matter. I have made the acquaintance of one of them, and will ask."

"What brigands?" asked the Sergeant.—"Oh!" replied the miller, "you have not heard, then, of the *presentazione*, the surrender of some of these *malviventi*, who have received the pardon of the Pope, have given up their arms and their terrible trade, and who are now domesticated amongst us?"

"No," responded the wounded man, "I have not. This is only the second time I have left the hospital since that cursed affair."

"*Ebbene, caro;* never mind; don't fret yourself about it. Know that the good Doctor Luigi Lucatelle,* armed with the authority of his Holiness Pius the Seventh, has gone into the mountains, and brought away a batch of brigands with him, giving them a free pardon, and fixing their residence in the good city of Terracina. I don't know how many there are exactly. I have seen three or four, and talked a good deal to one who appeared the most intelligent of the gang, and who was one of the most bloodthirsty and reckless of them all.

"What is he called?" asked the Sergeant.

"Why, the name he goes by is Frontaccio; but that, of course, is not his real name. I could easily know; for their names are all stated in the *dispaccio*, and in the pardon signed by the Cardinal Consalvi.†

"*Accidente a tutte quante!*" muttered the Sergeant.

"*Dunque?*" said the miller: "I was going to tell you something this man told me the other day about that devil Meo Varrone."

The Sergeant looked up quickly, and asked, "Does he know anything, think you, of that cursed shepherd?"

"Eh!" ejaculated the miller; "*chi sa?* it is not impossible that he may give us a clue to him; but you shall hear the story as he told it me. It was something in this way my newly-made acquaintance related the tale:—

* The real fact.

† We shall anon present our readers with a copy of the pardon referred to.

"It is now many months ago since the band of Antonio Gasperone, the band to which I belonged, was posted upon Monte di Fato. We had been doing nothing for more than a month, and during that time we had suffered more than the ordinary inconvenience from the want of food and rest, and more than usual alarm and disturbance from the armed force. Well, as I tell you, we had rather a severe time of it for a good while; but one day, as we were dragging ourselves along through the brushwood coming up from the valley, and just as we had mounted high enough to come in sight of the sea, whom should we meet but our old friend, the *manetengolo*, Ciconi.

"We were none of us in the best of humours; but nobody ever speaks cross to Ciconi; so, after embracing him, we began to inquire what news he had, and whether he could give us anything to eat and drink.

"'Eat and drink!' said the jolly old fellow; 'you have already said it — abundance! ay, and I will furnish you with some good company into the bargain.'

"'*Cospetto di Bacco!* let us see the food first, and the company after. Where is it?—and who are they?'

"'*Adesso, adesso* (presently), *carissime*. But first I must tell you that this supply is not for you.' — 'The devil it is not!' we all exclaimed at once; 'we should like to see the desperadoes that would take it from us, or touch a bit of it either, till we are satisfied.'

"The old man smiled, and said, 'Well, come along; *ecco il somaro*—here's the donkey close by, and you will find enough to satisfy all. And now, who do you think is here? What think you? I am turned *spia* at last. But come along, and I will tell you. It is the *Vallecorsani*—Meo, and his comrades! *Da vero!* they arrived here last night.'

"Making our way towards the loaded ass, we were met by some of the band of Meo Varrone, who kept too good a watch to let us approach without notice, and who had seen us from the first. They now came forward, and we kissed and embraced each other. We at once determined to spend a happy day together. The *manetengolo* had assured us that the force were at a distance, and that we had plenty to eat and to drink, *per Dio!* and nothing to fear. We all set up a shout, some sang, and some danced, and our new-found friends joined heartily with us.

"'But, where is Meo, friends?—where is the *Capo*?'

"The reply to this was a grave look, a shake of the head, and a motion of the hand, meaning 'Don't ask;' then in a subdued voice some one said, 'He is in the old way to-day; moody as the devil's black. Never mind him; let us enjoy ourselves.'—'*Maledetto!* who cares?' said one. '*Passa via!* let every dog carry his tail in his own fashion.'—'What does it matter?' said another. 'This end of the world is wide enough to laugh in; when it is not, we'll go to the other. Courage, *fratelli miei!*'

"Hugging each other, laughing and romping like school-boys, singing snatches of songs, shouting, and dancing, the new-met friends went in search of their companions; and, no way behind as regarded the fun, old Ciconi followed, with his donkey loaded with creature comforts. They had not far to go before they came out upon a small plain, or flat, naturally formed on the side of an im-

mense and very singularly shaped mountain. Upon one side of this green level step, the mountain rose abruptly, like a rugged wall, overrun with trees of large size, shrubs, and brushwood; and on both sides of this, until it met the wood, which was lower than the rest, a high and uneven bank of mountain magnitude went circling round, enclosing the little plain spoken of, and many similar ones, in its giant embrace.

"Upon this little plain, which was verdant and smooth, many groups were busily employed, while the loud laugh, the shout, and the sounds of boisterous mirth were heard everywhere, echoed by the hollow rock and mountain, which surrounded all. Upon this occasion an abundant supply of the good things of life had been accidentally brought together. In addition to what had been brought by that renowned brigand-purveyor, Ciconi, certain peasants and shepherds, the inhabitants of a very small village, "*paesetta*" or "*terra*," close by, who happened to have relations in one of the bands, had loaded themselves with all sorts of acceptable things, either to convert them into money or gifts. In addition to the juice of the grape, white and red, there was the liquor of which the Italians are so inordinately fond, called '*rosolio*,' and in addition to this, *aqua vita*. Old Ciconi had killed a sheep and a kid: and in order to cook these it was necessary to light a fire, and resort to the simple, and sometimes not ill-managed contrivance of placing two flattish bits of stone upon their edges, taking advantage of the wind to carry away the smoke. Having lighted a large fire close by, the sticks that have burnt themselves down to a glowing charcoal, are thrown in between these stones: the whole side of a sheep is then placed over it, turned from time to time, and cooked better than at a '*trattoria*.' In the absence of spits, ramrods serve capitally to string half-a-dozen fowls upon. Earthen pans are better than copper or iron; and, for making gravy, what would you have but '*pomidoro*' and '*pepperone*'?

"Round the fire stood a group, of whom the *manetengolo* was the head or grand master of the ceremonies; whilst a little on one side a party were forming, in a rude way, a table of rough stone, collected and rolled down from the rock above, often to the no small danger of those who happened to stand in the way, and whose narrow escape created shouts of noisy delight. In one place the wine was all collected together in the strange casks, vessels, and skins, in which it was brought, and placed under the shade of green boughs, piled together for the purpose; and here a sentinel was placed, who refused many applicants, until the whole should be ready. Upon projecting bits of rock, and on green banks, and under bushes, were other groups; some talking seriously, but the greater number laughing with all their might, and speaking with the volubility of light hearts and ready thoughts. Several women, old and young, were among the rest; and in one group were two girls, who would have called forth attention anywhere. One was smaller than the other; and, although they were sisters, a very strongly-marked difference might be perceived in the look and character. The smaller one was called Nina; the other Rosa.

"Rosa stood in the midst of a group of the smartest young fellows of the bands, every one making efforts to engage her attention by something he was saying or doing. All eyes were upon her; all

words were addressed to her, all ears listened when she spoke, and all voices joined her when she laughed. Those on each side pressed forward to be in front, while those behind, perhaps, would playfully pluck some stray lock of her deep dark tresses, to make her turn and smile upon them. Nothing could be more beautiful than her large black eyes, bright as the diamond flashing in the sunlight, as she tossed her head from side to side, shaking the dense black cloud of jetty hair from her smooth brow and ruddy cheek, warmed with the sun, flushed with health, and fired with the spirit's stir within. It was beautiful to watch the quick-changing expression of her face, to mark the swell and fall of her ample bosom, to look upon the curving changes of her large round neck; to see the play of her full, rich red, and luscious mouth, spanning her polished teeth, and losing its rosy limits in the deep dimples of her ruddy cheeks; and then the music of her clear sweet voice!—The fellows looked and listened, and were made half mad, as well they might be.

"Her sister was not without her admirers also, but her attractions, though scarcely less, were of a different kind. It was not difficult to find among these lawless and ill-doing men, minds that inclined to sentiment, and these Nina had about her. Her step was light and buoyant; her voice sweeter even than that of her sister, and her laugh for the moment as joyous and free; but her spirit could not sustain and keep up the fire of her eye,—it brightened, blazed, and subsided almost into sadness. Her dark sleepy eye, with its abundance of black fringe, contrasted strongly with her clear pale skin; the straight and delicate nose, with its thin transparent nostrils; the short curved lip, edged with its ruby border, divided from its fellow by the pearly teeth; the small round chin, sleek cheek, and slender neck, all made up a picture, delightful to look upon. This was the remark of the brigand himself to me, said the miller,—

"'Choose two of the brightest stars you find in the heavens, and they are not more beautiful than these two sisters.'*

"All were charmed by the beauty and spirit of these girls; even the *garzoni*—the louts of shepherd boys and goatherds, who bashfully hung back, and stood, sat, or laid about in awkward postures, were touched and fixed. One, who had been making a chain of the hollow stems of the *cicoria*, waited his opportunity, and when he thought no one saw him, presented it to Rosa.

"It is not unnatural to suppose that these two peasant girls had many admirers and suitors among those with whom they associated. Perhaps the number flattered their natural vanity, and made them capricious. There was *one* in particular who would have made no scruple of seizing and appropriating by force what he so much desired; but the girls had a brother in the band of Di Cesaris, as well as relations who were friendly supporters of these freebooters, so that they were regarded as allies; and hitherto, although they had been in peril, they had escaped, and continued their intercourse in comparative safety.

"Among those upon whom the influence of their beauty had wrought and inspired the most reckless and ungovernable of all passions, was the chief of the band, Meo Varrone. This man, a giant in make, and a fiend in mind, was dreaded by the whole band,

* The narrator's own words literally translated.

who submitted to his authority through a feeling of awe with which his personal strength and daring spirit inspired them. The more timid quailed before him, however they might brave him in his absence; and even the most fearless chose often to put up with insults rather than dispute the point, or come into more dangerous conflict with him. Whenever he gave signs of the savage gloom and moodiness, that had taken possession of him, as upon this occasion, experience had taught them that it was better on every account to leave him alone, until he came to himself. During the whole time of the feasting and frolic he had kept apart from his companions, and never exchanged a word with any one: he had scarcely left the spot he had first taken possession of, except once or twice, for the purpose of lighting his pipe. He had a sort of lieutenant, — a kind of fellow-devil, among the band, who could do more with him than any one else; but to-day even he failed in his attempt to induce him to enjoy the diversion with the rest. His eye, however, frequently glanced towards the chief, and seeing no change in the sullen and savage expression of his face, he looked about for the cause, and soon became certain that the two sisters were in some way or other mixed up in it. They, it is true, had ranked him among their admirers; but they had so many, that his being of the number created no surprise. It was known to few that, being rejected by Rosa, he had made advances to Nina, when he met so severe a repulse, that his wounded pride was too much hurt to stand in defence, and shield his wrath, which escaped in certain threats, which there was too much reason to fear would be put in execution; but some time had now elapsed, and this was forgotten.

" The feast went on, till nearly the whole of what had been brought had been consumed. This had not been done without paying Meo Varrone the compliment of offering him food and wine; but he would partake of neither. The eatables had vanished, and the wine was in full flow and circulation. The frolic and fun, and the joke, and the song and laugh, and the shout, became louder and longer, until it formed but one peal of merriment, which rang from end to end, as if it had been the voice of but one ample and abundant heart exulting in its own wild and uncurbed happiness.

" Several odd-shaped vessels were employed for drinking; and a few very old-fashioned cups and glasses were brought out for the occasion, which were now handed round by the women, the boys, and the two young girls, who appeared to take great pleasure in plying the willing topers with the rich and sparkling beverage, and splashing the ruddy wave of Bacchus with its purple foam about on every side. The revelry had just reached its climax; and the old *manetengolo*, whose spirit of thrift even wine could not drown, was busily employed in putting the empty and scattered receptacles in order, and in packing and collecting together the fragments of the feast, when the sound of a shepherd's pipes was heard close at hand. In a moment all who were lying, sitting, or playfully tossing upon the grass, were on their feet, their arms in the air, and at the same instant the magic of the *salterella* lifted their bodies and their spirits together with them. Giovanni, the piper of pipers, was among them; and, if before he came all was noise and confusion, it now became one giddy whirl of boisterous delight. Even old Ciconi caught the infection.

"In the midst of this frolic and enjoyment, some one proposed making another attempt to approach and conciliate the chief, who still kept the place he had all along occupied, wearing still the same forbidding look—perhaps even a more sullen and ferocious aspect.

"The scene of what has been described," said the miller, "was a very singular one, and the catastrophe to which it led horrible in the extreme; and I have no doubt, from the account given by the man who related it to me, that he was an eye-witness. The fixed, firm, fiendish look of this ferocious, lone, and unhappy man, must have contrasted strongly with the loose gaiety, the light-heartedness, and the thoughtless enjoyment, mad mirth, and revelry of his companions. A spot more wild and appropriate for such a scene, and such an event, it was impossible to find. There was one peculiarity which gave this spot, in particular, a frightful character, and made it dreaded and shunned in general, and seldom visited at all, but in cases of necessity, by any but the lawless and desperate bands of brigands, who resorted to it as a favoured and secure retreat, in which they were little likely to be molested or disturbed. Near to that part of the mountain which rose rugged and high above their heads, and level with the plain upon which this scene was passing, and lying between two banks covered with thick bushes, was an opening, the margin of which, at a little distance, looked like that of a spring, or a pond at which cattle drink. On one side it lay open, joining the green plain; on the other it was set round in a broken manner with short bushes, briers, long grass, and luxuriant fern. A large quantity of these had been cut for the purpose of exposing and opening this place to view to prevent accident, and lay about withering and dead. On approaching this opening incautiously, and without being aware of its character, you were suddenly struck with horror on finding yourself on the brink of the most terrible and appalling gulf it is possible to look upon. Your first impulse is to turn, and fly, or you stand fascinated,—perhaps feel half tempted to dash headlong into it. The crust under your feet is so thin, that it seems scarcely strong enough to support you; and your foot grating upon a stone, or struck upon the ground, produces a low, surly murmur from the depths beneath, that chills your blood, and makes your flesh creep upon your bones: it is truly appalling and terrible. Very few persons have sufficient courage to go near enough the brink so as to look over into the dark and dreadful void of this unfathomable pit; some who have done so have been struck with a cold chill, from which they have not recovered for hours; and others have heard voices, strange cries, and sounds they could never forget. *Dio mio!*" said the miller, "I have heard of that terrible *catauso*, in the valley of St. Nicola, into which the bodies of the brigands were thrown without their heads; but, from this man's account, this must be still more dreadful. However, little thought these reckless and desperate men, in the hour of their frolic, of the horrors of this pit, or of any other; they gave themselves up to enjoyment; they laughed like schoolboys, and played all the happy gambols of innocent children. The food and the wine had done its work. 'Good wine,' as the proverb says, 'goes to the heart, and leaves the head untouched;' and so it appeared; no angry word had been spoken, no dispute heard; all, all appeared in good fellowship, and perfectly happy, except one man—the chief—Meo Varrone.

"Almost from the time the party arrived at the mountain, this man had never left the spot on which he now stood. He had posted himself within a foot of the edge of a frightful abyss, and there he stood, his tall form towering high above any of his companions, his arms folded, his brows knit together, and appearing not to notice anything that was passing near him: he seemed perfectly absorbed, although those who watched him saw his eye wander stealthily, and with a savage glare, among the revellers; but with this exception he kept them lowered and cast down into the deep and inky depths at his feet, as if searching in the darkness for some fit companion for his thoughts, or seeking inspiration for the doing of some deed worthy of hell itself. There he stood, unmoved by the revelry, and repelling approach, as if enjoying the dangerous and frightful spot he had chosen. He never moved from it, or sat down, or changed his position, except to refill or to light a heavy red clay pipe, which he continued to smoke. His gun, with his cloak wrapped round it, lay behind him, and his long knife was stuck into a dark blue sash which he wore round his waist, and his costume was like that of his companions.

"Many eyes were now directed towards him, anxiously seeking some opening to approach him; but none appeared. Different methods were suggested, and it was proposed, as the most easy and natural, that some one should go and offer him wine; but no one could be found who would undertake so dangerous a task. At last it was suggested to send one of the girls; and, after a moment, Nina was called, and came. She hesitated when the mission was first proposed to her, and showed both fear and reluctance; but this was soon overcome, and she consented. As has been said, among the drinking vessels brought for the occasion there were some of a curious antique shape, and there was one of a truly regal character which belonged to the *manutengolo*. It had a short thick stem, a broad foot, and the part which held the wine was in the shape of a saucer, large, and open. It was of the purest Venice glass, and when full of the red wine, glowing and sparkling in the bright light, it was a glorious sight — it made you thirsty to look at it. Nina took it in her hand, and as she stepped off with it, all were on the watch to see how this surly wretch would take it. She stepped cautiously, as the glass was brimming full, and smiled beautifully as she approached him; but no change took place in his expression. It was almost impossible not to have been conscious of her presence and her object; but he appeared not to see her. Coming up to him, she gently touched his arm, presented the full glass, and said, 'Come, Sir Meo, drink some wine with me.' The man slowly turned his head, her eyes were upon him, and as his gaze met hers she shrank back trembling, and spilt a portion of the wine. *Padre Eterno!* it was but the work of a moment—the act of a devil—this monster seized the shrieking and beautiful girl by the slender throat, and with one blow dashed her headlong into the gulf at his feet.

"The pipe was still sounding to the movements of the dancers, as if in mockery of what had taken place; but in a moment a piercing shriek was heard from the distant end of the little plain, and a female was seen rushing frantic and wild, uttering the most frightful cries, towards the gulf which had entombed her living sister. All who looked on, stupified and horror-stricken, fancied she aimed at throwing herself into this dreadful pit, and some stepped forward to pre-

vent it; but when she came within a few yards of this devil in human shape, who stood on the same spot still, his chest heaving, and his savage eye and nostril wide-dilated, she fell, and was slightly stunned. Many hands were put forth to lift and support her; but, with a wild cry, she broke away from all friendly aid and solace, tore her hair, the rings from her ears, the necklace from her neck, the kerchief from her bosom, beat her head, and dashed herself upon the ground. She then rose again, bleeding and frantic, and vainly struggling to address the monster who stood before her, his eye glowing with his infernal purpose. She stretched her arms and clenched her hands towards him, as if to address or curse him, when, to the horror of all, he suddenly sprang forward, and seizing her in his arms, attempted to hurl her into the tomb of her sister. All were so overcome by the suddenness of this infernal act, and paralysed by horror, that no one stirred or spoke, but, fixed like stones, they saw this poor girl struggle with her murderer without making an attempt to save her. Despair and madness gave the poor creature strength, so that the wretch, although making the most violent efforts, could not free himself and detach her from him, powerful as he was. Two or three times he seized her hands, and tore away her grasp, which brought pieces of his dress with it; and once, when groping for his knife, as offering an easier mode of despatching her, her efforts were so violent, that she was on the point of dragging him to destruction with her. Her strength, however, appeared to fail her all at once, and at the moment that many were on their feet, and were rushing forward to save her, a terrific shriek broke from the hollow of the pit, and as the wild cry was echoed from around, and died away in the deep caverns beneath, a rush of chilly air brought with it a cloud of bats that, dazzled by the bright sun-light, dashed off on all sides on their blind career.

"*Dio buono!* never was so atrocious an act ever performed by man, — nothing I ever heard of is half so bad, so cruel, so infernal. A burst of horror broke from those who were spectators of this terrible deed. Some had unsheathed their knives, and others seized their muskets; but in a moment after they replaced them, with a cowed and abashed expression. Seeing the hostile position they had assumed, the chief, seizing his cloak and wrapping it round his left arm, laid bare the terrible knife, which had been stained with innumerable murders, and brandishing it with a movement which at once showed his tremendous strength and address in the use of it, uttered a terrific oath, and in a voice of thunder cried, '*Razza di cani!* — ye race of dogs and wolves, do ye show your teeth at me? *Per Cristo santo!* then you shall have something to bite at:' and, lifting his knife, he made a step forward. The shepherds and the women flew at once, some to a distant part of the plain, and others, having hastily seized whatever belonged to them, dashed at once into the wood, and were lost sight of. The brigands themselves did not stir nor flinch; but, having put up their weapons, each lowered his arms, and spread out his open hands, thus indicating that they meant not to contend with him. Seeing their disposition, as the chief was no braggart, he immediately sheathed his knife, took the cloak from his arm, turned his back, and stooping for his pipe, sat himself down upon the bank, his gun lying at his side.

"It was not many minutes before the little plain, which had so lately been the scene of mirth and enjoyment, was deserted, and had resumed all its desolate, and savage look. The sun had crossed the Mediterranean Sea, and was closing his bright career in a flood of his own glorious light and gorgeous colour; the peaks of the mountains partook of it still, and smiled; but the plains looked dull and sad, and the cold dews came creeping forth, damping the parched earth; and the bats, whose day-dream had been so abruptly broken, came back, and went circling round the head of him who was now the only object left in this wild and dreary solitude.

"The last persons seen upon the plain were two men, who stood at the mouth of the descent into the wood. A loaded ass was held by one, and he was carefully counting a large pile of *scudi* he held in his hand, and which he was about to put into a coarse canvass purse, held ready for the purpose. The man with whom he was talking was the bandit who held a sort of lieutenancy under the *capo,* or chief, and who, as has been said, had more influence over him than any other of the band. The rest of the men had retired a little into the wood, to seek the best quarters they could find for the night, and were talking over what had occurred, and making remarks among themselves they dared not venture upon in the presence of their leader.

"When old Ciconi, the *manetengolo,* departed, the man with whom he had been talking was seen to cross the little plain, and make towards Meo Varrone, who still sat or reclined upon the seat he had taken. Approaching him, the lieutenant said, in rather a subdued tone,

"'*Caro* Meo, I could wish that thing had not been done to-night; —at all events, I wish so many had not witnessed it.'

"'I am glad they did,' returned the chief abruptly. 'It will at least prove that Meo Varrone will not miss his revenge, and will keep his word. I have no fear for the consequences. If you have, turn spy, or take to the police for shelter.'

"'I shall do neither one nor the other. You will have no enemy in me; but there is *one* from whom you have reason to apprehend something.'

"'Oh!' ejaculated the wretch, in a tone of disdain, 'I see now you will turn preacher.'—'You mistake me,' said the other. 'The one I mean is a brigand, who has as great a love of vengeance as yourself. You perhaps may not know him: he is one of the band of Di Cesaris, and—'

"'I have no fear.'

"'Openly, you need not; but there are others that can pull a trigger from behind a bush, and send a ball with a sure errand, besides the Sonninesi. It may be your fate to get one after this. Beware of the brother of Rosa and Nina!'"

The Sergeant started as if some thought had struck him, but he said nothing, except expressing a wish to see and talk with the strange man who had related this story to the miller. His friend and comrade, Beppo, made a motion that the sun was getting low, and that the most unhealthy half hour of an Italian day was approaching; so, assisting the Sergeant to rise, the miller and the corporal lent their support, and the invalids returned to the hospital to think over what they had heard, and to seek repose.

THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

The fairest star that meets the sight, .
Through deepest blue of summer's night,—
The breaking morning's loveliest dyes,
The forest-tree,—the fairy flower,—
The pride, or beauty of the hour,—
Claim not alone our wonder. No!
For many a fathom deep below
This "dingy earth" on which we tread,
Beneath the very granite's bed,
Do things appear, that have a claim
For all who love Truth's sacred name,
And from her mighty ocean's shore
Would gladly snatch one gem the more.
Yon fossil plant, whose likeness now
Grows not on mead, or mountain's brow,
When was it the fair child of spring,
On which the insect's painted wing
Might rest; or from the flower it bore
The honey-bee increase her store?
None can give answer: History's glass,
That shows us nations as they pass,
Grows dull and clouded when the eye
Would seek to trace its destiny;
And Science, with her patient might,
Seems almost lost in shades of night.

Its wild luxuriance tends to say
It grew beneath a fiercer ray
Than that which smiles on us to-day;
And more its form appears to be
Like plant of Ind or Araby,
Than any humbler denizen
Of northern mount, or moor, or glen.
What then, could this, our Fatherland
Of old have been a tropic strand?
Philosophy, we look to thee,
But cannot solve the mystery.

Mankind their monuments have raised,
And kings have dwelt, and Gods been praised
Where solitude now reigns alone,—
The sceptre broke,—the idol gone.
The giant pyramid remains
On Egypt's parch'd and sandy plains,—
Looks o'er the desert far and wide,
Memorial fit of mortal pride.
The Coliseum stands to tell
Where the poor gladiator fell,—
And check the passing stranger's sigh
For Roman greatness, long gone by.
All speak of ages past away;
But what are they, or such as they,
Compared with this, now marble, leaf?
Their duration would seem brief.
Like them it had its hour of pride,
But ne'er, like them, with blood was dyed.
Like them it pleads for vanish'd time,
Yet tells not of a single crime.
It had more charms than ever they
To gazing monarchs could display,
And, buried in its granite cell,
Hath braved the lapse of years as well.
Oh, mystery! by Heaven's command,
Thou meet'st our view on every hand;
Yet not in vain we ponder o'er
All-bounteous Nature's varied store:
The sea-shell on the mountain side,
A hundred leagues from flow of tide,
Will stand in evidence before
The mighty sophist's studied lore;*
And thus a single fossil flower
May point some moral to the hour.

As, waving on its slender spray,
We view the rose-bud of to-day,
And think how lovely, yet how brief,
The vermeil beauty of its leaf,
Must we not wonder to have seen
The trace of what might once have been,
Recalling back some thousand years,
As fair and frail as this appears?
And with that wonder shall the mind
No higher, nobler feelings find?
Will any say that chance alone
Hath wrought the change they 've gazed upon?

* Voltaire endeavoured to prove that the shells and other marine products found upon inland mountains were not left there by the sea. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as it first caused Goëthe to look upon his theories with suspicion. See Goëthe's *Memoirs*.

POLYPHEMUS AND GALATÆA;

OR,

THE ONE-EYED LOVER.

A SEA-SIDE SENTIMENTAL STORY.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

"O flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified."

To withhold useful information from mankind I consider in the light of a literary fraud; and, that I myself may not be culpable in this respect, I am about to present to the reader, not the mere plain matter-of-fact statement of your common run of travellers, who describe nothing but what they see, and think of nothing but what is presented "in form most palpable" to their senses, but to a full, true, and most particular account of a little love affair which happened on Lover's Island—a spot certainly not to be found in the Pacific Ocean. The very respectable inhabitants who dwell upon Lover's Island, affirm themselves to be a very ancient nation, and some of their historians give us to understand, that if they were not founded before the Creation, they were at least established from the earliest beginning of the world. Their habits are as follows:—they always fast when they have nothing to eat, and always sleep with only one eye closed; watch the moon when there is one, and pray for one when there is not. They were never known to consult Murphy with respect to the weather, nor trust to reports that foretold earthquakes, as there were no *Quakers* on earth in those days. I know the reader will say "that's no great shakes of a pun,"—so I've said it for him. It may not be amiss to state, that the inhabitants of Lover's Island had the wonderful faculty of metamorphosing themselves, and one another, like Jupiter (*Gammon*) in the heathen mythology. For example, if a young gentleman told a young lady she was stone, (and Heaven knows some of them are flinty-hearted enough,) she became one at once, though it was considered by no means becoming; and if the gentleman, on the other hand, wished himself a tree, he instantly took root, and began to sprout without loss of time. I fear, reader, as the man in "*The Tempest*" says,

> "You do yet taste
> Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
> Believe things certain."

But to my tale.—Once upon a time, and, as I have said before, it was in the beautiful old ancient times, there was a great big lubberly swab of a fellow of the island, with one eye, who kept continually running about the sea-shore after the young women as they came from bathing: his name was Polyphemus.

This poetical Cyclopean keeper of sheep (having often cast a sheep's-eye among the shepherdesses) at last took it into his silly head to fall in love with an oyster-eating young lady, named Galatæa; but she, being as averse to receiving his addresses as he was eager in paying them, avoided all his pursuits, by means of the faculty she possessed as an inmate of the ocean, and retreating to the water, disappeared under the waves. 'Tis said—but this I do not vouch for,—that whenever Miss Galatæa felt herself safe, by reach-

ing deep water, she always placed the tip of her delicate thumb to the tip of her equally delicate nose, and extending all her fingers to the utmost, would give the Cyclops a knowing wink, and laughingly exclaim, "there you are with your eye out." In vain did poor Polyphemus learn to swim, in the hope of reaching the *diving belle*: the cramp was cruel, and the crabs were cutting, and, like poor Byron, he had his labour for his pains, and only caught the rheumatism! Having perfectly satisfied himself that the art of swimming alone would not render him amphibious, he, in a fit of despair (flat that he was!) wished himself into a fish, and, it is said, became a very fine one-eyed *John-Dory*, hoping thus to discover fair Galatæa's grotto, and pursue her through all the depths of the ocean. Now, most unfortunately, it happened to be the first day of the oyster season, which is a grand gala day with the *natives* under water; and as old Daddy Neptune had issued cards of invitation for a grand blow-out, he had given orders to his gamekeepers, the Tritons, to provide plenty of fish for the occasion, amongst which was our one-eyed friend, Polyphemus. Master Pol. now found himself in a peculiarly perplexing predicament, and in vain wished himself safe and sound on shore, in his own sweet Sicily. What could he expect if he remained a *John-Dory* but to get "his jacket well-peppered," and served up with *Ann Chovy*? On the other hand, he could not, unfortunately, resume his natural shape without being drowned, or else put to death as a spy or a poacher. Well, to make an end, he was accordingly cooked, and served up in style, with cockle-sauce. Savoury he was to the taste, and to the smell most "ancient and fish-like." At supper, Miss Galatæa, who had been specially invited, was observed to eat very heartily of that fish. Poor Polyphemus! short sighted fellow! — he had, however, one consolation, which every lover does not enjoy, observes the historian, "*he certainly lay near the heart of his Galatæa*," "for that night only," as our modern play-bills elegantly express it.

"THE SECRET."

BY DALTON.

A cool and lovely evening had succeeded one of those scorching days with which this particularly comprehensive climate of England is occasionally blessed; and a pair, quitting the closeness of a crowded ball-room, stepped forth to court the refreshing night breeze. Within was assembled the talent, rank, and fashion of Orford and its vicinity; jewels sparkled, satins rustled, feathers waved, champagne exploded, ice "thawed and resolved itself into dew," and all to do honour to the rose of Devon, Julia, the vicar's daughter. Without, the pale moon-beam trembled on the rustling leaves, and poured its silvery flood upon the level lawn, — deepening by contrast the gloom of the dark yew hedge that separated the garden from the grave-yard.

The elder of the twain just spoken of was a tall and beauteous maiden; clustering ringlets of nut-brown hair fell from beneath the straw-hat she had hastily donned; her eyes were grave, and beamed with an expression gentle and winning as an angel might have worn; they were turned upward, and the tear-drop glistened in either as she gazed on the clear bright sky. It was her twentieth birth-day. Her companion was a boy some four or five years her junior, of a slight, but

well-knit frame, a quick eye, and a firm step, with an air of decision stamped on his brow beyond his age. His looks were fixed earnestly and enquiringly upon her; his left hand pressed hers, which hung listlessly upon his neck, and his right wound affectionately round her waist. They were cousins!

"Julia," he exclaimed, reproachfully, "you are unhappy, and have been so for days; your sorrows deepen, and for the first time I am not allowed to share them. Am I unworthy, or——"

She drew him closer to her side, and smiled on him fondly, but sadly.

"To-morrow," he continued in a low and constrained tone, "you are to become the bride of this Lascelles; tell me, Julia, — tell me frankly and freely, is that the weight that bears upon your spirit?"

"Hush!" cried the lady hurriedly, "banish the thought,—breathe not the suspicion,—he—he might hear you."

"He hear!—not he. You may mark him even now,—he stands, as he has stood all night, with folded arms, and curling lip, and sneering eye, speaking to no one, scowling on all. Once, as I brushed by, he muttered something, and looked as though he would have struck me. Had he done so, Julia Mandeville had tarried for a bridegroom."

"Such language, and to me, Frederick,—'tis unkind."

"Julia!" returned the latter impetuously, "deceit is unkind, and useless as unkind. You do not love that man."

"Silence, for the sake of Heaven!" said Julia, in evident alarm. "You know not what you do. Oh! Frederick, we have from earliest childhood been playmates—friends. I have loved you with a sister's purest love; for though to others rude, to me you have been ever kind and gentle. By the happy, happy days we have spent together drop this subject, and for ever. 'Tis enough to know that to-morrow I quit the vale of Orford the wife of Mr. Lascelles. Do not render our parting gloomier than it need be."

A flush passed over the countenance of the excited boy as he exclaimed, "I guess not what or whence the influence may be which this strange being seems to exert over you all; but, did I know that your happiness was to be sacrificed to it, boy as I am, I 'd find means yet to stay the bonnie bridal."

Julia turned deadly pale.

"What influence? what do you speak of? You frighten me, Frederick. I must and will exact one promise ere we part. You know not what results are involved in its fulfilment. If you love me, promise never to seek — never willingly to see my future husband more. Ask me not why; but shun and forget him."

"No, Julia; the time has come, and I *will* ask what is the mystery that hangs about this Lascelles? Who is he? Whence comes he? Think not because I have been dumb, that I have been also blind. I have marked your father's and your mother's troubled looks at his approach; their terror when he speaks; your own ill-disguised dislike and agitation. Lo! even now you tremble. What, in the name of all evil, is this secret? This dread power which blanches the cheek and quells the eye. I fear him not."

"Hold, rash, cruel boy!" cried Julia, clasping her hands with all the seeming of inward agony. "By all the love you once bore me,—by all that is dear and sacred to you, I implore—on my knees I pray you —speak of him, think of him no more."

They had now reached a small wicket, and Frederick, spurning it open with his foot, strode into the moonlit churchyard.

"Promise, dear Fred.," said Julia, following,—"'tis for both our sakes, here and hereafter, that I ask it."

"Trust me," replied her companion, coldly, "and I obey, as I have done ever."

"Oh! you know not what you ask. Words can scarce express, or thought conceive, the ruin that would beset us all were I to betray that fearful secret."

"Ha! then, you do not love Lascelles?"

"Love him!" repeated Julia, with a shudder, "just Heaven forbid!"

"Then!" cried Frederick Ashton, "come what will, you shall not marry him!"

"Stay! stay!" cried his cousin, throwing herself almost frantically into his arms,—"recall those fearful words! they bear some dark and dreadful meaning. My doom is fixed beyond the power of man to change it. Obey me, then; now, be silent,—be satisfied; and at some future time, when many years are past, you shall, you must know all."

Frederick turned his eyes upon the agonised girl. Her look of terror and despair, checked and subdued him; he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her chill lips, and answered sadly,

"Be it as you will. I am mute—dead, if you say the word; and hereafter you will lift the veil,—some ten years' hence, when you have made longer and surer trial of my love."

She smiled, but shook her head, "My lips are tied for twice ten years."

"Well, I am no hard creditor," rejoined Frederick, with assumed cheerfulness. "We meet, then, this day twenty years,—midnight the hour,—this the spot."

"These vows are foolish, worse than foolish!" urged the lady.

"Nay, then, I recall my word, Lascelles and I——"

"Hush! hush! name not that name again, and I consent to all."

"Alive or dead, we meet," continued Ashton.

"A long engagement," said a harsh deep voice close by. A figure glided from beneath the shadow of the tree, and Lascelles stood before them. * * * *

The following morning saw Julia a wife, and perhaps that village church had never witnessed so sombre, so sad a bridal. The father's look of anguish as he joined the hands of the ill-matched couple, chilled the very bridesmaids. Julia was ashy pale, but collecting her nerve, stood firm till all was over; when, as the benediction closed, a loud stroke on the funeral bell startled the assembled party, and she fell senseless to the ground. Lascelles alone appeared at his ease; the same haughty smile rested on his lip; the same sinister glance shot from his dark eye, and not a trace of change was visible on his pallid features as he bore away his fainting bride to the carriage.

Frederick was absent. Alone, with folded arms, and set teeth, he leant against an aged oak that crowned an eminence overhanging the high road; a rifle was by his side; and, as an open barouche-and-four came dashing up, he grasped his favourite weapon. The newly-married pair were before him, and his glance almost unconsciously shot along the barrel.—A touch so light and fine it scarce might bruise a butterfly, and Julia was free.—The sun shone bright on many a broad acre of grassy turf and waving woodland; all was his, and he would have abandoned all might he but have given that one light touch. His eyes filled with tears as the carriage whirled below him, and dropping the rifle into the hollow of his arm, he plunged into the adjoining copse.

Men look back and laugh over the loves and the sorrows of their boyhood, and elderly ladies really believe that those are the days of unmixed happiness. There is indeed a bloom and a purity in early joys, which no after pleasures can rival, no after prosperity revive; but they have little practical knowledge of human nature who think the pang less keen, the draught less bitter, at sixteen than at sixty.

Frederick Ashton was an orphan, and together with his fair cousin there had passed from him all that he valued upon earth. His only check, his only ambition was gone; he had now no frown to fear, no smile to win. Reckless, undisciplined, and rich, his subsequent career may be imagined. Health failed him ere he had enjoyed its blessings, —reputation ere he had known its value. All but bankrupt in purse and character, he quitted England, and years rolled by ere he returned to his native land a wiser, if not a better man.

About nine years had elapsed from the beginning of our tale when, for the first time, he received a summons from Mrs. Lascelles. She had been shortly after her marriage deserted by her husband, and had from that period gradually pined away in solitude and seclusion. She was on her death-bed, and her sweet gentle look beamed once more upon him who loved her truly to the last.

She spoke but little of the past, but a more than mortal eloquence dwelt upon her tongue as to the future,—she conjured him to repent and change; and that stern and hardened man melted at her words, and humbled himself before her.

"Frederick, still dear Frederick," she added, "I have but one earthly, one awful duty left. The secret that you once in thoughtless and impatient mood urged me to reveal,—little dreaming of the consequences it entails,—the hour for its disclosure has arrived, and Frederick, you *must* hear it.—Ha!—look there!"—and the dying woman sprang up from her bed. Frederick hastily looking round, just caught a glimpse of a figure as it passed across the window. It reached the next, and Lascelles, cold, smiling as ever, unaltered in look or feature, was gazing upon them. "Frederick!" gasped Julia, struggling to utter the words,—"'tis too late—we shall meet again." He turned, and she was a corpse. * * * *

It was a glorious sunset in the month of June 183—, when two horsemen reined up before the portal of the White Hart, in the village of Orford. Both had the bearing of military men, and somewhat of a foreign air. With many and profound courtesies the White Hart, or rather Doe, ushered them into a small, low, wainscotted room, which a very respectable gentleman, in a velveteen shooting-jacket and highlows was induced to evacuate. A hasty meal having been provided and despatched, the elder of the two called for brandy, and lighting a capacious meerschaum, blackened with use, addressed his companion:

"You are the dullest of all dull fellows, Captain. If words are precious, at least the liquor flows. Drink, Mein Herr."

His companion pointed to a scarcely-healed wound that extended completely across his brow. "You know I dare not; the wine maddens me."

"A passably thick skull that, too; it turned right well the sabre-cut,—though it would seem your foe could boast one thicker."

"'Tis strange! most strange!" muttered the second speaker. "I cut him down like a reed, and yet, on your return—"

"On my return with a surgeon, I found you senseless with loss of blood, and your friend departed. And now, having lured me a thou-

sand miles, and all to keep a vow made to that man's dead wife, you refuse either to talk or drink with me. Were she but flesh and blood, —woman, and young,—fair and—"

"Mock me not, Rudolph," said the other, sadly. "Our pilgrimage is ended,—our task is all but done. Hark!—'tis eleven. This one day past, I am thine for ever; do with me then as thou wilt. But meanwhile, watch you here—stir not, on your life, till I return."

So saying, Frederick, for he it was, threw a light cloak around him, and strode from the apartment.

The moon was high in heaven, and the air was chill, yet with a slow and measured step Frederick Ashton pursued his way across the well-known meadows. Suddenly he paused: a steep bank was before him, from which a ruined oak yet reared its scathed and riven limbs against the clear blue sky. "'Tis well," he muttered bitterly; "I loved it, and 'tis blighted." Leaping a high park-fence, he traversed the domain once his own, and made for a no distant spot, where the village spire peeped modestly from a clump of trees. Here all was changed indeed. The vicarage had been rebuilt, the grounds re-modelled; the hand of man had proved more fatal than the bolt from heaven. He passed on: fashion had invaded the very dwellings of the dead; even the simple churchyard was changed; but neither the altered scene nor the riven oak was so changed as that crushed and broken man from the impetuous boy who, twenty years ago, had stood beneath that yew-tree;—and she too—she who, in the flush of youth and pride of beauty, had stood there by his side—she lay mouldering beneath its shade.

The twenty years had passed!—the countless days, once deemed inexhaustible, had drawn to an end like a tale that is told,—and the incidents of that period — how short now! — rose rapidly and distinctly before him. His pledge, too,—he stood there to redeem it,—and she, —she had redeemed it also — her ashes mingled with the dust beneath his feet. They had met—still her dying words yet rung in his ear,— and he turned his eyes upon those myriads of twinkling mysteries above him, and thought, as their mild rays fell upon the earth, that her gentle spirit from some such world might even now be gazing on him as he stood alone by the tree of tryst,—nay, could she, might she, speed from her home and her glory, again to meet him there, and reveal to him her secret?—The hour was come—a cold shuddering stole over him as the strokes of midnight were tolled forth from the old church-bell, and ere the last sound had died upon his ear, he felt a touch, light as of a falling leaf, laid upon his shoulder. * * *

Two—three—had struck, and Rudolph sat by the inn fire. An empty bottle, and empty glass, and an empty tobacco-pouch were by his side, and his pipe appeared in all the agonies of dissolution, when the door was nearly dashed from its hinges, and Frederick, ghastly, totally transformed in countenance, burst headlong in. Not one word did he reply to the inquiries of his friend as to where he had been, what he had seen, what had happened. He appeared for some moments to be smitten with dumbness and idiotcy.

"Leave me, leave me *now*," he murmured at length. "Oh, Heaven! the agony of this hour! Question me no further — to-morrow you shall know all, and then—But much must be done ere then, and the night wanes rapidly. Farewell! To-morrow I lay down the load."

So saying, or rather muttering to himself, he sought the chamber that had been prepared for him, and fastened carefully the door.

Day had scarcely broken, when the whole family was roused by a loud noise, succeeded by a crash, as if of some heavy body falling, which seemed to proceed from the guest's bed-room. They rushed to his door—knocked—no reply could be obtained; and some considerable time having been spent in discussion, an entrance was at length effected by force.

Before them on the ground lay Frederick and Lascelles locked in their death-struggle. The hand of each was on the other's throat; but while the swollen veins and blackened face of the former exhibited evident tokens of strangulation, on the person of the latter no marks of violence were visible. His countenance was calm as ever. He doubtless had added another victim to the thousands daily swept away by the fell fiend — Apoplexy — for which the only preventive and cure may be obtained of Messrs. Gander and Duckling, 218, John Street, Mary-le-bone, in boxes at 1*s*. 1½*d*. duty included, with the signatures of Messrs. D. and G. elegantly engraved on the government stamp, in white letters upon a red ground, — without which none are genuine. The mystery, it is unnecessary to add, remains—A SECRET.

1842—APRIL THE FIRST!!!

THE DYING BARD TO HIS HARP.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

I hear a glorious melody, 'tis not, my harp, from thee,
It soundeth clear and heav'nward, that music seems to be
As though a thousand harmonies were blended all in one:
It is an herald from above, that tells I must be gone!

Bright angels of the land of song, ye gather round me now;
I feel my drooping soul upheld, and fear hath left my brow;
Ye come with hymns of saintly love, and on their fleeting breath
Oh! let me yield my latest sigh, and sleep the sleep of death!

Lone harp! that standest mutely by, I deem'd not we should part,
Though age had chill'd the genial glow that warm'd the minstrel's heart;
Yet, though this hand had nerveless grown, it still could wake a strain
That cheers the old man on his way, and brought the past again!

But 'twas a dream of fancied strength, the sounds that died away
Were transient gleams that lighten up the darkness of decay;
Sweet antidote of earthly woe, and harbinger of bliss,
How often hast thou breathed a lay that hath foretold of this!

Aye, when the proud man hath reposed in gorgeousness of state,
And scoff'd the storm without that made the weakly desolate:
Although the winds wild havoc made, a calm was in my breast,
For thought was wand'ring by thine aid, to where the holy rest!

When cold neglect and cruel scorn made anguish oft my lot,
And those who listened to thy notes the Bard's deep woes forgot,
No kindly look, nor voice to greet; but even thus bereft,
I felt there was *one* stay on earth whilst thou, my Harp, wert left.

But now,—be hush'd, thou rising plaint, thou startling tear be dry:
My spirit plumes its eager wing for painless climes on high.
Breeze of the even! waken forth from yonder chords a tone,
That, as through life we parted not, in death we may be one.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

* * * Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to. editions in 1600, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and *they vary importantly.*

* * * It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's doubt or dispute.

* * * Readers in general are not all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakspeare!

Reasons for a new edition of Shakespeare's Works, by J. Payne Collier.

I BELIEVE there are few
But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice, as errant a "Screw"
In money transactions, as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who 'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight.*

It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
We 've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives,
That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives."
In proof of this rule,
A thoughtless young fool,
Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,
Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
A "swelling" (Payne Collier would read "swilling") "port,'
And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,
Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stump'd" and "hard up,"
Took occasion to send
To his very good friend
Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who 'd often before had the kindness to lend
Him large sums, on his note, which he 'd managed to spend.

"Antonio," said he,
"Now listen to me:
I've just hit on a scheme which I think you 'll agree,

All matters considered, is no bad design,
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

"In the first place, you know all the money I 've got,
Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,
And in making those loans you have made a bad shot;
Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows
And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
—Shoot another the same way—I 'll watch well its track,
And, turtle to tripe, I 'll bring both of them back!—
So list to my plan,
And do what you can
To attend to and second it, that 's a good man!

"There 's a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at
A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at
The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.
Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,
Her iron strong-box
Seems bursting its locks,
It 's stuff'd so with shares in "Grand Junctions" and "Docks,"
Not to speak of the money she 's got in the Stocks,
French, Dutch, and Brazilian,
Columbian, and Chilian,
In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
Not "kites," manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
But the right sort of 'flimsy,' all sign'd by Monteagle.
Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,
And more speculations I need not detail, ways
Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,
Contribute a deal to improving one's income;
In short, she 's a Mint!—
—Now I say, deuce is in 't
If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint,
And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print
At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.
In short, my dear Tony,
My trusty old crony,
Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I
Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes
Of all sorts and sizes preferring their suits
To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,
Yet Portia—she 's named from that daughter of Cato's—
Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,
And I have not a doubt
I shall rout every lout
Ere you 'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—
Surmount every barrier,
Carry her, marry her!
—Then hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,
For her Three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced!"

With a wink of his eye
His friend made reply
In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,
" Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die'!
—Well—I hardly know how I shall do 't, but I 'll try,—
Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
But the fact is, at present I 'm quite out of cash;
The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,
Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I
've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—
Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay;—
A sixth, by the way,
I consigned t' other day
To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,
A country where silver 's as common as clay.
Meantime, till they tack,
And come, some of them, back,
What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,
My account with Jones, Lloyd, and Co., looks rather blue;
While, as for the 'ready,' I 'm like a Church-mouse,—
I really don't think there 's five pounds in the house.
But, no matter for that,
Let me just get my hat,
And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
And we 'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—
And try what my credit in Venice can do;
I stand well on 'Change, and, when all 's said and done, I
Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money."

They were going to go,
When, lo! down below,
In the street, they heard somebody crying, " Old Clo'!"
—" By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!—I knew
We should not have to search long. Salanio, run you,
And, Salario,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,
And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!"

With a pack,
Like a sack
Of old clothes at his back,
And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,
Saying, " Rest you fair, Signior Antonio! vat, pray,
Might your vorship be pleashed for to vant in my vay?"

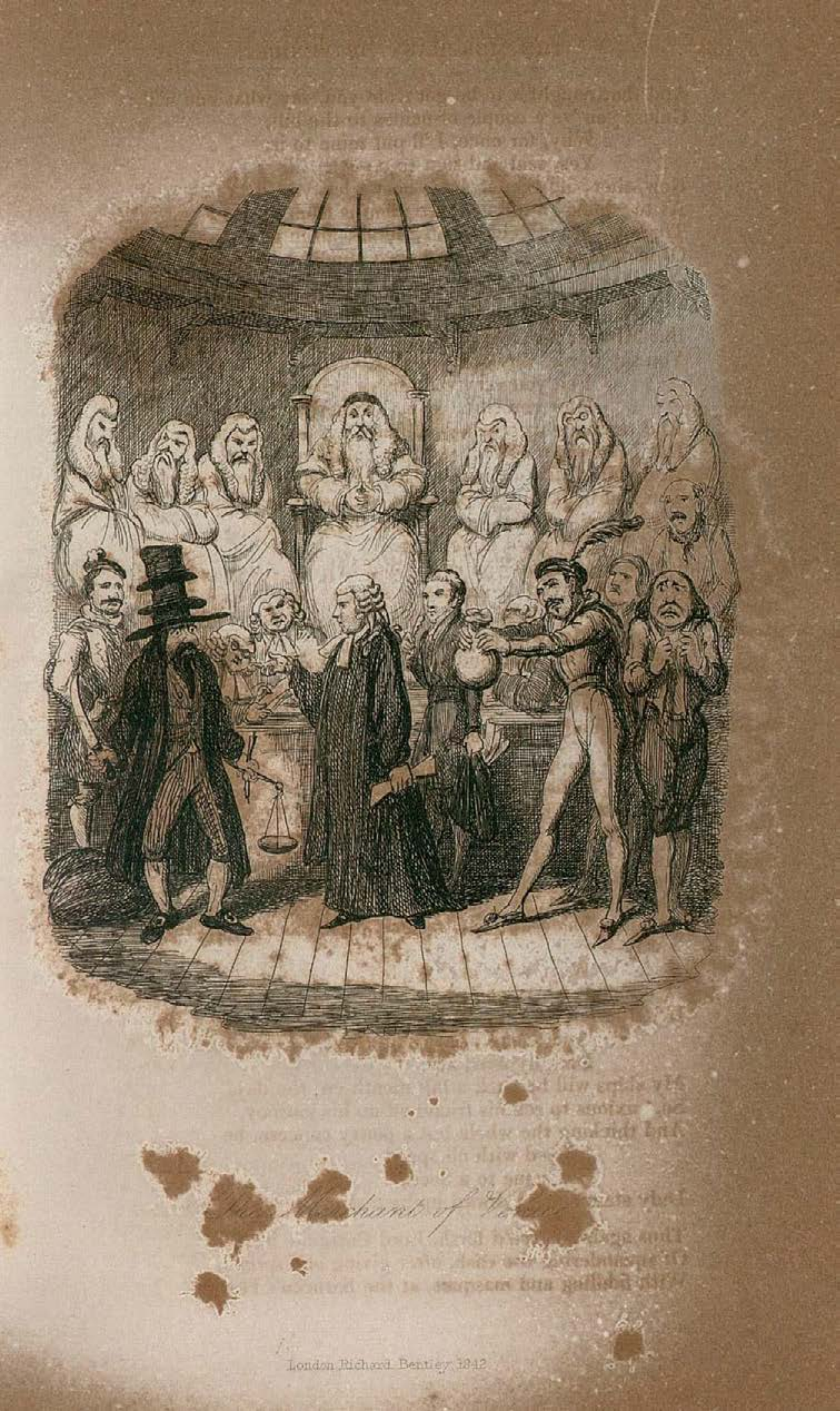
—" Why, Shylock, although,
As you very well know,
I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as I go,
And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
I can break a rule, to oblige an old friend;
And that 's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise
Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,

And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,
Unless you 've a couple of names to the bill,
Why, for once, I 'll put mine to it,
Yes, seal and sign to it—
Now, then, old Sinner, let 's hear what you 'll say
As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-day?
Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags
Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags?"—

"—Vell, ma tear," says the Jew,
I 'll see vat I can do!
But Mishter Antonio, hark you, 'tish funny
You say to me, Shylock, ma tear, ve 'd have money!
Ven you very vell knows
How you shpit on ma clothes,
And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch
Dat I put too much int'resht by half in ma pouch,
And vhile I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,
You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I 'm a Smouch.
"—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,—
Von vord in your ear!
I 'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear,
Vy, I 'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,
Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill;
Ma tear, you musht say,
If on such and such day
Such sum, or such sums, you shall fail to repay,
I shall cut vere I like, as de pargain is proke,
A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke."

So novel a clause
Caused Bassanio to pause;
But Antonio, like most of those sage "Johnny Raws"
Who care not three straws
About Lawyers or Laws,
And think cheaply of "Old father Antic," because
They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
"Pooh pooh'd" the whole thing.—"Let the Smouch have his way—
Why, what care I, pray,
For his penalty?—Nay,
It 's a forfeit he 'd never expect me to pay;
And, come what come may,
I hardly need say,
My ships will be back a full month ere the day."
So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he
Affixed with all speed
His name to a deed,
Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.

Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead
Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,
With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,



The Merchant of Venice

London Richard Bentley 1842

In the morning made play,
And, without more delay,
Started off in the steam-boat for Belmont next day.
But scarcely had he
From the harbour got free,
And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,
Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news
That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,
And, if rolling in gold,
Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,
Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace, and some be,
Your *aquilæ* generate *some*times *Columbæ*.*
Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd "one fair daughter,"
And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought her
A jewel—a gem of the very first water;
A great many sought her,
Till one at last caught her,
And upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,
To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,
That the very same night
Bassanio thought right
To give all his old friends that farewell "invite,"
While old Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,
On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel took flight.
By these "wings" I'd express
A grey duffle dress,
With brass badge and muffin cap, made as by rule
For an upper class boy in the National School.
Jessy ransack'd the house, popped her breeks on, and when so
Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
An "Unthrift," who lost not a moment in whisking
Her into the boat,
And was fairly afloat
Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
Who'd helped her in getting aboard of the packet,
Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,
Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best
To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest;
And, if left to herself, he, no doubt, had succeeded,
For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did;
But an obstacle lay,
Of some weight, in his way,
The defunct Mr. P. who was now turned to clay,

* Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.—Hor.

Had been an odd man, and though all for the best he meant,
Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testament,"—
Bequeathing her hand,
With her houses and land,
&c., from motives one don't understand,
As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,
To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

Like a good girl, she did
Just what she was bid,
In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
And clapped a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,
Tried first, but they both failed in choosing the right one.
Another from Naples, who shoed his own horses;
A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Orsay's;
A young English Baron; a Scotch Peer, his neighbour;
A dull drunken Saxon, all mustache and sabre;
All followed, and all had their pains for their labour.
Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole!
Put his conjuring cap on,—considered the whole,—
The gold put aside as
Mere "hard food for Midas,"
The silver bade trudge
As a "pale common drudge;"
Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle.

Now you 're not such a Goose as to think, I dare say,
Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day,
Any more than the dome
Of St. Peter's at Rome
Was built in the same space of time; and, in fact,
Whilst Bassanio was doing
His billing and cooing,
Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act;
Meanwhile, that unfortunate bill became due,
Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,
And Antonio grew
In a deuce of a stew,
For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do;
(The bitter old Israelite would not renew,)
What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embargoes, his
Funds were all stopped, or gone down in his argosies,
None of the set having come into port,
And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court,
For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news
Of this step of the Jew's,

And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,
Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of "the Blues,"
Especially, too, as it came from the pen
Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,
When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when
The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

"Dear Friend," it continued, "all 's up with me—I
Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!
And, as death clears all scores, you 're no longer my debtor;
I should take it as kind
Could you come—never mind—
If your love don't persuade you, why don't let this letter!"

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er
Ere a post-chaise and four
Was brought round to the door,
And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,
Gave his Lady one kiss, and then started at score.
But scarce in his flight
Had he got out of sight,
When Portia, addressing a groom, said, "My lad, you a
Journey must take on the instant to Padua,
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,
And give him this note,
Which I 've hastily wrote,
Take the papers he 'll give you—then push for the ferry
Below, where I 'll meet you—you 'll do 't in a wherry,
If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—
—Stay!—bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it."

Giovanni (that 's Jack)
Brought out his hack,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.
The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking as her
Own escort Nerissa her maid, and Balthazar.

* * * * *

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!"
As Captain Macheath says, and when one 's in debt,
The sight 's as unpleasant a one as I know,
Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They could bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose,
Yet here, a worse fate,
Stands Antonio, of late
A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state,
With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life;
On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head as before,

Imperturbable stands,
As he waits their commands,
With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands;
Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,
With a very smooth face a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,
Though his hopes are but feeble,
Does his *possible*
To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And, in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him—still
He points to the bond
He so often has conn'd,
And says in plain terms he 'll be shot if he will.
So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, "I can say no more—let the law take its course."

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe
From the toe to the heel,
And grasping the steel,
With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,
When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel.
"Stay, Shylock," says he,
"Here 's one thing—you see
This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood!
—The words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that 's clear as mud—
Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind!—if you spill
One drop of his claret that 's not in your bill,
I'll hang you like Haman!—By Jingo I will!"

When apprized of this flaw,
You never yet saw
Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw
As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart! ish dat law?"—
—Off went his three hats,
And he look'd as the cats
Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.
"—Ish 't the law?—why the thing won't admit of a query—
There 's no doubt of the fact,
Only look at the act;
Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—
Nay, if, rather than cut, you 'd relinquish the debt,
The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
See Foscari's statutes at large—'If a stranger
A citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,
The whole of his property, little or great,
Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,
And one to the person pursued by his hate;

And, not to create
Any farther debate,
The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.
So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!
Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wersy*."

What need to declare
How pleased they all were
At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?
Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,
His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?
How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,
To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?
How the dandified Lawyer, who 'd managed the thing,
Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring,
Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,
With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?
How when he, and the spark
Who appeared as his clerk,
Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty coats,
There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?
How they pouted and flouted, and acted the cruel,
Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?
How they scolded, and broke out,
Till, having their joke out,
They kissed, and were friends, and all blessing and blessed,
Drove home by the light
Of a moonshiny night,
Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,
Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid?

All this, if 't were meet,
I 'd go on to repeat,
But a story spun out so 's by no means a treat,
So, I 'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains
I have taken to rummage among his remains,
No edition of Shakspeare, I 've met with, contains;
But, if the account which I 've heard be the true one,
We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS., then, sold
For its full weight in gold,
And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I 'm told
It 's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,
Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;
Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
Became known by the name of the "Flower of Dumblane."

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,
And whose goodness to paint
All colours were faint,

Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint,"
And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,
Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
He went over to England, got nat'ralis'd there,
And espous'd a rich heiress in Hanover Square.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
But converted, I think may be possibly true,
But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,
Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,
And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,
I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men
Till some sage proves the fact "with his usual *acumen*."

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard
It 's uncommonly hard
If an Editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,
Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear
A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,
"PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUNDRUMS!!"

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,
"You 're 'no that far wrong' in assuming the breeches!"

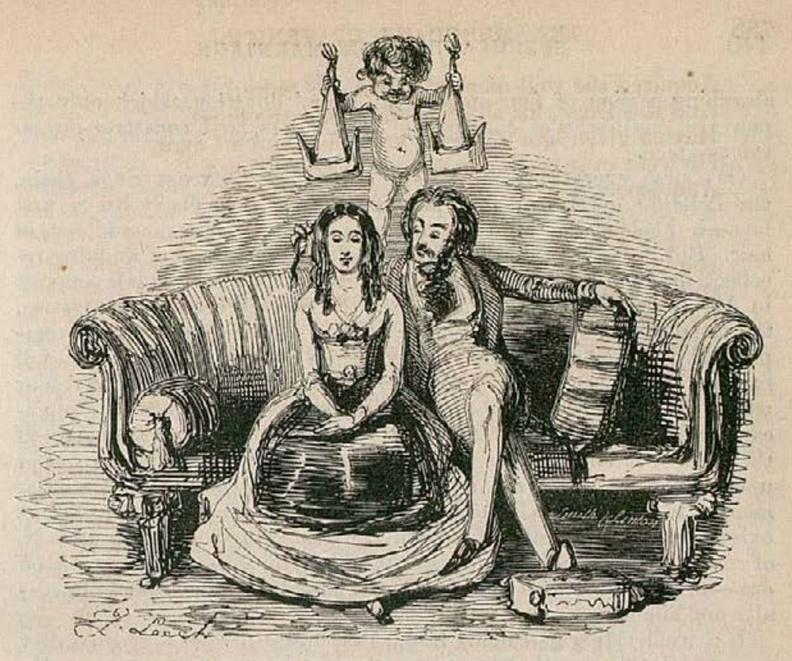
Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools
To look well to assets—nor play with edge-tools!

Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,
What caution they need when they deal with old-clothes-men!

So bid John and Mary
To mind and be wary,
And never let one of them come down the are'!

T. I.

Tappington, April 1.



SPECULATIONS ON MARRIAGE AND YOUNG LADIES.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

"I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love."
Much Ado about Nothing.

IT was for nurturing these, and other similar sentiments, that we always felt a greater degree of affection for Benedick than any other of Shakspere's characters: his opinions accorded exactly with our own. We only regret that he so lost himself towards the termination of the play as to venture his happiness in the very bark he had sworn to mistrust. But he was deceived into taking this step, as well as Beatrice; and, if they had not crouched about in summer-houses, playing the eaves-droppers to intentional discourses, we wager a case of Houbigant's best gloves that they would both have died single.

It is no proof that Benedick became a firm convert to matrimony, because he danced on his wedding-day, and wrote a sonnet to the lady of his love. The comedy ends, where all other merriment does, with marriage; and leaves us to form our own opinions as to whether the various couples, in the words of the old nursery tales "lived happy together all the rest of their lives, until they died." We only regret, for the sake of holding up a mirror to society in general, and matchmakers in particular, that the great dramatist did not add a sequel, and lay the period of the action, in the theatrical taste of the day, five years after his former production.

A high moral feeling has alone kept us, up to the present moment, from taking the fatal leap; and yet, with all our anti-matrimonial propensities, there is not a more fervent admirer of the *beau sexe* on the face of the civilized earth. We never went to an evening party in our life but we returned home madly, deeply, desperately in love, — not the calm, calculating attachment of a formal courtship, but that all-

absorbing passion of four-and-twenty hours' duration, which only the powerful auxiliaries of champagne, chandeliers, and *cornets-à-pistons* can produce.

Of course, everything must have a beginning, except rings, chaos, and Adelphi overtures, and, *par consequence*, everybody has a first love—a hobbledehoy kind of an attachment, all letters and locks of hair. But, as for clothing a first-love with all that halo of undying recollection, and occasional yearning returns of old feelings, as is common in Album poetry, it is all nonsense. From eighteen to twenty-two, the usual period of a first-love, our ideas of future prospects and compatibility of disposition are rather vague and indefinite. We fall in love, and form plans of marriage under the conviction that our whole life is to be a succession of Kensington promenades, zoological Sundays, and Hanover Square Room balls. We are, moreover, at this period, intensely susceptible,—our rough nature is the sand-paper upon which the match readily takes light, and it endures in a similar manner to the combustion of a Congreve, being very fierce, and of short existence. If extinguished suddenly, by throwing cold water upon it, of course there is a hiss and a sputter; but, if allowed to wear itself out—an admirable plan in all first attachments—it declines as gradually and silently as a fumigating pastille.

If a bachelor escapes being booked until he is five or six years after age, the chances are that he will remain single some time longer. He looks upon marriage with a more serious regard, and begins to think the same face *might* tire, however lovely its aspect, if he had nothing else to gaze at "from morn till dewy eve." He sees friends of his own age, who have married for love, or were too impatient to wait for an income, beginning to grumble at each other, and their increasing expenditure. This rather frightens him, and induces him to think it is best to be free, after all.

There is nothing in the world so agreeable as flirting, and we look upon a downright earnest flirt as a creation of the first order. There is no trap laid here,—no calculation in her few hours' attachment,—it is all the warm-hearted emanation of an affectionate disposition. She does not wonder what your income is, or whether you have any expectations *in futuro*, but prefers you, for the evening, to the best match of the season. And, provided you meet her on her own ground, and with her own weapons, and there are no unpleasant friends to ask your "intentions,"—if you carry your philandering too far, you may enumerate in your life-time some of the brightest moments allotted to man, — a daguerrotypic existence, produced by the sunshine of her eyes; only dimmed, to be sure, by the wound your vanity experiences when she cuts you in her caprice, and transfers her love to another quarter.

Generally speaking a *célibataire* is pretty safe when talking nonsense to a professed flirt; but if he has not a matrimonial disposition, and persists in laughing at love, he should beware of boarding-houses as he would of hydrophobia, and more especially at the watering-places; for they are a regular system of bachelor traps, always set and baited with every kind of feminine variety: — aged seventy-fours, almost laid up in dock, who occasionally act as guard-ships to the establishment; fast-sailing privateers, who sometimes hoist the black flag, under the garb of widows; and tight-built yachts, with a good figure-head and clean run, in the shape of *demoiselles à marier*, forming in their *ensemble* an attractive maelstrom, which it requires some pilotage to escape. These are all dangerous craft to fall in with, especially the

last; for if people choose to leave the comfort of their homes for the *ennui* of a sea-side town, it is evident that every plan must be resorted to for killing the time as quickly as possible, which they have so long anticipated. The young people get thrown together; they gamble for crockery, ink-stands, *bouquet de la Reine*, and German-silver butter-knives, at the library sweepstakes, receiving a certain half-crown's worth of value for the six shillings which fill the raffle; they contemplate the ocean, and its adopted children, the bathers, on the sands; they walk together on the pier to see the steamers arrive and depart, or join parties of pleasure to every place not worth seeing in the neighbourhood; and finally, whilst strolling together one fine evening upon the cliffs, they are overcome by the influence of the moon, from time immemorial the patroness of lunatics, and propose. This is no rare history: we should like to call the attention of the Statistical Society to a return of the number of matches which have sprung from the casual intimacy of a sea-side boarding-house.

Possibly a leading reason which inclines us to the determination of dying an old bachelor is, that there is little doubt of marriage gradually becoming an acknowledged mercantile transaction. We think, before long, the state of the hymeneal markets will be chronicled in the newspapers, in common with the other commercial affairs of the day, which our "nation of shopkeepers" feel such delight in perusing. The chief marts will be the ball-rooms and public resorts of the metropolis, together with the fashionable provincial towns. We shall read that at the Horticultural Fête the demand for young ladies was brisk, and that dark eyes and chesnut hair went off at good prices; that at Ascot Races little business was transacted, but that, upon adjourning to Lady F——'s *soirée*, (a sort of Tortoni's, whereat to carry on business after the great Bourse had closed,) the exchange of hearts rose higher than it had been all day. Assurance societies will be established against the chance of dying a spinster, with the most approved match-making *chaperones* for directors, and a capital of twenty thousand bachelors; and possibly a price-current will be published of most of the young men about town; and, to assist the endeavours of any cavalier of the season, when London becomes deserted, lists will be issued in imitation of Lloyd's, of particulars collected in different parts of the country, as follows:—

MARRY-TIME INTELLIGENCE.

Deal, Sept. 24.—Arrived the Blanche M——; the Amie B——; the Augusta S——; the Louisa A——; and the Anne-Eliza C——.

Brighton, Oct. 7, wind SW.—A pink bonnet of small dimensions was seen off the Old Steine, and presumed to be that of the Mary F——. A small lavender glove was afterwards picked up on the beach, which strengthens the supposition.

But we think we have said enough. We could produce more arguments in favour of our opinions, but we are fearful of irritating the young ladies, and upon our next entrance into society encountering the same fate from their hands which Orpheus met with from the Thracian women. One word more, and we have finished. We are never too old to repent, and possibly we might some day see reasons to change our sentiments, for we should not like to be thought obstinately self-opinionated. And if there is any pretty Beatrice who might like to try the experiment of converting us to matrimony, we are not above conviction, and we give her leave to make the attempt.

THE ORPHAN.

Years past I was a happy child,
With spirits light and free
I sought the brake and coppice wild,
As roving as a bee.
No thorn could daunt my eager joy,
Nor briar check my way;
No cloud could dim or care alloy
My childhood's sunny day!

Years past I was a happy child,
My little heart was full,
And home itself, where joys beguil'd,
I used to think was dull!
I long'd to be with those who spent
The fleeting hours in play:
And gladly from my old home went,
Though tears prolong'd my stay!

Years past I was a happy child,
My mother lov'd me then,
But she who o'er my young days smil'd
Will never smile again:
And now those suns have clothed her grave
With flow'rs no wind can chill,
I weep to think, with all I have,
I am an orphan still!

Years past I was a happy child,
A father's fond caress
Was mingled with reproving mild,
For both were meant to bless;
But he is gone, and thus bereft,
Grief settles on my brow,
To think with those that still are left
I am an orphan now!

Gone, gone is now each guiding hand
That led my infant feet,
And sever'd is the household band
One link'd in bonds so sweet!
The dark'ning angel pass'd us not,
But linger'd at the door,
And shadow'd with his wings the spot
Now only known of yore!

A few brief years a veil hath thrown
O'er scenes my childhood lov'd:
My heart is with the days bygone,
And cannot be remov'd:
A few brief years—the hand of fate
Hath broke each hope in twain,
Myself and home are desolate,
No more to meet again!

My parents! through their veil of tears
I raise these orbs on high:
Allay with hope my drooping fears,
And hear my anguish'd cry;
And if in yonder home of thine,
So sorrowless and fair,
Ye may to earth once more incline,
Oh, heed the orphan's pray'r!

GUBBAWN SEARE, THE IRISH MASON;

OR,

TWISTS UPON TWISTS, AND TRICKS UPON TRICKS.

BY P. M'TEAGUE.

The county of Clare, by its proximity to the Atlantic, against whose waves, thundering as it were at our very gates, no adequate defence save the walls of our iron-bound coast could avail, is naturally damp, and subject to frequent rains. However, therefore, we might urge the tourist to explore its many remarkable scenes in the summer season, yet when winter throws a mantle over us, which sometimes almost hides us in its folds, I for one should recommend him, provided his house is *free from smoke*, rather to keep to his own fireside, than tempt our fields and floods.

In the grey, cold, misty atmosphere of a December morning, when the hills are partially covered with snow, while the lakes overflow their bounds, and the roads are wet and dreary, nothing can exceed the discomforts which meet the eye. The imperfect thatch of the miserable cabins dripping with moisture, the stagnant pools before their doors, and the children half clad, with naked feet, shivering in the biting wind,—these are sights which cause a sickness at one's heart, painful to experience, and difficult to describe. And yet, with all this, how wonderfully adapted are the minds and habits of men to the various situations in which Providence has placed them! Let us behold the joys of a farmer's kitchen in the county of Clare.

The work of the day is finished, the huge iron pot is swinging over a roaring fire of turf, the "murphies" are boiling, and a few herrings may emit their savoury odour as they bristle and crackle upon the live clear embers. The long deal table is soon covered with smoking potatoes, small cans of milk are placed at convenient distances, a little salt, a keen relish, and strong appetite. Oh! what a happy man is Paddy! And now the meal has been despatched, and contentment sits on every face; the children laugh and skip about, and many a joke is passed, as Nelly, and Biddy, and Kitty (fine thumping lasses) clear away the remnants for the "pigs." The hearth is swept up, more turf is heaped upon the fire, and the "dudeens," are primed, nay *loaded* with tobacco.

Now then the *fun* begins,—the wit, the tale, the gossip; and at times, if you are in fortune's way, you may chance to hear an old Irish story, as I did not long since, as upon a dark night calling, in my way homewards, on a worthy neighbour to take shelter, I recognised some of my humble friends, Jemmy Rooney, Billy Carmody, and Rody Clune, who had no doubt been equally attracted by the blaze of honest Tim M'Namara's kitchen fire. The usual salutations over, and "his honour's" great-coat hung up to dry, I was placed on a comfortable chair in the warmest corner.

"Well, Tim, I have interrupted *something*. Now don't stand on ceremony. You know me, I hope, too well for *that*. What was there going on? Was it a story?"

"Why, your honour," replied Tim, "it was not quite *that*. We were just spaking of them quare ould *runes*, them *round towers*, yer honour. An' isn't it strange no one can tell who built them?"

"Very," said I. "Have you no surmise yourself, or opinion of your own about them, from what you have heard?"

"Not much indeed I ever *heerd,* yer honour; only we think it 's likely the Gubbawn Seare had a hand in some of them; an' the childer wor coaxing Rody to tell a story about him. But it 's *an ould thing intirely,* an' we needn't bother yer honour with it to-night."

"Oh! if that 's all, be assured nothing will please *me* better than to hear it."

"Well, then," said Rody, "In thim ould times, I believe whin the round towers was buildin', there was a mason; an' if there was, he was as fine a mason as ever lived, or ever will again; an' indeed, yer honour, *signs an* the round towers, if he built them; for there 's no mason-work to aiqual what 's *an thim,* in regard to strinth an' standin'. Well, that was the man that had the *shnug house* over his head, you may be sure, an' fields, an all *conveyniances*; but myself doesn't know whereabouts he lived, only it was three or four days' journey on foot from where the King of Munsther kep' his coourt. He had been married, but his wife was dead, an' he had only one son, an' proud he was *out of him,* you may depind. Well, it was *given up* to the Gubbawn, that he was not only the best mason in all the world, but along with that, sir, he was the know'nest an' the greatest hand at plans, an' all soarts of conthrivances, an' able for every one; an' no one could ever boast that they had ever gained any advantage over *him.*"

"Then I suppose, Rody," said I, "that, with all this cleverness of the father, the son must have been as wise as he was himself, or may be wiser?"

"Why, to be sure, so one 'ud imagine; but it was *long* from him to be as *great* that way as his father, and *that* the father knewn right well; for he was always trying to make him sinsible, an' letting him *inside his skaymes*; but the son was bashful, an' mighty *innishent,* an' *that sometimes vexsht the Gubbawn.* So he racked his brains day an' night to find out some way or other to make him *knowin';* an' at last one morning he kem to be determined in his mind, that nothing would do him so much good, or put *sinse* so well into his head, as a fine clever young woman av a wife, if he could only meet one to his mind. When the Gubbawn had one of his plans laid, sorra long was he in bringing it out fair an' aisy; so that very morning he called his son to him, an' ses he, 'Boofun,' ses he, 'get ready,' ses he, 'an' come out into the field wid me,' ses he, 'an' bring a sharp knife wid you,' ses he, 'for I've a skayme in my *head* that'll put life in yer *heart,*' ses he. So the son wint straight to the cupboard, an' tuk a fine new carving-knife, an' sharpened it as sharp as a rayzshor, an' did as he was tould; an' if he did, whin they got into the field, the father desired him to catch one of the sheep, an' so he did in no time! an' shortly the Gubbawn shtuck the knife in her neck, an' fell to shkinning her, signs an the spring was near hand; an' the fleece was as white as snow, an' fine an' long."——"Well, I wonder what he did that for, Rody?"

"Aisy a minnit, yer honour. When the Gubbawn had skinned the sheep, and brought this beautiful fine fleece into the house, and settled it nicely upon the table, he put his arms round his son's neck, (for he was ever an' always the kindest of fathers to him,) and with the tear in his eye he spoke to him; and ses he to Boofun, 'Now, Boofun,' says he, '*avick machree,* you wor always an' ever the good boy av a son to me, only I never could get you to understand *the coorse of the world,*' ses he, 'as well as I could wish,' ses he. 'But, *nabock-*

lish! niver a doubt but you 'll be *up to the turns* yit; so don't lose yer courage, Boofun,' ses he, 'an' do as I desire you,' ses he; 'and mind this, if you don't,' ses he, 'be my trowle and hammer,' ses he, — 'and you know right well I never bruk that oath,' ses he,—'never call the Gubbawn Seare yer father again,' ses he, 'the longest day you have to live,' ses he. 'Now, attend to me. Do you see this sheep-skin?' ses he.—'I do, indeed, father; why wouldn't I, and it before my two eyes?' ses Boofun, as innocent as a child. — 'Well, now, Boofun, you must take it up, an' throw it over yer arm, or on yer shoulder, or any way you like; an' you must set out upon your *thravels,* an' never turn back home till you find some one that will *give you your skin back, and the price of your shkin into the bargain.*'

"'O-bud-an'-age, father!' ses poor Boofun; 'I'm a fool, father, meself, to be sure,' ses he, 'an' not one o' me 'ud do such a simple thing as *that same,*' ses he; 'and I think, father, begging your pardon,' ses he, 'you must be *asthray* yerself, to be thinking the likes,' ses he.

"'Hould yer tongue now, Boofun,' ses the father, 'and be aff,' ses he, 'you *nath'ral,*' ses he. 'What do *you* know about it at all?' ses he. 'Be aff at *wanst;* and here' (giving him his purse,) 'here's '*cost*' enough for the road,' ses he; 'an' remember every word I tould you,' ses he; and so poor Boofun, sir, who knew well enough that his father couldn't be *thrifled with,* was obliged to throw the sheep-skin over his shoulder, and lave the house. When he had walked two or three miles, a friend of his and his father's overtook him, that was a very kind-hearted, honest man; an' ses he to Boofun, 'Boofun,' ses he, 'maybe that sheep-skin's too heavy for you,' ses he; 'let me carry it for you a piece,' ses he; but Boofun couldn't part with it.—'Well,' ses the honest man, 'are you goin' to sell it?' ses he. — 'Musha faix! that's more than I can tell you, Corney,' ses Boofun, 'and I know *you* won't buy it, for, by the way I'm to sell it, it will be a dear bargain,' ses he. 'The Gubbawn told me this very morning never to call him father again if I didn't sell the sheep-skin, and bring back the *price* of the sheep-skin, an' the *shkin besides?*' — 'O tunder and turf!' ses Corney, 'an' was that what the Gubbawn towld you?' — 'Every word,' ses poor Boofun, 'an' devil a lie I'm telling ye.'—'O thin, my dear boy, I pity you,' ses Corney; 'for, wouldn't that be robbery?'— And with these words, Boofun and Corney parted. Boofun, though, sorrowful enough.

"Well, sir, he walked on a great many miles, an' kem into a beautiful fine counthry; an' what should he see before him but a grand lake, all surrounded with *threes;* an' if he did, yer honour, he sat himself down upon a stone to rest himself, an' look at the wather-fowls schwimming about, and the *throuts* lepping up at the *flies.* 'Be all that's lovely!' ses Boofun to himself, 'an' isn't this a mighty nate place intirely?' and he hardly spoke the words, when he heard something in the wather, close undher his two eyes; an' what should he see but a beautiful fine young woman standin' all alone by hersilf on the shore av the lake, an' she up to her purty knees, washing some iligant fleeces of the finest wool. Whin she had washed all the fleeces, and laid them on the shtones to drain, she tied up her long hair, an' as she lifted up her head, who should she see but Boofun looking at her, as airnest as a setter at a *pattheredge;* and it's well they didn't look at one another till *dark;* but she wasn't one of thim sort, but a cute, sinsible girl, that always *knewn* what she was about; and, seein' him a fine modest young man, was by no manes in dread, or inclined to be

uncivil; so, as he 'd got up and was coming to her, she *threwn a cheerful glance into her eye*, which made him bold enough to say, 'God bless your work, Miss!'—'Thank ye kindly, sir,' ses she.—''Tis yerself that 's not idle this afternoon,' ses Boofun. 'Agrah, what beautiful wool! *I've* a fleece here meself, an' I thought it good; but yours bates it intirely. I 'm thravelling over the counthry for many a long mile, wanting to sell it; an' my father will never let me see his face again if I *don't* sell it; but, oh voh! neither you nor any one else will buy it!'—'Why, that must be a curious fleece if nobody can buy it, sir,' ses she.—'What may be the price? I have here but eleven meself, an' I 'd be glad to purchase yours, for it would just match mine; and, between ourselves, sir, I really *had* the dozen,' ses she; 'but I kept one back to buy ribands some time ago, an' I 'd be happy to make it up now,' ses she, 'for fear my father id be angry,' ses she.—'Well,' ses Boofun, 'sure I 'd sell it to *you* for little or nothing,' ses he. 'But what good ud *that* be to *you*, when I can niver set foot home again till I can bring this very shkin back, an' *the price av it;* an' how am I to do *that*, jewel, I can't tell; however, I 'm sure *you 'll* have nothing to do with me.'—'What 'll ye take for the shkin?' ses she.—'Oh, very little, you may depend,—only so much,' (mentioning a small sum.)—'Well! I 'll give you that much, an' welcome; an' whisper,—*are you the son of the Gubbawn Seare?*'—'I am, asthora! but, how could *you* tell that?'—'Because,' ses she, 'I 'm sure no man but *his own four bones* could think av such a plan as that,' ses she, 'simple as it is,' ses she. 'Hand me the shkin.'—So Boofun gave it to her, though still in some fear. But she didn't keep him long in dread of foul play, for she out wid a sharp knife, an' stripped every bit of the wool aff in a twinkle; and, 'Here now,' ses she, 'here 's yer shkin back, and have the price of it,' ses she, handing him *the money and the shkin!*—'*O Mo veilleágrah thu, liannum ban*,*—my thousand thanks, fair lady! you have saved my life; and though I should never, were I to live a thousand years, think of this, yet you have settled all wid one word!'

"So, sir, with a great dale more talk, an' some av id, as I heerd since, *sweet enough*, he ran away aff towards home, hoppin', skippin', an' jumpin', aiqual to a young goat that was just loosed from the spancels.

"It was only the second day, when poor Boofun *ruz the latch* of his father's dure; an' what was the Gubbawn's delight, sir, when Boofun, loosing his coat, showed him his own sheep-skin back again, *only without the wool;* an' then, like an honest boy as he ever an' always was, counted out every halfpenny he got for the wool, an' the change out av the money for the journey. 'Here, father,' he ses, 'take it all,' ses he. 'Oh! my blessings an you, my son!' ses the Gubbawn. 'An' now, Boofun,' ses he, 'don't, as you love me,' ses he, 'deny me what I 'll ask,' ses he, 'but tell me the *thruth*,' ses he. 'I know, an' you needn't tell me, it was none but a *woman* thought av that plan of *shkinning the shkin*,' ses he; for the devil a man in Ireland except meself would know it.'—'Faix, then, an' so *she* said hersilf!' ses Boofun, quite nathral. 'Hah! now, see how well I knewn it was a *she!*' ses the Gubbawn. 'An' whisper, Boofun, yer sowl! was she young or *ould?* for the ould ones are cute enough; but that 's not what 's wanted *all out*,' ses he, 'in the *prisint case*,' ses he.—'Why, then, indeed, father,' ses Boofun, 'she was young, an' handsome too, an' rich besides.'—'Why, thin, be my trowle an' hammer! yer the *thruth av a*

* Written here as pronounced in Clare.

good boy, Boofun, an' that 's yer name,' ses he. 'Rest yerself now, an' ate an' dhrink the best, an' take *the long shleep* to-night,' ses he, 'an be aff wid the firsht *cock bawl* in the mornin',' ses he; 'an' take the cheshnut horse, an' put on yer best Sunday clothes,' ses he, 'an' the new hat, an' make aff to her straight a-head, an' bring her *home*. She 'll come wid you, I 'll engage,' ses he; 'an' if she don't, *worse than lose we can't*,' ses he.

"So long before daylight the Gubbawn was up feeding an' brushin' the horse, while Boofun got his breakfast, an' away wid him. An' not many hours he was an the road, an' who should he meet but the very young lady *all be hersilf*, an' beautiful she was, an' the birds singin' in the *threes*, an' the mornin' sun in her eye,—be r'ason of which, an' the new clothes, an' the horse, she didn't know him at *first*; but soon she did, I 'll engage! an' 'twas hard to say *which of their cheeks wor reddest thin*. So when she tould him she was goin' to the market, he turned back wid her, an' musha faix! meself doesn't know what happened betune them; but she agreed to get up behind him. Whin he had her up, he purtended to make the horse kick a thrifle, which med her *t'row her arm round him*; an' so they wint an a good piece, getting better plased wid one another every minnet; an' whin they kem to the turn l'ading to the market, 'Now, if that 's *your* road,' ses she, '*this is mine*. Let me aff,' ses she, 'directly,' ses she; but the last word kem out *very slow*.—'Oh, no!' ses Boofun. 'How in the world cud I *part you* yet, jewel?' ses he. 'Sure, as you kem at all, you must come home wid me *now* an' see the Gubbawn, that 's dyin' to see *you*, an' it 's only a *shtep*,' ses he.

"Well, you 'd think the Gubbawn knewn it all,—*an' may be he did*; for many 's the man said he could *foretell*. There was the house, all beautiful, an' mighty nate entirely, an' a most iligant dinner laid on the table; there was a fine party of the Gubbawn's friends, an' the most rishpictable av people to the dinner; an' *lashin's an' lavin's* av wine an' whishkey, and everything that was good.

"So, to make a long story short, (for it was a longer business than the Gubbawn thought, by r'ason of the girl's sinse an cuteness,) she agreed to lave her father, an' lands, an' family, all for the love of Boofun, an' no wonder; and in a few days they were married, an' a great weddin' they had.

"At this time news was brought to the Gubbawn that the King of Munsther was in want of masons to finish a fine palace he was building; an' so, having no jobs in hand, an' wishing to show Boofun how other masons worked, an' also—an' what harm?—to make some money, and give his son experience in the world, he ses to him one day, 'Boofun, my son, I 've heerd of a fine job,' ses he, 'from the King of Munsther,' ses he; 'an' we 'll walk it in three or four days; an' so make yerself ready,' ses he, 'an' we 'll be aff to-morrow mornin',' ses he. So Boofun got everything ready directly; an' the very next morning away wint father an' son wid their tools an' wallets. An' whin they 'd got two or three miles on the road, an' the Gubbawn obsarv'd how *quite* an' downcast his son was, by r'ason o' partin' from the young wife, he thought of one of his merry *skames*, 'An',' ses he to Boofun, ses he, 'how many miles is 't to the big town?'—'By'ne Gad!' ses Boofun, 'meself doesn't know to a mile, but I 'm sure it 's *twinty*.'—'Well,' ses the Gubbawn, 'every step av that we must thravel,' ses he, 'before we can get bite or sup,' ses he. 'An' there 's a way of short'ning our road,' ses he, 'an' it 's yerself must shorten it,' ses he,—'O Bud-an-age, fa-

ther!' ses Boofun, 'how can I do that? Sure the *world knows the distance*, an' devil a short cut at all do *I* know,' ses he.—'Well, thin, you fool, go back agen, an' stay at home wid yer wife; for you 're not fit to thravel with *me*,' ses he. So poor Boofun was obliged to go back all the ways, an' whin his wife saw him, she ran out to kiss him. 'But what 's the matter?' says she, 'an' what 's brought you back so soon? Has anything happened yer father?—tell me quick.' — 'Oh, thin, there is!' said Boofun. 'I 've left the Gubbawn displeased an' angry that I couldn't tell him how to shorten the road to the big town. How can *I* make the road different?' ses he.—'Wait awhile, my darlin', an I think I 'll tell you *that*,' ses the wife. 'Take my advice, an' run back as hard as you can, and begin to tell him *one of your funny stories*, an' go on wid 'em, an' I 'll engage you 'll plaise him well, an' shorten the road *that way*,' ses she.—'I see it all now,' ses Boofun, starting off wid the speed of a young greyhound; an' there was the Gubbawn sitting on a bank be the road-side, drawing lines, an' crasses, an' *thriangles* with his shtick in the *dusht*; an' glad enough was he to see his son back, and still better satisfied when he tould him how his wife thought the road *might be shortened*; an' was forced to stop an' hold his sides when Boofun tould him the story about 'the little tailor that grewn mad wid dhrinkin', and jumped down the chimney with his goose in his hand, an' played football wid the *cabbage* in the *pot*, an' bruk all the glass in the windows, 'till he made a hole big enough to throw the house through it.' And so, be gorra! what was the hundred or the two hundred miles *thin*, yer honour? An' isn't *that* a good way to *shorten the road*?"

"Upon my word, there never was a better, Rody; and I dare say the Gubbawn was more and more pleased with his daughter-in-law," I said.

"Exactly so, yer honour; this was one of his skaymes to *thry* her, and your honour 'll soon see how it was. An' in the coorse of three days, by the help of *the road short'ner*, they kem to the very place where the King of Munsther was building his fine big palace. Well, it was just dinner-time when they got up to the place, and all the workmen left off at the first pull of the bell, an' the shteward of the works as ayger to go as the men, by r'ason of the hunger for dinner. So the Gubbawn and his son walked up to the shteward, an' without *letting an* who they wor, the Gubbawn made his bow, and axed him for some work.

"'By'ne Gad!' ses the shteward, 'you 're in a great hurry,' ses he; 'an' so, as that is the case, here,' ses he, (beginning to laugh at them, an' making game of the Gubbawn,) 'here, now, work away at this shtone as soon as you plase, an' have a *cat* made out of it whin I come back,' ses he, 'wid two tails,' ses he, 'an' whishkers,' ses he, and he run in to dinner laughin'.

Now the stone was good, an' a fine block it was, an' the Gubbawn an' his son pult aff their coats, an' set to work, an' never stopp'd till they 'd a fine large iligant cat carved out, quite surprisin', wid two noble fine tails!

"An' afther that, who should come out but the King o' Munsther himsilf, wid his gold crown on the top of his head! An' whin he seen the cat an' two tails, he began to look at the two men that done it, an' never stopp'd praisin' thim. 'An', ses he to the shteward, (that hadn't a word to say,) 'you shcoundrel!' ses he, 'so these are the two honest men I seen you make game av, an' they 've done more work while you

wor stuffin' yer belly than you would do in twinty years,' ses he. 'An' now,' ses the King of Munsther, 'get out o' that, you blackguard!' ses he, 'an' make way for yer betthers,' ses he; 'for only one man in all Ireland could do the likes of *that*,' ses he, 'an' that 's the very man will shute me,' ses he. An' thin the King went up close to the Gubbawn, an' looking him plump an' full in the face, 'Yer the devil himsilf, or the GUBBAWN SEARE!' ses he. So av coorse the Gubbawn couldn't deny it; an' the King put him at the very head over all his works, an' Boofun next undher him.

"So, sir, now the King had such a man in the Gubbawn, ses he (to himsilf), 'By'ne Gad! this is great luck for me all out; an' I 'll have the grandest palace in the whole world,' ses he; 'an' I 'll take care no one else shall match it,' ses he; 'for that wouldn't answer me at all!' ses he. An' so, sir, bein' a terrible man for his own way, an' not pertickler how he got it, what do you think, sir?—but yer honour 'll never guess it! Well, sir, he made up his mind *to kill the Gubbawn, whin the palace was finished, for fear he might go aff an' build a grander one for the King of Ulsther, that was advertising for conthracts!!*'

"Well, yer honour, the palace grewn bigger an' bigger, an' finer an' finer every day, an' the King was so pleased, he doubled the Gubbawn's wages, an' Boofun's too, an' ordhered 'em more an' more to ate an' dhrink, an' at last it was nigh hand complate; an' thin, wan day, the King gev' ordhers that the Gubbawn an' his son should be watched, an' not let go. But, by good luck, or may be it was the girl's own 'cuteness, the man's daughter to whom the order was given, was behind the dure av a closet all the time, an' she heerd 'em laying their plans, an' how the Gubbawn an' his son wor to be killed, an' they fast asleep in their bed, an' all for fear'd they 'd set aff wid themselves, an' go to the King of Ulsther! And this man's daughter was mighty fond of the Gubbawn, that tuk such pains wid a room she was to live in; an' she was still fonder of Boofun an' *his road short'ners* that he tould her all about; an' yet, *an' for all that*, she wouldn't venture a word, by r'ason of the people watching. But, my hand t' ye, what 's *a hundred watches to a woman?* So, sir, to be sure, she had her plan all fixed in no time; an' whin the Gubbawn an' his son kem in to dinner, hungry enough, an' they seen the fine pot an the fire, 'Well,' ses the Gubbawn to the girl, 'is dinner ready?'—'Oh! quite ready,' ses she.—'Yer welcome home,' ses she; 'but it 's a poor dinner I have for ye to-day,' ses she. 'Only p'tshaties* an' eggs,' ses she.—'Well! an' them same 's good,' ses he. 'Did you never hear the ould sayin', "*Whin all fruit fails, welcome haws?*"' ses he, (for he 'd ever an' always a pleasant joke.) 'But, what 's this?' ses he, whin the poor girl threwn out the p'tshaties an the table,—'how 's this?' ses he, 'that there 's so many *raw ones* among 'em?' ses he.—'Oh,' ses the girl, (givin' the Gubbawn a *look*,) '*if you 'll stop here*,' ses she, '*you must be satisfied to have 'em raw an' boiled, for that 's the way they 're goin'*.' —'Oh, very well!' ses the Gubbawn (quite aisy).—'Be my trowle an' hammer!' ses the Gubbawn (to himself,) 'it 's time now for us to be aff,' ses he; an' whin they got outside he made his mind knewn to poor Boofun, that never would have guessed. 'But, never fear,' ses he. 'They 'll get me into none of ther *thraps*,' ses he; 'I 'm too ould

* Some doubt may possibly occur to the learned reader whether any of the King of Munster's subjects ever saw a potato? Rody settles the matter by affirming that Noah saved a large quantity of seed potatoes in the ark!

a *rat*,' ses he; 'an' I 'll be even wid 'em,' ses he, 'and let thim know who ther d'aling wid,' ses he.

"Well, yer honour, next mornin' after, whin the King was up in his room, *thransactin' bushiness*, the Gubbawn kem, and sent up word that he would be glad to see his majesthy about something that was wanted for the palace. Now, the Gubbawn, sir, was always welkim; an' it was only because he did the King's business *too well* that he was goin' to kill him. And when he was admitted, 'Well,' ses the King, ses he, 'are you come to tell me my palace is finisht?' ses he; '*or* what is it you want with *me* at all?' ses he (mighty grand). — 'Why, thin, plase yer majesthy,' ses the Gubbawn, 'in regard to yer majesthy's palace,' ses he, 'it is not to say *quite complately turned out av my hand yet*,' ses he; but it won't be long in the *finish* whin wanst I have my *insthrument*.'—'Howld yer tongue, Gubbawn, and get the *insthrument*,' ses the King.—'Oh! thin, plase yer majesthy, I 'll go home an' get it.' — 'Oh! no,' ses the King; 'I couldn't *part you* yet, by any manes,' ses he.—'Maybe, then, yer majesthy would let me send *my son* for the insthrument?' — 'No,' ses the King, ses he, 'that wouldn't answer me either,' ses he, 'for I am as fond of Boofun almost as yerself,' ses he.—'But, *what's* the *insthrument*?' ses the King, 'an' what do you call it? and, could *wan man* carry it?' ses the King. —'Why, plase your majesthy, it 's by no manes too large for *wan man* to carry, and the name of it is, 'KHUR ENEIN KHUR, AGUS KHAOUN ENEIN KHAOUN,' (twists upon twists, and tricks upon tricks.) — 'Oh!' ses the King, ses he, 'I 'll send for it!' ses he.—'No, not by any manes,' ses the Gubbawn; 'I wouldn't tell any common man here a word about it; nor where it is; nor let him see it!' ses he. — 'He 'd be only breaking it on the road,' ses the Gubbawn; 'an' thin I 'd be ruin'd for life,' ses he: 'an', if I 'm not to go for it, or Boofun, let it stop as it is, by all manes,' ses he, 'and the palace 'll remain unfinished to the end of the world,' ses he.

"Well, yer honour, the King wasn't to be contradicted *that way*; an' so, afther considerin' some time, at lasht ses he, 'Gubbawn Seare,' ses he, 'I *musht* have my palace finisht, an' I *musht* have your *insthrument*! Now, thin, there's my son, the prince, has nothin' *matarial* to do; an' will you be satisfied if I send *him*? an' he 'll take the greatest care av id, for he 's a *sturdy* young man,' ses he. — 'Well, yer majesthy, your will must be done. Oh, my poor *insthrument*! — Oh, if any thing should happen my "*Khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun*!"'

"So, sir, the prince was ordhered up, an' the Gubbawn gev' him all sorts of directions how to carry the insthrument, an' tould him where he 'd get it, '*Inside the big chisht over the shimmeny piece*.' An' the very next day the Prince set out, an' took but one companion wid him; and who shou'd that be but his younger brother,—a young lad that wish'd for some devarsion; and both very curious to see the Gubbawn's *insthrument*.

"Well, sir, in two or three days they reached the Gubbawn's house; an' whin Boofun's wife seen them comin', she *knewn* that somethin' was *gone wrong*. Some of her brothers wor in the house; but she sent them out av the back dure. 'Be ready, though,' ses she, 'for fear I 'd want ye; but first lave them two lads to me.'

"So the King's sons kem in, and the eldest toult her what a fine palace the Gubbawn and her husband had built. 'But, madam,' ses he (very gracious intirely), 'there is an *insthrument* that the Gubbawn

ses he *must have*, by r'ason he wants to polish the pillars, and shtatues, an' crasses, wid it,' ses he; 'an' my father 's so extraimly fond av them both,' ses he, 'that he wouldn't let either him or Boofun lave him to come home,' ses he; 'an' thin, you see, ma'am, the Gubbawn wouldn't let any *common fellow* come, for fear he'd break it; an' so *I'm sent for it myself*,' ses he; 'and to ashk *you* for it,' ses he.—'An', plase yer highness,' ses Boofun's wife, ses she, 'what 's *yer token?*' ses she; 'an' what may be the name of the *insthrument?*' ses she.—'Ma'am,' said the Prince, 'I was to resave from you the *Khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun!*'—'Oh! was it for *that* you wor sent by the Gubbawn?' ses she. 'I think I ought to know *that* insthrument,' ses she, (as she repated the twists upon tricks, and tricks upon twists,) 'an' very well, too,' ses she; 'an' it 's the only *best* insthrument the Gubbawn has; an' I don't know, shall I be able to get it out of the chesht be meself or not? but if I 'm not, you will help me,' ses she, 'for you 're a fine tall young man, God bless you!' ses she; 'an', maybe it 's too fond I 'd be gettin' av you, if I had you here long,' ses she.

"So she got upon a chair, an' thin all she could reach was the lid of the chisht.—Well! she out wid another chair, an' put it an the top av *that* one, an' *thryed agen;* but all she could do was to put her hand a *little ways down*.'—'Oh, thin, yer highness!' ses she, 'there it is! I can jist rache it,' ses she, 'an' I can a'most feel it, I 'm sure,' ses she; 'but do *you* thry now, an' I 'll engage you 'll have it!' Now the Prince, bein' greatly taken with Boofun's wife, flewn at her bidden, an' skipp'd up a-top o' the chairs in no time, an' soon lifted up the lid of the chisht, and began to look in; and if he did, she beckoned one of her brothers (a terr'ble strong chap), an' gav him *the whishper* in a twinkle. 'Oh,' ses the Prince, 'what a fine big deep chisht this is! why, a man could live in it,' ses he, 'there 's a'most room for *us both in it*,' ses he (very merry intirely).—'Well, *crup down*,' ses she, 'the *insthrument* is at the bottom, I 'm sure,' ses she.—'Never fear but I 'll grab it,' ses he.—'Now,' ses Boofun's wife to her brother; *whin I say "you 're very near it!"* catch a hoult of his two legs, an' double him into the chisht.' Now, she 'd taken good care that the Prince's younger brother, who tould her he was very hungry when he came in, should be in another room, where there was plenty laid out to ate an' dhrink at all times, so *that* poor lad knew nothin' about it. 'Oh,' ses the Prince, 'I *can't* reach it!' ses he, bendin' over, and ballincin' himsilf an the edge of the chisht.—'Oh, *you 're very near it now!*" ses she. An', sir, what d' ye think, but in wan minuet they had him doubled up, an' pitch'd into the chisht, an' he roarin', an' kickin', an' bawlin', an' skreetchin' a thousand murdhers! but they down wid the lid in no time, and click went the lock, an' he was safe enough: an' thin they kot a hoult of the young brother, that was a'most frightened to death, an' tied him neck an' heels. 'Och, murder! murder!' cries the Prince.—'Make yersilf aisy, sir,' ses she, 'for you 'll not be hurted if we get the Gubbawn an' my husband safe home; and for a thrifle of fresh air, I 'll not quarrel wid ye,' ses she; 'an' we 'll soon make a hole for you to br'athe thro',' ses she.—'So, now, here 's yer brother, an' give him yer highness's *ordhers*, an' we 'll let him go home now.' So the poor Prince was glad enough to give his brother ordhers to go home, an' spake fair to the King. 'An' now,' says Boofun's wife to the young brother, 'you may go back, an' tell yer father that as soon as the Gubbawn Seare is done *wid polishin' the shtatues, an' pillars, an'*

crasses, we'll be glad to see him back home agen,' ses she. 'There, now, that's a fine felly,' ses she to the young chap, 'ride aff home as fasht as ye plase; an' whin we see the Gubbawn an' his son safe an' sound in this house, tell the King we'll let yer brother out av the chisht; but, if they don't come *in seven days from to-morrow mornin'*, or if we see any of the King's soldiers comin' with the Gubbawn and his son, thin tell yer father *his son dies*, for I'll kill him meself, with this very *spit*,' ses she.—'Och, murdher!' ses the Prince in the chisht.

"So the young fellow up on his horse, an' rode off home for the bare life, tarein' an' skelterin' over the roads like mad. An' afther a little while, whin the poor young Prince began to groan an' cry, an' complain of the druthe, an' the hunger, an' cramps in his legs, she tuk compassion on him, an' having plinty help wid her brothers, they tuk him out av the chisht, but tied his hands, an' tuk an' hid him about a mile aff, up the mountains; an' fed him well.

"Well, whin the young chap got home, you may depind the King was blazin' mad to find out what a *hare* the Gubbawn had med av him, an' he couldn't spake *one word* all that day *but cursin' an' swearin'*. But next mornin' kem, an' if it did, my hand t' ye, he considehrd himsilf that he'd never get any *fatter* if he went an wid his *frettin'*, an' that he'd no time to lose if he wouldn't have his dear son run through wid a spit, like a dead sheep, or a shmall pig. So he put a good face an it at last, an' called the Gubbawn Seare and Boofun to him, an' first ped them honest ther full amount of wages, to the last penny piece; and, ses he to Gubbawn, ses he, 'Yer a clever knowin' fellow afther all,' ses he, 'an' I don't like you the worse for it,' ses he; 'an', if you send my son home safe an' well,' ses he, 'an' his own horse,' ses he, 'I'll send you a luck-penny,' ses he.

"An' your honour may be sure the Gubbawn and his son used no delay an the road; an', when Boofun's wife saw them comin', she brought the Prince down from the mountain.

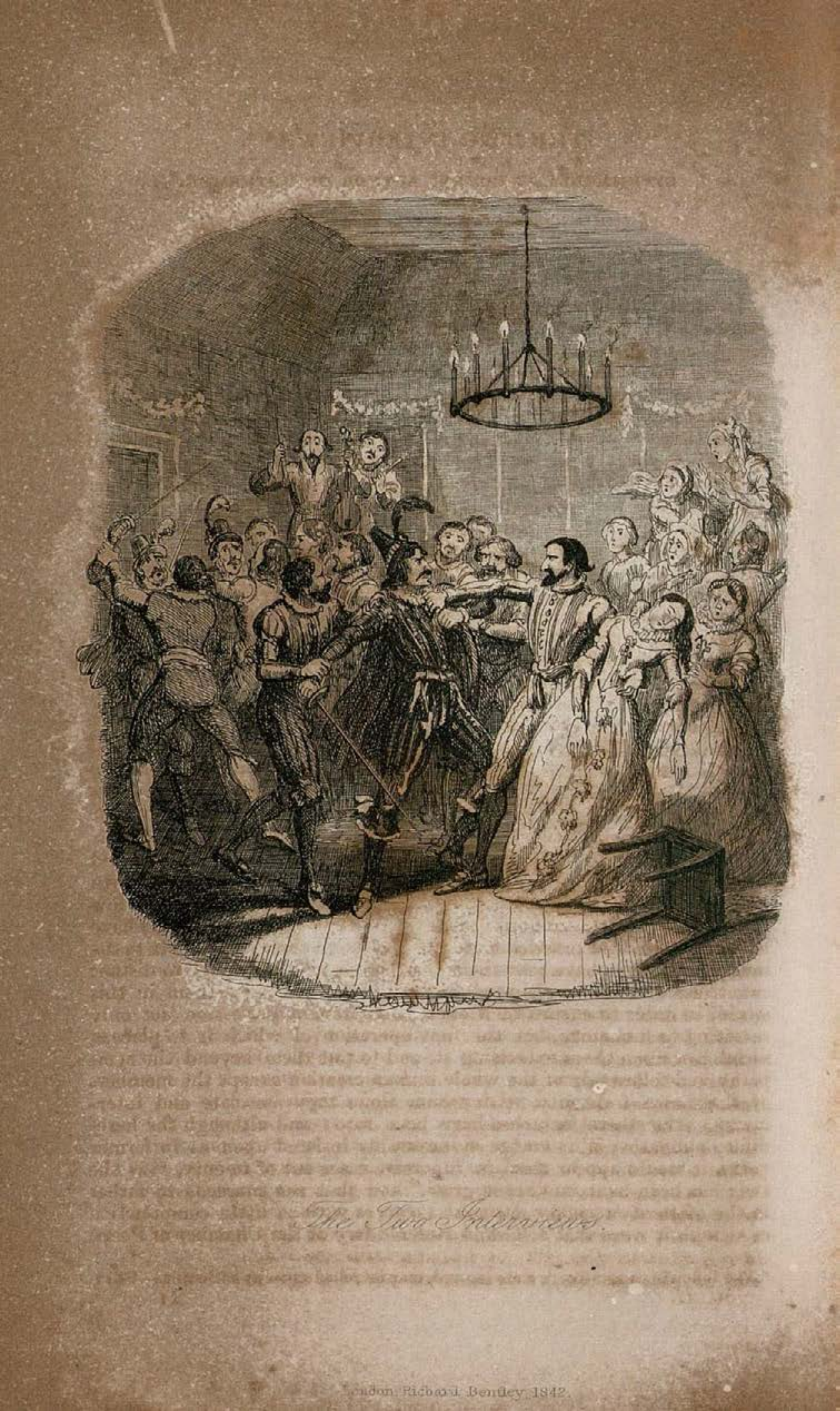
"An', whin the Gubbawn saw the Prince, ses he, 'Young gentleman,' ses he, 'you kem for an *insthrument*, an' an insthrument you shall take home with you;' an' so, as he was a grand scholar, he sot himself down, an' wrote to the King as follows:—

"'Plaze yer Majesthy,

"'I an' my son have got safe back; but, plaze yer Majesthy, I can't let the Prince go home without returnin' thanks for all you done for meself an' me son. You have med us both quite comfirtible for life; an', be my *trowle an' hammer*, I'll not go for the King of Ulsther's *conthract*, but lave yer Majesthy in the only grand palas in the wide world! *This insthrument*, I hope, will make yer Majesthy's royal bones *quite* an' *aisy*; but the *other* insthrument I have safe, which the Prince was not able to make out, so long as he was in my big chisht over the shimmeney pies; nor never 'll find it, bein' for my own use, an' will remain so; as I never met with wan that answered my purpose equal to the '*Khur enein khur, agus khaoun enein khaoun*' (helped by a cute woman). Long life to yer Majesthy!

'THE GUBBAWN SEARE.'

"An', sure enough, yer honour, the King of Munsther sent the Gubbawn a silver trowlé an' hammer for a luck-penny, which is kept on the farm to this day."



The Two Interviews.

London: Richard Bentley 1842.

THE TWO INTERVIEWS.*

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER, AUTHOR OF "STURMER."

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"When shall we *two* meet again?"—*Macbeth.*
"I, and my fellows, are ministers of fate."—*Tempest.*

In almost all countries the office of public executioner is one which excites in the public mind feelings of unmitigated loathing and contempt, not more from the dreadful nature of the functions which he is required to perform, than from the knowledge that, in general, the person so officiating is himself a vicious outcast, a condemned criminal, whose worthless life has been conceded to him, upon the condition that he should henceforth become the instrument of justice in taking away those of his fellows in crime. So long as the pain of death is not abolished, these degraded beings must be looked upon as indispensable adjuncts of the law; they may be execrated as licensed murderers, but they are, in fact, *the surgeons of society*, whose loathsome services are required to check the progress of corruption by lopping off the rotten limbs which would otherwise infect and spread their gangrene through the whole social body. In France, the office of executioner is established upon an entirely different footing; although subject to the same public detestation, it is upon grounds exclusively confined to the *functions*, and not to the *functionary*; for in that country the office of public executioner is invested with a sort of terrible dignity; it is hereditary, descending from father to son, without interruption, and, in default of issue male, devolving to the next of kin, who is invariably expected to accept the horrible charge, which may, therefore, most truly be designed *a family tenure.* Formerly, this rule was obligatory, and enforced with the utmost rigour of the law: nothing could absolve the sons or nearest relations of these functionaries from following the dreadful calling of their fathers; and, in more instances than one, where Nature has recoiled from the task thus imposed upon them, young men have been known to expatriate themselves, rather than submit to the tyrannous law which doomed them to become spillers of blood; and fathers, who have found that years of practice have not reconciled their own minds to the sanguinary office, have sent their sons (while yet children) to distant countries, and have separated themselves for ever from them in this world, in order to ensure their exemption from a profession not only revolting to humanity, but the first operation of which is to place a social ban upon those exercising it, and to put them beyond the sympathy and fellowship of the whole human creation except the members of their own fraternity, with whom alone they associate and intermarry. But these instances have been rare; and although the hereditary obligation is no longer so inexorably insisted upon as in former years, it would appear that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, "as the twig has been bent, so does it grow," and that son succeeds to father in the office of *exécuteur des hautes œuvres* with as little compunction as though it were that of Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers.

* The following narrative, we are assured, may be relied upon as authentic.—Edit.

The office of public executioner of Paris has, for many generations, remained in the same family, and the race of Sanson (or *Monsieur de Paris,* as he is usually called — for the headsman and the Archbishop of Paris share in common the same title!) may claim the horrible privilege of having during the last two centuries not only spilled the blood of all that was most atrociously criminal and ignoble in the capital; but, also, in more recent times, that of all that was purest, noblest, best in the kingdom—the blood of the royal martyrs, and of those whose fidelity to their cause led to their being involved in the same cruel fate! What an awful chronicle might be compiled from the observations of this family! And yet, these Sansons, born and bred to so detestable an inheritance that the heart sickens at the mere thought of it, and the imagination cannot divest itself of the idea that persons exercising their functions *must,* necessarily, be characterized by cruelty and brutality; these men—who are avoided as *Parias,* forbidden to enter into a public vehicle or a public theatre, repulsed with ignominious scorn from the bosom of the community, condemned to associate only with those of their own profession, and, in short, treated in a way but too well calculated to make their minds overflow with bitterness towards the rest of mankind, — are said to be good, mild, benevolent beings; exemplary in their domestic relations, and charitable in the highest degree to the poor! I remember having occasion, a few years back, to go to a tradesman whose workshop was situated in the street inhabited by the executioner of Paris, exactly opposite to his house; and that, curious to know something of his fearful neighbours, I questioned the man about them, fully expecting to hear that they were *ogres* of the "raw-head-and-bloody-bone" tribe—objects of terror and execration to the whole neighbourhood. What was my astonishment at learning that the patriarchal family of Sanson, of which three generations inhabited the same dwelling, were full of the milk of human kindness, respected throughout the district for the purity of their lives and their extensive charities to the poor; and that the *bourreau* himself was remarkable for a certain degree of refinement in his tastes and habits, his leisure hours being devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and playing on the piano! The man further added, that *Monsieur de Paris* lived in very solid comfort, that his house was very handsome, and that the income accruing from his salary and perquisites amounted to above twenty thousand francs a year, a large portion of which was given away in alms to the destitute. "Allez, madame," said my informant in conclusion, "si tout le monde faisait autant de bien que le Bourreau de Paris, il n'y aurait guères de malheureux!"

At that period, there was a sort of morbid feeling prevalent in France against the whole race of executioners, whose unfortunate moral position was seized upon as a pretext by many philanthropists, and advanced as a reason by many distinguished writers, for abolishing the pain of death. Novels and dramatic pieces appeared in quick succession, having for their heroes *bourreaus,* who were models of benevolence and refinement, and, *of course,* were miserable and unwilling victims to their compulsory and inevitable duties. Anecdotes of remarkable individuals among that profession went the round of society, and many traits of the Sanson family came to light. Among others, a strange coincidence connected with one of the ancestors of the present *Monsieur de Paris,* and a nobleman distinguished in the last century for his bravery, his talents, and his misfortunes, struck me as being an inte-

resting illustration of the mysterious workings of fate; and, as its subject is not a matter of doubt, but has received the stamp of authenticity, — as it belongs to the province of history and not of romance, I have not scrupled, in sketching the anecdote, to give at full length the names of those to whom it relates.

During the latter years of the regency of Philip of Orleans, when ribaldry and licentiousness were, thanks to the example of that dissolute Prince, the order of the day, it had become part of the fashionable code of supreme *bon ton* for the court gallants of Paris to distinguish themselves in drunken brawls and vulgar orgies, and even to assimilate their pronunciation to that of the populace, whose slang they adopted, (a habit which the elegant Maréchal de Richelieu was never able entirely to divest himself of in later years.) To sup at a tavern with a party of merry roysterers, drink until reason had become obscured, and then, sallying forth into the streets, to insult the sober citizens, beat the watch, and, staggering into some *tripot,* finish the night among gamblers and sharpers, was the mode of life which the noblest illustrations in France then gloried in avowing, and which *not* to have adopted would have been to parade a singularity of conduct that would have insured—not approbation, but ridicule. These were the excesses which obtained for the *lions* of that day the *soubriquet* of "*roués.*"

One night during that period, four young noblemen, belonging to the first families in the kingdom, were returning on foot, after midnight, from a supper-party in the Marais, which was then the most fashionable quarter of Paris. In passing through an obscure street in the *cité,* they were surprised to hear the sound of musical instruments at that late hour, and in so quiet a district; their curiosity was aroused, and, approaching the house from which the strains proceeded, and which was externally of a superior description to those that surrounded it, they peeped through the *jalousies* of a room on the ground-floor, and perceived a numerous assemblage of persons, who, by their dress, appeared to be respectable tradespeople, giving themselves up with heart and soul to the pleasures of a gay dance.

The four youths in question were not one of them above twenty-one years of age, and they joined to the thoughtless indiscretion that characterises that early stage of life, a presumptuous confidence in themselves, which was based upon a conviction of their high rank and personal advantages, and considerably augmented by the quantity of wine which they had drunk at their gay supper. They, therefore, deemed that it would be an excellent joke were they to honour those simple citizens with their company, and, presenting themselves uninvited among them, share in the gaieties of their ball. No sooner was the giddy suggestion uttered than it was acted upon; they immediately proceeded to try the fastening of the door, which, not being locked withinside, yielded instantly to their touch; and, noiselessly gliding into the house, they contrived to mingle with the crowd of guests assembled in the ball-room, without their entry having been noticed by any one among them. The *fête* had been given to celebrate the marriage of the son of the house, which had been solemnized that morning; the numerous connections of the bride and bridegroom were present, and each having received permission to bring friends with them to the ball, the four strangers, when first remarked, were naturally supposed to have been introduced under these auspices; and so, for a time, everything proceeded smoothly.

"I' faith!" said one of the young nobles to the other, "these cits appear to me to be the most respectable twaddlers in the world."

"Respectable!" repeated his friend,—"*grand*, you mean! To listen to them, one would fancy oneself at a council of bishops. It is Monsieur de Rouen here, Monsieur de Beauvais there; and, Heaven forgive me! the master of the house, I believe, is styled *Monsieur de Paris.*"

"*Sacristie! mon chèr,*" rejoined the other, "do look at their women; what demure airs they play off! they really blush and cast down their eyes nearly as well as the *ingenuées* of the Comedie Française! Let us find out what stuff they are made of, and try whether they have wit enough to appreciate our gallantry!"

While the two friends were thus passing their observations upon the people that surrounded them, with all the license that characterised the period, another of their companions had exceeded them in impertinence and bad taste, having already, at the other end of the room, put into practice the intention their last words had manifested. Struck by the beauty of the young bride, whose natural graces were enhanced by the elegance of her wedding-dress, and the air of modest happiness that pervaded her whole person, the young nobleman had approached her, and invited her to dance with him; and she, suspecting no evil, had willingly acceded; but when, during the pauses of the dance, her partner scrupled not to pour into her ears compliments the most exaggerated, and sentiments and declarations of the most unequivocal nature, the timid girl, unable to silence him, and blushing and trembling at language so new to her, at last endeavoured to put an end to it by escaping from the dance. He was rash enough to prevent her attempt by forcibly detaining her at his side; but, no sooner did she feel her hands violently grasped in those of her unknown persecutor, than, bursting into an indignant passion of tears, she shrieked aloud for help, and her husband and his father immediately rushing to her assistance, collared the imprudent youth who had dared to insult her, and, notwithstanding his powerful struggles to get free, held him fast in their iron gripe.

The confusion which this incident occasioned, attracted the attention of the other intruders to the spot; who, perceiving that their friend had been assaulted, quickly drew their swords, and would have commenced an attack on the persons who surrounded him, had they not themselves been immediately overpowered by numbers and disarmed. The master of the house then, with all the indignation in his voice and manner which conduct so reprehensible was calculated to awaken, questioned the strangers as to the motives which had induced them to forget themselves, and thus to mar the harmony of the entertainment of which they were partakers; but what was his astonishment, as well as that of his guests, when he learned from the lips of the delinquents that they had presumed to introduce themselves uninvited to his *fête*, and were unknown to every person assembled there!

Indignant at an insult which appeared to reflect not only upon the master of the revels, but upon every individual composing his society, the younger part of the male guests prepared to punish such insolent temerity in the most exemplary manner. The culprits, however, in order to avert the chastisement they so richly merited, deemed it advisable to make themselves known, and announced that they belonged to the noblest families attached to the Court; one of them was the

Duke de Crillon; another, the Marquis de la Fare; and the greatest offender of the party was the Count de Lally Tollendal.

"Gentlemen," said the master of the house to them, with dignity, "the higher your rank is, the greater is the obligation it imposes upon you to inspire respect by your conduct. That which you have just manifested would be unbecoming in the lowest and most ignorant class of society;—in *you* it is unworthy of pardon, and I ought to suffer my friends to avenge the insult you have offered to my children, and which not even the sacredness of the tie which has just united them, nor the laws of hospitality which you have so shamefully violated, could induce you to forego. But when, at your early time of life, young men betray such lawless inclinations as you this night have evinced, they, sooner or later, bring dishonour and disgrace upon the name they bear; from fault to fault the descent is rapid, until they sink into crime; and, at last, they fall into the hands of those whose province it is to fulfil the justice which the laws of man have meted out to them in this world. You say that you are noblemen belonging to the Court:—*I* am the executioner of Paris! Leave this house instantly, and reform your conduct, or tremble lest we should one day meet again,—tremble lest the hand of the executioner should once more be laid upon you!"

"Ay," exclaimed the young bridegroom, echoing the last sentiment, "go! and pray to God that this may be the last time you pass through the bourreau's hands!"

Saying which, the father and son thrust the Count de Lally Tollendal cavalierly out of their house; and, his friends having been ejected in the same unceremonious manner, the door was closed upon them, and they found themselves in the street.

"Well!" said Le Fare to Lally, "this is an affair that will not redound much to our credit at Court. To be kicked out of the bourreau's house like mad dogs is but a sorry joke! *Pardieu!* I would willingly give a thousand louis d'ors, if I had them, to bribe these people to silence."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Lally, "let them boast if they will; it can only be among themselves! There is a devil of a distance from the bourreau's circle to that of the Palais Royal!"

The subsequent adventures of Arthur, Count de Lally Tollendal, the vicissitudes of his eventful career, and the misfortunes which led to his death, have become subjects of history. Descended from a distinguished Irish Catholic family, his father, Sir Gerard Lally, was one of the faithful adherents of the Stuarts, and, having accompanied James the Second into exile, settled in France, and became naturalized there. Arthur was born in France, and, at a very early age, entered into the military service of that country, his first appointment being captain of grenadiers in Dillon's Irish regiment. His remarkable abilities soon attracted the notice of Cardinal Fleury, who entrusted him with a mission to the Court of Russia, where his talents and accomplishments, joined to the most fascinating personal graces, completely captivated not only the Empress Anne, but her favourite Biron, Duke of Courland.

This mission having been fulfilled to the perfect satisfaction of the French Court, the young Count was, on his return to France, raised to the rank of Colonel of an Irish regiment, bearing his own name. At the battle of Fontenoy his chivalrous gallantry and scientific manœuvres contributed materially to the success of the French arms;

and, such was his prowess on that day, that, according to the statements of Marshal Saxe, he was made a Brigadier on the field of battle. It was in that rank that he attached himself to the fortunes of the young Pretender, Charles Edward, whom he followed into Scotland, and served as aide-de-camp during the disastrous period of the rebellion. Once more in France, he was made Maréchal de Camp; and, after the taking of Maestricht, was further promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. Finally, he was nominated to the distinguished post of Commander-in-Chief of all the French settlements in the East Indies, and embarked for Pondicherry. His first steps on landing there were followed by those brilliant results which had hitherto invariably set the stamp of success upon all his undertakings; for, in thirty-eight days after his landing, he made himself master of Fort St. David's, (commonly called the Bergen-op-Zoom of India,) and of the whole southern coast of Coromandel. But here the prosperous career of Lally Tollendal, having attained its extreme height, received a sudden and unlooked-for check, which shook to its very foundation the brilliant and solid reputation that he had achieved for himself at the point of the sword. Although enabled to vanquish the obstacles which were opposed to his military skill and courage, he found that he could not so easily triumph over the enmities which he drew upon himself by his ungovernable character, and the haughtiness and impetuosity of his disposition. On his arrival at Pondicherry, he had found that numerous abuses had crept into the administration of the colony; and, inflexible in his principles, and guided in every action of his life by the most uncompromising probity, he determined to effect a complete reform by cutting at once at the root of the evil. Unfortunately, so many persons were interested in opposing these salutary measures, that he met with no honest co-operation in his efforts, and soon found himself left to his own resources, and not only isolated, but set up as a mark against which the basest intrigues were systematically directed. The tide of his good fortune having thus turned, an uninterrupted succession of unlooked-for misfortunes speedily followed.

Pondicherry was attacked by the English. After having defended it to the last extremity with his accustomed gallantry, Lally Tollendal was obliged to surrender, and having been made prisoner of war, was immediately sent to England. There he heard that a dreadful cabal had been organized against him in France, and that the bitterest of his enemies were in the ministry, and openly triumphed in his misfortunes. He obtained permission from the English government to go over to Versailles on parole, and justify himself from the mass of inculpations that had been accumulated against him; for, strong in the consciousness of his innocence, he demanded only that his conduct should be fully and impartially investigated; and, without fear of the consequences, laid his head and his conscience at the feet of his sovereign.

He was immediately thrown into the Bastille, and preparations for his trial were forthwith made, upon the triple charge of collusion with the enemies of France, high treason, and having sold Pondicherry to the English. Counsel was refused to him, and he was obliged to plead in his own defence. The impolitic impetuosity which had ever been his leading characteristic, breathed in every syllable of this defence, and served only to augment the general irritation against him; — in short, his destruction had been previously determined on; and, notwith-

standing his long and brilliant services—notwithstanding the eloquent conviction of the Attorney-General Seguier, his enemies triumphed, and the gallant Lally Tollendal was condemned to be dragged on a hurdle to the Place de Grève, there to undergo a traitor's death.

When the Count's sentence was communicated to him, he was alone in his prison, employed in tracing out a military plan; and, unable to subdue the indignation and despair which such cruel injustice called forth, he, in a moment of frenzy, plunged the compass which he held violently into his breast, and, drawing it forth covered with blood, would have inflicted a second blow, had he not been quickly seized and handcuffed. The scaffold, however, was not to be cheated of its prey; the wound was not a mortal one; and this incident served only to accelerate the preparations for his execution.

At last the fatal day arrived. Alone with his confessor in his cell, abandoned by the whole world, (for among his former friends and associates there were none possessed of moral courage sufficient to induce them to mark their sympathy for this ill-fated victim of political intrigue, by bestowing the consolations of friendship upon his last moments,) the once-brilliant, ever-brave Lally Tollendal,—the flattered, the followed, and the admired, *now* reviled, deserted, and condemned, —with a last effort endeavoured to abstract his thoughts from the bitter retrospection that crowded upon them, and to yield up his undivided attention to the holy words which his confessor breathed to him of hopes which the injustice of man could not deprive him of,—hopes which could alone enable him to support, without shrinking, the terrors of the last scene! Suddenly the door of the cell was thrown open, and a man with grave and downcast mien entered, bearing in his hand a gag, which had been prepared for the prisoner's mouth; for his enemies, fearing that he would raise his voice upon the scaffold to make a public protest against the iniquity of his sentence, had, in the plenitude of their malignity, devised this cruel method of insuring the silence of their victim. The man silently approached, and prepared to accomplish his terrible office; but the Count, yielding to an irrepressible burst of indignation, started back, and haughtily waved him from him.

"My son," said his confessor, "let this one last act of submission prove the entireness of your resignation to the Divine Will! Remember that our blessed Lord and Saviour suffered even greater indignities than this."

The unfortunate Count bowed his head in token of submission, and, without further resistance, allowed the man to approach; then for the first time looking into his face, their eyes met, and a long scrutinizing gaze passed between them. A cry of horror burst from the lips of the doomed man:—no sound, no exclamation from the other responded to it; but there was that in his look which had rendered words superfluous, and which told that the recognition had been mutual. It was the executioner's son, whose young bride had been insulted so many years before by the Count de Lally Tollendal, in the wanton flush of youthful spirits! and the ominous words that had accompanied his expulsion from the scene of his delinquency returned to the recollection of both at the same moment, and with the same startling distinctness.

But this was not all. Half stifled by the gag which had been applied to his mouth, his head uncovered, and his hands bound behind his back, the fallen hero was placed in an open cart, and conducted to

the Place de Grève, where malefactors are condemned to die. His courage did not desert him in that awful moment. Arrived at the place of execution, he quitted the cart unassisted, ascended the steps of the scaffold with the tread of one to whom fear was a stranger, and kneeling down, laid his head upon the block, and gave the signal to strike. Two executioners stood by, the youngest of whom, a mere youth, who was destined to officiate, raised his axe, and aimed a blow at the victim, but so ill-directed, and with so unsteady a hand, that it fell upon the skull, and merely wounded him. The elder one, angrily pushing away his awkward assistant, seized upon the axe with his two hands, and directed his stroke with such vigour and dexterity, that the sufferer was at once put out of his pain, and the head of Lally Tollendal rolled upon the scaffold.

The inexperienced youth who had made his first professional essay upon the ill-fated hero was *the son* of the young woman whose feelings he had outraged;—he who had come to his assistance was *her husband*;—and thus awfully had the prediction of the old executioner been doubly fulfilled.

PADDY THE PANTILER.

BY DAVUS.

'Twas late, and the beauties of classic St. Giles,
All wrapped in sweet slumbers, were taking their rest,
And the glare of the lamp o'er the accoucheur's door
Was fading away, like a star in the west.
All were asleep, snug and warm in their beds,
While a horrid molrowing was heard on the leads.

For economy's sake Paddy slept with a "frind,"
In a snug little parlour jist next to the sky.
But Jerry of such gallivanting ne'er dreamt,
And was snoring away, like a pig in the sty.
"There 's a swate black-eyed girl in the next house," thought Pat;
"I 'll crape to the window, and see what she 's at!"

Paddy crept from his bed, and a pantiling went,
But Fortune and Cupid were that night his foes,
For he got his two optics in mourning bedecked
By a mighty big thump on the bridge of his nose;
The mauling he caught quite extinguished his flame,
So Paddy returned by the way that he came.

"Och, bother!" cried Jerry, awoke from his sleep,
"'Taint time to get up yet—pray get into bed!"
While Pat, as he tenderly handled his nose,
Muttered, "Surely the spalpeen has bate off my head!
Be aisy, and don't make a bother," he cries;
"I 've got what I went for,—*a pair of black eyes!*"

MR. MAKEPEACE, THE DUELLIST.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"And was the Prince killed?"

"Most definitively killed. Shot through the heart, sir,—the left ventricle completely blown away. His death made a great noise on the Continent for at least a week. His opponent happily escaped."

"Escaped? Oh, sir! if the poor wretch, the murderer, have any conscience,—if his nature be assailable by remorse,—if he be not callous to——"

A knife and fork suddenly dropping from the hands of a gentleman on his plate, (for the conversation, whereof the above is a fragment, was held at dinner,) cut short the sentence of the speaker, as, we think, somewhat unseasonably distracting the attention of the guests from a superb haunch—a haunch worthy of the arrow of Diana—to the fate of a German Prince killed in a duel by some Bohemian Baron, who had insinuated a most ungentlemanlike doubt of his highness's probity, in the very trifling matter of an ace of spades. At the word "callous," a guest, as we have said, let fall his weapons; but, dropping them with peculiar emphasis, drew upon himself the astonished eyes of the whole company. Ladies and gentlemen, with the unchewed morsel in their mouths, eat and stared at Mr. Makepeace.

"Mr. Makepeace!" exclaimed Jeremiah Blunt, the hospitable host.

Mr. Makepeace suffered his eyes to wander around him; he then, with a look of confusion, bowed, smiled very, very faintly, and, taking up his knife and fork, in a soft, subdued voice, asked for the currant-jelly.

The feeders exchanged glances, and then, politely enough, took no further notice of Mr. Makepeace. Yes, there was one who every other moment raised her gentle eyes from the platter of mandarin china, to look in the no-less interesting countenance of Hannibal Makepeace. And who—asks the reader—who was she?

Arabella Blunt was the ingenuous, the romantic only child of Jeremiah Blunt, late button-maker of Birmingham; a most worthy man, retired from the turmoil of commerce, with the sweet consciousness of having successfully introduced many of the most important improvements in his difficult and delicate art, the satisfaction being in no way embittered by the frequent recollection that from such spirited and hazardous innovations, he had obtained, at least, one hundred thousand pounds—people said, three hundred; such liberality, in such cases, being of every-day experience. Yes; the world promises this comfort to you, reader; get only one million sterling, and—our word upon it—the bountiful world shall insist upon quadrupling your riches. *Then* one million will not be enough.

Arabella Blunt, in addition to the interest which hangs about an only child,—the amiable offspring of a hundred thousand pounds,—has another claim upon the attention of the reader. She had taken the first step of love towards Hannibal Makepeace! Now, we have remarked that young ladies take love as they take sea-bathing, some timidly put in one foot, then, with a shiver and a look of apprehension,

put in a second; and then, they do no more than make a trembling curtesy in the water, the element sometimes scarcely reaching the region of the heart, and then, with a squeal, they run to dry land as soon as possible, and, shivering, cry, "How cold it is!" Others, again, shutting their seraphic eyes to the dangers of the deep, souse in head-over-ears, and, rising with a Nereid's glow upon their faces, declare the sea "delicious." Arabella Blunt was not of these; nevertheless, she was one foot in love, and almost more than half resolved to let the other follow.

"No, sir, no—no sophistry can defend it. Duelling, sir, is nothing more than murder made fashionable," said Miss Mac Single, a virgin of five-and-forty,—"murder, sir,—murder." Now, Miss Mac Single could not be a disinterested judge of the merits and demerits of duelling, inasmuch as it was a fact well-known to all her acquaintance,—and, if not, it was from no lack of industry on the part of Miss Mac Single, that she was, at the early age of eighteen, despoiled of a lover, who, in eight-and-forty hours, would have ripened into a husband, had he not been blown from the tree of life by the bullet of a gentleman from Tipperary, his first offence in the eyes of Miss Mac Single's lover being that of treading on the toes of Miss Mac Single's pug, and refusing to give a written apology for the insult. The lady kept her bridal-dress as authentic evidence of her near approach to happiness. She has been known to exhibit it to her dearest friends, but never without some touching allusion to the virtues of her "murdered" Samuel. "Such a sweet fellow!" she would say,—"stood six feet two, and walked a minuet like Vestris." Hence, Miss Mac Single was not the person to speak dispassionately on duelling,—hence, she exclaimed, with an almost thrilling tone, "Murder, sir—nothing—a peach if you please—nothing but murder."

The nutcrackers dropped from the hand of Hannibal Makepeace,—and, dropping, broke a very splendid dessert-plate, of the most rare and costly china.

"Mr. Makepeace!" cried Jeremiah Blunt, in a tone stronger than that of remonstrance, at the same time jumping from his chair.

It was only some three days after the dinner, when Tom Milton, a fine, generous young fellow, met Makepeace coming from the house of old Blunt, but with so light a step, and with such joy shining in his face, that for a moment Tom doubted whether he had not mistaken the suitor of his cousin,—whether the airy, smiling gentleman advancing to him was, in truth, the same pensive, dull, bewildered biped, the doleful hero of the nutcrackers. But, oh, Love! how wilt thou gild even clay! how wilt thou put a transient beauty into the features of very ugliness! how wilt thou lend a momentary grace to even huddled deformity! It was love—love that moved and shone in Hannibal Makepeace. He descended the doorsteps of Jeremiah Blunt with the proud, cruel beating heart of an Alexander! He came with the consenting smiles of Arabella still upon him,—for Miss Blunt, more and more advanced in the ocean of affection, had vowed that death only should part Arabella and Hannibal. The touching melancholy, the pensive interest in the face and manner of Makepeace, the more especially as so strikingly developed at the dinner, had sublimated him into a hero of romance; there was some strange, but, doubtless, some delightful mystery at the heart of his gloom, that endeared him to Ara-

bella, who, in her turn, felt herself dignified by a participation in the hopes and fears of so sad, and yet so interesting a being. She had consented, and Makepeace, quitting the house after the assured possession of her heart, her virtues, her beauty, and her hundred thousand pounds, tripped down the steps, light and joyous as Mercury when gladdened to be a messenger of good.

"Hallo!" cried Tom Milton, astonished at the fervent grasp of Hannibal's hand, marvelling at the happiness sparkling in his eyes. "I'm hanged—I—well, I should have hardly known you?"

"Why not—why not?" asked Makepeace.

"You're so changed — so buoyant — so gleesome — so like a kitten this morning," said Tom; "and, to say the truth, you're not too lively at times."

"My dear Mr. Milton," answered Makepeace, "Arabella has consented, and I am so overjoyed, so delighted, — you must allow these are occasions when even the saddest men may sparkle."

"Very right, — I understand," said Tom, with still a lurking contempt for Makepeace. "Some people are like lead, brightest when they're melted. Eh?"

"Exactly so," replied Makepeace; "perhaps, it is my case."

"Very likely. However, I'm glad to see that you can smile, for, may I be shot, if——"

Mr. Hannibal Makepeace, with the gloomiest face, laid his hand upon the arm of Tom Milton, looking most piteously into his astonished countenance.

"Eh? what's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Mr. Milton, your words, innocent as they seem, and, as I am sure, they're intended, are, nevertheless, daggers to me."

"Bless me!" said Tom Milton.

"Three days ago you must have observed something strange in me at dinner at——"

"Oh! nutcrackers — broken plate — yes; it was mended—devilish strange!" said Tom.

"The conversation, if you remember, turned upon duelling," and Makepeace sighed.

"I recollect. They talked of a baron who had killed his man—"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Makepeace, and seemed to shudder.

"Why, what can be the matter?" again asked Tom Milton.

"Mr. Milton, will you allow me to confide a sorrow that has been too long a canker at my heart?"

"With pleasure," said Tom Milton. "That is — I mean — of course."

Mr. Makepeace passed his hand across his brow, then, for a moment breathing hard, grasped the arm of Tom, and in a sepulchral voice, said, "Mr. Milton, I have myself been out."

"You have?" cried Tom, with some astonishment, for, by his own after avowal, he thought Mr. Makepeace a bird of quite another feather,—"you have?"

"I entreat of you the most charitable construction of the motives that—but I have fought a duel," said Hannibal.

"Well, no harm done, I hope?" said Tom Milton, consolingly.

"I, sir," and Makepeace spoke in the voice of the grave, — "I have killed my man."

"Hem! Rather awkward," observed Tom Milton, stroking his chin, and raising his eyebrows.

"More, sir," and Makepeace descended a note in the gamut of solemnity, "I have killed two men."

Tom Milton drew back a step or two from the duellist, but, recovering himself, benevolently observed, "Well, if it was all fair-play, it can't be helped. To be sure, I don't think it the wisest way of settling a matter; but, whilst the world is as it is—and until we can get a court of honour, or some such tribunal — to save a waste of powder —I——"

Mr. Makepeace shook his head, and sighed.

"You have been unfortunate, it is true," said Tom Milton. "To kill two men is——"

"That 's not all my misery," cried Makepeace.

"Not all? Why, hang it!" exclaimed Tom, "there 's not a third?"

"There, sir—there 's the cause of a certain gloom, which, as you say, has not escaped you. The third, sir—the third?"

"And you have killed," cried Tom, with a very serious face,—"you have killed three men?"

"Not yet," answered Makepeace.

"Not yet? What, then, are you about to fight again?" asked Tom.

"Not yet," repeated Makepeace; "but I am haunted, possessed with the horrible thought — a thought, of which, with all my power, I cannot rid myself, — that three are to be the number — the inevitable number," and Makepeace pulled forth his handkerchief. "I have yet a man to kill."

"All weakness," cried Tom Milton, astonished at the character of Hannibal, for he had held his spirit in the poorest light, and now felt some shame for his illiberal interpretation of the melancholy of the luckless duellist,—"all weakness; you must reason yourself out of it, — you must, indeed, my good fellow," and Tom shook Makepeace by the hand.

"I 'll try—I 'll try," said Makepeace, with a melancholy smile, and, sighing, walked away.

Tom Milton vowed to himself never again to judge rashly of human character. Poor Makepeace! A victim to an absurd custom of society, —tortured by a discreet sensibility! "I really feel quite an interest in him," said Tom, when, pressed by old Blunt, the young man entered into a narrative of the consuming woe of Makepeace. However, somewhat to the astonishment of Tom, he found no sympathy for the duellist in the hard bosom of the old button-maker.

"Murder two men!" exclaimed Jeremiah Blunt, aghast at the atrocity.

"My dear sir, murder is a very hard word," said Tom Milton, "and in such cases."

"I don't wonder at his long yellow face, and his rolling eyes," cried Blunt. "Why, he can't sleep a wink — I 'm sure he can't, — and he marry *my* daughter!"

"And why not, sir?" asked Tom.

"Why not? What, put the holy wedding-ring upon her finger, and his fingers stained with the Christian blood of two fellow-creatures!" said the button-maker.

"Now, uncle!" cried Tom.

"Two!—three—for, since his mind's made up to it, he'll be sure to kill the third, to make himself easy, — and he, a human butcher, to marry Arabella!"

The button-maker said no more; but, running to his daughter, told her the atrocities of her lover, at the same time commanding her to give him up for ever. Strange as it may appear, Hannibal Makepeace did not loom in the imagination of Arabella, as quite so horrible a monster as he glared upon the affrighted soul of Jeremiah Blunt. His daughter had a soul above the surf of her paternal button-maker. Hannibal had been unfortunate; but then, she thought, what valour, what masculine spirit, to expose himself to death; it might be for a something very near to nothing. And, for the delusion preying upon him as to future blood-shedding, it should be her care—her pride to soothe and to restore him. Oh! what an interesting man was Hannibal Makepeace. Nothing—Arabella assured her father of the fact— nothing but death could or should part them!

A coach, drawn by four horses, was, for once, stronger than old Mors, and in four days from the day on which Miss Arabella Blunt spoke of the impossibility of separation from her luckless lover, she was cloistered in an old secluded house, watched by an old vigilant maiden aunt, in the wilds of Westmoreland.

Days and weeks elapsed, and the sanguinary duellist, forbidden the house of the button-maker, had no friend save Tom Milton.

"Tom," said an acquaintance, dining one day with old Blunt, didn't I, when on horseback, see you stop and shake hands with a fellow called Makepeace?"

"A fellow!" cried Tom. "I assure you that Mr. Makepeace—"

"Ah! it was he, then?" said the gentleman.

"Tom! Tom!" cried old Blunt, "why won't you give up that rascal's company? Do you know, Mr. Jackson, I was nearly having him for a son-in-law."

"Indeed! 'Faith! you had a lucky escape," said Mr. Jackson.

"I had, indeed!" said Blunt.

"You know his character, then?"

"Luckily. A ferocious, villanous, blood-thirsty — do you suppose I'd suffer my daughter to marry——"

"Nay, nay," said Tom Milton, interposing, for old Blunt was becoming vociferous with disgust, "if the gentleman has been unfortunate, and in fair duelling has killed his two men——"

"What!" shouted Mr. Jackson. "He kill—ha! ha! ha!"

"What do you mean?" asked Tom Milton.

"Mean!" echoed Jackson. "Why, haven't you heard of the fellow? don't you know his adventures? He committed himself grossly, and —he! he! he!—and——"

"And fought," insisted Tom Milton.

"Fought!" said Jackson; "he was called, I own, but wouldn't come. So, nothing remained but to—to horsewhip him."

"Horsewhip Hannibal Makepeace!" exclaimed Tom Milton.

"Let me see," said Jackson, and he began to count events upon his fingers. "Yes—I recollect—Hannibal Makepeace, your bloodthirsty duellist, your slayer of two men, has been once horsewhipped at Cheltenham, once caned in St. James's, and once had his nose pulled in the Pump-room at Bath."

Hannibal Makepeace was more than usually unfortunate; as, the

button-maker, for the father of an heiress, was more than usually vigilant; else had our hero extracted from the horsewhip, the cane, and the thumb and finger of chastising man, — the melancholy of a fated hero,—the pensiveness that, conquering the female heart, would have now a hundred thousand best of laurels.

Hannibal Makepeace was, we repeat, unlucky; but there are in the world many Makepeaces who, with better worldly fortune, turn their vilest disgraces into golden victories!

THE BLIND MAN AND SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Give me thy hand, my little guide, and lead me to the door,
That I may hail the summer sun, and feel it glow once more;
Here let me sit, in this sweet porch; now hasten to your play,
And leave the old man to his thoughts, this calm and holy day!

Ah! there he goes—the merry one! I cannot see the boy,
But I can hear his bounding step, and listen to his joy.
Why do I shade these sightless orbs? 'Tis no unmanly fears
That bring my own young days again, and wake regretting tears!

How beautiful must all things seem beneath a sky so warm!
The air that stirs these hoary locks comes laden with a charm!
The whisper of the leaves appears an interchange of love,
Or some low hymn from Nature's self, to smiling worlds above!

The kindly flow'rs, though lovely too, and delicate their hue,
A galaxy of brightest tints the eyes of man could view,
They have their fragrance for the blind, the incense they impart
Can soothe the trouble from his brow, the anguish from his heart!

They tell me, Summer, thou hast come, with gladness o'er the earth,
The husbandman rests from his toil, and tunes his voice to mirth;
The corn hath rob'd itself in gold, the trees are spreading wide,
And plants, untimely winds had chill'd, now bloom in all their pride!

They tell me there are happy looks on every face they meet,
And bosoms that were coldly grown in lov'd communion greet;
They say, too, there are lightsome forms for ever on the wing,
In search of pleasure 'midst the gifts that thou alone canst bring.

It may be so! for, in my youth, the self-same joys were mine;
I then could see the morning rise, and watch the eve's decline;
I then could trace each living thing that came across my way;—
But now the blind man has no sun,—for him it has no ray!

And oft within this wither'd arm a gentle one will wind,—
A voice will steal upon this heart, and bring the past to mind—
A sobbing kiss will damp this cheek—Ah! then 'tis pain for me
To know it is my own dear child, and her I cannot see!

But, hark! there is the boy return'd—I know him by his laugh—
Here, lead me back into the cot—I cannot trust my staff;
And fail not, when thy knees are bent in holy pray'r at night,
To thank thy God thou art not blind, and bless Him for His light!

The Cruel Murder of old Father Prout by a Barber's Apprentice.

A LEGEND OF MODERN *LATHERATURE*: BY MR. *DULLER* OF *PEWTERNOSE*.

That boy will be the death of me!—CHARLES MATHEWS.

Si quis Parentis senile guttur frĕgerit
Edat cicutis allium nocentius.
HORATIUS FLACCUS.

A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft;
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft.
Tam o'Shanter.

Νὶξ μὶ δολλη παλς φαιχ οναὶ!
AINSWORTH's *Dictionary.*

Oh! list unto a tale of blood, high-seasoned and well-peppered,
Not from the "Book of Barabbas," nor a leaf out of "*Jack Sheppard*,"
Where all we see is butcherie, of vulgar folks—and Grammar,
With deep impressions left behind—of a crow-bar and sledge-hammer;
But when each eye hath read *our* tale, each ear hath heard *our* dirge, a man
Must be indeed hard-hearted not to weep for an old clergyman,
Who met in town a flashy lad from Manchester called BILLY,
To whom he taught his alphabet,—for he was raw and silly,—
Till, finding him too loath to learn, nor very *compos mentis*,
The old man thought him fittest for a hair-dresser's apprentice;
So he bound him to a Barber; but, impatient of all censures,
He bolted thro' the window soon,—he broke thro' his indentures;
Then set a shop up for himself out on the road to Harrow,
Where finally he harrowed up our soul, and froze our marrow,
By doing of a bloody deed, whereby, he, *par ma barbe*, is
In a pretty way to be declared a "winner of the *Darbies*."

In BURLINGTOWN, much honoured, tho' he bears his honours gently,
There lives a famous Barber, whom the public know as B——y.
The QUEEN herself, on whose fair head hath flowed the Lord's anointment,
Hath made him her Perruquier by a regular appointment.
Since triple bob*tale*-scratch was first with *novel* wigs invented,
His *magazin de nouveautés* was brilliantly frequented,
In shaving, his performances were felt as smooth as vellum;
In sooth, he had certificates from IRVING, HOOK, and PELHAM;
E'en men who wore of Mohammed the pagan beard and badge, he
Had shaved them all by turns, from ANASTASIUS to HADJI.
Nay, ladies of a certain age no longer looked the Gorgon,
His art bedeckt the *front*ispiece of TROLLOPE and of MORGAN;
But Beauty, too, his style well knew as what would best become her,
So NORTON said, and BLESSINGTON, and graceful GORE, and ROMER.

To this good man this witless youth, who had of grace few particles,
Was articled in proper form (I ne'er could *read* his articles!);
His duties were to sweep the shop, to ope and close the shutters,
To look after the knocker, and the scraper, and the gutters;
To set in order brush and comb, or sponge, in the back-room, or he
Might decorate his own love-locks with "the governor's" perfumery.
When not engaged whetting razor-blades, and other scrapers,
He 'd scribble tales of NEWGATE, which were used as curling-papers;
And, not content with writing tales (which served for papillottes) he
To fancy-prints a liking took, not quite like BARTOLOZZI;
For all his curling flimsies would, if looked into, exhibit
A jail, a den of pick-pockets, a pot-house, or a gibbet;
And tho' such "*illustrations*" were, at best, but rude and scratchy,
(His GUIDO was a *Guy* of straw, the *Cruikshanks* his CARACCI,);
Yet, many of the customers, who only came for shaving,
Would take a peep at what he scrawled, for the sake of the Engraving.

'Twas true, this lad from MANCHESTER, of jokes had few, if any,
Yet at twisting "*tales*" he was a sort of story-spinning-jenny;
But, as the tongues of giddy youth too much indulgence loosens,
His "*stories*," which came thick and thick, at last became a nuisance.
The shop frequenters often wished he 'd hold his peace, or alter
The staple of his tedious yarns, all ending in a halter.
Soon, one by one they dropped away—for life cannot afford us
Sufficient time with maudling tales of cut-throats to be bored thus;
A listener by the button still he sometimes on the sly attacked,
Till, finding that each new "*Romaunce*," like the reading of the Riot Act,
Cleared out all decent customers, his master told him plainly
That "'twere better for the nonce eschew a practice so ungainly,"
That "men of sense and learning loathed an over-dose of folly."
Brief answer to his master made the varmint, "*Nix my dolly!*"

This could not last. "The governor," good man, could not prohibit him,
So *he* was soon "*disbentleyfied*,"* to bore the town *ad libitum*;
Right bountiful he paid the youth his wages,—no small pittance;
And inwardly the Barber blest his stars for such a riddance,—
The wits thronged back to BURLINGTOWN, like bees to Mount HYMETTUS,
With learned lore, and sterling taste, terse song, and bright burlettas.
The polished ear no more endured long-winded tales of felony;
But genuine humour, with sound sense, were blent in keen miscellany.

Meantime, the lad, "*disbentleyfied*," sought out some new employer;
But hairdressers all shook their heads at this FIGARO top-sawyer.

* Within yon sunless cage the imperial bird (!) hath drooped.
Off from thine eagle (!) spirit hast dashed aside * * *
Thy self-borne course! thou art *disbentleyfied!*
Sonnet to Mr. Ainsworth, in Mr. Ainsworth's Magazine.

A leech, who physics no one but *himself*, is out of humour;
So look'd our Sheppard when reduced to be his own perfumer;
But, vowing vengeance upon all of his own trade* and caste, he
Resolved to keep a BARBER's shop, however "cheap and nasty."
Hand-bills he sent out, full of spleen and venom, interlarding
Lots of self-praise with "*Shaving done by me for twopence farden!*"
He raved in BARBAROSSA's vein,—he quitted town in BLUEBARBES,
And fix'd his *shop* contiguous to a grave-yard in the suburbs,
Not far off from a parish Green (I think they call it KENSAL's,);
And thither he brought out his frizzling irons and utensils.

Here of RENOWN as 'twas his cue to sound the loudest bugle,
He taxed his mind (which was like that of MRS. GILPIN "frugal");
He bought a cask of "*half and half*,"—laid in a stock of liquors,
And began to keep a "tap" for penny-a-liners, and bill-stickers.
Those pioneers of fame had soon at this new pothouse free "*ticks*,"
GRANT, of the "Great Metropolis," and all the *famous* critics;
All sworn to praise the owner of the shop,—none to be neuter,—
And, lest they might forget, he duly "*chalked*" each *critic's* pewter.
The "artful dodge" was understood,—no praise, no paternoster,—
No puff, no "*go*." Such were the terms,—ask * * * and * * *.

Meantime, the cockneys, with amaze, saw bill-stickers placarding
The palisades with "Ainsworth's easy shave for twopence farden.
Try the new shaving-shop!" was scrawled from Camberwell to Holborn.
A touch of art beyond the skill of BENTLEY, TAIT, or COLBURN.
But, they are mere mechanics all; to *him* fair Nature gave her
Fairest of gifts (ye powers of brass!) a "*latherary*" shaver.†
"Hand-bills" you got, "advertisements" you met where'er you turn, all
Belauding "Ainsworth's easy shave!" in town and country journal,
And as a genuine barber's block might fascinate the eyes o' men,
He furnished all the window shops with *his* portrait as a specimen,
Till merry folks laugh'd out, at a scale of puffing so extensive,
And some admired his modesty, and some thought it *expensive*.

Where was old Father PROUT? alas! far off beyond Mount CENIS,
Or, on the DANUBE or the RHONE, at ATHENS or at VENICE;
And, while his boy bad counsel took from GRANT, the penny-a-liner,
The *Père*, who might have guided him, was away in ASIA MINOR.
Yet, when he heard last March, of all his latherary frolics,
Of his funny Cruikshank *georgics*, and his Kensal Green *bucolics*,
Much fearing that his former ward would take leave of his senses,
Or do himself some injury—besides the said *expenses*,—
The shrewd old man, from GASCONY, where he was then, one morning
Took up his pen, and privately dispatched to him this warning.

* Mr. Ainsworth kept a bookseller's shop in Bond Street, in the year 1829–30.
† "A publication in *literary* hands is sure to succeed."—AINSWORTH'S *Prospectus*.
"Compare our prices with contemporary prices."—*Ditto*.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

A WHOLESOME Warning.

FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

I.

"BEWARE! beware!" said the Soothsayèr
 To the "noblest of the Romans;"
And well had it been for JULIUS, I ween,
 Had he lent an ear to the summons.
CALPHURNIA sighed, the screech-owl cried,
 The March gale blew a *burrasca*,
Yet, out he went to "meet Parliament,"
 And the dagger of "envious CASCA."

II.

"BEWARE how you land!" wrote old Talleyrand
 To his Elba friend, for, heigh O!
One bleak March day he would fain sail away
 In a hooker from *Porto Ferrajo.*
And, well had it been in the year "*fifteen*,"
 Had he *not* pursued that folly on,
Mad as any "March hare," though told to beware,
 But alas and alack for NAPOLEON!

III.

"BEWARE, beware! of the Black Frière,"
 So singeth a dame of Byron;
Arouse not *him!* 'tis a perilous whim,—
 'Tis "meddling with cold iron."
E'en in crossing the ridge of BLACKFRIARS' bridge,
 When you come to the midmost arch,
While 'tis blowing hard,—be *then* on your guard,
Then carefully look to your hat and peruke,
 And "beware of the IDES OF MARCH!"

IV.

Keep your temper besides, or beware of the IDES,
 And of perils *periodical*,
Keep your fingers aloof from the bellows of "PUFF,"
 And of *self-praise* be less prodigal.
If you wish for a *breeze*, you can have, if you please,
 The bleakest gale of all winter;—
'Tis—(my moral is starch)—when the ides of March
 Bring the blast that will blow from your PRINTER.

Thus wrote the father, in a style half serious and half jocular,
But his allusions to *finance* were found, in sooth, oracular,
No BOARD of TRADE that ever sat, not e'en the Earl of RIPON'S,
So clearly showed a "*deficit*,"—so he "raised his price to *threepence*,"*

* This announcement is made in the following grammatical form by the *literary* editor:—"The projector of this new work attached somewhat too little interest to certain calculations, *that* in mercantile circles are primary points," &c. His helpmate, Mr. *Buller* of Brazennose, breaks Priscian's head with rival skill, *ex. gra.* "The late Dr. W——, residentiary of St. Paul's, was wont to tell of a pet magpie *whom* he possessed."—Page 190.

Whether he thus became (as on Finance I do not lecture,)
Better, or " badly off for soap,"—is a matter of conjecture.

From Eastern climes old PROUT came home. Our Figaro (the Vandal)
Saw not the sacred dust of GREECE adhering to his sandal;
All that the barber's boy could see was that his chin was hairy,
And that a customer had come for his shave-shop latherary.
He sought with many a wheedling hint of former days to coax him,
Visions of "*easy shaving soap*" he conjured up to hoax him;
But PROUT, who had misgivings of the "gentle Sheppard's" razor,
Calmly deferred doffing his beard till BENTLEY came, or FRASER,
For he had read his several tales of severing bone and muscle,
(So had the late COURVOISIER, who killed Lord William RUSSELL.)
Hence, in reply to all he urged,—'twas all that passed between 'em,
The Father, puffing his *chibouk*, said " *Quære peregrinum.*"*

Back to his shop suburban went the barber; but a dark chasm
Yawned in his gloomy soul, created by that gentle sarcasm.
Dissembling well his wrath—the sequel showed he ne'er forgot it,—
He laid his plan to murder PROUT by cutting the "*carotid.*"
But first he swore his gratitude in many a long epistle,
For many a valued service done,—he swore it on the missal.
These letters are on record,† and make out the case exactly,
Nor left a doubt, when they " came out," in the inquest held by WAKLEY.
A smooth cajoling *billet-doux* (his inward feelings swallowing)
He forwarded to the old man after the tenor following:—
" Thrice welcome, honoured Father, from the land of PIPE and TURBAN!
What say you to pot-luck here at my domicile suburban?
Here you will meet one BULLER, fresh from BRAZENNOSE a gownsman,
And, if you list, I'll ask MACLISE, your celebrated townsman."

Old PROUT, who from his childhood with delight had met the latter,
Would with MACLISE take bread and cheese, e'en from a barber's platter.

* Vide Horat. Epist. lib. i. 17. 63; *Anglicè, Look out for a greenhorn!*

† *Ex. gr.* " Seriously, for, after all, it is a serious matter with me, I shall take it as a great kindness if you will write a good notice of *Crichton* in the current number of *Regina*. The season, alas! is so far advanced, that another month may spoil all. * * * A notice such as you alone *can* prepare, will be everything for the book. * * * I have, as you will perceive, adhered to the romantic portion of Crichton's history, carefully eschewing, for obvious reasons, (*ahem!*) the scholastic features of his character,—these features you can readily supply, intermingling them so skilfully with my narrative, that the discriminating reader may not discern where the one begins and the other ends."

" I send you a few more rhymes of *Rookwood*. I cannot say much for the subject, or the ditty itself; but, perhaps it may pass muster when set off by a halo (?) of your choice prose."

"How well you have done it. STERNE's (!) mantle seems to have fallen on your shoulders." — *Lettres édifiantes et curieuses de Mr. Ainsworth au Rev. Père Prout, en l'an* 1836.

So forth he went to AINSWORTH's tent in confidence,* nor thought a man
Could treat his guest in other guise than a single-minded OTTOMAN.
No painter came that day,†—an absence Prout thought of the oddest, he
Met only him of BRAZEN NOSE, and him of brazen modesty;
Yet, nothing loth, he sat with both, draining the tankard's fulness,
Till, lulled to soft oblivion by their joint-stock powers of dulness,
Gladly the "gentle Sheppard" seized the wished-for opportunity
To wreak his plan on the old man, and *burke* him with impunity.
On his own hearth his hospitable carving-knife he whetted,
While BULLER, hight of BRAZENNOSE, both aided and abetted.
To cut my story short, he, with his trencher-man and fugleler,
Remorseless, cut the old man's throat—the *trachea* and the *jugular!*

And now, for plunder nothing loth, like "Messieurs HARE and BURKE's" crew
They searched their victim's pockets, in which, first, they found a corkscrew,—
Then, near his breast, a *breviary*, which, in his hours more solemn, he
Used to recite,—then some cigars, and a medal of KING PTOLEMY.

* This gentleman, who talks so sentimentally of "bread and salt," puts into the mouth of Lady Harriet D'Orsay certain significant lines, which no one believes were ever written by *her*, but which may be read at page 177 of his publication. Has he forgotten that he was fed at the table of Lady Blessington? not, surely, for the sake of companionship? for a duller dog never sat at a convivial board. Her ladyship may add *him* to the list of pleasant hospitable reminiscences, on which *N. P. Willis* is inscribed.

† Quel dì non leggiam più avanti.—DANTE.

"Latest particulars."

Non apprehension of the criminals!

Up to the latest hour of post we've only time to mention
That the two murderers, dull rogues! are hard of apprehension.
Indeed, the whole account itself seems very doubtful, very
For *we* have seen PROUT yesterday—he was ALIVE and merry,
And if to tickle such small fry the old man think his pains worth,
We trust to have another laugh at BRAZENNOSE and AINSWORTH.

WILLIAM BLANCHARD: A SKETCH.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

One of the most entertaining actors I ever knew was the late William Blanchard — "Billy Blanchard," as he was generally called by his intimates. There is something which sounds exceedingly kind and hearty in an abbreviated name. It gives, as it were, an assurance that the party so spoken of, or to, is not an every-day, commonplace person, but "a right good fellow." Assuredly, Blanchard was one of the merriest and kindest of men. "He was a fellow of infinite mirth," abounding in fun and good-humour. He was kind-hearted and generous, an affectionate husband and father, a kind friend, and a most entertaining companion.

As an actor, Blanchard was unrivalled in his particular cast. He had the great talent of giving importance to very trifling characters; and, whilst many of his contemporaries were successful in parts for which the author had done much, both as to dialogue and situation, he made many prominent, and of consequence, even where the author had not ventured to hope for anything beyond what is professionally termed safety of performance. Blanchard retired from the stage in 1835, without a leave-taking, and died very soon after, universally lamented.

Poor Billy! He was a staunch Tory; and a joke which struck at his loyalty was less pardonable, in his opinion, than any other. Occasionally his anger was roused by premeditated jokes being fired at him on the score of his politics, or by doubts being expressed as to his political principles; but the instant he perceived they were merely the waggery of the green-room, he laughed with the best, and generally finished with a "God bless you, my dear boys, you're funny dogs!" A great portion of his conversation was in a sort of parenthesis, which rendered his anecdotes particularly amusing and peculiar. Blanchard entered the theatrical profession very early in life, and acted at Prescot, in Lancashire. The salaries varied from ten to fifteen shillings per week, which, in those days ("the palmy days of the drama,") were far from contemptible; each performer being allowed, also, a benefit; by which, in general, a profit was made to the extent, in a town like Prescot, of three, four, or five pounds; sometimes only as many shillings—for theatrical benefits are not always *benefits*.

It has frequently been said by old actors that the smaller the company the greater the comfort; and, assuredly, the merriest actors have frequently been met with in the small and strolling companies, where a kind of family compact might be said to exist; and, where, being unable "to bring their means up to their wishes," they rested satisfied with "bringing their wishes down to their means." During Blanchard's first visit to Prescot, being the most juvenile male person in appearance in the company, he was "cast" the part of the redoubtable hero, Tom Thumb, there being no young Roscius in the theatre, (barn)—no precocious child of "four years and a half,"—who could "sustain the arduous characters of Sir John Falstaff in the play, and Caleb Quotem in the farce." Blanchard being too tall for the dwarfish giant-killer, acted the part *upon his knees*, his robe being of sufficient magnitude to hide his legs and feet. He told me he made a great

hit in the part, and repeated it for his own benefit, "by particular desire of several persons of distinction."

"It was," said he, "a very painful performance, to me, (the audience, bless 'em! liked it,) my boy, especially during the fight with Lord Grizzle, (I acted the same night Young Norval, also, my boy,) but I was in love with acting then, as every one who comes upon the stage ought to be, and had the manager (Old Bibby, — you 've heard of him, my boy, I dare say,) cast me Ophelia or Little Pickle, I should have done them, (I did play the lover in a pantomime,) for, so long as I acted, I didn't care a button *what* the part was. The Prescot young vagabonds, my boy, (for I was a great favourite there,) used to call after me as I passed through the street,—I mean after my Tom Thumbing it, — 'Hurra! hurra! come and see! here 's t'chap as acted Tom Thum on top of his knees, 'cause he was over big when he was up on his spinnel (spindle) shanks! hurra! hurra! hurra!'"

In the summer of 1820, during the Covent-Garden vacation, he was travelling with *the* Emery, on a Sunday afternoon, from Manchester to Liverpool, having acted at the former place on the previous evening, and being announced to appear at the latter on the following. Billy was in high spirits, and, as he said, inclined for a bit of fun. Emery and himself were the only inside passengers. The coach changed horses at a small village half way between Manchester and Warrington. The day being fine, the country-people were lounging in front of the inn, Lancashire fashion, some drinking, others smoking, some talking, some gaping, some sleeping. The arrival of a coach was a circumstance of great interest, as it afforded an opportunity for remarks upon its horses, its loading, its "insides," and its "outsides." All crowded round the vehicle, some to accost the guard, others the coachman; some, pipe in mouth, to stare in at the windows of the coach; others, "snappers up of unconsider'd trifles," to see that nothing fell *unnoticed* from the roof.

The manufacturing portion of Lancashire is more notorious for the number of its population than for their smartness. I allude to the labouring classes. It appears as though the labours of the past week had so wearied them as to render Sunday ablutions and change of dress a matter of absolute toil, and, therefore, to be avoided altogether. In the agricultural districts, the general appearance of the peasantry is very different, and not more so anywhere than in the north of Lancashire. Whilst the horses were being changed, remarks, rude and civil, were freely made by the lookers-on as to the passengers, inside and out. Blanchard wore a travelling cap of a somewhat *foreign* appearance, which drew forth many coarse jokes and Lancashire witticisms from the byestanders. Billy heeded them not. Emery called for a glass of "home-brew'd;" and, whilst he was drinking it, Blanchard, who was seated opposite to him, popped his head out of the window, and addressed one of the lookers-on in a most unintelligible jargon, and in a foreign accent saying,—

"*Wad a mo no let o me o kenna if o banda bodo ko ko, ko ko, kep a waba bala bo lo Warring to no to o?*"

Out came a volume of smoke from the mouth of the nearest byestander, and in reply to Billy's evident question, a "What?"

"*Cano ko po, po ko canno me lacka pat a po to sal o abro bo bo tel ya Warring to no?*"

"What says thou, thou fool thou? can thou not speak Hinglish, thou, and not such like marpment as that stuff, thou, with thy fool of a houtlandish over-seas cap a-top on thy fool's 'ed!"

Now came honest John Emery's turn. Since the arrival of the coach at this inn, he had taken no notice whatever of Blanchard, but he now popped his head out of the window, and in an honest-sounding northern dialect, said to the Blanchard-questioned and questioner,

"D—n the fellow! never mind him. I know him well enough; he's one of them Hitalien witnesses as is cum'd over here to swear again the Queen before the Parliament House."

"Is he?"——"Yes, he is; I know him well enough."

In an instant the byestanders gathered round their interrogating companion, at a sufficient distance from the coach to prevent their conversation being heard by its occupants. Their looks and actions were directed towards Blanchard, who, as he observed an unpleasant expression in their unwashed faces, and a sort of buttoning up of their outer-garments, indicating a making-up for mischief, became *ra*-ther pale and tremulous. He felt himself to be in a no very enviable position, for the anti-ablutionists, as he called them, were evidently preparing for a movement, and that not in his favour. "I felt," said Billy, "inclined to address them in as good a Lancashire tone of conciliation and apology as I possibly could, (Fawcett, my boy, was a capital apology-maker, he never flinched,) for I began to fear I should soon find "my head here and my body there," my boy; but, d—n it! my mouth became dry, and my tongue stuck to the roof of it. I was sincerely sorry I had not followed Emery's example, and called for a glass of ale (I was never much of an ale-drinker,) instead of jabbering nonsense to such savages. I heartily repented of my mock Italian, and inwardly resolved never again to converse but in my mother-tongue. Well, my dear boy, the savages drew closer together, (I thought of Captain Cook's death,) they turned their Lancashire eyes continually on me (such eyes!), not eyes of affection or kindness, but of fury (capital for the mob in Coriolanus or Julius Cæsar). Well, my boy, I had just made up my mind, in the event of their attempting to drag me out of the coach, for I felt that *was* their delightful intention, to throw myself on the other side of Jack Emery for protection, and I was preparing to do so, when (praise be given) the worthy coachman (bless him!) smacked his whip, and off we started at a slashing pace. (I always hated slow travelling, and loitering on the road.) How the mob, pretty dears, yelled! Had we not started then and there, I should certainly have been compelled by the dear darlings to forfeit my engagement at Liverpool, where my benefit was to take place on the following Friday. (Emery and Jack Johnson were to play for me in 'John Bull' and 'The Review.')

"By the time we started from the savage creatures I was in the coldest perspiration I ever experienced in my life, although it was the height of an exceedingly hot summer.

"As soon as I recovered myself a little, (for, I confess, my dear boy, I was agitated,) and we were out of sight of the unwashed Lancastrians, I spoke to Master Jack Emery, who was grinning in the opposite corner like a hyena.

"'Master Jack,' said I, 'it's all very well for you to sit there, my boy, stretching out your Yorkshire or Durham legs, whichever they

may be, as if you had paid for the whole inside of the coach, and enjoying yourself at my expense (I don't mean to say I paid for your glass of ale); but I must say it was anything but friendly of you, considering the number of years we have been acquainted, (I came to town in eighteen hundred, and you in ninety-seven,) for you to place me in a situation where, but for that worthy coachman's driving off as he did, (he shall have an order any night he likes,) I should have been torn to pieces by an infuriated Lancashire mob, (did you ever see such a gang?) who would have paid no attention to my being one of his Majesty's servants, and a member of T. R. C. G. I should like to know what you could possibly have said when brought up to give evidence before the Coroner. (You would have been *subpœna'd* to a certainty: serve you right, even if it had been on your benefit-night.) I don't wish to hurt your feelings; but d—n me if I don't believe the jury must have returned a verdict of 'Manslaughter' against you; and, conscientiously, I could not have blamed them. *I* should have done so certainly, had I been one of the number. I 'll never travel this road again with you, Master Jack Emery. 'I am afraid to think on what I 've done — look on 't again I dare not.' You can talk enough about 'brotherly love,' in Sam Sharpset; but allow me to say, that in real life you know nothing at all about it, Master Jack."

To poor Blanchard's torrent of wrath Emery merely replied, "Serve you quite right, Billy, my lad. If, instead of jabbering such stuff, and making a Tom-noddy of yourself to such a set of idle, ignorant fellows, you had, like a prudent chap, called for a glass of ale, or had been reading over your part for to-morrow night, which you did not know too much of the last time you played it, I should not have had a chance of having a joke at your expense; but, as it was, I 've got one against you that will run the whole of next season in town, and even then it will answer your purpose to have it dramatised for your benefit. You can call it, 'Billy in a pucker; or, Inside nearly turned out.' I 'll play the leader of the mob for you, and you can do your own part to the life. You can throw some capital feeling into it, and will act it, my lad, as you do everything, most naturally. I 'll give you a sketch of your face for the occasion:—''tis in my mind's eye, Horatio,' taken from life. You can have it at the head of the bills, or on the back of your tickets. If that do not draw you a bumper, I know not what will."

"Jack, my dear boy, give us your hand. We are all safe, and I forgive you. (How well our coachman drives!) But I never in my life saw such a set of savage-looking fellows. You never looked half as bad in Caliban or Barnardine, Jack, and that 's saying much; and you always make your face up capitally, my boy. When we change horses again, I shall make a point of being fast asleep."

Blanchard's loyalty and toryism were severely tested during his visit to America in 1834; and although, as he said, he experienced very great kindness, attention, and hospitality, the people were not sufficiently John Bull*ish* for him. He was greatly annoyed at their continual restlessness, especially at the dinner-table; for he was exceedingly partial to a cool bottle after the cloth was drawn, and could not bear their custom of leaving the table so immediately after dining.

"There was," said he, "always, and everywhere, an abundance of everything and of every sort, my boy,—no grudging in any way,

I must say. They generally place so many dishes on the table as to prevent your seeing the cloth; and I really believe the more you eat, the better they like you — (I met with a great many jolly, kind people, my boy, hearty as hearty could be)—but, confound it, there was no sitting still. Hey presto! away vanished the dinner, pantomime fashion, and the diners into the bargain. (Very like Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth's supper party; for they did not stand upon the order of their going, but did 'go at once.') They told me it was the custom of the country, (at the public tables at least.) I told them it was a d—d bad custom, striking at the root of all good fellowship and comfort; and if I had them in London I would soon cure them, ay, and take deuced good care they should regret the arrival of our respectable breaking-up time, my boy. There was a deuced good fellow, my boy, (I candidly confess I met with a pretty considerable number of such,) to whom I was introduced: his name was—was—dear, dear, dear—I can't hit upon his name just now. No matter; he was a Colonel Somebody—(they have a tremendous lot of Colonels there, my boy). Well, I dined with him one day at a large hotel—(their hotels are very splendid)—he gave me a capital dinner—the fish was excellent—(I was always partial to a bit of fish). The only fault was there being too much of everything, except an inclination to sit. (Their oysters are very fine, and so are their New Town pippins: I never eat apples myself.) Well, my boy, I had made up my mind to a snug sit, chat, and a bottle of port, after dinner—(their port is not the best wine there, and very dear)—but no; away went the cloth, and almost with it my friend the Colonel—(plague take it! what was his name?)—in a deuced hurry, with the last morsel in his mouth, to look after, as he said, a particular piece of business. I wonder they don't all toddle out of the world in a month from indigestion. But, perhaps, the juleps they drink have a counteracting effect,—(their juleps, my boy, are beautiful, and deliciously seductive, I must confess,)—and increase the gastric juices.

"Then, again, my dear boy, they would be boring me with the wonders of their 'awful fine' city of New York,—(I must say it is fine, as far as it goes,)—and be everlastingly asking if I did not think it magnificently grand,—(I was born, my boy, in York—Old York, as I call it,)—which I allow it is to a certain extent, and considering the comparative short time of its existence. But to dare to compare it with London,—our blessed old London,—is about as reasonable as to compare Billy Shakspeare with that Mr. Somebody, who wrote that precious bad farce in which I had a miserable part—(it was d—d the first night).

"You must bear in mind, my boy, that they are most active, enterprising people. 'Go a-head' is the cry; and they do go-ahead. It has ever been a wonder to me how they have done so much in so short a time, in every way, too. (I thought it wonderful the rebuilding Covent Garden in a few months, after it was burnt in 1808; but *they* would have done it, I really believe, pretty considerably quicker.)

"I was lounging one day in the front of the theatre, looking attentively, and I must say admiringly, at some of the fine buildings,—(very fine many of them are, my boy,)—when a young fellow came up to me,—(somebody, I suppose, I had been introduced to by somebody—my friend the Colonel, perhaps).

"'Well,' said he, 'I guess you never saw a finer city than this New York of ours, Blanchard, eh?'

"'Didn't I?' said I.——'Why, *did* you ever?' said he.

"'Once or twice, I should think I have, my boy,' said I.

"'Where?'

"'WHERE!' said I. 'Why, where the devil do you think I should see such?'

"'Why, you don't mean Philadelp*hi*, do you?'

"'Oh! bother to Philadelp*hi*,' said I.

"'Well, I calculate you mean your London, perhaps; for I know you English are mighty prejudiced.'——'I do,' said I.

"'Well, you are all of you awful fond of London; but is it as fine as New York?'——'What do you mean by as fine?'

"'Well, I mean is it as big as New York, for one thing?'

"'NEW YORK!' said I; 'my dear boy, New York is fine, very fine, I allow; but recollect it is NEW York. But if you were to take a piece the size of it out of the map of London, *it would never be missed*—that's what London is, my boy.'

"'Well, you *are* a strange fellow,' he said, and off he walked—(praise be given!)"

Blanchard was exceedingly polite and attentive to females. Billy did not approve of the New York custom of not walking with a lady arm-in-arm, as in England.

"It is being ridiculously fastidious," said he. "I could not endure it at all—it's barbarous. And then, my boy, the general formality and reserve of the females is anything but pleasing to an Englishman like myself. It is the duty of man to be attentive to the dear creatures, bless 'em! and not being permitted to be so, put me out of all patience, and well it might. I'll give you an idea, my dear boy, as to how attentions to the sex are received and estimated there, (I mean in America). One evening I was going down the Broadway, (precious broad it is,) between eight and nine, (it's the longest street they have,—a tremendous length,—three miles, I believe,)—the moon was shining very brightly,—(they have exceedingly fine moons there, I must allow, but how they came by 'em I can't guess,)—the frost was very severe,—(no joke their frosts, my boy,)—and the streets were very slippery. (By-the-bye, there had been a heavy fall of snow.) Well, I saw a splendid figure of a female walking before me,—(I forget where I was going—no matter—I remember I had acted Job Thornberry the night before,)—when suddenly down she fell; but, as Alice, in the Castle Spectre, says, 'she fell with all possible decency, and took care to hide her legs,' at least as far as I could see, my boy. Well, I hurried to her assistance,—(I was all but down myself.) She was very good-looking,—(many of the women are very good-looking there, I must say, up to a certain age, my boy; but they don't wear as well as ours, though I dare say they last as long,)—and on my expressing my hope that she was not injured by her fall, she turned round and said to me, (just as I was supporting her with my arms round her waist,) in a precious grum tone of voice,—(you remember Mrs. Davenport in Mother Brulgruddery?—well, my boy, that was it,)—

"'*Clear out!*'—'Clear out!' said I.

"'Yes, *clear out*,' said she.—'D—n it,' said I, 'you are all alike, men, women, and children; and *you've* no KING, poor wretches!'"

THE LIFE AND SONGS OF ANACREON.

EDITED BY BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

PART THE FIRST.

What I here presume to introduce has been looked upon in all ages as a little assembly of the Loves, the Smiles, and the Graces.—ADDISON's *Dedication of Anacreon to the Prince of Wales.*

ΒΡΑΛΛΑΓΕΝΗΣ *Λυρικων τον Πινδαρον ὕστατον ειπε,*
Ουνεκεν αρχομενος λεξεν ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ʽΥΔΩΡ.

Barney Brallaghan swears that the greatest of asses
Was Pindar for saying that water was sweeter
Than the juice of the grape, which beams bright in our glasses.—
"'Tis a lie," says the Piper,—"a lie, by St. Peter!"

Puer, pete ocyus vinum; quid horas bonas perdimus?
COWLEY—*Naufragium Joculare.*

All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or sparrows,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound.
COWLEY OF ANACREON.

Hephastos bild' aus Silber
Mir in getrieb'ner Arbeit—
Nicht eine Waffenrustung;
—Was gehen Schlachten Mich an?
German Anacreon.

So, God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you *a joyful May.*
HONE's *Everyday Book.*

IN the

"merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower do hum,"

what topic so germane to the season as the Bard who, of all others, delighted in its sweets, whose whole life was an epitome of the month, and who, with a kindred and congenial spirit, might well have sung,

"Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reigned,—but that was MAY."

The Greek writers generally are an enchanting study. They polish the understanding,—they improve the mind,—they beautify the heart. On them Nature seems to have lavished in golden profusion all her brightest and richest treasures of genius, and to have accorded to them pre-eminence above every competitor, not merely in one branch of the fine arts, but in all. Their names are intertwined with the grandest records of the triumphs of literature; their works have been the models after which the prose and poetry of almost all nations have been fashioned; and though Italy and England have produced many illustrious spirits who have right nobly followed in their footsteps, it must still be admitted that, with the exception of the divine Shakspeare, no man of modern days has approached the men of Hellas. Alone and apart they shine,

"Stars to be look'd at, not to be reach'd."

To what we should attribute this superiority of the Grecian sires of song over their successors, would be an inquiry too serious for my present purpose. It is one which has engaged the attention of the small critics of every age and country; and, numerous as have been the goodly folios written professedly to elucidate the point, little has appeared to clear up the mystery. All that I have ever read on the subject amounts just to this, that the superiority of the ancients over ourselves consists in their simplicity, and that their simplicity results from their having had the good fortune to be born some thousand years since. Such is the solution afforded by learned commentators. A more contemptible one it would be difficult to discover. Why Providence should have bestowed so large a share of simplicity on the first ages of the world, and so small an instalment on the latter, these philosophers do not very clearly show; nor would it indeed be easy satisfactorily to account for it, unless we were prepared to admit that Providence had so liberally furnished our forefathers with the commodity, as to have only a paltry remnant left for their grandchildren.

But, the truth is, that it was not simplicity of style, but grandeur of genius, which made the old writers what they were. It would be impossible to find in the whole range of composition any works at all approaching the sublimity of the Book of Job, or the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer: and yet if one were to look for simplicity in these divine standards of poetry, the search would be interminable. The famous line of Genesis which Longinus quotes with so much rapture, "Let there be light,—and there was light," derives its value not from its simplicity, but from its innate greatness. It is not the form of the expression, but the thought embodied, to which we pay homage. There is not a more simple sentence in the world than "Give me a pot of beer,"—yet I am sure that not even Wordsworth himself would assert that it contained either magnificence or majesty. Why, then, will critics persist in maintaining that simplicity makes the ancients our masters? If, indeed, they will admit that simplicity is synonymous with greatness, I shall not quarrel with them; but why do they not, if this be their interpretation of the word, at once confess that the ancients exceed us, not because they were more simple, but because they were really greater?

Not only was the genius of the early Greek writers cast in a nobler mould than ours, but the manner in which they passed their lives was more calculated to nourish the germs of brightness within, than the cold everyday mode of existence which later ages adopted. The enjoyments of the Grecian life almost realized on earth the fabled glories of their Elysium. Upon their most ordinary pleasures poesy shed a charm. Of metaphysics they knew little; but they were connoisseurs in rosy wines and sunny glances. They cared little for polemics, but had a great veneration for music, painting, and sculpture. Everything conspired to polish and adorn their minds. The softness of the climate, — the brilliant azure of their skies,—the stars of beauty that shone down upon them and mingled in their dreams,—the picturesque scenery of valley and mountain and dark blue seas that lay around them,—their olive groves and silver fountains,—their marble temples embosomed amid trees and flowers, — their Parian statues of god and demigod, of Venus, or the Graces, interspersed through their streets and gardens, — the roses which bloomed in rich redundancy in every quarter, and the maidens who wandered like nymphs among them, —

every tree the shrine of a Dryad, every stream the fairy haunt of some lovely Naiad; their language itself like spoken music; their games Olympic and Nemean; their religious processions, in the decoration of which all that was rich and rare in art was tastefully lavished,—all combined to render Greece the favoured home of Apollo and the Muses, and to make the Greeks themselves perfect in whatever art or science they attempted. Love, which humanizes the fiercest, and adds refinement to the most refined, presided over every heart, and was the theme not only of the warm Sappho's, but even the grave Plato's of the time; the passion was not, as in our own northern climates, looked on as a relaxation from pursuits of a severer nature, but as the legitimate occupation of their entire existence: and the Epicurean invitation of the poet Alcæus to one of his companions, may be fairly regarded as a summary of Hellenian life from puberty to old age.

Συν μοι πινε, συνηβα, συνερα, συστεφανηφορει
Συν μοι μαινομενω μαινει, συν σωφρονι σωφρονει.

With me, my friend, drink wine, and pass your youth, and kiss damsels of beauty, while we cull roses in the gardens: with me, be joyous when I am gay, and grave when I am thoughtful.

Even the austere Solon did not blush to record his coincidence with the general feeling in the following verse:—

Εργα δε Κυπρογενους νυν μοι φιλα και Διονυσου
Και Μουσεων ἁ τιθης' ανδρασιν ευφροσυνας.

Nor did the moral Plato scruple to declare that "The Gods, in pity to mankind, born to grief, gave them the Muses, and Apollo, and Bacchus, to be companions at their banquets."

Socrates himself did not abstain from the pleasures of the table, or refuse to mingle in conversation merry and unzoned, and the radiant charms of that celebrated courtezan of old may have drawn him to her company as powerfully as her learning, her graces, or her wit. No fanatic howlings were then heard to issue from cell or cloister,—the enjoyment of God's sunshine was not denounced as inconsistent with morality, or religion, —and the priests, instead of inflicting heaven-winning lashes upon their holy backs, were as gay and jocund as their lay neighbours. The brightness and sweetness of the land and sky were reflected in the Grecian heart. Life was deemed worthless if untinged by the light of poesy and love.

What is sweeter than to stray
  In the charming month of May,
O'er the meadow flower-glowing,
  When the winds are softly blowing?

What is sweeter than to be
  Stretch'd beneath this towering tree,
In my arms fondly wreathing
  My dear mistress, Venus-breathing?*

Such are the notions of Anacreon: but they are symbolical of ancient times. The poet wrote them not as the mere wishes of his own heart, but as echoing the sentiments of the age in which he lived. It was in these times only that life passed off like a romance. The only

* Τί κάλλιον ἐστι βαδίζειν; κ.τ.λ.

era that modern days have seen resembling the past, was that of the Troubadours, when grove, and vale, and castellated hall resounded with the harp and lute, and ladies' hearts were won as easily by song as by chivalry or gold.

> Sic vixere patres, rexit quos aurea virgo,
> Et sua falciferi sceptra beata senis.
> Errabant mixti nudis per rura puellis,
> Et suus hærebat cuique perennis amans.
> Longos alloquiis soliti producere soles,
> Mille et blanditias, mille ciere jocos;
> Gaudia ducebant nullo intercepta pavore
> Gaudia quæ Cyprio tota liquore madent.
> Bonefonius, Bas. vi.

Who can feel surprised that under the auspices of such ambrosial moments, they were the authors of works which we must vainly hope to see rivalled in our frigid, unimpassioned age?—Who? And a spirit sitting at my left answereth, and saith, "Lo! not even the great goose, Dionysius Lardnerus, cum mille aliis titulis, himself."

The predominant feeling being, as I have thus shown, altogether in favour of enjoying life while it was possible to enjoy it, we cannot wonder that the writings of the most celebrated Achaian poets should have been consecrated to the bewitching subject; and, accordingly, we find that the great majority of the most distinguished men of the past days of Greece did not think it unworthy of their reputation to compose treatises and poems recommending the enjoyment of the present as the only solid philosophy of man. These works have perished: but their tendency it is impossible to mistake, from the fragments of them preserved in that most amusing of all books, the Deipnosophists of Athenæus. One only has survived—Anacreon, whose poems, although imperfect, do, nevertheless, present to us the most alluring picture of Achaian life and manners that we possess, and than whom no other ancient author was better qualified to write upon the subjects to which he devoted his graceful pen—love, beauty, and wine.

> With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
> Anacreon blithe the sprightly lyre essay'd;
> In light fantastic measures beat the ground,
> Or dealt the mirth-inspiring wine around.
> No care, no thought the tuneful Teian knew,
> But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

It would be difficult to point out any of the Greek poets, with the exception of Homer, who has received higher praise from all quarters than the gay author who forms the subject of this brief memoir. By the more ancient Grecian writers,—and by Plato especially—he was so highly regarded as to be designated *the wise Anacreon;* and although the learned Mr. Peter Bayle takes it upon him to declare that nothing more is meant by it than that our poet was a "knowing man," —"a man of the world,"—still the estimation in which he was held by princes and philosophers, (an honour not usually accorded to mere "knowing men,") shows that he occupied no inconsiderable position, and the laughing maxims which he preached were, without doubt, deemed as sensible as those of anchorites.

Athenæus, albeit by no means favourably inclined towards him,

cannot refuse to bestow on him those titles of compliment which his genius deserved, and scarcely ever mentions his name without some eulogistic addition.* Maximus Tyrius relates that such was the Orphean sweetness of his muse, that even the stern spirit of Polycrates became mild and gentle under his influence; and the honey-tongued Ælian, as his contemporaries called him, was so devoted an admirer of his songs, that he stoutly declares no man shall call his favourite a tippler. *Μη γαρ τις ῾ημιν διαβαλλετω προς Θεων τον Ποιητην τον Τήιον μη δ' ακολαστον ειναι λεγεται*, — a sentence which conveys a plain intimation, that had any gentleman dared to vilify the bard, he must be prepared to be run through the body by "Honey-Tongue" within an hour. Nor has this admiration been confined to his own countrymen. Among the Romans he was scarcely less popular. Horace always speaks of him with the warmth which we expect from a congenial spirit, and has imitated him in several places. Catullus and Ovid were equally his admirers; and the latter unhesitatingly says that the perusal of Anacreon's works had so great an effect on his manners, that they captivated his mistress in a moment.

> Me certe Sappho meliorem fecit amicæ;
> Nec rigidos mores Teïa musa dedit.
>
> *Remed. Amor.* 739.

At entertainments, his songs were commonly sung to the music of lutes; and Aulus Gellius has not thought it unworthy record, that he himself was present at a banquet where the 17th Ode was chanted with great applause.

Amongst moderns, our poet's celebrity has lost none of its splendour. Moreri thus portrays the admiration in which he was held by a distinguished critic: — "Jules Scaliger étoit si frappé de la beauté du génie et du style d'Anacréon, qu'il trouvoit les vers de ce poëte infiniment plus doux que le meilleur sucre des Indes; et si l'on en croit Vossius, il passoit parmi les Grecs pour un des principaux maîtres en l'art de plaire." Another French author, whose name I forget, calls the poet the Nestor of Gallantry, and Patriarch of Love.

> Je vois sortir l'ombre volage
> D'Anacreon ce tendre sage:
> Le Nestor du gallant rivage,
> Le Patriarche des Amours.

And Madame Dacier declares that it was to make the *ladies* acquainted with the most gallant poet of antiquity that she translated his songs into French.

Several other distinguished critics have lavished their praises on this delightful lyrist. Thus by Ciofanius, he is called "Festivissimus Poetarum Anacreon;" by Drackenburgh, "Elegantissimus Poeta;" by Brunck, "Dulcissimus Anacreon;" by Salmasius, "Lepidissimus Anacreon;" by Hemsterhuis, "Mellitissimus Anacreon;" and by Brallaghan, "The most exquisite Anacreon." From which premises I think we may fairly infer, that he who says nay to the transcendent

* Lib. xi. cap. 3, p. 463, A, he calls him 'Ο μελιχρος ποιητης,—the delightful poet; and again, lib. xv. cap. 3, p. 671, E. Lib. xiv. cap. 8, p. 634, C, 'Ο ἡδιστος,—the sweetest. Lib. xv. cap. 4, p. 674, C, 'Ο καλος,—the beautiful; and in another place 'Ο χαριεις,—the graceful.

claims of Anacreon, may write himself down an ass with as much justice as the famous Constable Dogberry.

An accusation has, however, been brought against him, and that, too, by one of the most influential critics of the present day, that "*he often trespasses against delicacy.*" Never was a more unfounded charge made. It is scarcely possible to find a song-writer, either ancient or modern, more chaste in thought, or more refined and delicate in expression, than Anacreon. In the whole compass of his poetry, which, including fragments, extends to nearly fourteen hundred verses, there are only two lines at which the most fastidious could cavil. The only themes upon which Anacreon employed his muse were wine and love: these, indeed, may be regarded as the groundwork of all song-writing, — for if religion be inculcated in the form of melody, the compositions cannot properly be called songs—but psalms: if war, they must be denominated odes: if philosophy, twaddle. Now, I think it would sorely puzzle any one to find out a song-writer, living or dead, whose melodies are equally modest with those of Anacreon. Burns he certainly will not select,—nor Dryden, nor Suckling, nor Ramsay, nor Etherege, nor Sedley, nor Rochester, nor Lovelace, nor, in fact, any one song-writer either in English or broad Scotch, who is so free from the fault of looseness. If the songs of Anacreon have done injury to the cause of virtue, it is not *he* who must be blamed, but his translators. There is now lying before me a beautiful fragment of the bard, containing an allegory, so graceful, so sportive, and, withal, so modest, that it is difficult to conceive how any but the most depraved fancy could torture it into licentiousness. I insert a poetical and prose translation: the first, to wed it to decent verse; the second, to show that it is free from fault.

Πωλε Θρηκιη τι δη με. κ. τ. λ.

Thracian filly, in thine eye,
Slily glancing, I descry
Love-thoughts, though thou roam'st from me
O'er the meadows skittishly.

Think'st thou not I know the art
To win upon thy maiden heart?
Many a nymph, as I can prove,
Has learn'd from me the way to love.

Over flowery lawn and mead,
Freely thou dost frisk and feed,
But ere long shall Cupid's rein
Thy wild, thoughtless soul enchain.

"Thracian filly! why, glancing at me obliquely, dost thou cruelly avoid me, and fancy me utterly ignorant?

"Know that I can skilfully throw the bridle round thee, — that I can turn thee in the course with the reins.

"Thou art now feeding through the meadows, and friskest lightly along, for thou hast not a skilful rider to control thee."

Can any allegory be less objectionable? The poet, seeing a young romping beauty, tells her that she is like a pretty filly *which has never yet been harnessed to a chariot:* which has never yet had a master. None but a very licentious mind could extract profligacy from this. And yet, the translations of this song by Dr. Broome and another eminent writer are so gross and lascivious that no chaste reader can endure to read them a second time. This, too, is the author whom Dacier translated

for the ladies, and Julien de Clairfons offered to a Princess as the most acceptable of presents. Pass we by for the present this question, and let us come to the life of Anacreon, a subject which I have too long delayed; and which, appears to me — like the Cupid whom the poet himself describes,—enveloped in flowers:

Τον Ερωτα γαρ τον αβρον. κ. τ. λ.
Graceful Cupid, flower-dress'd,
Is the hero of my strains;
Over every earthly breast,
Over gods themselves he reigns.

Born in the second year of the 55th Olympiad, one of the most brilliant eras in Hellenian history, — the polished elegance of the period was well adapted to develop the powers of a mind constituted like his. Of his parents little is known: even their names have been the subject of controversy; and the tradition that he was descended of a royal family, seems to have originated in the vivid enthusiasm of his eulogists, rather than in sober truth. Even in his name, says Barnes, was contained a prediction of his future greatness: compounded of ανα, and, κρεω, to command, it indicated the lofty pre-eminence which he was destined to attain over all other minstrels, — a pre-eminence, it must be noted, which none of his numerous imitators, have ventured to dispute, but which every successive century has universally acknowledged to be deserved. The various excellences of genius have been sometimes fancifully portrayed by admiring allegorists, and metaphors have been found more expressive of leading attributes than folios of laborious criticism. "Moore," says Mr. Rogers, "was born with a rose-bud in his mouth, and a nightingale singing in his ear;" bees are said to have settled on the honied lips of Plato* and St. Ambrose in their cradles; and Pliny tells us "*In ore Stesichori infantis luscinia cecinit.*"† Whether similar phenomena attended the birth of Anacreon history hath not recorded, nor has any anecdote of the morning of his life been preserved, to gratify the eager curiosity of his votaries. But those who have read the love-songs of our poet, will maintain, that from his infant years he was the favourite of Eros, — the companion of the Nymphs,—the playmate of the Graces; that Lyæus taught him, at an early age, to distinguish roses from the vine; and that Venus fed him with her kisses.

The Nymphs, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Dryads of the woods and bowers,
The Graces, with their loosen'd zones,
The Muses, with their harps and crowns,
Young Zephyrs of the softest wing,
The Loves, that wait upon the Spring;
Wit, with his gay associate, Mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth.—Cawthorne.

* Sedere apes in ore infantis: tunc etiam suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes.—Pliny, lib. xi. cap. 17.

† Lib. x. cap. 29.—The witty Menage, who never lost the opportunity of cracking a jest, ridicules Tom-humbug legends of this kind in his satirical work, entitled "*Vita Gargilii Mamurræ Parasitopædagi.*" Of the mother of that notorious beef-eater, he says, "Prægnans hæc cum somniasset se puerum enixam similem Cancro qui dentibus reptaret, *cujus totum corpus venter esset;* Asellis et Præsepi in constellatione Cancri dominantibus in culina ad lævam manum sequenti die partu levata est; *continuoque sedere muscæ in ore infantis.*"

An invasion of his native country (Teos), compelled Anacreon, in his eighteenth year, to retire to Thrace, and here it was that he composed his earliest ballad, in which the *grata protervitas* — the winning wantonness—of a Thracian damsel, was celebrated with a sweetness, a delicacy and unadorned beauty, which soon spread the light of his name, not only through Greece, but broad Asia itself, and introduced him to the favourable notice of Polycrates, the sumptuous tyrant of Samos, to whose court he was shortly afterwards invited. The palace of Polycrates was the shrine of every elegance and luxury of which that polished age could boast. The monarch was voluptuous: his courtiers followed the example of their sovereign, and the joyous motto of the Phœacians was the pole-star by which King and company governed their lives.

> Αει δ'ἡμιν δαϊς τε φιλη, κιθαρις τε, κοροι τε
> Ειματα, τ'εξημοιβα, λοετρα τε, θερμα και ευναι.
>
> *Odyssey*, lib. viii. v. 248-9.
>
> To dress, to dance, to sing, their sole delight,
> The feast or bath by day, or love by night.—Pope.

Under such auspices, it is not difficult to fancy the ambrosial existence of Anacreon, who, alternately the worshiper of Venus and of Bacchus, displayed all the graces of his art and fancy in those effusions of his muse, so congenial to the temperament of the Samian court, and which were originally intended to supersede the sour philosophy of the sages who had preceded him, and to re-establish the golden reign of smiles, and love, and music, — of purple garlands, and of brimming bowls.

> Jest, and youthful jollity,
> Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to lie in dimple sleek;
> Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.—*L'Allegro*.

Of the adventures of Anacreon during his protracted residence at the palace, few have been preserved. A life of luxury is devoid of incident. We know, indeed, that he refused a present of five talents of gold sent to him by his royal patron, and that he accompanied his refusal by a saying characteristic of the man, and of those sunny sentiments so well depicted in his poems,— *viz.* "*that money was not worth the trouble of watching it!*" We also know that he was not equally scrupulous with regard to the other possessions of Polycrates, particularly a fair and soft-eyed favourite, whose charms he sang with so passionate a warmth as to excite the jealousy of the King, and provoke him to an act at which the sober dignity of history smiles. But few other memorials of his life remain. We must suppose that it glided on in a golden stream of pleasure, — that no cares disturbed its even tenor, and that—

> Συν γελωτι, συν δ'ερωτι γηρας ολβον
> Αντεχων.
>
> "*His gay old age, with mirth and Cupids bless'd*"—

he passed his easy hours with his muse and his mistresses, as happy as the days are long. Many a golden sunset did he pass sauntering with his lady fair amid the rich olive groves of shining Greece; many an

amorous ditty did he sing when the night came forth broidered with stars, and the murmuring waterfall, or the music of his lute, were the only sounds that filled the perfumed air; many a time and oft gazed he in the blue heaven of his mistress's eyes, and found in them a more delicious spell than in the dazzling sky above his head; and often, doubtless, did he steal to the moonlit valley to contemplate, unobserved, a scene of nymphal beauty, such as Chæremon thus bewitchingly describes:—

Εκειτο γαρ ἡ μεν λευκον εις σεληνοφως. κ. τ. λ.

"Here lay a nymph whose robe, gracefully loose,
Show'd to the silver moon her rosy paps:
Near her a sister Grace, warm from the dance,
With zone unbrac'd, and heaving breast reveal'd,
Lay, like a breathing statue—half disclosing
Her lovely limbs, whose star-like purity
Shone brightly midst the orange trees around.
Here leant a third, white-arm'd, with fingers fair,
And soft as moonlight's self. Another show'd
Her neck and breast of snow; while there, amid
The disarrangements of a dress, peep'd forth
The roundest, prettiest knee, whose laughing owner
Lay, quite unconscious of the Elysian joy,
The wild delight with which apart I stood
And gaz'd, and drank in Cupid as I gaz'd.
And then they romp'd—by Venus! sweetest sight—
And pluck'd the violet, blue as their own eyes,
And crocus flowers, whose golden hues of light,
Lent to their robes a sunny brilliancy."*

Such, doubtless, was his manner of existence. Many of his works have perished; but that his poems, composed at this genial period, were numerous, we have good authority for believing. Horace tells us that he wrote in celebration of Ulysses,—his coldness to the ensnaring Circè,—his fidelity to the lone Penelopè.

The gentle Pen, with look demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure;
Though Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.

Dodsley's *Mis.* ii. 236.

A scholiast named Nicander has quoted a fragment from another of his works, entitled "Ὑπνος," or Sleep. Lucian and Strabo concur in asserting that he composed a panegyric on his princely patron, Polycrates, and denounced in no measured terms of reproach the betrayer of that monarch. Socrates, also, is made to declare to Plato, that he was the author of some very elegant encomiums on the Pisistratidæ, which have likewise been destroyed. Had the loss of these works,—

The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind—

been occasioned by barbarian warfare, or the slow-consuming course of time, they would not be so much regretted as they are, now we are informed that the work of demolition was the pre-concerted plan of the Greek monks, under the imperial dynasty at Byzantium. This strange and disgraceful anecdote in the history of literature, has been

* This charming landscape of poetry has never been translated before. How often I have wished that Maclise would make it a subject for his splendid pencil!

consigned to posterity by the illustrious Leo the Tenth, the glory of the popedom, and not the only splendid ornament of the regal line of Medici. "When I was a boy," writes Leo,* "I heard from that acute Greek scholar, Demetrius Chalcondylas, that so great was the authority of the Grecian priests under the Byzantian Cæsars, that they were enabled to commit to the flames many complete poems of the elder Grecians, and those, in particular, which treated of love. Thus it was that the exquisite stories of Menander, Apollodorus, Philemon and Alexis, and the poems of Sappho, Erinna, ANACREON, and Alcæus, were irrecoverably lost. It cannot be doubted that these priests acted with remarkable baseness, although, perhaps, their motives were pious." Such is the complaint of Leo! Posterity has confirmed the judgment which he pronounced upon those Vandals of the church.

> Sæpius olim
> Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta.—Lucr. lib. i.

Some have been found to whisper, that the refined and polished Nazianzen himself, had some hand in the destruction of these reliques of Achaïan glory: that, having composed in their style, he was jealous of the superior splendour of his models, and that envy had as much to do with his hostility to their preservation as religion.

I have before alluded to the paucity of incidents in Anacreon's life. It was but little diversified with startling adventures or profound discoveries in algebra.

> Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum
> Cantavit brevibus Teïa Musa modis?—El. vi. v. 21-2.

says Milton, *evidently* never having read the like query of Ovid:—

> Quid nisi cum multo Venerem confundere vino
> Precepit Lyrici Teïa Musa senis?—Trist ii. 363.

Either distich furnishes a complete epitome of his career. The course of a roué, or bookman, is seldom tesselated with incidents, and Anacreon, who was as much, perhaps, of the first as the second, had too much time employed in his erotic and poetical amusements to devote any important portion of it to grave studies. Yet it has been hinted that his diplomatic abilities were not contemptible, and that he was consulted on weighty affairs of state. Gems were engraved to commemorate his melodies; medals were struck with his profile: statues were carved in his honour, and affixed in the temples of the gods. These things show that he was a person of consequence in his time. His fame became almost universal, and the celebrity of his genius, had so great an effect on the Lesbian Sappho, that she became passionately enamoured of our poet, and, as common report says, was enrolled among his lady-loves.

Upon this anecdote all the commentators on Anacreon have luxuriated with an enthusiasm rarely felt in the critical trade. The tradition has lighted up the musty lucubrations of schoolmen, with a brilliancy of eloquence seldom to be discovered in the dark midnight of their tomes. Sceptical critics, it is true, there have been, such as Mr. Dictionary Bayle, and Mr. Moore, who deny the possibility of acquaintance, love-letters, assignations, and so on, between the poetess and

* This letter may be found in Colomesius. Κειμηλ. Cap. xv.

poet; who characterise all speculations on the subject, as Cicero did the dreamy fancies of the visionaries of his own time,—"*Somnia non docentis, sed optantis.*" * But Barnes has completely demolished all the strongholds of infidelity on this subject.

Hermesianax Colophonius is the oldest author who has taken notice of the amour. In his verses on the mistresses of poets, (a long and charming extract from which will be found in that parterre of brilliant blossoms of poesy—the 13th book of Athenæus,) he states that Sappho was singled out from the other Lesbian damsels by the impassioned bard; and Chamæleon, the writer of an essay on the fair lady, declares that an actual *poetic* correspondence was carried on between the Teian minstrel and the songstress of love. The following flower-like fragment of Anacreon's amorous dreamings, with the answer of his Muse-loved mistress, both cited by Chamæleon, seem to corroborate his assertion:—

Φερ' αιρε με πορφυρεη. κ. τ. λ.

Idalian Boy, whose tresses gleam
Like gold, or sunlight o'er a stream,
Hither, hither bend thy flight,
Veil'd in clouds of purple light,
And waft me on those wings that shine
Like evening rainbows all divine,
Love—my soul is all thine own,—
Thee it worships—thee alone.
And yet—and yet the Lesbian fair
Derides me for my sunny hair;
Only youth can her enthral
Whose beauteous charms conquer all.

FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO'S ANSWER.

Κεινον ω χρυσοθρονε. κ. τ. λ.

O Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, goddess, from thy throne of gold
The sweetest hymn thou 'st ever told
He lately learn'd and sung for me.—Moore.

"That these are not the composition of Sappho," says Athenæus, with somewhat of Johnsonian dogmatism, "no one will deny. I rather look on them as the production of Hermesianax himself, who has not scrupled thus to perpetrate a gentle joke on the subject of Anacreon's love." But the mere dictum of Athenæus on a point of style, however strong may be his claims to elegance of taste and judgment, will go for little in this case, particularly as the pure Sapphic order in which the indefatigable Barnes has shown that the verses may be arranged, is a strong presumption that Hermesianax was not the author. The chronological doubts upon which Bayle so strongly relies, are thus expressed by Athenæus:—"Hermesianax is mistaken in thinking that Sappho and Anacreon were contemporaries, for the latter flourished in the time of Polycrates and Cyrus, and the former lived in the reign of Alyattes, the *father* of Crœsus." Barnes, with justice, makes light of this authority, and demonstrates, indisputably, the identity of the time in which both lived and loved. He thus reasons:—Rhodopè, the fellow-slave of Æsop, was the mistress of Charaxus, the brother of

* Acad. Quæs. lib. iv.

Sappho. Æsop was contemporary with Crœsus and Solon. A conversation between the fabulist and the philosopher, recorded by Plutarch, (little to the credit of the honesty of the first, but greatly to the credit of his diplomacy,) establishes that fact beyond dispute. Now Cyrus and Crœsus, Polycrates and Anacreon, all lived about the same time; "so that," says Joshua, "I suppose Sappho to be in her twenty-fifth year when she became acquainted with Anacreon, then forty years old,—a period about which the hairs of such gallants as have raked in their days, or rather nights, begin to wear the silver tinge of Time;"—and this fact is expressly alluded to as the subject of Miss Sappho's jestings. Now this I deem good reasoning. Taking into consideration this slender proof of the tradition now extant, and the great uncertainty which prevails respecting authenticity of dates during the early times of Greece, it is, to my mind, conclusive. But the energy with which Barnes labours to prove the platonic affection of the poet for the Erato of Lesbos, around whom,

> Hovering with purple wings the Idalian boy
> Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
> Of passionate desires,
> While Venus scattered myrtle o'er her head,
>
> Lord Lyttleton.

cannot fail to provoke a smile in those who bear in mind the temperament of the male minstrel,

> Μηρων ἱμειρων και γλυκερου στοματος,—Athenæus, lib. xvi.
> Bent on embraces, raptures, honied kisses,

the aphrodisian age in which he lived, and the characteristic exclamation of Sappho herself,—

> Παρθενια, παρθενια ποι με λιποισα οιχης.

This fanciful conjecture deserves, nevertheless, some inquiry. Let us see with what arguments Barnes strives to prop it up. The chief basis is the want of personal charms, for which he maintains our Lesbian was remarkable, and he quotes as proof the authority of Ovid, who asserts that she was *brevis et fusca,* dark in complexion, and low in stature. An hypothesis so substantiated betrays a strange ignorance of the passion of love. Every one knows that affection originates not so much in mere outward graces,* as in those of the mind and heart, and that all the charms in the world are but weak, unless heightened by the additional perfection of elegant manners.

> Beauty can only point the dart:
> 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart.

I will own indeed, that for fellows of a college, great allowances are to be made; their ignorance of love matters is excusable. But Joshua might surely either have taken a hint from a book in which he was well read, the Greek Mythology, or, rather, he ought not to have meddled at all with a subject of which he knew nothing, but into which he was inadvertently betrayed by his preposterous desire to hold up Anacreon

* Seneca has not insisted even on the presence of these graces, yet lays it down as an infallible golden rule that *Love begets Love.* "Ego tibi monstrabo," says he, in his IXth Epistle, "amatorium sine medicamento, sine herba, sine ulla veneficæ carmine, *si vis amari, ama.*" *I will show you a love-philtre without either powders or herbs, or any other witchcraft: if you would be loved, love!*

as a model of purity. He might have remembered the axiom so well translated by Mr. Fawkes,—

> Beauty without the graces may impart
> Charms that will please, not captivate the heart;
> As splendid baits, without the bearded hook,
> Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook,—

or the famous lines of Pope,—the truth of which, by the way, no well-looking woman will ever admit,—

> Beauties in vain their lovely eyes may roll,
> Smiles catch the sight, but merit wins the soul,—

before he laid down his edict that the absence of mere beauty in Sappho furnished proof positive of the cold platonism of our poet's intimacy with her. But the hypothesis is incorrect: the reasoning grounded upon it, consequently, goes for nothing. Sappho, so far from being deficient in personal charms, was highly beautiful,—so much so, that our celebrated authors of antiquity have called her pre-eminently *καλη* — the lovely. These gentlemen are Plato, Plutarch, Athenæus, and Democharis. How Barnes could have remained blind to their testimony is a mystery. It is a general, a popular error, that Sappho was not handsome. All the herd of classical scribblers have repeated this falsehood, and re-echoed their repetitions, until we have at length been brought to believe it, and to picture to our fancies a swarthy little girl with a lyre in her hand, instead of a woman in the full sunlight of glittering beauty,—garlanded with roses, whose hues compete not with her smiles, and the magic of whose presence inspires the spectator into the belief that he beholds incarnate in her the glorious Spirit of Song, —(as in the poet's picture,)—

> On whose head
> Laurel and withering roses loosely hung:
> She held a harp, amongst whose chords her hand
> Wander'd to music, and it came: she sang
> A song despairing, and the whispering winds
> Seem'd envious of her melody, and stream'd
> Amidst the wires to rival her, in vain.
> Short was the strain, but sweet: Methought it spoke
> Of broken hearts, and still and moonlight seas,
> Of love, and loveliness, and fancy gone,
> And hopes decay'd for ever: and my ear
> Caught well-remember'd names, "Leucadia's rock"
> At times, and "faithless Phaon." Then the form
> Pass'd not, but seem'd to melt in air away:
> *This was the Lesbian Sappho.*—PROCTER.

That Sappho was not lovely is, as I have said, a gross delusion, and one which I cannot allow to pass any longer unrefuted. I have been this long while watching the opportunity to do justice to her injured charms, and convincing an obstinate world, of their misconceptions. The period has at length arrived, and any man who ever again disputes the fact of Sappho's beauty must box me. The Prince of Philosophers claims and deserves precedence. In his Phœdrus is the following passage:—

ΦΑΙ. *Τινες ουτοι, και που συ βελτιω τουτων ακηκοας;* ΣΩ. *Νυν μεν ουτως ουκ εχω ειπειν· δηλον δε ότι τινων ακηκοα, ἡ του Σαπφους της* ΚΑΛΗΣ. *η Ανακρεοντος του σοφου, κ. τ. λ.*

PHÆDRUS. Who are those writers, and where have you heard of better than I mentioned?

SOCRATES. At present, indeed, I shall not take upon me to say; but certain it is that I have heard of several, for instance the BEAUTIFUL Sappho, the wise Anacreon, &c.

Plutarch, in his Book of Love, thus writes:—

Αναμνησον ἡμας, εν οις ἡ ΚΑΛΗ Σαπφω λεγει, &c.

Bring to our recollection these sayings of the BEAUTIFUL Sappho, &c.

alluding to her sublime hymn of Love quoted by Longinus.

Athenæus, in the fourth book of his Deipnosophists thus writes:—

Παρα γαρ τῃ ΚΑΛΗ Σαπφῳ, και ὁ Ἑρμης οινοχοει τοις, &c.

Mercury is represented by the BEAUTIFUL Sappho as the cup-bearer of the gods, &c.

Lastly, Democharis, in the fourth book of his Mythology, eulogistically celebrates the beauty of the divine Lesbian in an epigram thus translated by Mr. Bland:—

Nature herself this magic portrait drew,
And Painter, gave the Lesbian maid to view,
Light sparkles in her eyes, and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams.
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within:
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

I have thus established the *beauty* of Sappho beyond all reasonable cavil. It will be said, perhaps, by the Barnesian disputants, that the foregoing writers alluded to the beauty of her mind: Maximus Tyrius and Bayle have indeed said the very thing;—to which I answer, that such doth not appear in the text-books; and that as the life of Sappho was dedicated to Cyprian Venus, and herself one of those terrestrial houri who, like Lady Mary Montague, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Afra Behn, Mrs. Robinson, and a host of others,

(Maids who love the moon,)

rhyme kiss to bliss, it is questionable if the grave moral Socrates, or the excellent Plutarch, would praise her for qualities which she neither assumed nor possessed, and which, if she did possess them, would never recommend her to the acquaintance of such a spark as Anacreon. To the second count of Ovid's indictment, that she was *small*, I pay little regard. Smallness and loveliness are not inconsistent. The women of Circassia are delicately small, and yet all who have travelled through their country have described them as seraphs of the earth. And Master Abraham Cowley, whose authority cannot be questioned in the court of Cupid, assures us with great solemnity, that little women are most bewitching — "*Et Couleium quis dicere falsum audeat?*" "I confess I love littleness," says he, "almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were ever to fall in love again, (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it,) it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress nor my fortune should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer used to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but, as Lucretius says,

Parvola, pumilio, χαριτων μια, tota merum sal.—Luc. iv. 1155.
A little, witty, pretty, charming she.—*Spectator*, 176.

The beauty of Sappho once proved, the reasoning of Barnes, based upon her supposed want of it, of course falls to the ground. And this being a very delicate subject, I shall say no more about it. Neither do I feel inclined to touch upon Anacreon's marriage. The fatal Charybdis of matrimony is too melancholy a theme for me. I am of the opinion of the old poet, who declared that it has only two pleasant days,—the day you are married, and the day your wife is buried.—

Δυ ἡμεραι γυναικος εισιν ἡδισται
Οταν γαμη τις, κακφερη τεθνηκυιαν.—HIPPONAX.

From his marriage to his death,—from his bridal to his grave, the transition is easy. Let me conduct our minstrel to his concluding scene of all. In his thirty-fifth year his princely patron, Polycrates, was treacherously cut off in the prime of life by Orœtes, a satrap and man-trap of the day. With the royal descent to Limbo we have nothing to do. Lucian has been the historiographer of the journey; but his description of poor Polycrates does the satirist no credit. He represents him standing naked on the shore of Styx, weeping bitterly, cuffed by every ragamuffin in the place, and playing a thousand ridiculous antics, which I scorn to repeat. Anacreon had been invited a short time before this lamentable occurrence to Athens by Hipparchus, and with that statesman our poet continued to reside for some time, honoured and caressed by all. But a sad fatality seems to have attended his friends. The elegant Hipparchus was cut off by a couple of cut-throats named Harmodius and Aristogiton, who, under the guise of patriotism, gratified private animosity. Anacreon, after a sojourn of some years at Athens, returned to his native country, and resided at a sumptuous villa in the outskirts of the city, where he spent the calm evening of his life apart from courts and conspiracies, delighted with the charms of the country, the wit of his associates, and the excellence of his wines; and solacing himself at intervals with the dalliance of his muse, and the curtain lectures of his lady. His life was protracted to a great length, and, in all probability, he would have lived till now, had he not been suffocated in his eighty-fifth year by an unlucky grape-stone, which he vainly attempted to swallow.—And so he died!

Ahi cruda morte! e chi fia che ne scampi
Se con tue fiamme avvampi
Le più elevate cime?—*Sannazaro, Ec. V.*

May he rest in peace!

But if you are not contented with so dull a prayer, take his epitaph by Antipater of Sidon,—

Θαλλοι τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι, σε κισσος. κ. τ. λ.

Rise ivy-clusters round ANACREON's tomb!
And roses deck the meads with purple bloom!
Spring streams of milk and founts of perfumed wine,
O'er the sweet spot where sleeps the bard divine.
So shall his bones, if aught the dead can cheer,
Smile and rejoice while flowers and wine are near.
These were his pleasures, these his joys on earth,
A cheerful mistress, music, cups, and mirth.

PIPES.

BY A LOVER OF THE WEED.

"*Je te laisse ma femme et ma pipe*," a dit spirituellement Gavarni, et il ajoute —"*Je te recommande bien ma pipe !*"

Of all the inventions of man, the pipe is indisputably pre-eminent for its many virtues.*

It is the parent of a numerous progeny of inoffensive pleasures. From the highest to the lowest, all participate in its cozey comforts,—its tranquillizing powers.

Although not a potable, it is a portable Lethe,—a soother of sorrow, a panacea for pain, mental or bodily.

It is anger's extinguisher,—wit's whetstone,—the snuffers of philosophy,—the night-cap of toil, and the lollypop of full-grown indolence.

What a pleasant reflection it would be, if we could be assured that, when "too much care hath turned the old man into *clay*," we should be manipulated by some cunning hand, and moulded into pipes!

The word "pipe," indeed, seems to be an exceeding favourite in the English language;—it is literally in the mouth of every one!

There is the bag-pipe, with its heart-stirring music,—the hornpipe, with its lively action,—and the lachrymose phrase of "pipe your eye!"

The simple shepherd has long since exchanged his pastoral pipe of "oaten reed" for one of clay,—though the rustics in some parts of the kingdom still "foot it featly" on the village-green to the pipe and tabor, while the grey elders look on the merry scene in which they were once wont to take an active part, and calmly smoke their pipes, seated beneath an elm or oak,—the pride and ornament of the green.

Even the *bon vivant*, who does not indulge in the fragrant weed, enjoys his pipe—of port or Madeira; while the lover of music is ravished with the "pipe" of a Pasta or a Kemble; and it must be confessed *they* pipe to some tune.

With what a twinkle of pleasure the eyes of a small tradesman glance at the tray of pipes, "clean, hard, and dry," which the white-aproned waiter places gently upon the table, for the use of the "Free and Easy," of which he is "proud to call himself a *numble* member."

How happy and eloquent he becomes as he whiffs, and puffs forth the grey cloudlets from the corner of his mouth, and watches their evolutions as they fantastically curl in circlets to the ceiling, and resolve themselves into "thin, thin air."

Let those who doubt the enjoyment the vision takes in the act of smoking, close fast the windows of their brain, and they will very soon be convinced that a blind man can never truly know the delights of a pipe of tobacco. Poets and prose-writers, wits and satirists, have, from time immemorial, been addicted to "smoking *aldermen*."

The fair sex of the Emerald Isle, as well as their lords and masters, indulge in their luxury of a dhudeen; and it is no uncommon thing to behold the priestesses of Pomona and Neptune (vulgarly called apple-women and fish-fags) whiffing their short black pipes at early dawn, with an amiable placidity that is truly enviable. As for Paddy himself, "the broth of a boy," he declares that a dhudeen is "mate, dheink, washin', and lodgin', and all!"

The Indian of the New World opens his rude parliament or council with a pipe, and the calumet circulates from mouth to mouth, every member smoking in his turn,—an act tantamount to the custom in our senate of a member's taking his oath and his seat. No negotiations of importance are carried on without a preliminary puff, and, like many of our own, they end, as they commence,—in smoke! Of course they never go to war unless they are first *incensed*. They call their *calumet* a "*pipe o' peace*,"—the Germans prefer a "*pipe a-piece!*" and the Germans, assuredly, are smokers *par excellence;* riding, walking, or working, the *meerschaum* is their inseparable companion.

It appears like a natural portion—a part and parcel—of their capilliferous physiognomies, and we might as well expect to behold an elephant without his pendulous proboscis, as a Saxon without his pipe,—to which he is almost as firmly *attached*. In every public promenade or vehicle you find yourself in the clouds; and they not only smoke themselves, but their hams and tongues,—and, right famous they are all.

In Hindostan, the splendid *hookah*, called in Persia, *kalioun*, is a most extravagant and complicated apparatus, and is generally confided to a slave, called "*hooka-badar*," whose sole occupation is to cleanse, and fill, and attend the pipe while his master smokes.

In Turkey they smoke a *chibouk* with a cherry-tree stem, and an amber mouth-piece. Seated cross-legged on his carpet or cushion, an old bearded Mussulman inhaling the fragrant sedative with half-closed eyes, looks the very type of solid contentment, or like a lime-kiln on its broad base—with the white smoke evoking from its crater!

Our Gallic neighbours, famed for their lively conceptions (and *prompt executions*), have invented and affect a numerous variety of pipes, of all shapes and names. They have their pipes of Smyrna, Egypt, Senegal, of the Antilles, of Otaheite, of Belgium, and "*la pipe culottée*," with innumerable others; but none comparable to the common clay pipe for cleanliness or elegance.

For, what can equal the slender, graceful beauty of the pure white stem, gently curving like a willow-wand in the breeze, with its crimson tip emulating the most brilliant coral. The draught, too, is easy; and the white smoke flows through the tube, like milk and honey, unmixed with the dead and disagreeable flavour of tobacco-oil or tar, which the

meerschaum, and other standard pipes, however carefully cleansed, always retain. Not even the china-bowled Dutch pipe is exempt from this objection. No—the "yard of clay" is the prince of pipes.

By Jupiter *Fumans!** we have discoursed so lovingly on our subject that it hath begot in us an ardent desire to fill a bowl incontinently, and calm our excited imagination by a cool whiff in yonder arbour.

It has been a *smoking*-hot day, and now night is just putting a stopper on Sol's last pipe, who is sinking calmly to repose. We are sorry to disturb the *soirée musicale* of that gallant company of gnats who are doing a small imitation of a Greek pastime (a sort of Pyrrhic dance—for they are all armed,) gambolling in and out, and roundabout, to their own vocal music! (If that be not a *neat* comparison, it is, at least, a *gnatty* one!) But, poor insects! what an alternative awaits them. If they have the temerity to remain, they will certainly be drunk; if they fly—they will be *dissipated!*

Jemmy, (our *hookah-badar*,) bring our tobacco-pouch, clean pipes, a bottle of cool claret, and *two* chairs!

Reader! if you really wish to enjoy a smoke—put yourself and your pipe in one chair, and your legs in another. We have tried every imaginable position, and have found it—*at length!*

In prayse of a Pype of Tobacco.

If, while on the ocean of life you are sailing
By winds you are taken a-back, O!
A solace you 'll find, if you take but a whiff,—
Yes, a whiff of a pype of tobacco.

Should a termagant rib, with ye tongue of a scold,
Mar your peace with her ear-piercing clack, O!
You soon may lose sight of the plague of your lyfe
In the clouds of a pype of tobacco.

In the struggle to live, should friends all refuse
Your honest endeavours to back, O!
Exhale all your sighs at their chilling neglect,
Through the stem of a pype of tobacco.

Though friends who can smile while you 've plenty of pelf,
And in need coolly give you the sack, O,
Are scarce worth a sigh, when off lightly they fly,
Like the smoke from a pype of tobacco.

If Poverty peep with his pinch'd visage in,
And of coin you 've a plentiful lack o',
Fill your pype,—and your cares will all vanish like smoke
In the smoke of a pype of tobacco.

If Hunger should gnaw, and ye jack turn no spit,
With a prospect of lunch or a snack o',
Fill ye bowl from your pouch,—light ye weed, and you 'll find
Meat and drink in a pype of tobacco.

When twinges rheumatic affect all your limbs,
Or with toothache your grinders all rack, O,
Albeit no quack, yet I know, in a crack,
You 'll find ease in a pype of tobacco.

* "Cloud-compelling Jupiter."

THE GREEK POET'S DREAM.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

Siate presenti * *
Tu madre d'Amor col tuo giocondo
E lieto aspetto, e'l tuo figliol veloce
Co' dardi sol possente à tutto 'l mondo.
BOCCACCIO.

I DREAM'D a dream
As fair—as bright
As the star's soft gleam,
Or eyes of light.
At the midnight hour
The Queen of Love,
From her fairy bower
Of smiles above,
With Cupid came,
And, with grace Elysian,
Yielded the god
To the bard's tuition.
" This child hath come
To learn from thee,
In thine own dear home
Thy minstrelsy :
Teach him to sing
The strains thou hast sung ;
Like a bird of spring
O'er its callow young."
She vanish'd in light,—
That witching one,
Like a meteor of night,
That shines, and is gone.
The Sprite of the skies
Remain'd by me,
His deep-blue eyes
Radiant with glee.
His looks were bright
As roses wreathed.
A wild delight
From his features breathed.
Legends I taught him
Of nymph and swain ;
Of hearts entangled
In Love's sweet chain.
Fables that charm
The soul from sadness ;
Stories that warm
The coldest to gladness :
Songs all glowing
With passion and mirth,
Like music flowing
From heaven to earth.
Such were the treasures
Of wit and thought
I gave : yet dream'd not
My task was nought.
Cupid listened,
And clapp'd his hands,
And his wild eyes glistened
Like burning brands.
Fanning the air
With snow-white wings,
He seized my lyre,
He swept the strings :
He look'd—he glitter'd
Like golden morn,
As he chanted the loves
Of the Heaven-born.
His voice was sweet
And perfume-laden,
And light as the feet
Of dancing maiden.—
" Hearts there are
In Heaven above
Of wild desires,
Of passionate love.
Hearts there are
Divinest of mould,
Which Love hath among
His slaves enroll'd ;—
Love hath been,
And ever will be :
The might of Heaven
Shall fade ere he."
Then the Boy,—
Nearer advancing,
The Spirit of Joy
In his blue eyes dancing,
Told me such secrets
Of Heaven as ne'er
Were before reveal'd
But to poet's ear,
Revealings of beauty
That make the soul
Like the stars, that on wings
Of diamond roll.
In song—in splendour
The god departed ;
The spell was o'er,
From sleep I started.
Thoughts like sunbeams
Around me hung,
And my heart still echoed
What Love had sung.
Oh ! what could Heaven
Deny to us,
To whom it hath given
Its secrets thus?

THE BLACK RAM.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

"THOMAS," said Mistress Large to her loving spouse, "do 'e go into the garden and cut us a cabbage. We 've got the pot on to-day."

Master Large stood not on the order of his going, but trudged off at once to the kitchen-garden without saying a word. Having selected two or three of the finest cabbages, he drew forth his clasp-knife, and was about to sever them from their stalks, when the voice of a boy arrested his attention, and suspended the operation.

"Maester," said the child, "wull 'e let m' chainge hats wi' thuck galley-crow yander?"

The worthy farmer looked up, and saw the boy pointing to a scarecrow at the other end of the garden.

"Who bist thee?" he inquired.

The boy stared stupidly, and blushed until his sun-burnt and freckled face looked several shades darker.

"What 's thee name, mun?" said the farmer.

"Pinneger, maester," replied the boy,

"Pinneger! What, bist thee a Pinneger? How many 's thee mother got at whome?"——"Zeven, maester."

"Zeven!"——"Eez."

"Massey upon us!" exclaimed the farmer, compassionately, "what a pretty pack on 'e! Here, come along wi' me, and we 'll zee what we can vind th'."

The child required no second bidding, but followed the farmer to the dairy door, where a hunk of bread and cheese was placed in his hand. The poor little creature began to eat voraciously, for he had had but a scanty breakfast that morning. The farmer and his wife looked on with great satisfaction.

"Well," said he, "woot like anything else?"

"Eez," replied the boy, grinning.

"Ha! what?"——"A drap o' drink, maester."

"Well, th' sha't ha' 't. Here, dame, gwo an draw 'n a leetle drap."

Little Jack Pinneger had fallen into good hands: the farmer and his wife were two creatures of most benevolent disposition. Theirs was a house from which the hungry and needy never went empty away, at which no beggar ever asked in vain; and it may be safely averred, that more charity was dispensed from their hospitable door than from any rich man's in the country. Master Large and his kind-hearted wife had never been blessed with offspring, but they were seldom without some relative's child, and, being of easy and yielding dispositions, they were sponged upon on every occasion. It happened that they had a nephew's boy staying with them at this time, and some of his cast-off clothes were luckily of a size that exactly fitted little Jack

Pinneger, who marched off in his new rigging, delighted with his good luck. It may be readily imagined that, after this kind reception, Jack Pinneger often found his way to the house where he had been so well treated. He was a tall child for his age, but by no means a bright one, as will hereafter be shown. In the following year, Farmer Large thought of trying him as a bird-keeper, and accordingly set him to watch some peas. Jack was greatly elated at this appointment; for two or three days previous to entering upon his office he could talk of nothing else among his playfellows in the village. At length he was led to the ground by the honest farmer, and told to "watch" it carefully.

Jack Pinneger did watch. He watched, and saw that a multitude of birds of almost every denomination came to devour the farmer's peas: house-sparrows and hedge-sparrows, linnets, redstarts, tomtits, and the whole of the tribe of finches, battened on the crop uninterrupted, while the "watcher" lay under the hedge out of the hot sun, and amused himself by stripping the green bark off the stick which he had cut with his pocket-knife.

Jack marched home in the evening, delighted with his job, which he thought a very easy one. In the morning he was up and off to the field again; but he found the birds were up before him, and were eating away as if they had had nothing the previous day; in fact, by the evening, they had nearly rendered a bird-keeper unnecessary. The watcher was just about to go home, when he espied his employer approaching.

As the farmer entered the ground, he saw, to his great consternation, a very cloud of birds rise from his crop, and he involuntarily uttered a malediction on the boy, who now came running towards him.

"Maester," said Jack, "where be I to drive they birds to next? They 've yeat up all them peazen!"

The worthy farmer made no reply, but darting on the boy a look of terrible import, rushed to the hedge to procure a twig wherewith to administer a little wholesome correction to his unworthy servant. Jack took the hint, and bolted. Pursuit was out of the question: the farmer was a fat pursy man, and the boy was fleet of foot.

"Stop un! stop un!" roared Farmer Large to some of his men, two fields off; but Jack, hearing the hue and cry, instantly made a *détour*, and was soon out of sight. When the farmer's indignation had a little subsided, he could not refrain from laughing at the really ridiculous affair; but had his bird-keeper come in his way at the time, it is very likely he would have given him reason to repent it. In the mean time, Jack was bantered unmercifully by his playmates in the village; and, "Plaze, maester, where be I to drive they birds to next?" was often asked of him by the farmer's men when they met. But the bird-keeping story, after a time, gave place to some other piece of tom-foolery, and Jack was teazed no longer. He grew amazingly, and Pinneger, senior, a year or two after, found little difficulty in persuading the farmer "to try un agen," as he had become "main sprack."

Pinneger, senior, had given a true account of young Hopeful: he was really no longer a child, but a strapping boy, a full head and shoulders taller than others of the same age. He had mingled to some purpose with other village urchins, and had acquired a store of low cunning, ready to be turned to account on a fitting opportunity.

"New brooms sweep clean," says the proverb. The first week of Jack's re-engagement he kept up such a racket with voice and clapper, that the bitch-fox in the neighbouring wood removed with her cubs to some less noisy retreat, and the jay abandoned a place where she could not hear her own harsh note; but, to quote another homely adage, all this was "too hot to hold long,"—the clapper was, after a while, heard merely at intervals, and Jack's voice was raised only when the birds became "howdacious," and mustered very strongly.

At length, the farmer was informed that Jack did not discharge his duty faithfully; an intimation which caused Master Large to be constantly on the watch. He had began to think that his informant was actuated by some malicious feeling, when he learnt that Jack was in the habit of dressing up a figure with a part of his clothes so artfully, that it looked at a distance like himself. Thus dummy performed the duty of bird-keeper, while Jack went to sleep under a hedge, or rambled in the wood hard by.

A little watching verified this story, and the farmer determined to administer a sound thrashing to Jack. But to *catch* him was the first thing to be accomplished. Whenever Master Large came in sight, Jack betook himself to the other side of the field, and, as his master could not run twenty yards without great bodily fatigue, there was no coming up with him.

One day, however, Master Large suddenly entered the field, to the great consternation of Jack, who, catching a glimpse of him just in time, immediately scrambled through the hedge, and dived into a crop of beans, which the farmer beat in all directions, in the hope of making him break cover, but to no purpose; the young vagabond was too cunning to be taken, and Master Large gave up the pursuit for that day. As soon as the farmer had quitted the place, Jack Pinneger emerged from the beans, and remarked to a labourer who was passing,

"Ha! a cou'dn't vollow by *zent;* maester was dog*ged* deep, but I was deeper!"

"Ha! he'll nab th' zome day," observed the man; "a luk'd desperd scrow; a did hakker ter'bly."

"A must ketch m' vust!" thought Jack.

Notwithstanding this narrow escape, Jack, after a few days, relapsed into his former habits, and one sultry afternoon was snoring under the hedge, while a swarm of flies and other insects were buzzing his lullaby. Suddenly he awoke; the heavy tread of some one was advancing. He leapt on his feet, and saw the angry visage of his master. There was no scrambling through the hedge this time; it was too high and thick; but there was a gate a few yards off, and he made a dash, intending to clear it. But this was an evil hour for Jack; his leap was a bad one, and down he came inside the gate. Before he could rise he was grasped by the muscular fist of his master, and a good hazel-rod was applied to his back and shoulders with a vigour that showed the operator to be in earnest! Loudly roared the youthful clodhopper, and loudly resounded the blows which the farmer administered to him, resembling the thwacks of a flail on a barn-floor; but Master Large was soon out of breath with his exercise, and, relinquishing his grasp, bade him "go along, and tell his vather that he'd zartinly com' to th' gallus!"

Jack Pinneger ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, and, with slubbered face, and shoulders smarting with his stripes, present-

ed himself before his mother, who, as ninety-nine mothers in a hundred make a practice of doing, took his part, and declared "her bwoy zhouldn't be zard zo,—no, that a zhou'dn't, if she kneow'd it."

The consequences of this maternal sympathy were soon apparent; young Jack Pinneger became one of the idlest boys in the parish; and, when the devil finds people idle, he never fails to set them at mischief. Where he was next employed is of no moment; it will be quite sufficient to relate that he never was at work for more than a week together at one place, except at harvest-time when hands are scarce. As he grew up, he associated himself with several notoriously bad characters in the village, fellows who were known to be addicted to poaching, — an employment which, whatever may be said in songs written on that subject, tends more to demoralise a rural population than London gentlemen would suppose. Make a man a poacher, and you set him on the high road to ruin,—a career which probably ends in highway-robbery, burglary, and even their not unfrequent consequence—murder.

By the time Jack Pinneger was twenty he stood six feet two inches, without his shoes — a perfect *lusus naturæ*. On a pair of ample shoulders, and a corresponding breadth of chest, was a small, round, bullet-shaped head, with the hair growing very low on what, for distinction's sake, must be termed the forehead, however narrow and unintellectual it really was. He was long-armed, and his hands were as large as the paws of a bear, while his long spindle-legs described the form of the lower moiety of the letter X. His feet gave the lie to our multiplication-table—there were at least eighteen inches in Jack Pinneger's foot; he would have been a most valuable second to a timid gentleman in an "affair of honour."

When the gigantic clodpole was abroad in the day-time, he was generally to be found in the beer-shop — often a seminary for rustic thieves, — with some of his dissolute companions; and at these meetings their plans for the night were frequently digested and matured. On one of these occasions, Tom Iles, a desperate old ruffian, who was one of the most practised poachers in the hundred, proposed to him what he termed "a bit o' vancy work."

"Ha!" said Jack; "what's that, owld bwoy? robbin' a hen-roost, or taking owld Smith's geese? or Molly Large's bees?"

"Oh! noa, noa," replied Iles, "I never touches they; the last bees I tuk' stung m' hor*a*bly; I thenks I had a dozen sting*es* in the calves o' my legs, and be d—d to 'em. I'll never touch them zart o' thengs any mwore. What do 'e zay to thuck black ram o' Wild's?"

"The black ram!"

"Ha! d' ye knaw'n?"—"To be zhure I do; but, what be 'e gwain to do wi' 'n? a fine young yeow'd be much better."

"Tell th' what," said Iles; "thuck ram 's th' vinest in the county. Bill Smith gwoes up to Lunnun wi' the stage-waggon to-morrow; and if we cou'd meet un at top o' th' hill, he'd take un up to Lunnun alive, and zell un vor us."

"Can 'e trust un?"

"Ho! to be zhure uz can. Bill's one o' the right zart, I can tell 'e." Which, in polite English, gentle reader, means a scoundrel who acts as a go-between of the rustic thieves and the dealers in stolen property of the London market.

Jack Pinneger required but little persuasion to induce him to join in the enterprise; and, that very evening, when the inhabitants of the

village were in their beds, he and his companion in iniquity sallied forth to rob Farmer Wild of his noble black ram. The two worthies entered the field, and had no difficulty in finding the object they sought, who, even in the darkness, was conspicuous among the flock. The ram was quickly seized, thrown on its back, and its four legs tied together with a stout piece of cord; then old Iles helped Jack to get it on his back, which he accomplished with some difficulty, for the creature was heavy. Jack, bringing the animal's legs over his head, somewhat in the manner of a porter's *knot*, trudged off, and whispered to his companion to follow. They had not gone many steps, when they were alarmed by a noise at a little distance.

"Come on," said Iles softly; "be cussed iv I dwon't thenk th' zhepherd's comin'."

Pinneger quickened his steps, and made towards a high gate, when at that moment the barking of a dog, and the voices of men, disturbed the stillness of the night. Not doubting but that they had been watched, old Iles, without saying another word, leaped over the gate, and fairly took to his heels! Jack swore a bitter oath.

"Th' cowardly owld wosbird!" said he; "*he's* a pretty vellow to help a body."

With these words he climbed the gate with some difficulty; but, as he attempted to descend on the other side, his burden over-balanced him. His huge ungainly body fell forward, and the ram dropped with a jerk behind, while the animal's feet, catching him under the chin, performed the office of a halter, and strangled him almost as effectually as if he had been under the hands of the executioner!

The next morning Jack Pinneger's body was found by some of the men on the farm, stiff and stark, suspended across the gate, with the ram's legs around his neck. Although it was clear to all who saw the strange sight how he came by his death, it was not long before the village wives began to read their little ones a lecture on the sad consequences of evil habits, quoting the example of Jack Pinneger, who had been choked by the devil in the shape of a *black ram!*

P. P.

THE FRIENDS WE ESTEEM.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

When the heart is o'ershadow'd by sorrow and care,
When affliction unnerves us, and hope cannot cheer,
And the eye looks in vain for some covert of rest,
Like the bird whom the spoiler hath robb'd of its nest!
Though the cloud gather o'er us in darkness and dread,
And the hopes that once bless'd, on the wild winds are spread,
There rises a light, that dispels with its gleam
The mists from around,—'tis the friends we esteem!

In sickness or trouble, in weal or in woe,
Bright, bright is the meteor,—stainless its glow!
Alike when adversity breathes on our name,
Or our brows be entwin'd with the chaplet of fame.
'Tis the tie that endearingly binds us to home,
And clads e'en the desert with green as we roam
'Midst the changes of life, and its feverish dream.—
Let us cherish for ever the friends we esteem!

EXPERIENCE MADE EASY.

BY THE PILGRIM IN LONDON.

In my long and chequered experience of life I have always had occasion to observe, not without wonderment, that those who have been most unfortunate in their pursuits are always the greatest givers of good advice: old fools, grey-haired, without discretion, to whom experience has imparted not a ray of wisdom, set themselves up as Mentors to all the young Telemachuses of their acquaintance, and are wise in precept while they are foolish in example. Stumbling through life, every second step a false one, these venerable seniors consider themselves infallible guides to those who are to come after them; and, although they have failed on their own account, seem perfectly confident, if you follow their advice, of success on yours. This description of men would seem to have gained wisdom by successive follies, as prize-fighters, by repeated thrashings, at length become invincible. The most terrible denunciations against intemperance I ever heard, fell from the lips of a sottish old gentleman, with a vermilion nose, and the most strenuous exhortations to perseverance in well-doing, from another Nestor, who was remarkable through life for perseverance in nothing, save his laziness.

Reflecting upon the excellent wisdom thrown away upon myself in my youthful days, by experienced fools of fifty, I became, as a matter of course, duly impressed with the inestimable value of the experience that instructs by precept. I wondered I had not found out before that men may be made wise by the book: may learn the whole duty of man from little boys' copy-books; a knowledge of the world in the History of Tommy and Harry, and true politeness in an abridgment of Chesterfield's Letters.

When I lost my money, and got into gaol, I began to become theoretically wise: when I hadn't twopence to jingle in my pocket, you would think, to hear me lecture upon frugality and economy, that I was another Plato discoursing to his pupils—my fellow-prisoners—in the classic shades of the Academy. I was all but a Father Mathew in my recommendations of sobriety—when I was drunk: nor did I ever omit, after losing all I had at skittles, to denounce gambling with a fervency of speech and action that would have melted the hearts of a race-course of thimble-riggers. In this way I instructed others, much after the fashion of those diffusers of useful knowledge, the sign-posts, pointing out the way I never went myself. My own improvement in theoretical wisdom was obtained chiefly through writers on ethics and metaphysics, as well as old saws, maxims, and "proverbial philosophy."

Proverbs, I thought, must be the root of virtue; recollecting that Solomon wrote a book of proverbs; and we all know what a virtuous man was Solomon. I concluded, also, that proverbs must be the foundation of all wisdom, remembering that Sancho Panza was a corpulent folio of proverbs; and everybody knows what a wise man, both in his private and official relations, was that inestimable squire.

The beautiful equilibrium, too, of the proverbs, saws, and maxims of all ages and nations, filled me with the profoundest admiration. It seems the perfection of didactic wisdom to bestow upon the inexperienced world strings of proverbs, of diametrically opposite tendencies, one contradicting what another asserts, and a third neutralising the effects of both, exactly resembling the forensic profundity with which we are regaled during term, when learned friends "on the opposite side," lay down the law with unimpeachable accuracy, until poor truth is knocked about like a shuttlecock, and in danger of being lost for ever, until the judge comes to the rescue, like a neutral proverb, and throws some light on the subject. In like manner, proverbs are pitted against one another, like counsel for plaintiff and defendant, giving one another the lie direct: counsel for the plaintiff, for example, inculcates promptitude of action with

"Strike while the iron is hot;"

counsel for the defendant denies the force of this injunction, asserting that

"There 's luck in leisure."

In this dilemma the learned judge sums up, rather more concisely than usual, among those venerable personages, with a happy *medius terminus*,

"Nec temere, nec timide,"

leaving you exactly as wise as you were at the beginning of the action. Now, it is quite clear that the ingenuous youth, who frames his conduct upon the principles of proverbial philosophy, weighing well the antagonizing sagacity of these portable soups of wisdom, will be sure never to do anything rashly, if, indeed, he ever does anything at all; for, as one of these identical saws has it, "he that hath considered the wind will never sow," — we may safely affirm that he that considereth proverbs will never reap. Be that as it may, however, there is nothing like a string of proverbs to help you on in the world; and, the oftener you quote them, people will think you the wiser; and, whether you be wise or a fool, a reputation for wisdom is worth any money.

I am going to tell you how I proceeded in the education of my eldest boy, Dionysius,—his name was, in fact, Dennis, but we called him Dionysius out of compliment to the Syracusan tyrant, and because a neighbour of ours had a helper in the stable, called Dennis: and I venture to recommend, with the utmost confidence, my plan of procedure to all fathers of families, especially those whose sons have their own way to make in the world.

In the first place, the earliest idea I strove to inculcate in the mind of the youthful Dionysius, was a notion of the importance, in former times, of his family. I used to entertain him with the genealogy of his great-grandmother, and of his paternal ancestors, who were supposed, traditionally, to be lineal descendants of Irish kings. I impressed him with the idea that a man had twice as much merit in being well-born as in being well-bred, and that, if his ancestry is respectable, it is not of the slightest consequence whether he is so or not. I strove, moreover, not in vain, to impress upon Dionysius the disgraceful, low, and humiliating nature of all useful trades or occu-

pations. Before he had got half through his Latin grammar my boy was thoroughly convinced that there were only three situations in life worthy to be filled by him, namely, that of Lord High Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, or Commander of the Forces. I believe I am not far wrong in asserting, that nine out of every ten fathers have exactly the same opinion of the future destinies of their hopefuls. I refused the offer of a respectable button-maker of Birmingham, who wished to take my son as an apprentice, telling him, with disdain, that my son had a soul above buttons. I spurned, also, with contempt, several liberal offers made to me, to have the boy apprenticed to useful trades, insisting, that such grovelling pursuits, leading only to the sordid end of making a fortune, or buying an estate, were unworthy the descendant of Irish kings, and only adapted to the vulgar genius of Englishmen and Scotchmen.

I might have been wrong in this; but, if I was, I plead, in extenuation, the custom of my country. There is not, that I know of, a wretched farmer of ten acres in the Emerald Isle, whose ambition does not rise to the airy height of manufacturing his first-born lout into a lawyer, doctor, or curer of souls: but I never yet heard of one who desired to make his son a curer of herrings, or a curer of bacon. I never yet heard of an Irish gentleman who made his son follow any practical trading or mercantile pursuit: all must needs be military and naval officers, physicians, clergymen, attorneys, and barristers-at-law; and, until I am made aware of an instance to the contrary, I must conclude that a custom so universal cannot but be wise. Individuals sometimes go wrong—but, as a great statesman has it, nations never; so that, of course my countrymen must be perfectly in the right. I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding, what a highly curious and diverting spectacle society would present in a country where all the inhabitants, without distinction, belonged to one or other of the learned professions, where nobody would condescend to make clothes, or mend them, kill meat, or cook it, build houses, or furnish them; and where the only business transacted would be councils of war, or medical and legal consultations!

Acting upon the principle so wisely inculcated by the proverb, that it is desirable "to have two strings to one's bow," I concluded, that to have *three* must be better still. Accordingly, I gave Dionysius a succession of learned professions, putting him first into the church; when he got tired of that, sending him into the army, and, after a few campaigns on the peace establishment, entered him at one of our inns of court as a student of law. When I found that he did not succeed in any one of his professions, I began to recollect what our wise ancestors said about "Jacks of all trades, and masters of none," which, applied to professions, instead of trades, and substituting Dionysius for Jack, would have answered my young hopeful to a tittle.

Not satisfied with the exertions of my paternal feelings in thus enabling my son to fall between the *three* stools, I was always, as you may suppose, giving him good advice — advice that, if he had profited by it, would have raised him to—no matter. I will take this credit for myself, that, although I drank and gambled away the property that should have been provision for my children, I always inculcated in their youthful minds principles of rigid temperance and virtue: from my example, no less than precept, they were early

taught that money is vile dross, worth no consideration; that labour is low and degrading to a gentleman, and prevents his getting into genteel society; that no man goes through life so free and easily as a man who lives on the public, or on his relations, or on anybody that will let him; that borrowing sharpens the invention and the wit, and keeps the borrower upon his very best of manners; that no character in life is so odious as a man who won't lend his money,—such a one, indeed, being worse than an infidel, and so on: this I was accustomed to fortify with numberless quotations.

One great advantage in stuffing young lads' heads with Latin and Greek, to the exclusion of all practical or useful knowledge, is, that you never need be afraid of their disgracing themselves by turning their hands to any humble pursuit; even, if they fall into poverty, and have not a rag to their backs, or a meal, their Latin is both meat, drink, washing, and lodging. You never heard of a Latin scholar crying old clothes, sprats, or live mackarel, sweep crossings, or clean shoes: sooner than degrade their *longs* and their *shorts*, their syntaxes, prosodies, their declinations and conjugations, they will enlist in marching regiments, accept commissions in auxiliary legions, turn ushers in select boarding-schools for young gentlemen, or do any other desperate thing — sooner than work with their hands—for a living.

This I take to be the great beauty of a classical education, that it not only qualifies you for a few lofty and ambitious pursuits, wherein success is precarious, and failure probable, but disqualifies you as effectually as if your eyes were put out, for the industrial occupations, by which the great mass of mankind is supported. With a certain degree of elevation of thought and refinement of feeling, the classical scholar acquires an effeminacy of action, and an ideality of thinking, sure to enable him to find his way into the kennel in the jostling of life. He is taught to be ashamed of all industry that is not unprofitable, that is to say, industry of the hands; and although he would feel degraded in standing behind a counter, making a fortune, he is quite at home, spinning his brains, translating or compiling, for the merest chance of a subsistence.

Then, the respect that mere scholarship secures for a man, — especially in London. How respectful all classes of society, from ambassadors to butchers' boys, are to poor scholars, especially if they are out at elbows, and empty within! With what awe and veneration eating-house keepers and licensed victuallers regard a man who has read Tacitus, especially if he be not able to pay his *shot!* How easily a man may get a night's lodging in exchange for a mouthful of hexameters! and, where is the washerwoman gross enough to refuse taking out the amount of her little bill in Horatio's metres?

Satisfied, as I have told you before, that the whole art of life, and knowledge of the world may be condensed into the size of a penny-roll, and carried in the pocket, and, following the great example of King Solomon, Rochefoucault, Vanvenargues, Miss Caroline Ward, and Martin Farquhar Tupper, the great luminaries of proverbs and proverbial philosophy, I began in gaol—I beg pardon for using so vulgar a term, — I mean, in college, a manufactory of portable wisdom, for the use and benefit, more especially of Dionysius, but which I am not selfish enough to withhold from the countless thou-

sands of young gentlemen, who will find their advantage in having wisdom, and knowledge of the world, ready cut and dry.

The work consists of a series of maxims, calculated to meet every contingency that may befall the young and inexperienced in their journey through the thorny paths of life; in the same way that young married ladies, who have never been taught one useful earthly thing at their boarding-schools, set up sensible women upon "Hints to make home happy," and "Rundell's Domestic Cookery," I propose that every raw youth, upon being pushed forth from the halls of Eton or Harrow, or when unpinned from his anxious mother's apron-string, shall have a copy of my "EXPERIENCE MADE EASY;" the which consulting, as a map, he will be directed upon his way of life, conduct, and conversation, with infallible accuracy, and in all transactions will find himself, after consulting his oracle, "as right as a trivet."

Instead of paying for experience—a most expensive way of getting it, as every bodyis aware of who has any of the article on hand,—the greenhorn, upon being launched into life, will carry wisdom in his waistcoat-pocket.

Of course, the hungry reader will not expect me to cut the ground from under my own feet, by giving him the cream of my forthcoming work, which is to supersede brains, do away with the necessity of common sense, and furnish experience beautifully printed, in a foolscap octavo, at a price within the means of the very humblest classes.

I subjoin a few specimens, merely as a taste of my quality, and I will give you my honour—if you like the security—that the rest of the work shall tally with the sample.

MAXIMS.

I.

When mingling with the crowd at the pit-door of a theatre, make it a rule to square your elbows, stick out your haunches, push and jostle everybody within reach, swearing all the while like a drunken dragoon. By this line of conduct, if you do not succeed in getting into the house, you will be safe to get into—a scrape.

MEM. Same rule holds in going through the world.

II.

Recollect that professions are respectable and genteel: all other sorts of industry vulgar and low. Therefore, whether you have any brains or not, be sure to get a professional education, and, take my word for it, you will one day be either a Lord Chancellor, Archbishop, or—in the workhouse.

III.

Snuffing candles at an evening party is an amiable and intellectual amusement — particularly if the candle-snuffer be a good figure: holding the left hand gracefully upon the left hip, the amateur expands the snuffers in his right, clipping the wick as short as possible, to show his dexterity; making the candles burn blue, and the ladies look yellow, by this operation, is of no consequence, not to speak of wasting the candle, which is of no consequence either.

IV.

Spend the best years of your life in learning Latin, Greek metres,

logic, metaphysics, ethics, and whatever else may be of little use to you in your progress through life; in other words, do not omit to enter yourself at the university.

V.

When you are asked to sing in company, be sure to wriggle uneasily in your chair, cough, blow your nose, turn up your eyes to the ceiling, and then shut them: if your mouth were shut, as well, I need hardly say what satisfaction it would give the unfortunates who are compelled to listen to you.

VI.

When you have the misfortune to quarrel with a man who can do you mischief, be sure not to be such a fool as to leave any door open for a reconciliation; whether you were right or wrong, stick to your resentment like a brick; you will have only one enemy the more.

VII.

When you happen to receive a letter from a lord, who, to prevent your annoying him, forgets to furnish his address, be sure to light your pipe with the envelope: the post-mark being thus destroyed, you have lost the only clue to his lordship's place of abode, and all chance of getting anything out of him.

VIII.

You will observe, when you make a bed for your dog in the exact spot where you wish him to lie, that the animal is always of a different opinion as to the choice of a lodging; if you let him alone, he will find a bed of his own accord, but no inducement will make him enter the one you have arbitrarily provided for him. This stroke of natural history you will apply to your children, if you have any; force them into your ways of thinking upon all subjects, especially where the affections or passions are engaged; with the unbleared eyes of youth, compel them to squint at life through the blue and yellow spectacles of age; and when they jump, as they will, out of the bed you have made for them, tear your hair, and cry to Heaven against filial ingratitude.

IX.

Entertain a profound contempt for dress, deportment, and the opinion of society. When you are voted, by the common consent of civilized people, to the backwoods of America, you will be surprised to find how completely you are at home.

X.

If you have the misfortune to be a married man, whenever your wife is bent on creating a breeze, the best way to treat the case is to attempt to argue with her, and ask her to listen to reason: this always brings matters to a crisis, and you may expect the customary hysterics in a couple of shakes.

XI.

Always put the most uncharitable construction upon the words and actions of men, especially those of whom you know little or nothing. If they should happen to turn out good fellows, you have only to say, with Dogberry, that they are not the men you took them for.

XII.

When you see a poor, half-starved, masterless dog in trouble, be sure to raise the hue-and-cry against him, calling out "Mad dog! mad dog!" until some charitable neighbours knock him on the head. The same line of conduct is usually adopted towards unlucky dogs of our own species.

XIII.

Never take the trouble to consider, of your own head, what is right and proper for you to avoid or to pursue. Keep on your hands two or three good advisers, so that when your affairs go to the devil, you may have somebody to swear at.

Relations are useful for this purpose; and it is worth while to have a father or mother, if it were only for the satisfaction it must give you to be always telling them you would not have been ruined if you had not followed their advice.

XIV.

If you are an author, and quarrel with your publisher, resolve magnanimously to annihilate him, by not writing any more. Writers on proverbial philosophy call this line of conduct "biting a man's nose to vex his face."

XV.

Never be civil for nothing. When you see you can get anything by it, be as obliging as you please. If civility costs you nothing, that is no reason why you should sell it at the same price.

XVI.

Practical jokes show great talent and ingenuity; and young men should take every opportunity of practising such upon all occasions. The latest I know of, was of young rats dropped into an empty decanter, and left on a sideboard. The butler, coming to decant the wine, was so overcome with terror at sight of the decanted vermin, and being of an apoplectic habit, that he burst a blood-vessel and died on the spot,—the practical joker pronouncing it excellent fun.

XVII.

Seated in your tavern, invariably order a *tumbler* of whiskey-punch, instead of a "go." You will thus have an opportunity of paying double for an unknown compound, mixed with indescribable ingredients at the bar. You will have the additional advantage of convincing the company, in this manner, that you are an unsophisticated bogtrotter, freshly escaped from your paternal morasses.

MEM. The above maxim holds also of brandy; *yokels* invariably demanding a "glass," instead of a "bottom."

XVIII.

In as far as mere worldly success is concerned, it were better for a man to be a knave than weak or undecided in action. The weak are not only miserable, but unfortunate: the kind-hearted, confiding, generous, and unselfish are the true victims of society.

MEM. This last maxim to be translated *literally*. If you were to pay a thousand pounds for a book of proverbs, you would not have so much value for your money as in this last axiom,—if you act upon it.

With these two dozen scraps of sagacity, extracted at random from my voluminous MSS., I take leave, for the present, of my

readers. Whether I shall furnish them with more depends upon the use they may make of what they have already. I cannot bid them good-b'ye without remarking, as an illustration of the value of my theory of preceptive education, that when Dionysius, poor fellow! was brought up before the Recorder to receive sentence of transportation for life, for some offence which, in pity to a father's feelings, you will excuse my dwelling upon, the dear boy, in mitigation of punishment, quoted Lucretius, that famous passage beginning, "*Suave mari magno*," with such good effect, that the judge let him off with two years' imprisonment in the Milbank Penitentiary.

TO ********* *****.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

In the green and leafy wood,
When the golden sisterhood
Of stars are bright,
Wilt thou—wilt thou, lady fair,
Wander fondly with me there,
By the pale star-light?

We shall stroll beneath the trees,
Through whose boughs' interstices
The clear moon flings
Smiles as sweet and pure as thine,
Or the million rays that shine
In a spirit's wings.

We shall wander by the stream,
Gazing on its water's gleam,
Glassing the skies,
Hand entwined with hand the while,
And upon me bent the smile
Of thy gentle eyes.

As its waters glide along,
We shall listen to its song,
Whose melody,
Though it charm full many an ear,
Still is far—oh! far less dear
Than thy voice to me.

On the turf we'll sit and pull
Flowers the most beautiful—
A moonlight wreath;
Though their bosoms perfum'd be,
Have they, love, the fragrancy
Thy kisses breathe?

When our garland is entwin'd,
I with it thy brows will bind—
O garland blest!
Of this flowery diadem,
Every leaf is worth a gem
On a monarch's breast.

Then, along the turf we'll walk,
Talking only Cupid-talk,
And the sweet bond
Of affection, which, methinks,
Our two spirits closely links
In *one* spirit fond.

Or, within our own dear grove
We shall sit and talk, my love,
Thou, my sweet theme;
How I first before thee knelt,
Wildly, fondly lov'd, and felt
Thee my life's dream.

How thou wert within my heart
Long its bright Star; how thou art
Still—still mine own;
How unto the paradise
Of thy face and shining eyes
My whole life hath grown.

As our Eden moments fly
Thus beneath the purple sky,
The stars shall shine
With a sweeter, lovelier light,
On that bower flower-dight,
Where thou and I recline.

In the green and silent wood,
When the starry sisterhood,
With footsteps bright,
Trip along the azure air,
Meet me, meet me, lady fair,
By the pale star-light.

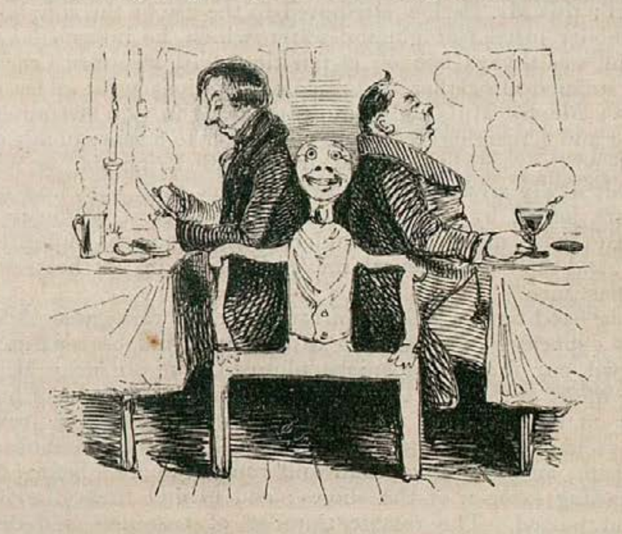
April 26, 1842.

A VISIT TO GREENWICH FAIR.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PHYSIOLOGIES OF THE "MEDICAL STUDENT" AND "EVENING PARTIES" IN "PUNCH."

On Tuesday evening, March 29, 1842, Messrs. Mills, Barlow, and Saunders, three "medical young gentlemen," who, although they have passed their examinations, bear in mind the advice of a celebrated teacher, and "do not cease to consider themselves as students," or behave accordingly, honoured Greenwich fair with their presence.

The appointed trysting-place, previously to starting for the festive scene, was the Cheshire Cheese, in Wine-office Court, Fleet Street: an establishment which, in the scale of architectural creation, forms the link between the coffee-room and the menagerie, possessing the viands and waiters of the one, and the sawdust and feeding-time of the other. Having ordered various "muttons to follow," which, in the *patois* of this part of the world, is understood to mean consecutive chops, Mr. Barlow confidentially informed his friends, that the punch brewed at this house was rather extensive; whereupon, divers tumblers were perpetrated, and, overcome either by the seductive beverage, or the bright eyes of the young lady who manufactured it, the three gentlemen indulged in divers facetious pastimes, to the great amusement of the rest of the company; finally, with the assistance of a burnt cork, converting the end of one of the boxes into the following singularly felicitous design:—



At half-past eight P.M. the party left Wine-office Court in a state of exceeding hilarity; and, observing a cab standing opposite the Bolt-in-Tun, stepped into it forthwith, but, on finding that it was waiting for a passenger, immediately stepped out again. Another

like vehicle, however, coming by, they lost no time in engaging it, and, making a bargain for eighteenpence, told the driver to go in a similar manner to bricks, to the Surrey-side of London Bridge. On their journey thither, they indulged in various shouts, yells, and whistles, Mr. Mills, in particular, thrusting his head and shoulders out of the window, facetiously exclaiming to the passengers, "Here we are again! How are you?" after the manner of the celebrated Mr. T. Mathews. Mr. Barlow contented himself by sitting very back, and chaunting a *mélange* from Norma, interspersed with airs from the Cyder Cellars; and Mr. Saunders amputated the tassel of one of the glasses, throwing it into the open window of the first omnibus that passed, which, in all probability, conveyed it to Brentford End.

They arrived at the terminus of the Greenwich Railway just in time to take their seats in one of the rattling boxes denominated, by courtesy, second-class carriages, which, upon payment of sixpence each, they were permitted to enter. In two minutes the train moved on, and they were much edified by the continuous brick-fields and gas-manufactories, whose localities they invaded, pronouncing the rapid dioramas of sectional habitations and domestic interiors which met their view, exceedingly interesting The engine became a locomotive Asmodeus, hurrying them from roof to roof in quick succession, placing them on terms of close intimacy with the garret-windows, revealing endless bird's-eye views of chimney-pots, back-yards, and water-butts, and causing the passengers of reflective minds to meditate upon the accumulation of poverty and pig-sties that exist in the metropolis, unknown to the inhabitants in general, and West-enders in particular.

The progress of the train was not so rapid as might have been expected; this Mr. Barlow attributed to the use of the simple fluid in the boiler instead of gin-and-water, which, he informed a lady near him, was always laid on at fair-time. At Deptford Creek the engine stopped altogether, and remained stationary for at least ten minutes. Messrs. Mills and Saunders, having in vain attempted, by shouting and screaming, to arouse the stoker to a sense of his duty, commenced the inspiring national air of "Rule Britannia," or, rather, the words newly arranged, at the very top of their voices, in which they were joined by the whole strength of the rest of the passengers. By these means the popular indignation was audibly expressed, and the train at length moved on, arriving at the terminus at half-past nine.

Having fixed upon a stellated arrangement of variegated lights to serve as a species of pole-star, in case they should be separated by the crowd, our three companions plunged, like so many Miltons, into the midst of things. Around them was a dense mass of human beings; on either side a row of richly-furnished booths, groaning with toys and gingerbread; above them, lights innumerable; beneath them, an expanse of mud and rough granite; before them, the imposing exterior of the shows; and behind them, the things they had passed. The remote thunder of trumpets and drums, mingled with the nearer harmony of Æolian pears, and the cries, laughter, and chiding of the festive throng, smote, with deafening confusion, on the ears.

Their first step was to halt at one of the stalls, where each pur-

chased a small penny cornet without the pistons, and a curious little instrument, which it appears actually incumbent upon everybody to possess who wishes to take up an important position at Greenwich Fair. This diverting and ingenious piece of mechanism is principally formed by a stellated disc of wood, one inch in diameter by three-eighths in thickness. A small spring of wood is attached to the frame-work by a metal pin termed a tack, and as the wheel is turned by friction against any extraneous body, the spring falls from one vandyke to another, producing, by the rapid succession of atmospheric concussions, a noise resembling the laceration of a garment. Thus armed, they proceeded onwards, promoting, by their musical instruments, the harmony of the delightful scene; and, after much jostling, and bandying of various uncomplimentary expressions with the crowd, arrived in front of the principal show, which merits especial notice.

The precise date of erection of Richardson's (or more properly, Lee and Johnson's) theatre has not been correctly ascertained; but it is presumed that the first pole was pitched on the Friday night previous to the fair. It is an elegant structure of baize and canvass, brilliantly illuminated by variegated lamps and pipkins of fat, and enriched, in addition, by red serge draperies, embroidered with brass ornaments, fashioned similarly to those which cover the screws of four-post bedsteads. The performances of this theatre are strictly illegitimate, yet bear a close analogy to the "moralities" of olden time, inasmuch as the best part takes place outside of the platform of the cart; or approaching, perhaps, nearer to the "mysteries" of the middle ages, from the perfect unintelligibility of the plots, which would defy the united efforts of Mr. Payne Collier, and the whole of the Shakspeare Society, to render comprehensible.

On ascending the platform, the three young gentlemen stopped to gaze at an intricate dance performed by the whole of the company, which they accompanied on their trumpets. At its conclusion, Mr. Mills asked the clown "how he felt upon the whole?" and the clown replied by wishing to know what Mr. Mills was going to stand. On paying sixpence, they were admitted to the gallery; but the accommodation of this part of the house not being to their satisfaction, they at once climbed over the barrier into the boxes, divers others of the gentlemen present following their example.

The first play occupied exactly ten minutes. It contained one ghost, two murders, and three combats, and represented Innocence, though for a time oppressed, ultimately triumphant over guilt; a consummation which, Mr. Barlow observed, must be highly gratifying to every well-regulated mind. The proportion of the actors to the height of the stage was exceedingly fine; so was their delivery; only equalled by the interpolations of the audience, which may be described as follows:—

SCENE—*The Hall of Judgment.*

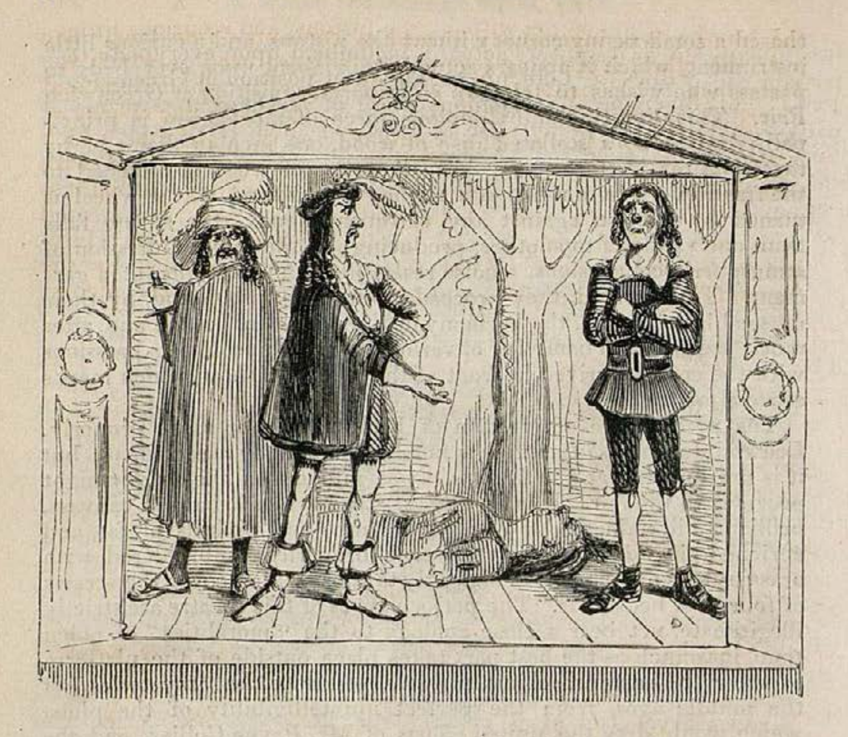
Tyrant Lord. Now, mitherable athathin, what have you to thay for yourthelf?

Mr. Barlow (in the style of Herr Von Joel). Va-ri-e-ty!

Oppressed peasant. That I am innocent as the mountain-snow

Gentleman in the gallery. Oh! Walker!

Second Gentleman. Order!



(*Obligato of trumpets and musical fruit by the audience.*)

Tyrant Lord. You are guilty. Thummonth the headthman.

Popular indignation of spectators. Shame! shame!—*Po*lice!—Never mind, little un—at him agin!

Tyrant Lord. Away!—hith life ith forfeit.

Wag in the pit. What 'll you take for your boots barring the heels?

And so on to the fall of the curtain.

A comic song served as an overture to the pantomime, which was an abridgment of "Riddle-me-riddle-me-ree," lately performed at the Olympic Theatre. The jokes therein were two in number. One consisted in the sudden abstraction, by invisible agency, of a wicker-work plum-pudding from the hands of the Clown, who thereupon entitled it a hasty-pudding; the other, which was simply practical, in the Clown's stealing a string of sausages, manufactured from painted canvass stuffed with sawdust, and then dashing them into the Pantaloon's face. The last scene was an adjournment to "Fairy Land," that locality being represented by the interior of a large summer-house, with the assembling of the company, and the additional presence of two young ladies in pink calico tunics, who had previously retailed peppermint and apples to the company. At the conclusion, the audience were thanked in the name of the proprietors, and then let out at a side-door, a fresh rush immediately filling the theatre.

Messrs. Saunders, Barlow, and Mills next proceeded to view the equestrianism at the "Royal Circus." The chandelier which lighted

the interior was ingeniously formed of concentric iron hoops one over the other, supporting several very adipose candles, which the Merryman occasionally snuffed with his fingers in a humorous and diverting manner. The exhibition commenced with the display of the Terpsichorean powers of a young lady on the tight rope, which stretched across the arena—a ring of sawdust, ornamented with orange-peel. She was ten years of age, and splendidly dressed in a coloured calico frock, with a faded cotton-velvet body, ornamented with lines of dull spangles and tarnished silver-lace, with whity-brown holland slippers. After this, they were gratified by the "grand *entrée* of the stud,"—a piebald mare, inclined to corpulency,

led in by two grooms in fustian waistcoats and ankle-jacks. The young lady now danced upon horseback, assuming a graceful attitude and pleasing *stereotypical* smile. Before this act concluded, Mr. Saunders and his friends departed, perfectly satisfied with what they had seen, and also with what they had not, but which they could very well imagine. Here also the Clown's jokes were of the dual number. After having chalked the slippers of the young lady, he proceeded to do the same to his own nose, and, subsequently, to the soles of his shoes, "because he had slipped into a public house the night before, and into the gutter afterwards, and did not wish to do it again." Also, when assaulted by the Mr. Widdicomb of the ring, he hauled that person in front of the piebald steed, and then professed himself quite satisfied, having brought him before the *mare*. (The reader is here humbly solicited to laugh, merely as a personal favour.) The impression left on the minds of the young gentlemen upon leaving was, that they had enjoyed a very rational—at any rate a very reasonable—entertainment. The price of admission, as stated outside, was sixpence to the boxes, and threepence to the gallery; but these distinctions proved, upon going inside, perfectly apocryphal.

The observing trio then proceeded to the next show, to view the fat pig, with other wonders, therein to be seen by all who could

command one penny. They discovered the monster reclining on a bed of straw, and grunting piteously under his too, too solid fat. When the showman had violently thrust twenty people into a space capable of accommodating four or five, the keeper delivered the following lecture upon the pig, and the other two curiosities which composed the exhibition. It should be stated that the man appeared to be suffering from influenza.

"Geltelbel ald ladies,

"The hadibal that you there be-old beasures tel feet three ilches frob the slout to the tail. The daily qualtity of food which he colsubes is wul peck of potatoes, ald wul shillil's wuth of bread. I shall low bake hib get up, ald you will thel have al opportulity hof seeil' hib to advaltage."

So saying, he stirred the monster up with a switch, to his no small annoyance. The brute, after standing in the worst possible of humours for about two minutes, began to incline itself on its right side, until, at length, having forced its bulk over the centre of gravity, it fell at full length, with a weight that threatened to bring the whole machine down.

"The hadibal," continued the keeper, "that you see suspelded there, is a calf, borl with two eds ald two tails. That other curiosity, ladies ald geltelbel, is called the porcupile fish, from beil covered, has you observe, all over with prickles; ald was vashed ashore ob the coast ov Buckilghabshire. Getelbel ald ladies, a trifle, hif you please, for the showbal."

Emerging from the den of this extraordinary lion (*videlicet* pig), our three adventurers, forcing their way through a crowd of living obstacles, to the provocation of remonstrances more warm than affectionate, and of salutations less polite than playful, bore—or, rather, bored,—in the direction of another menagerie, of which the embellished exterior attracted their attention. The principal curiosities which the exhibition contained, appeared from the pictorial advertisement outside, to be not very dissimilar from those they had just witnessed,—one of them being, literally, a member of the *sus scrofa* family, and the other an animal in many respects closely allied to it, but, from being a biped, and having some pretensions to the feminine cast of countenance, denominated "The fat girl."

A whole-length portrait, that graced the front of the exhibition, represented the young lady as she was supposed to appear inside. The drapery of the figure was somewhat scanty, and free from the slightest affectation of harmony in the arrangement of the colours. It was evident that the artist had sacrificed grace to effect; his object having been to afford as full a display of the unadorned beauties of the neck, arms, and ankles, as he possibly could. On the right of the corpulent fair-one (the picture was a full front,) stood, arrayed in the costume of the commencement of the present century, a lady, in a short-waisted dress, with a red parasol: on the left, a gentleman in a blue coat, brass buttons, leather breeches, and top-boots; both personages in profile, and exhibiting animated gestures of astonishment. This *chef-d'œuvre* of anonymous art was flanked by two other productions, apparently by the same hand; one being a delineation of "Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras dire," with other

serpentine monstrosities; and, the other, the interesting and learned pig, in a mystic circle of cards, letters, and points of the compass.

The students having, by the sacrifice of a small piece of money, obtained admission into the *penetralia* of the caravan, found themselves in the presence of two or three small boys, and the sagacious animal himself; who, with the instinct peculiar to his species, was hunting for eatables all about the place, and testifying, by various grunts, his dissatisfaction at not finding any. At the further end of this cabinet of curiosities, which in length might be equalled by an ordinary man's jump, and in breadth by, perhaps, three skips of a flea of average power, was a species of *sanctum*, apparently formed of bed-furniture and fringe, and adapted, as it were, for the residence of some zoological curiosity. Presently a hand appeared, which drew the two portions together, and then the concussion, as of a heavy body relapsing into a state of quiescence, left no doubt on the minds of the spectators that the inmate of this seclusion was the fat girl. In a few minutes, the show having filled to a degree that rendered it necessary to open a small trap-door in the roof, the exhibition commenced.

"Fust, gen'l'men and ladies," said the demonstrator, in that peculiar tone which frequent catarrhal diseases, and the constant use of alcoholic remedies, combine to produce,—"fust, we shall hintroduce to yer notice that wonderful nacheral curiosity of the female speech is, the fat girl. For yer satisfacshun she'll walk athert the caravan, and back agin, so as you may see there's no himposition in the case."

Herewith, the fair phenomenon, parting the curtain to the right and left, emerged from her bower, and walked twice up and down the middle of the show, endeavouring as she went to shake the frail tenement with her tread. The truth was, that the affair slightly

approached to what Mr. Saunders denominated "a take in," — Mr. Mills, "his eye," and Mr. Barlow, "a jolly sell;" all of them agreeing that they had seen several nurses who were twice as fat; but, that a certain young lady, not half her age — the fat *girl* was, at least, fifty,—daily on view in a particular tobacco-shop, was, certainly, twice her size. They allowed that the plume of white feathers in her hair, the *bandeau* on her forehead, the spangled dress, and the short sleeves and petticoats, had been correctly delineated outside the show; but that the portrait of the fat girl, on the whole, and particularly as regarded expression, was "a decided case" of flattery.

The female having retired, the other animal became the observed of all observers. He performed three feats, each requiring (for a pig) an amazing exertion of intellect. He was first desired by his master to declare which among the male individuals present might be at that present moment in love, by stopping opposite to him in his circuit. Mr. Saunders denominated this performance "a jib," as he stopped before a little boy of six years' old, who was munching an apple, which had probably attracted him. A kick in the stomach, administered by his master, recalled him to a sense of his obligations, and he straightway pitched upon Mr. Barlow, at which three young ladies in the show laughed amazingly. His next task was to point out the young woman present whom the tender passion deprived of rest at night, and caused, by the febrile excitement which it induced, to kick off the superincumbent drapery. This he achieved so well as to excite universal applause; and, as the damsel indicated was about twenty, it is probable, on statistical grounds, that he was right. And, lastly, he was desired to tell who was the greatest rogue in the company; and decided in favour of his master — a conclusion which nobody doubted.

After the hierophant of the caravan had exhibited some snakes, he thanked the audience; and the illustrious triad bent their steps towards the point, *par excellence*, of attraction—the Crown and Anchor Booth. To render the company of this establishment slightly exclusive and select, the sum of one shilling was demanded for entrance. Messrs. Saunders and Barlow, by means of recommendations, in the shape of return-tickets, which they obtained from two of its lady-patronesses, who were taking their leave for the evening, effected their entrance without paying; as, also, did Mr. Mills, who stooped down, and butted, head first, through the crowd at the wicket.

In order to adequately describe the scene presented by the interior of this splendid booth, or the feelings which it excited, no pen

less gifted than that of the talented auctioneer, who can raise even rubbish to rarities, could aspire. All was music, light, and tobacco; and the crowd, but for the hilarity which pervaded it, would have been awful. Stars, festoons, balloons, Vs and As, crowns, and other fanciful arrangement of variegated lamps depended from the ceiling, producing a singular empyreumatic odour, — strong, certainly, yet, to those who liked it, pleasant. On a raised and curiously-unsafe platform were seated some musicians of untiring energy; and several hundred couples were performing the Spanish dance below. The dancers were mostly of opposite sexes; but, amongst them were several individuals of that class of society so well known as "gents," who, out of sheer devotion to Bacchus and Terpsichore, were exhibiting the poetry of motion in partnership. Two of these "gents," impinging somewhat violently against Mr. Saunders, he was about to perform an operation on them, which Dr. Conquest has tried for water on the brain, *viz.* "punching the head," and was only deterred by the thought that black eyes look rakish at *demonstration* in the morning.

Our friends, now making the circuit of this scene of innocent festivity, joined a procession of bacchanals, male and female, headed by a Comus in cloth-boots, and a fifteen-shilling Taglioni, and parading, after the manner of the ancients, to the sound of musical instruments—trumpets, whistles, horns, and drums. As the procession generally chose for its line the centre of the Spanish dance whilst it was in full play, many serious concussions took place; so, fearing an *émeute*, the trio left the jovial band, and wandered awhile "at their own sweet will," among the crowd, interchanging greetings with some whom they knew, and with a great many more whom they knew not. At last, pronouncing the atmosphere too full of carbonic acid for wholesome respiration; or, as Mr. Barlow said, "so full of smoke, that he should cut it;" and somewhat inclining to the celebrated "hospital Medoc," commonly known as "half-and-half," they determined to leave the booth. But, not exactly approving of the exclusive principle on which the arrangements were conducted, they took checks, and gave them to the most disreputable persons they could find.

As they returned into the town they observed an erection, which reminded them of the pictures of Noah's ark. It was nearly sixty feet long, and contained, they were informed, a live whale. Agreeing that whatever was to be seen there was, no doubt, very like one, they proceeded, without entering, on their way; and, happening to see some shrimps invitingly displayed in a window, amongst other luxuries, they rushed upstairs, guided by a board in the shop, on which was inscribed "Supper Rooms," and entered the first-floor front. They were rather dismayed at finding they had entered a temperance coffee-house, where nothing was kept but coffee and ginger-beer; but, having prevailed upon the landlady to send out for two pots of the favourite beverage, they ordered some of the aforesaid *crustacea*, and commenced a bacchanalian song, in which Mr. Barlow accused himself of having forsaken an imaginary young lady, named Phillis, to whom he was supposed to be paying his addresses, and stuck to his glass: ending with an enumeration of the comforts found in wine.

When this had concluded, to the great joy of the assembled tee-

totallers, Mr. Mills got out of the window upon the ledge of the shop-front, and amused himself by addressing the crowd on the subject of the income-tax, strangely mixing it up with divers snatches of anatomy and popular metaphysics. His harangue was received with loud shouts, and showers of orange-peel; but fearing lest two or three policemen should be added to the number of his hearers, and finding that the shrimps and half-and-half had arrived, after a few minutes' oratory, the honourable gentleman sat down—to supper.

The social meal having been despatched, our three adventurers returned to town. They went back as they came—by the train; and yelled, shouted, and screamed, with all their might, to the apparent delight of the generality of their fellow-passengers; but to the scandalization of a small minority, in the person of a serious-looking young man, who enquired whether they considered themselves gentlemen; to which question they replied, that they certainly did not, —thus stopping all further argument.

We will not follow their revelries further. It will suffice to say that, on returning to their respective lodgings—at what precise time is not known, but it is presumed to have been at a very early hour, —each, as he laid his head upon his pillow, exulted in that delightful consciousness, which it is the exclusive privilege of the aspiring mind to feel, of having "done it rather." A. S.

BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

They tell me she remembers yet
Her childhood's happy home,
And, though they deem she can forget,
The tears will sometimes come!
The features will o'ershadow'd be,
That lately laugh'd and smil'd!
Oh! these are blessed thoughts to me,
Who knew her as a child!

They say she often breathes a sigh
When 'midst a thoughtless throng,
And tunes her harp with moisten'd eyes,
To some sweet olden song.
The voice, too, trembles as she sings
Of joys that are no more;
Oh! can it be her spirit clings
To those she lov'd of yore?

They say, too, she is alter'd now;
But, though wealth may have chang'd
The innocence of that fair brow,
The heart is not estrang'd!
For Memory hath broke the spell
That Pride had firmly riv'n,
And those atoning tears that fell,
Were dew-drops nurs'd in Heav'n!

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Richard Savage receives a visit from a gentleman of a peculiar turn in morals, and takes a last farewell of Sir Richard Steele.

It was sometime before Elizabeth was mistress sufficiently of her senses to be made to comprehend that no further violence was to be feared from Sinclair; that she had escaped him, and was now under the protection of a friend, who would not leave her till he had seen her to some place of safety. I inferred from her extreme alarm that Sinclair had been brute enough to terrify her with menaces,—an inference that made me devoutly wish that I had broken the villain's neck, and caused me to regret that I had not taken summary vengeance upon his wretched accomplices.

At length, she partly heeded my entreaties that she would be composed. Relieving herself gently from my circling arm, and withdrawing her hand, which she had unconsciously placed in mine when I entered the coach.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "how shall I thank you for preserving me from that wicked man? and what will you think of me that I trusted myself alone with him for a moment. Indeed it was not my fault—I can explain it."

"I must not permit you — forgive me — to explain anything till you are more yourself," said I. "Collect your spirits, and tell me whither I can have the pleasure of accompanying you. You do not, I hope, intend to return to the house of Mrs. Brett?"

"Not for the world," she replied hastily. "Pray, Mr. Savage, take me to some place; I do not care how low or humble it is, or where, so that it be away from her. I will never go back to Mrs. Brett. I am sure she arranged the plan with Mr. Sinclair to carry me off, that he might make me forcibly his wife."

"Dear madam," I observed, "you can easily escape her malice, if I can suppose that even Mrs. Brett can entertain any malice against you,—at any rate, you may defeat her designs, whether malicious or otherwise, by placing yourself under the protection of your father. Shall I order the coachman to drive us to his house?"

She joyfully assented to the proposal; and I gave the necessary directions to the coachman.

"And yet," she said, after a pause, "I fear my father will be very angry with me. He has, for some time past, so Mrs. Brett has assured me, encouraged Mr. Sinclair's addresses; and who knows (for I have learned, I fear, to distrust everybody,) but this dreadful scheme may have been undertaken with his concurrence?"

"This is not the time, my dear young lady," I replied, with a due

sense of my own importance in the business, "to disclose what were Mr. Sinclair's intentions, which I discovered in a manner I cannot but consider as providential; but, be assured, he will not, for his own sake, think of molesting you again."

"You terrify me. Mr. Sinclair's intentions were——"

"Worthy of Mr. Sinclair, madam. Pray, be not alarmed. You have nothing to fear from Sir Richard Steele's displeasure. Mrs. Brett will answer for herself, and she will be made to do so. Her treatment of her own son has been such as will hardly justify the world to itself, which is well acquainted with her conduct, in feeling any surprise at her unwomanly treatment even of the daughter of Sir Richard Steele."

"Good Heaven! I think I understand you now," exclaimed Elizabeth. "Can it be that Mrs. Brett,—no, no, I must not,—I should not think that. Oh, Mr. Savage!" taking my hand between hers, "how infinitely grateful I ought to be, and will be, to you."

Selfish slave that I was! how I delighted in this assurance, which, while it immeasurably overpaid my service, made me feel like a creditor yearning for a hundred-fold his due.

By this time we were come to Steele's house. I got out, and requested to see Sir Richard instantly, on particular business. He was at his "Hovel" at Hampton, but was expected in town on the following morning. I returned to the coach, in some perplexity, and related the unwelcome news.

"Unfortunate!" said Elizabeth. "What trouble I give you, dear sir; but I have no other friend to look to in my distress. If I knew where to go, or who would receive me——"

An expedient suggested itself to me.

"I have a friend," said I, "living but a short distance off, whose wife and daughter, most respectable and amiable ladies, would, I venture to say, be most happy to pay you every attention. It is happily thought on. I hope, I hardly need say, my honour——"

"You are only too good," she said hastily, and, with a blush, added, "While I am under the protection of Mr. Savage I know I am quite safe. Wherever you please to take me, I know I shall be kindly used."

Not even Sinclair could have resisted this, had it been said to him, unworthy as he was of so confiding a sweetness. The driver once more put his jaded steeds into paralytic progression, and we were shortly at Myte's door. Requesting Miss Wilfred to excuse me for a minute, I alighted from the coach, and had Myte called downstairs. I drew him into a side-room.

"I have brought a young lady to see you, sir."

"A lady!" cried he, scratching his ear. "What! the lady of all others—'the inexpressive she'—the lady whose eyes made your heart go 'thump,' and who has at last taken pity on you?"

"A lady," said I, "who stands in need of Mrs. Myte's care and protection; which I am certain you will readily permit her to extend to Miss Wilfred, when I have told you the circumstances."

When Elizabeth had been duly introduced to Mrs. Myte and her daughter, who received her with the utmost tenderness of kindness, Myte and I adjourned to a lower room. I was not unwilling, I confess, to recount my recent exploit at large, since it afforded me the opportunity of lowering Sinclair in the esteem of Myte, and of

raising Gregory by the comparison. After we were seated, I related the whole particulars of the fray, and made him acquainted with the means through which I had become possessed of Sinclair's intentions.

A pressure of the hand, a few disordered words, and a look which was better than words, had they been the best that even *her* lips could have spoken, these lifted me above the ground as I left Myte's house.

On the following morning, just as I was about to proceed to Sir Richard Steele, the woman of the house came up-stairs, and informed me that a gentleman below desired to speak with me. He said that his name was of no consequence. I desired he might be shown up.

The stranger, who was a little man, with a very red face, thickly sown with angry pimples, walked into the room, his palms horizontally extended, and his head thrown back, like a man who is apprehensive that he has come upon a business that requires a preparatory propitiation of the other party before it can be safely entered upon.

"Bear in mind, Mr. Savage, I intreat of you," said he, "that I do not present myself before you on my own account, or by my own good will. I am deputed, sir,—a deputy,—an ambassador, Mr. Savage."

"Pray, sir, be seated," said I, "and tell me briefly — for I am in haste to go out,—upon whose account you do present yourself,—by whom you are deputed. Relate your embassy," I added, smiling; for the fellow was shrugging his shoulders, and making inroads into his snuff-box.

"You do not know me, then, I conjecture, good sir, although you have seen me very recently," he replied, with a strange mixture of confidence and alarm; the latter in his eye, the former in his voice.

"Bless my soul!" I exclaimed, starting up. "I beg your pardon, sir; you are greatly altered since last evening, Mr. Lemery."

"The clerical wig," he stammered. "Pray don't put yourself in a passion, Mr. Savage. Recollect I am only——"

"Tell your message, or deliver your letter, and be gone. I cannot trust myself else."

"Be not so violent, dear sir," he exclaimed, glancing at the door; "violence is by no means necessary."

"Violence! s'death! Mr. Lemery! I should be sorry to draw upon a man in my own lodging, and I see you do not carry a sword."

"Never did in my days!" cried Lemery; "and, what pleasure could it be to you to do me any bodily injury? Don't think of it, I beg. 'Peace!' 'peace!' I say with my Lord Falkland. Pray, good sir, be seated. I do not condemn your violence," he continued abjectly, "far from it. It is born with some natures. Mr. Sinclair is very violent."

"You bring a challenge from Mr. Sinclair, I presume? — give it to me, and go: that's a good fellow. He shall have my answer quickly."

"No doubt he would," said Lemery; "you are a man of high spirit, Mr. Savage; we have seen that. But, I am happy to say, I do not bring a challenge. Mr. Sinclair is too much injured to stir

abroad for some time. He must keep his bed, sir,—very much cut with the broken glass, his wrist sprained, and a sad contusion on the hip, I am very sorry to say."

"He brought it upon himself, sir, and deserved a much greater punishment," said I.

"Youth — youth," he returned, in a moralising tone, "is all fire, and is to be forgiven if it blazes forth now and then. Let me hope that you will once more, and speedily, become friends, as, I am told, you have been. In the mean time, Mr. Sinclair thinks that you cannot object to give up the name of the party from whom you had your information of his wild and rash project—for I always thought it so, I assure you. He suspects Mr. Merchant, a gentleman whom we all respect, and to whom I, for one, should be grieved to attribute ingratitude; for ingratitude, I take it, Mr. Savage," he continued, elevating his voice into a kind of chant, "is, of all vices, the vilest, the most abominable—the—the—least to be overlooked. You agree with me, I am sure."

"Well," I returned; "Mr. Sinclair has no right to expect me to satisfy his impertinent curiosity; and be kind enough to tell Mr. Sinclair that I am surprised at his impudence in sending you to me."

"Oh! but, sir," urged Lemery, "is it not vexatious, — is it not distressing to be compelled to withdraw one's confidence from a friend? Allow me to say — you are, I perceive, a very polite gentleman, Mr. Savage,—permit me to hint that this matter might have been accommodated much more agreeably to all parties. There was no necessity for the scene of yesterday— eh?" stretching out his hands in plaintive appeal.

"How! Mr. Lemery; what do you mean? no necessity!"

"Will you allow me to speak," said he, with a bland smile; "now, without any—foolish, I must not say, but — youthful ebullition on your part, will you let your humble servant speak?"

Lemery began to interest me.

"By all means—proceed: but, pray be short."

"I will be very brief," said he. "Well, Mr. Savage, pardon me; but, what earthly occasion could there be for your interference in this matter? What! you smile; but, pray be not offended. A gentleman of figure and fortune chooses to possess himself of a young lady, not so sensible of his merit as might have been wished and expected; and another gentleman, no less entitled to respect and consideration, although—no offence to Mr. Savage in the world,—without those particular recommendations that belong to the former, — that other gentleman interferes—do you see? thwarts and obstructs him; and deprives him of his legitimate (among gentlemen, legitimate) chance of success. You laugh, Mr. Savage; I am glad I entertain you. Will it be too much to suggest to a young gentleman like you that the days of knight-errantry are gone by: to remind you that the great author of Don Quixote shamed that crazy enthusiasm out of countenance more than a century ago?"

How could I kick so facile a votarist down stairs?— how gravely broach ethics with this earthworm (almost sublime, from his absence of passion), whose moral warmth, if he ever possessed any, must have exuded like the perspiration of another dog, from his tongue? I was lost in admiration of the man—the sincere crawler, who loved

Mr Clutterbuck receives a hint that he

London, Richard Bentley, 1842.

baseness for its own sake, and told his love. It is much to meet with anything that is genuine after its kind.

"What you say is very true," said I, for I was disposed to fall in with his humour; "but, recollect, sir, here was a virtuous and honourable young lady,—the daughter of Sir Richard Steele,—a lady whose friends would have called Mr. Sinclair to a rougher account than I have as yet brought him to: don't you think he was, at least, imprudent in hazarding so much danger, even for so virtuous a young lady?"

"A very virtuous young lady, we must all admit, and a very charming one," said he; "but—but, Mr. Savage——" here he gave a most horrible leer, "don't you know that these are particularly the ladies that gentlemen of figure and fortune——"

I interrupted him. After all, it was difficult to keep one's hands or feet off this hound.

"No more," I said, waving my hand.

"Let me only say this. Mr. Sinclair is one of the most generous of men; and the compensation I know he was prepared to make in money——"

"Was such as you would gladly have arrested by the way, doubtless," said I. "It is very well. Mr. Sinclair keeps his purse, and you your honesty."

"Nay, nay—too hard—too hard," cried the fellow, and he arose. "I assure you, Miss Wilfred might, perhaps, never have known that it was not a *bonâ fide* marriage. That would have depended upon her after-conduct; and it was upon that contingency I spoke when I hinted of the money. Was not everything managed in the most respectful manner? Had we not a very decent woman to attend upon her during the ceremony — Mrs. — something — I forget her name, who was with her till you broke in upon us?"

"What do you mean? there was no woman in the room."

"She ran into the inner room, and locked herself in when she heard it was you. She appears to know you, Mr. Savage, and vows vengeance against you; but she won't say for what."

I was surprised at this; but could not bring myself to question Lemery.

"The woman does not know me," said I; "but probably hates me for marring a plot, upon the success of which her pay was, perhaps, to use your word, contingent. I hope Mr. Sinclair intends fairly by her. He will know where to find me should he want me, when he recovers. I follow you."

"Are we, then, to conclude that Mr. Merchant was the gentleman who told you?" said he, looking back as he descended.

"I follow you, I say, Mr. Lemery," I repeated, tapping his shoulder with the end of my cane; "pray go down the stairs as you are accustomed to do; if, indeed, you are more used to descend stairs on your feet than by the neck and shoulders. Be wary, Mr. Lemery."

Mr. Lemery took the hint, and, bidding me good morning with some precipitation, quickly vanished.

I could not help thinking it a little extraordinary that Sinclair should have despatched his friend, Lemery, upon so sleeveless an errand as he had just left with me. He must have felt how unreasonable it was to expect me to satisfy his curiosity, and, by doing

so, to put him in the way of gratifying his revenge upon one whose breach of confidence—if such there had been—I was ready to justify at the sword's point. There was a weakness in this on his part, or a suspicion of weakness on mine, for which I loved him none the better. There was something dastardly, too, in his implied determination of wreaking his vengeance upon my informant, rather than upon me, for which I was beginning heartily to despise him, when it occurred to me that his suspicions in reality might not tend towards Merchant, who had been thrown out as a feeler, but that they centred in my excellent mother, who, suspecting his project, had employed the agent of all others at once best able and most willing to defeat it.

It is the curse of rogues (they call it a misfortune) that they can never place implicit dependence on each other; and, perhaps, one rogue is never so suspicious of his partner as when he has been obstructed, by whatever means, in an attempt at over-reaching him. I could easily believe—and the surmise was a pleasant one—that Sinclair might lay the overthrow of his plans at the door of Mrs. Brett. When I say the surmise pleased me, I hope it will be considered as a proof of my willingness to believe Mrs. Brett less inhuman to others than to myself. With what readiness of joy would I not, even now, seize upon and proclaim the proof that she is not the vilest woman breathing! But, where are the ungilded fingers that will hold forth such an evidence? Where is the tongue that owes not its lubricity to a life's lying, that would wag its assurance that such evidence is true? Hold! Richard Savage; let her actions bespeak what she has been—what, to have survived them—she must be. I am willing it should be so.

Absorbed in entertaining reflections, all helping to flatter my self-love, I found myself almost insensibly at the door of Sir Richard Steele. He was come to town; and, having been told my message of the previous evening, had desired I should be admitted to him instantly. He arose at my entrance, looking as gloomy as a man well can who has received no recent provocation to justify his gloom. Black looks and bent brows became Sir Richard's face as ill as any man's I ever saw, and it has been my chance to behold many tempestuous faces in my time, and to retort them. But I heeded not his black looks or his bent brows. On the contrary, the blacker his looks, the brighter were mine; and the more he lowered, the more unclouded was I. No wonder he mistook the business on which I came.

At length, drawing himself up (his dignity became him no better than his scorn,) he said,

"I had little thought that the time would ever come when I could wish to see Mr. Savage again; nor is it now so much a wish to see him, as to hear what he has to say, that prevails upon me to submit to his presence."

He paused as though expecting a reply; but, as I made none, and as he perceived that I had some difficulty in restraining my laughter at his poor speech, he continued, somewhat confusedly, but in his natural tone,

"You called upon me last evening, saying that you wished to see me on a particular business."

"I did so."

"You brought a lady with you. My servant tells me he thinks the lady was Miss Wilfred."

"The lady was Miss Wilfred."

"Base villain!" cried Sir Richard furiously, — "then — then, you 've stolen a marriage, have you?"

"I have not stolen a marriage," I replied; "neither am I a base villain. Pray do not exhaust your rage, sir; you may want it before the morning is over. I left word I wished to see you on particular business; but no sooner do you see me than you fall to questioning me, and prevent me from entering upon it. Now, would it not have been better, when I came into the room, had you kept your seat, and asked me to take one, which I am now about to do,—that I might have opened my business to you, like a gentleman to a gentleman?"

"A gentleman!" cried Sir Richard, with a sneer.

"I 'd have you to know, sir," I began, in some heat. "Pardon me," I added; "when Sir Richard Steele does not remember that he is a gentleman, he may easily forget that I am one. My memory, for the present, shall serve for both."

Upon this, he collected himself, and sat down, arranging his periwig.

"Now, sir," said he, "no long speeches. I suspect, Savage, I suspect — no matter. This intrusion will not be repeated, I hope. Be brief, sir. Your company, I tell you plainly, is irksome to me."

"I am sorry for it; and that there are two here who do not like their company. I shall trouble you but a short time, and never more, I give you my honour."

With that I made known to him the occurrences of the previous evening, and awaited his commands.

I was never more mortified in my life than at the manner in which he received my communication. It is true, there was resentment against Sinclair,—grave and angry doubt of Mrs. Brett,—concern, anxiety respecting his daughter; but there was no gratitude to me. His face betokened none.

A dead silence for a considerable time after I had concluded. There was no need to speak. The perplexity of Sir Richard, and the occasion of it, were plainly discoverable in his countenance. He was sorry to be obliged to me, and, more so, to be in a manner compelled to express his sense of obligation. The difficulty he felt, prompted, or, rather, betrayed him into a most unworthy course, which altogether relaxed the check I had put upon myself.

"And, how do I know, Mr. Savage, that the story you have been telling me is true?" he asked, with contemptuous coolness.

Down, with a violent effort, back into my bosom went the choler this speech had made to spring into my throat.

"It will be time to leave you, sir," I said, "when I have told you in whose care I have placed Miss Wilfred. Sir Richard Steele, I am ashamed of you."

If I was not, he was.

"Rather, I should say," he resumed hurriedly, "how do I know that Sinclair intended a mock-marriage? Your mother would not countenance so villanous a scheme, nor would Sinclair dare to carry it into execution."

"I only know," I replied, "that Sinclair *has* dared to attempt it.

What villanous scheme my mother would or would not countenance, I do not know. The villany, I believe, would be no bar to its favour with her."

"I am aware of the hatred you bear your mother, Mr. Savage."

"And of its cause you are aware," I replied: "but you do not seem to be aware that you are treating me with an indignity which I do not deserve. Two miscreants, Lemery and Simms, were the creatures employed upon the occasion. The former—the *parson*—called upon me this morning. You may hear of the three, — the *bridegroom* and his assistants,—at *Robinson's Coffee House* (I laid a stress upon this), where the *marriage* was to have taken place. The lady who *should* have given the bride away— Mrs. Brett, of virtuous countenance, — you know where to find. In conclusion, Miss Wilfred is in safe and reputable hands, under the protection of Mr. Myte and his family.——"

"What! little Myte, the money-lender?"

"The same. Miss Wilfred is very anxious for a summons from you, to take her thence, or to signify your approval of her present lodging. She will be treated kindly, as long as it is convenient she should stay, I can assure you. Good morning!"

"Stay!" cried Sir Richard; "I seem to have done you an injustice."

"And what of that?" cried I, with a laugh which had little mirth in it; "pray don't concern yourself. It shall be the last time you shall have an opportunity of doing so, I promise you."

"Mr. Savage," he said, rising and approaching me, "I offer you my hand, as I would offer it to a stranger who had done me a very great and timely service."

"I accept it," I replied, with formal gravity; "and in this, at least, you may believe me," saying the words with an emphasis upon each, "that as long as I live I shall consider the acknowledgment of a service as a sufficient discharge."

He coloured. "What do you mean? but I know. We will not talk of that. I *had* a high opinion of you."

"You flattered me. Is it wonderful I set a value upon myself?"

"And I assure you, Mr. Savage, I wish you very well—still."

There was a self-dignified cant in these words, and in the manner in which they were uttered, that by no means pleased me. The author of Sir Thomas Overbury, forsooth, was not to be addressed in this high fashion, even by the author of "The Tatler."

"Excuse me," said I, with a low bow; "but I must beg to decline even the good wishes of Sir Richard Steele for the future. His *other* favours I shall never forget. He must pardon me for saying that he was resolved I should be in no danger of forgetting them."

I expected a warm answer, but I got none. I walked to the door. He followed me, and tapped me on the shoulder familiarly. "I have a few words to say."

I turned about, and faced him.

"Elizabeth must not return to Mrs. Brett. Would Myte suffer her to remain with him for a short time, till I can light upon some means of providing for her?"

"I have no doubt," I replied, "that he will be most happy to do so, and feel highly honoured, to boot."

"What shall I do to Sinclair?"

"Leave him, Sir Richard, to himself—or to me."

"Very well. I shall see Mrs. Brett, and shame her; not but I believe she was like to have been deceived by Sinclair; to whose marriage with my daughter, I confess, if he could have obtained her consent, he had mine."

I looked gloomy at this. "Once, sir, you gave your consent to me."

"It was recalled: but now——" He paused a moment, and resumed, "In a very short time I shall retire to Llangunnor, near Caermarthen, where I hope to end my days. Before I go, I intend to make some provision for Elizabeth. I will not stand in your way, if you can secure her affection."

I bowed, but answered nothing. He had probably said the same words to Sinclair.

"And now," said he, "let us shake hands as though nothing had happened between us. So much is due to you. We shall not meet again. We are both too proud to agree well after what has passed. You think you're right; I know you're wrong. You think me wrong; I know I'm right. Nevertheless——"

Here we shook hands with great apparent cordiality; but there was little, I fear, between us, or on either side. I am sorry, therefore, we crossed palms at all. However, if there was no friendship, there was no hostility. The salutation meant no more.

The *generous* Sir Richard Steele! I cannot gainsay the epithet. He had been so to me. But there was little generosity in this ending of our acquaintance. He is not the first man, or the last (and there are, I dare say, more to follow,) who has belied his nature to punish me. And all because I have ever said the truth both of friends and enemies. The result is, a well-disciplined army of the one, and a wretchedly ragged troop of the other. No matter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Which contains a short history of Elizabeth Wilfred, and relates all that is necessary should be at present known.

I APPRIZED Myte of all that had passed since I had seen him. He was mightily tickled by my interview with Clutterbuck.

"Do you know, Ricardo," said he, "that I should soon take a strong fancy to that fellow. He is one of the greatest philosophers of the age. I wonder where and when Lothario first lighted on him. He wouldn't have loved you a whit the less if you had kicked him down stairs — not he. 'A hasty gentleman, that,' — 'Strange, men can't control their passions.' He'd have charged it to his employer. Why hadn't you put a few shillings in his pocket that way? to turn clergyman, too, at a moment's notice! Delicious abomination! But, you're impatient to see your young mistress. I'll go up with you, and draw off my feminalities. If you'll engage to say as much as you mean, and no less, and all that you feel, and no more, I think you may be indulged in half an hour's private interview with her."

Myte was as good as his word, and presently carried away his wife and daughter, pretending that he had something of great importance to communicate to them. When we were left together, and after she had again expressed her gratitude to me for my timely

deliverance of her, as she termed it, I related what had passed between Sir Richard Steele and myself in reference to her. She was delighted to hear that she was not to go back to Mrs. Brett. "Not but I love her," she said, "and shall never cease to do so, for her care of me, and her tenderness towards me, during so many years, and it is very painful to think not so well of those we love; but, indeed, Mr. Savage, her treatment of me, since Mr. Sinclair addressed me, has been little short of persecution." I requested, if the recital would not greatly distress her, that she would relate the manner in which my mother had contrived to place her in the power of Sinclair.

"I sincerely hope," she replied, "that Mrs. Brett knew nothing of his intentions. Let us not judge her hastily. I trust she may be able to satisfy my father that she had no part in Mr. Sinclair's wicked design of marrying me against my will;" (I could not undeceive her as to the marriage;) "but that she herself was deceived by him. You have a right, dear sir, to know all; and the kindness of your excellent friends has so restored me, that I can speak of it calmly now. I ought hardly to complain of it, since it has been the means of vindicating the opinion I never ceased to entertain of Mr. Savage, and of introducing me to the friendship of such worthy ladies, and," with a smile, "of good Mr. Myte."

With what a charming plainness,—how frankly and earnestly did she tell me everything, from her first entering the coach to go to the theatre with Mrs. Brett and Sinclair, to the moment in which I broke into the room, and rescued her from the latter! I confess I thought it a fault in her (we of much blood, and souls that mingle and run with it through our veins, ever judge of heavenly natures by our own,) that she did not speak of Sinclair in this base proceeding with bitterness or asperity; but she could not feel resentment, or express indignation, against any human being. How my fingers itched to punish the villain who could meditate so vile a wrong against a creature, to whose hand it were presumption in him to aspire. My face, I doubt not, represented my feelings faithfully; for she besought me, and at last extorted from me a promise not to seek out Sinclair, saying she should never forgive herself if I came to any harm through her.

"He is sufficiently punished already," she added; "and I am sure I can freely pardon him if he will molest me no more."

Pity it would be—to me it seems so—were I to obstruct any light that may be thrown upon my mother's character and conduct,—were I, weary of trituration, to neglect the preparation of any new colour in which a lady of such attractive pretensions may be painted. Nor would it be fair to her, or to myself, or just to *him*, that I should withhold such particulars as may serve to set before the reader as sensible an idea of Sinclair as my materials permit me to present. But that I may do this, it will be necessary not only that I furnish an account of the carrying-off of Elizabeth Wilfred, but that I submit everything that I gathered from her, in relation to herself and to me, at many subsequent interviews, when our closer intimacy, and the connexion that was like to have resulted from it, entitled her to address me without reserve. Brief let me be; for it is no pleasing portion of my task; and, since I but appear in it subjunctively, it will be well that I speak of myself in the third person.

Elizabeth had been committed to the care of Mrs. Brett at a very early age. She had never experienced the tender offices of a mother, who died in giving her birth; and to the mother of Richard Savage was she intrusted by Captain Steele, in the perfect assurance that Mrs. Brett, then only a few years married to the Colonel, would, so far as affectionate solicitude for her happiness was concerned, bring her up as her own child. It seems, however, that the lady loved the children of others better than her own child, or, that Elizabeth was the one whom she could love; for her unvarying and anxious affection for the girl could not be exceeded, even by those who elevate maternal duty into a virtue. Steele made no secret of the relation in which the girl stood to him; but it was never his design to introduce her to the world as his daughter, Steele being one of those men whose precept and whose practice vary considerably, and who possess, at least, virtue enough to be ashamed of their own vices. A plain education, therefore, was bestowed upon her, to qualify her to become the wife of some reputable citizen, to whom the sum he intended to give her as a portion, might enhance her value. But, as she grew up, Elizabeth evinced taste and inclinations which by no means accorded with the humble station which had been projected for her; and it was decided that it was a pity so fine a girl should be thrown away upon a sordid shopkeeper, while there were scores of young sparks upon town who could not fail of being struck with her beauty, and who would be happy to sue for her hand. No sooner had Elizabeth left school, and had come to reside permanently with Mrs. Brett, than that lady endeavoured continually to impress upon her ward how fine a thing it would be to marry a gentleman of wealth and station, and how entirely a girl's own fault it was if she did not do so. Straight, to confirm her words, came Sinclair, introduced to Mrs. Brett by Langley. That gentleman, indeed, on the first introduction of his friend, had imparted to Mrs. Brett his hope that Sinclair would at no distant period become his brother-in-law (Gregory, notwithstanding); but Mrs. Brett either had another destination for him from the first, or had reason to believe, from what she saw of Sinclair, that Langley's anticipations were not doomed to be realized. It was not long before Sinclair began to pay marked attention to Miss Wilfred; nor longer ere Mrs. Brett advised the young lady of the nature of these attentions,—to what they tended,—and how they ought, therefore, to be received.

But, about this time, Savage was introduced by Sir Richard Steele to his daughter; and, after a considerable period, was made aware of his intentions in his favour. Steele, in his policy, or in his wisdom, chose to conceal the meetings that took place between the young couple from Mrs. Brett, till, as he conceived, he had established such an attachment between them as would afford him a strong and unanswerable plea for insisting upon the match, and fortify his resistance, should she seek to prevent or to overthrow it. His daughter was apprized of his wishes, and assented to them. Savage had already gratefully acknowledged his sense of the friendship that prompted them. Strange to say, Mrs. Brett manifested no such repugnance as had been expected from her both by Steele and his daughter. Steele, who loved a scene of which he himself had the direction, made the disclosure in his daughter's presence. Mrs.

Brett smartly rallied Elizabeth upon her demureness and secresy, and applauded Sir Richard's mode of proceeding, adding, in a graver tone, that she regretted Sir Richard had not sooner made known his intentions, since, she acknowledged candidly, she had already set her heart upon a gentleman every way unexceptionable, as a husband for Miss Wilfred, for whom he had the most profound regard. She mentioned Sinclair. Steele waved his hand imperiously.

"I will have no coxcomb in my comedy," said he; "the play will do very well without him. I hand him over to you."

"But," said Mrs. Brett, "since I must not say before you, that this Mr. Savage is no son of mine——"

"We know better," said Steele.

"Still, whether he be or not," she pursued; "and, although I have just cause to hate him, and, therefore, cannot understand how he can be proved worthy of your daughter; yet, should he be so——"

"He is so," cried Steele.

"Still," she urged, "why this haste?"

"Nothing that 's long about, is worth its keep. It eats time, like a glutton, and kills itself. Mrs. Brett," walking up to her with a comical seriousness, "since the young people are not to starve, what do you mean to give your son to begin the world with?"

"Nothing," she replied promptly.

"Not even your blessing?"

"No."

"Then we must get on without you. Look 'ee, though. I shall tell Brett to keep a soldier's eye upon Sinclair. My love," patting his daughter's cheek, "you have only to keep steadfast. Mrs. Brett," shaking her by the hand, "you have nothing to do but to change. I wish you knew your poor boy as well as I do."

"And so you have seen this young fellow?" said Mrs. Brett, when Elizabeth and she were left together; "and, what may be your opinion of him? I see. You may well blush, child. The man, I am told, has a sufficiency of assurance, which serves him with weak and shallow people. To think that your father should have taken such a whim into his head! His 'comedy,' indeed! With him

'All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.'

But Mr. Sinclair has been very ill-treated in this matter. I must command that you drop not a syllable to him of Sir Richard's foolish project. I have already passed my word to him for you, and this has placed me in a very awkward dilemma."

Elizabeth ventured timidly to suggest, that her father's consent, at least, if not her own, might have been asked before Mrs. Brett passed her word, reminding her that she had given Mr. Sinclair no encouragement, as, indeed, he had never, as yet, ventured beyond vague, and, perhaps, unmeaning expressions of admiration. He had never hinted marriage.

And so matters rested for some time. Steele could not conveniently raise the money he proposed to bestow upon his daughter; and it cannot certainly be known, although Savage suspects it to this day, that Mrs. Brett made use of the delay to prepare the mind of Sir Richard for the reception of any calumny that might be invented

against his friend. Who the individual was, or the people were, who told Steele that Savage had ridiculed him, the latter never learned, perhaps, because he had never put himself to the trouble of inquiring, —a trouble which, if he had taken it, had been altogether in vain, since he could not deny the truth of the allegation; and could only urge, had Sir Richard's vanity permitted him to state the particulars of the report that had reached him, that the several parts had been wrought into a different complexion; and that he did not mean that he should be scorned, but only laughed at; and that he was greatly more sensible of his patron's kindness than of his own imprudence.

The indignation of Sir Richard against Savage was not only violent, but lasting. Concession, such as Savage could not brook to offer, might have pacified him; but neither to explain nor to apologize undoubtedly seemed very like an admission of the truth of the charge, and perfect indifference about the pain it might have caused. And now it was that Sinclair, who had, for a long time past, ceased to speak of Savage, took occasion to descant warmly upon the inherent wickedness of human nature, as especially exemplified in the conduct of the latter towards his benefactor, and to lament that he should ever have been so short-sighted as to have admitted him to his friendship. He had heard, and it had given him much pain to learn from many quarters, that Savage had abandoned himself to evil courses; that he passed his days and nights amid scenes of vice, dissipation, and wickedness; that he was indebted to a lady for his subsistence, whose excellence on the stage was prized much higher than her character off it; and that he did not evince either a disposition to free himself from the unworthy obligation he was under in that quarter, or any reluctance to continue a pensioner of Mrs. Oldfield. Mrs. Brett was neither slow nor sorry to turn these reports to as good account as possible.

Where we detect a readiness to believe any ill that may be attributed to another, we may as readily conclude there is little nobleness of nature; and yet, knaves, who are only fools turned inside out, commonly make the mistake of supposing that noble natures will most easily receive such unfavourable impressions as their own malignity causes them to propagate or to invent. It may be remarked, that while Elizabeth, having conceived a highly-favourable opinion of Savage, was the least likely person in the world to admit a sentiment contrary to it into her mind; Mrs. Brett and Sinclair were the most unlikely persons in the world to succeed in fixing it there. Simplicity of character is very sagacious of its opposite. She knew very well that Mrs. Brett was instigated, if not to the belief, yet to the dissemination of charges injurious to the character of Savage, by her hatred of him; and she suspected that Sinclair was moved to it by his so-called love to herself, which had met with no encouragement, because of Savage. Sinclair had been told, long ago, of the contract that had subsisted between Sir Richard Steele and Savage, and it may fairly be presumed did not look upon the latter more favourably after his knowledge of it. Has not Savage some right to conjecture that Sinclair's design upon Miss Wilfred was entered into partly out of revenge to him?

In an evil hour for the success of their plans, they were apprized that Savage's play of "Sir Thomas Overbury" was about to be brought out at the theatre. The lie that he had done, and would do,

nothing to retrieve his condition, fell flat, and went to pieces. But Cibber (wretched old coxcomb! let him know, if he does not already sufficiently well know—that Savage is not the only man of all his acquaintance that does not despise him,) — but Cibber, it seems, had laid his mouth to the ear of my good Madam Brett, with the intelligence that the play, when it first came into his hands, was very poor rubbish, and that any success that might possibly attend it would be the effect of the alterations—the touches—he had made and given to it, — a success, however, which, he added, the author seemed determined, if possible, to prevent, by his obstinate resolution of appearing in the principal character. Never was a youth so ill-fitted for the stage as Mr. Savage, he said, and yet his conceit was boundless. He thought himself a second Hildebrand Horden already,* and that he should one day excel Wilks or Booth, either of whom, however, as Mrs. Brett well knew (Cibber could never heartily praise the living,) was not to be compared with Betterton.

Encouraged by the assurance that Savage was likely, if not to approve himself a dunce, at least to make himself ridiculously contemptible, Mrs. Brett, who at first had expressed her determination of staying away from the theatre, now decided upon going thither, and upon taking Sinclair and Elizabeth with her, to "help the show," as Nat. Lee has it, and to give poignancy and bitterness to the disgrace (so her son conjectures) of her own son.

After this night, Mrs. Brett sought to carry matters with a high hand with Elizabeth. She no longer affected to doubt the attachment of the girl towards Savage, or, as formerly, endeavoured to shame her out of it by raillery and derision. Now she began roundly to take her to task for it,—to urge the weakness of so unworthy a passion; to set forth its wickedness,—to forbid its continuance. The scum of the playhouse! the reveller in low taverns! the sleeper in night-cellars! The wretch who lived upon the *charity* (was she right—she feared not—in calling it so?) of a depraved actress! All this she had often said before, while the intention of it was not so directly manifest, and it had been of no avail. A wonder she persisted in it. Why had she not had recourse to her invention? A wearisome repetition of the merits of Mr. Sinclair was not more effectual with Elizabeth, and, it is to be feared, by no means so agreeable to herself. Elizabeth replied that, as to the merit of Mr. Sinclair, she doubted it not; on the contrary, she was very sensible of it, and was grateful to him that, his sentiments towards her being as Mrs. Brett had represented them to be, he had had the delicacy and the forbearance not to press them upon her, or to oppress her with them. He had never dropped a syllable of marriage.

Mrs. Brett affected or felt a high admiration of Sir Richard Steele's play of "The Conscious Lovers," which, a short time previously, had been brought out at the theatre. She had not only witnessed its performance on the first night, but on two or three subsequent representations. She must see the delightful play once more. Steele had outdone himself in it (she was the only person of taste who thought so, if she did think so,)—Mr. Sinclair would be so obliging as to attend her and Elizabeth to the theatre.—They had

* A young actor of extraordinary promise, who, not long after his appearance in London, and in the midst of almost unexampled favour with the town, was killed in a tavern-quarrel.

not been to the play for a long time. Much more to a similar effect.

Elizabeth would willingly have declined, simply from a distaste of Sinclair's company; for she entertained as high an opinion of her father's genius, as Mrs. Brett could possibly pretend to, and admired the play as greatly as the other professed to do. She avowed her reluctance; but there was no resisting the tyrant. She must go. It would do her good. Sinclair took the superfluous trouble, or gave himself the insolent freedom, of joining his entreaties, well knowing that Elizabeth had no voice in the matter, and that she must go, or be taken, whither Mrs. Brett pleased.

They had proceeded some way towards the theatre in the coach, when Mrs. Brett remembered a call she had positively promised to make upon a lady in the immediate neighbourhood, which, till that moment, had escaped her memory. She desired she might be set down at her door. On getting out of the carriage, she insisted upon Sinclair attending Elizabeth to the play without her, saying they were very late, and that she would follow them in a chair in a few minutes, if she could not prevail upon her friend to accompany her.

"Silly girl!" she said, lightly tapping with her fan Elizabeth's hand, which she had laid beseechingly upon her arm; then, with a frown, and in a lower tone, "You are a fool, child; Mr. Sinclair, at least, is a gentleman. I will not hear of such nonsense. You cannot leave Mr. Sinclair by himself."

She hastened into the house, the door of which was, by this time, open; and the carriage drove off rapidly, and not in the direction of the theatre; but this Elizabeth did not at the moment observe. Surprised, indeed, but not immediately alarmed, was she when the coach stopped at Charing-Cross.

"Why are we brought here?" she inquired; "is anything the matter?"

Sinclair looked confused. Hitherto, probably, he had been accustomed rather to meditate than to practise villany.

"Be not alarmed, madam, I entreat," he replied; "it is nothing: but——"

"What? for Heaven's sake, Mr. Sinclair, tell me."

"Ready, your honour," cried a fellow — the hideous Dick, perhaps,—whose face was thrust in at the window.

"Let down the steps, then," cried Sinclair, and he jumped out of the coach immediately afterwards. Turning to Elizabeth, she perceived that the villain was very pale, and that he trembled.

"Permit me to assist you, madam," he said, offering his hand.

"Where would you take me?" she exclaimed, shrinking from him. "Let us return home. There is some mistake, surely," hardly knowing what she said.

Sinclair now, prompted, she believed, by the fellow from behind, seized her in his arms, and lifting, or rather dragging her out of the coach, thrust her into a chair, which was instantly in motion through the long passage leading to Robinson's.

A middle-aged woman — Elizabeth called her a lady, — in full dress, met her at the entrance, as she was forced out of the chair, and saluted her very courteously.

"We are delighted to see you, madam," said the wretch. "Why, Mr. Sinclair, how you've flurried the sweet lady! Pray, permit me

the honour, good Miss Wilfred, of attending upon you upstairs. Mrs. Brett will soon be here. A project of madam's own contriving, I assure you. A pity it has so terrified you."

"A very cruel jest," cried Elizabeth: "are you sure, madam, Mrs. Brett will shortly be here?"

"Upon my honour, Miss Wilfred, she will," said Sinclair, interposing.

At that moment, the face of the hag who had thwarted Savage in the passage was projected from the half-opened door of the lower room. There was something so shocking in the woman's countenance, although, perhaps, it wore at the time what was intended for a benignant expression, that even Elizabeth, the most unsuspecting of human creatures, felt that no good awaited her in a house of which that woman was an occupant, or at which she was a visitor.

She shrieked, and clung to the "lady" in the hoop, who endeavoured at consoling her with her "precious lamb," and "sweet creature," and who, at length, began to fumble for her salts.

"I can't find 'em, not I," she said; "pray, Mr. Sinclair, take the dear frightened lady upstairs. We have everything needful there."

Sinclair took her forcibly in his arms, and being a powerful man, ran upstairs with her with the greatest ease. Two grave gentlemen — Lemery and Simms — awaited them in the upper room, who, when Sinclair set her down, received her with very low bows.

"Now, Mrs. Rock," cried Sinclair to the woman who had followed them into the room, "pour out a glass of wine for this lady. It will revive her," and he retired to the further end of the apartment to confer with his friends, and, perhaps, to summon resolution to go through the coming scene with the firmness and address of an accomplished scoundrel.

Mrs. Rock, with a low curtesy, handed her a glass of wine.

"I will not touch it — why have I been brought here?" cried Elizabeth, as much terrified by the callous smirks of Mrs. Rock, with the glass held in her dainty and steadfast fingers, as by the violence which had been used in getting her into the room. "Madam," appealing to the woman, with pressed palms held up imploringly, "do not leave me!—for Heaven's sake—for God's own sake, do not leave me."

"No more I will," cried the woman, taking her round the waist caressingly, "no harm shall come to you, I warrant. Now, don't be afraid," slapping Elizabeth's hands playfully, "you foolish creature, you. No harm is intended you."

Sinclair now advanced.

"Pray, dear Miss Wilfred, be not alarmed. You know not how it distresses me to see you in this condition. Let me explain. It is time this mystery should be cleared up. I have loved you long, Miss Wilfred. I should have loved you hopelessly, — for you have been very cruel to me,—but that my mind suggested to me a resort, to which I have, I am happy to say, obtained Mrs. Brett's concurrence. You must be mine, madam,—indissolubly mine. This gentleman, then," pointing to Lemery, who responded by an inclination of the head, "is a clergyman whom I have engaged to marry us, — the other is his assistant. I see no reason why he should not proceed with the ceremony forthwith." He nodded his head. "Mrs. Rock!"

Elizabeth heard the key turn, and the lock shoot. Mrs. Rock had obeyed the directions of Sinclair. She screamed loudly as he approached to hand her towards the "clergyman," who had drawn a book from under his cassock.

"Madam," said Sinclair, "no trifling. You cannot be heard. This vehemence only injures yourself. Come, madam, be ruled," drawing her forward.

"I will never marry you," she exclaimed; "you cannot force me. Gentlemen," calling to the unmoved and motionless impostors, "you cannot make yourselves parties to this. I will never marry Mr. Sinclair."

Still he drew her onward.

"Madam," began Lemery, but he was silenced by Mrs. Rock, who clapped her hand over his open mouth.

"You are too rough with your lady that is to be," she said, addressing Sinclair. "Pray, sir, don't you know how a lady should be treated? Dearest love, and sweet creature, come; lean on me: let me lead you. It will soon be over. Lord! what a fuss you make about a trifle. I remember I was just the same when I was married. Goodness! what's that?"

There was a noise in the passage, followed by a tremendous assault upon the door. All eyes were turned in that direction.

When Sinclair heard who was the unexpected and hated comer, he swore a terrific oath. "Savage!" he exclaimed, "curse him! he shall repent coming hither." His sword flamed out. Down dropped Elizabeth upon her knees.

"For the love of Heaven, put away your sword. O Sinclair! in mercy's name, spare——"

She fell forward, her face upon the floor.

The rest has been told, and is known.

And now will Richard Savage resume in his own person. It is an after-thought, and a good one, that he had written the whole of his story in the third person. Curiosity had been raised delightfully to know whether he really were the author. He wishes he had thought of this earlier. The wish is now too late. It must serve as it stands—as it will stand.

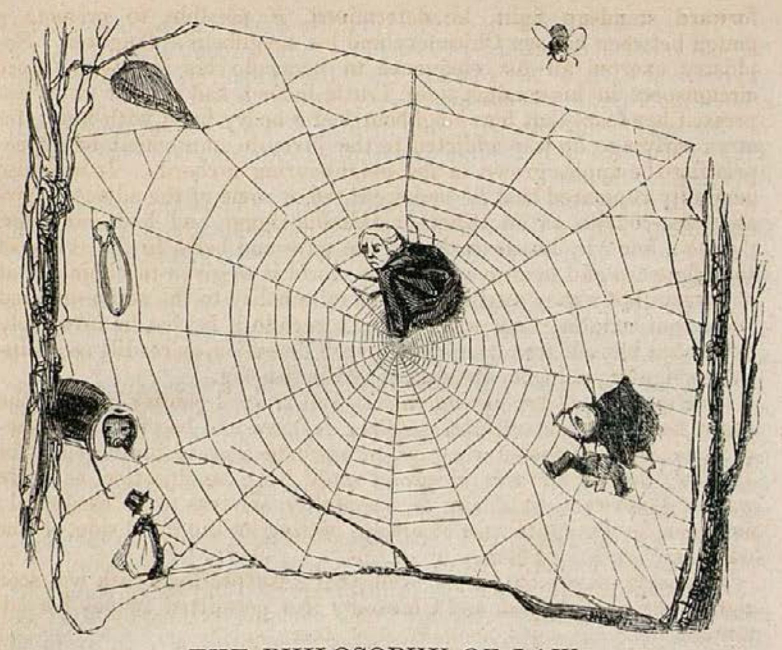
LINES FROM MARTIAL ON A PORTRAIT.

De Imagini M. Antonii, lib. x. v. 31.

Hæc mihi quis colitur violis pictura rosisque
  Quos referat vultus Cæditiane rogas?
Talis erat Marcus, mediis, Antonius annis
  Primus; in hoc juvenem se videt esse senex.
Ars utinam mores animamque effingere possit,
  Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

Whose the dear face that in this portrait glows,
Round which I wreath the violet and rose;
You ask Cæditianus? Such was he
E'en in mid-manhood, my Marc Antony!
Here still my old friend looks upon his youth.
Oh! could the limner's art with equal truth
Depict his sense and soul, all earth believe
Than *this* a lovelier picture could not give.

M. E. Conan.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Is that the law?"—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Je ne me plains pas de la justice, lui respondis-je, elle est très équitable: je voudrais seulement que tous ses officiers fussent d'honnêtes gens."—*Gil Blas.*

"He sought among lawyers, but only could find
That Law was expensive, and Justice was blind."—*Song.*

BRIEF THE FIRST.

Law.

GENEALOGIES—ALLEGORICAL.

JUSTICE was the only daughter of Truth and Equity: unfortunately, she was born blind.

Sophistry, being a neighbour of Truth's, had frequent opportunities of seeing the little darling, and, although he would sometimes amuse himself by thwarting, he could not in his heart help loving her. Being a smooth-tongued, smiling, specious old soldier, who had studied every move in the field, although more famous for a feint or a retreat than a straight-

forward stand-up fight, he determined, if possible, to promote a match between his son Chicanery and his neighbour's daughter. Sophistry exerted all his eloquence to persuade his son to be more circumspect in his conduct; for Truth, indeed, had once or twice expressed her fears that her neighbour had a heavy hand with him; for at an early age he was addicted to the juvenile amusement of appropriating the apples grown in the neighbouring orchards. It was also generally rumoured that he had appeared at some of the adjacent fairs and race-courses as an itinerant thimble-rigger, and had, moreover, "done a few" by his dexterity at the cups and balls, in the skirts of the highways and byeways. But the world is so given to fibbing, that it is very likely they attributed more criminality to the active-minded and adroit stripling than was merited; certain it is that he invariably extricated himself from the angry grip of detection, as readily as a slippery wriggling eel from the fingers of the fish-fag.

And now Sophistry having, like a well-trained pointer, put up the game, Chicanery determined to bring it down and bag it. He, however, candidly confessed that he entertained a great indifference for Justice; but, as she was blind, he could have no objection, as there was no doubt that, by a man of his ability, she was to be easily led; and then he was quite sure of always getting on the blind side of one who was "dark" on both.

Sophistry played his part so well, that unsuspecting Truth was soon completely hoodwinked, and Chicanery was permitted to pay his addresses.

Poor Justice, who was all ears, fell a sacrifice to their honeyed and insidious speeches, and at last consented to bestow her hand upon a man she had never seen, nor could ever hope to see.

Never was there a match of greater disparity:—a cork-screw and a rose were not more dissimilar.

In due course of time, Sophistry found himself a grandfather. Justice presented her lord and master with an heir.

The boy,—a most promising child,—was named LAW!

Among the "many parts" he afterwards played on the world's stage, was one not celebrated in the "Seven Ages" of the Bard of Avon; for, to the dismay of all honest people, he "played the Devil!"

Sophistry and Chicanery, of course, naturally assisted the delectable imp in his progress. As for Truth, she was too old-fashioned a body for them to pay any respect to her; and, when Equity attempted to interpose, they actually laughed in the old fellow's face. Justice was openly abused by both; and, consequently, Law, at a very early age, learned to treat his excellent mother with contempt!

BRIEF THE SECOND.

Babies in the nursery are threatened with Bogey! What Bogey is to tender infancy, Law is to riper manhood!

BRIEF THE THIRD.

The *leges non scriptæ* (or common law) are tolerably rational, and possess a large portion of common sense; but the *leges scriptæ* (or statute law), although full of those "good intentions," which are said to form the most approved pavement upon which Pluto and Proserpine delight to promenade in the regions below, are very contradictory and clashing, and dovetail so clumsily, that there are many chinks and loopholes through which roguery contrives to slip as adroitly as a hunted rat down a gulley-hole, at the precise moment when you ima-

"Is Mrs. Justice at home?"
"No; my name 's Law. I can do your business."

gine you have him fast by the tail, and have "fixed his flint," as the Americans say, to a dead certainty.

The *provisions* of acts of Parliament sometimes appear to be introduced for the sole benefit of the lawyers who *feed* upon them; and, in truth, there are many which, from their blundering confusion might, not inaptly, be termed *Irish provisions.*

The *leges scriptæ,* too, are couched in such unintelligible jargon, that they puzzle the lawyers themselves; quibbles and quirks consequently arise, and their clients suffer.

Those by whom these Anglo-Norman riddles are *indited* certainly deserve to be themselves *indicted* for a conspiracy against common sense.

BRIEF THE FOURTH.

AN OLD BAILEY DEFENCE.

Gentlemen of the Jury,—We have heard the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution. I would not for the world attempt to throw

A Witness to prove *Ali*(e)*bi*.

a shade of suspicion upon the testimony given. They are, doubtless, all honourable men, and have a firm belief in the truth of what they have stated; but I will prove to you, indubitably prove, that they may not only be mistaken, but that they are! Gentlemen of the Jury, this occurrence took place on a windy day; the wind blew from the North-east. Now, we all know from experience the effects of a North-east wind,—the bitter enemy of asthma and rheumatism, and the unfailing friend of apothecaries and lozenge-makers. The wind was North-east; now, assuming that the respectable witnesses were not affected by shortness of breath or rheumatic twinges, still I am sure that the lachrymal glands were excited, that the visual organs were rendered defective in their perception, and that what they did see was magnified through the medium of their involuntary tears!

Gentlemen of the Jury, I trust that these philosophical reasons will not be blown upon as windy arguments; they have more to do with the case of my unfortunate client than you imagine. The prisoner at the bar is accused of stealing a hat, *alias* a beaver, *alias* a tile; now, I mean to prove that the wind was *primâ facie* the offender, and, even in your severest judgment, must be accounted a *particeps criminis*.

The prosecutor swears that my client snatched up his hat, and took it off; now the witnesses have proved the error of this statement,

swearing that the wind took it off, and my client picked it up. This is very material.

It is true he ran away with it; for he was hatless himself, and probably took it for one of those windfalls which Fortune sometimes so opportunely throws in the way of poor mortals.

The wind had affected his eyes as well as the witnesses', and he could not see the bald head of the proprietor of the beaver, (who had been so unceremoniously untiled,) among the pedestrians of a crowded street; and this is the most charitable construction we can place upon his actions. He placed the hat upon his head,—a very fit place, you will allow, and it fitted him exactly. He ran away, it is true; for the outcry was so great that he was alarmed. He dodged in and out a stand of coaches, galloped down the street, panted through courts and

A chance for the Fleet.

lanes, and at last bolted down a blind alley, where he was captured by his pursuers, who, like cunning beaver-hunters, followed him with shouts and laughter. Why, the sport was worth the price of the best Perrin or Frank ever manufactured!

They all swear that they found the property of the prosecutor upon my client, but that it was minus the crown. Now, gentlemen of the Jury, I appeal to your good sense. My client is indicted for stealing a hat, and it is positively sworn that they found the said hat upon the prisoner. I deny it—I deny it upon their own evidence. A crown without a hat is a very tangible and useful thing, as we all know; but a hat without a crown is a nonentity, — a useless thing, — in fact, no hat at all. Deprive a king of his crown, and he is no longer a king; —deduct a crown from a sovereign, and the sovereign is transformed into fifteen shillings;—take the crown from an arch, and it falls to the ground,—and so, gentlemen of the Jury, must this charge against my client. There is an insurmountable flaw in the indictment, the benefit of which I trust you will give to my unfortunate client.

BRIEF THE FIFTH.

Barristers are the tongues of the Law; the briefs supplied by the lawyers are the sticks placed in their hands, wherewith to beat their opponents in the contest.

How delightful to witness the feats of these intellectual gladiators! How boldly, and with what a startling effect, they strike the table with their brief, or their clenched fist, punctuating their words with punches! With what a menacing look the counsel for the plaintiff turns towards the counsel for the defendant!—with what a bitter and sarcastic manner he utters, "My learned friend, gentlemen of the Jury, would fain persuade you that, &c. &c.; but I am confident your good sense and moral feeling, and the justness of my cause, will outweigh the elegant tropes and figures of my learned friend," &c.

Then, having concluded his address to the intelligent twelve men in the box, the opposing counsel rises, and calmly kicks down all the specious arguments of his antagonist, rubs out all his effective touches, and puts in his own; and, the Jury being convinced, a verdict is given accordingly.

To a spectator, a "hostile message" would appear inevitable, from the savage manner in which one gentleman sometimes attacks the other during the trial. No such thing: they are intimate friends, and probably dine together at the same tavern, and crack their bottle, their

nuts, and their jokes at the expense of the two fools who retained them.

They are merely accomplished actors; and, as for any feeling after the performance, one might as well expect to see the assassin and his intended victim, or the usurping Duke and his oppressed nephew in a favourite melodrama avoiding each other in the green-room; whereas they are amicably hob and nobbing it over a cool and refreshing tankard of "heavy," or a glass of "cold without," after their "terrific combat" in the second act.

BRIEF THE SIXTH.

To the simple and uninitiated many of the legal terms would induce them to believe that law was an amiable and affectionate old gentleman, with a spice of gallantry in his composition. They hear of his "instructions to *sue*," and Dr. Gregory's advice to his daughters naturally occurs to their innocent minds.

When an "attachment" is mentioned, or a "declaration," they smile, and suspect the old gentleman is smitten; an "agreement" and "surrender" they regard as the natural consequences; and "bonds of fidelity," they suppose are meant to express what, in the language of the Morning Post, are poetically termed the "Bonds of Hymen."

Enviable ignorance! may thine eyes never be couched by a "lawyer's letter," which, in thy happy state of observation, thou knowest not to distinguish from a "letter of attorney."

BRIEF THE SEVENTH.

There is a chosen few in the profession who are not only very liberally paid, but much respected by their clients,—the said clients being of that unfortunate class who are technically termed "cracksmen, mace-coves," &c. who indulge their peculiar propensities in housebreaking, shoplifting, and, now and then, do a little business in the "tragic line," such as cutting, and maiming, and forgery, "smashing," and, very rarely, a little homicide. They are excellent customers—always paying before-hand. There are others, again, who entertain such a hearty contempt for the law, that they generally contrive to evade it by compromising any unpleasant affair, taking especial care, however, not to lay themselves open to an indictment for a conspiracy, or for compounding a felony. For example, a jeweller's shop is stripped by the hand of some adept in the art of "conveyancing." Of course, there arises a hue-and-cry; for watches are gone that never went before. The gentleman who has the "swag" calls upon his legal adviser, and cautiously hints to him that, for a certain consideration, he thinks he could promise the restoration of the "missing" property.

The professional immediately seeks the sufferer, and, "under the rose," informs him that he has an intimation from an anonymous quarter, that, for a sum (probably naming double the amount proposed by the party in possession,) the property shall be restored.

"It is certainly an exorbitant demand, a cruel sacrifice; but, if not

acceded to, the articles will most probably be broken up, and sold for their weight," &c.

The loser flounders about irresolutely for awhile, but the legal gentleman feels he has hooked his fish, and he plays with him (as a Waltonian would with a jack,) till exhausted, and then skilfully lands him!

There are few such men, and yet, how heartily are they despised for the friendly facilities they offer.

How ungrateful is man!

BRIEF THE EIGHTH.

Notwithstanding the sneers and innuendoes of the press, we are of opinion that there is much more real justice dispensed by the summary decisions of the magistrates at the police-offices, than in the higher courts of law or equity. The charges are generally of a petty description, although sometimes peculiarly interesting, and frequently humorous. We extract the following from our note-book:

Mrs. Selina Bross, a widow, who let lodgings to single gentlemen in the salubrious vicinity of Somers' Town, appeared before the sitting magistrate to prefer a charge against Mr. Horatio Stanley, an inmate of her establishment, for that he, in a state of intoxication, had created a disturbance, or, as she elegantly phrased it, "kicked up a row," to the great alarm and annoyance of all the "respectabler" inhabitants of the "rents;" and, moreover, had threatened to "spifflicate" her when she attempted to remonstrate with him upon the "indullicateness" of his conduct, and had "shook his clinch'd fist in her face, and made use on the most horridest epifats t'ords her."

Now, the complainant was a tall, stout, florid woman of forty, or "thereabouts," bold as an Amazon, and certainly appeared not likely to feel the loss of her "natural protector;" while Mr. Horatio Stanley was a delicate youth, with an expressive countenance, his face shorn of beard and whiskers, and supported by a rather decayed stock. His dress, of seedy black, appeared like a suit that had not prospered!

He held a shocking bad hat in his left hand, which was encased in a black kid-glove, appearing, from various fractures therein, very like network. It was, indeed, a matchless glove, for it had not its fellow; by reason whereof the defendant had thrust his dexter hand in the breast of his buttoned-up coat.

"Well, Mr. Stanley, what have you to say to this charge?" demanded the magistrate.

"That, like all the charges of my landlady, it is exorbitant and exaggerated," replied the delinquent. "That I might have been a little elevated, is probable; but that I was low, or vulgar, I deny. I am naturally of too poetical a temperament to descend to the language of Billingsgate. All this rancour, your worship, arises from a spirit of revenge, engendered by disappointment. I acknowledge I owe her six weeks' rent.

'’Tis true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis ’tis true;'

but—

'This is the head and front of my offending.'

The greedy character of these lodging-house keepers is notorious.

'Put money in thy purse,'

and you shall win of them a most favourable report; but, when you are by stress of circumstances rendered pennyless, this report is straightway changed to a formidable discharge and volley of abuse. But this is not all; this lady is not one of those who "never told their love,"—no, your worship, she has made advances to me, which——"

"Which you have not repaid?" said the magistrate.

"Not in the coin she wished, your worship," resumed Mr. Stanley; "for I honestly confessed to her that when I committed matrimony, it would not be with a second-hand wife."

"A second-hand wife?" said his worship.

"Yes, a widow," replied the defendant; "and my rejection has acted like rennet on the milk of her human kindness, and curdled it for ever!—and lo! she who was late so 'sweet upon me,' is now all gall and bitterness. I pity her; but,

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'"

"Pray, Mr. Horatio Stanley," interrupted the magistrate, "what are you?"

"I have the honour to be of the theatrical profession,—my line is the highest walk of tragedy, although I sometimes undertake the walking-gentleman in genteel comedy."

"At what theatre are you at present engaged?"

"At the Royal Slum, Camden Town, where overflowing houses are nightly entertained, at the small charge of threepence!"

"Indeed!" cried the astonished magistrate. "And are you aware, sir, that you are liable to be taken up as a vagabond, for performing at an unlicensed establishment of that kind. These places are most dangerous in their moral tendency."

"Immoral!" exclaimed Mr. Stanley. "I do assure your worship our worthy manager is the most exemplary of men; he never allows an oath to be uttered on the boards, even by a common cut-throat; and, as for the audience, they are picked—yes, picked. He stands at the door himself to take the money; and, if any one, even with an immoral or suspicious look, presents herself, his notions of propriety overcome the natural desire of gain, and he nobly refuses the coppers! Without wishing to draw any invidious comparison, I do assure you there is not a theatre in the great metropolis conducted so admirably both before and behind the curtain as the Royal Slum. Why a young lady, fresh from boarding-school, might come there alone, and learn something."

"Very likely," said the magistrate, drily; "but, to the charge: perhaps Mrs. Bross will be induced to withdraw it, if you will pay her demand; or, if she persists, I must fine or commit you, in default of payment."

This declaration of his worship's had a visible effect upon the nervous system of the actor; and, casting up his eyes to the dingy ceiling of the court, with a profound sigh, and then looking imploringly at his landlady, he adroitly changed his battery.

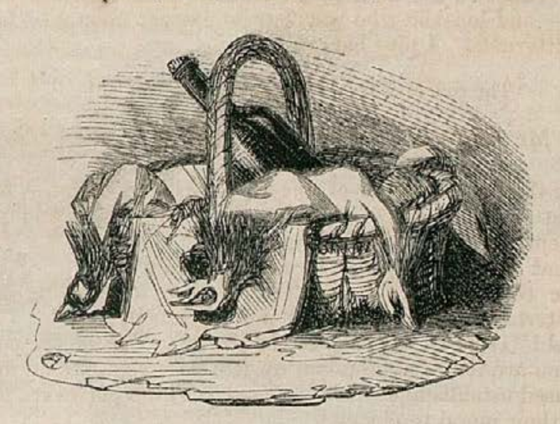
"Willingly would I disburse," replied the hero of the sock and buskin; "but my will is greater than my power.

'Who steals my purse steals trash.'

Next week, however, I take a 'ticket-night,' when I trust my numerous friends, and the public, will enable me to pay off at least a portion of the debt I owe—that is, as far as money can do it; for, I must confess, I am under obligations to this lady that I never can repay. She has till now been ever so kind and indulgent that she has spoiled me."

This address evidently had a mollifying effect on the irate Mrs. Bross; and, after a little more discussion, she not only promised to overlook what had taken place, and wait patiently for the weekly dues, but actually paid the fees out of her own pocket, and walked away with the "gay Lothario;" who, delighted at his enfranchisement, appropriately hummed as he strode through the passage of the court,

"Locks, bolts, and bars, all fly asunder."



From their appearance—likely to get truss(t)ed.

BRIEF THE NINTH.

LAW—is like a fire; and, those who meddle with it, may chance to "burn their fingers."

LAW—is like a pocket with a hole in it; and those who therein risk their money are very like to lose it.

LAW—is, like a lancet, dangerous in the hands of the ignorant; doubtful even in the hands of an adept.

LAW—is like a sieve, you may see through it; but you will be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

LAW—is to the litigant what the poulterer is to the goose; it plucks and it draws him; but here the simile ends, for the litigant, unlike the goose, never gets *trust*, although he may be both *roasted* and *dished*.

LAW—is like an *ignis fatuus*, or Jack o' Lantern; those who follow the delusive guide too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bog or a quagmire.

LAW—is, like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

LAW—is like justice, even as copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth of the two is about the same.

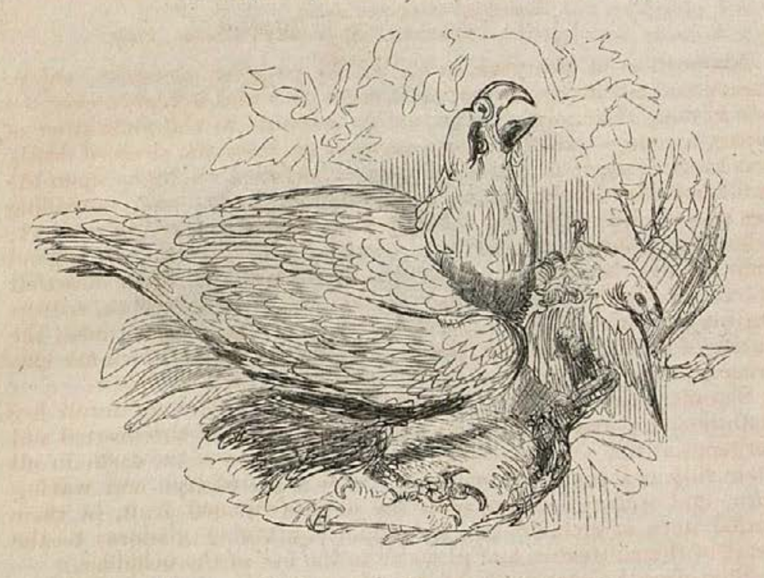
LAW—is, like an eel-trap, very easy to get *into*, but very difficult to get *out of*.

LAW—is like a razor, which requires a "strong back," keenness, and an excellent temper.

N.B. Many of those who get once "shaved with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

LAW—is like a flight of rockets: there is a great expense of "powder;" the *cases* are usually well "got up;" the *reports* are excellent; but, after all, the *sticks* (*q. d.* the clients,) are sure to come to the ground.

LAW — is, like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.



All very well; but, wait till he sends in his bill.

A Spartan Matron, meeting her Son flying from the field of battle, after reproaching him with his cowardice, stabs him to the heart.

"HAST thou then dared to quit the glorious strife,
And save by shameful flight thy worthless life?
Sparta henceforth disowns thee, and thy name
Will never be remembered but with shame.
Could I, thy mother, bear to see that son
So fondly, truly loved, my only one,
Branded with such a stain? by brave men scorned,
In life unhonoured, and in death unmourned?
No. I myself *thus* strike the fatal blow;
A mother's hand *thus* lays the recreant low.
Degenerate offspring, hence! speed to the dead,
And hide in Erebus' dark realms thy head.

RURAL SCENES.

BY MARTINGALE.

SPRING FLOWERS.

In a faire seyson whan softe was the sonne.
Y shop into shrobbes.
PIERS' *Ploughman*, p. 5.

The seson pricketh every gentil herte,
And waketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, "Arise, and do thin observance."
CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale*, v. 1046.

Bayleaues betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweet violet.
SPENSER'S *Shepherd's Calendar. April.*

No portion of the year, with all its peculiar pleasures, enjoyments, and advantages, exercises a more powerful influence over the mind, than that gentle reign which succeeds to the abdication of tyrant winter, — when Spring, aroused as from the sleep of death, first looks around, like the wood-dove, perched on high, upon the swollen buds which are bursting into existence, and, spreading her many-hued wings, takes her joyful flight over the smiling land; calling upon leaf, and flower, and blossom to come forth, and expand their beauty, and diffuse their fragrance, and offer their heartfelt tribute in augmentation of the splendour of their sovereign, crowning her fair brow with chaplets, amid the shouts of joyousness, the bursts of exhilaration, and those many concomitants which are embraced in the attractions of beauty, and grace, and loveliness.

Summer, rich in the full perfection of beauty, may unroll her countless treasures,—her profusion of flowers, in all their varied and gorgeous attire. Autumn may display the riches of the earth in all their full and luxuriant maturity, with fields of ripe and waving corn, and orchards reeling with the store of ripened fruit, in their varied hues of richness and splendour; bringing gladness to the heart of the cultivator, and pleasure to the eye of the beholder.

But, after the prevalence of the winter months, dark, threatening, and tempestuous, binding the once harmonious streams in mute icy chains, and choking up lane, and gate, and stile, with accumulating drifts of snow, when even the many enjoyments of the fire-side have become tedious, if not palling, from their very sameness, the mind is eager to participate in the countless pleasures of Spring, — the season of youthful beauty and smiling hope, of joy and gladness to every creature, from the lark with its blithe carol singing at heaven's gate, to the countless songs heard in the depth of the woods, amid the bright green foliage which prevails around, as the earth puts on its new and more gorgeous robe of beauty, inviting the foot of the pedestrian to leave the toils of the crowded city, and the mind to seek for relaxation and enjoyment amid the sights, and sounds, and fragrance, and splendour of the country.

Thrice happy is the heart of the poor invalid, who is now enabled, for the first time, to leave the room of sickness, and to wander forth among the beauties which, at this delightful season, abound on every hand. By him the return of the jocund days of spring is greeted with the rapture of the enthusiast. Every sound, and every sight, varied, yet perfectly harmonious, possess additional charms for him. On every breeze which passes by he meets the spirit of

Health, who, to him, has long been an utter stranger, and, therefore, doubly welcome.

But, not to the invalid alone does the return of Spring bring with it those matchless charms and enjoyments which are peculiar to this delightful season. The banquet is spread for the participation and for the enjoyment of all. As the rain descends upon the just and upon the unjust, so all the changes and operations of nature are distinguished by the character of universality; and the same impulse, however unseen and unnoticed, pervades everything, from the humblest blade of grass, and the tiniest flower, dwelling in the most obscure "hernes," to the tall and majestic pine, which overlooks the land. The matchless volume of Spring is laid open to all who are willing to read; and those minds and hearts are happily framed and disposed which, poring over the inexhaustible contents, can turn over leaf after leaf, and find upon every page the means of the purest gratification; for the correct study of the volume of Nature has a direct tendency to expand the mind, to improve the heart, to purify the affections, and to increase the sum of earthly contentment. The stores of Nature are, besides, inexhaustible; and his must be a long life which, even thus daily employed, can trace all the mysterious, and silent, and marvellous operations which are going on around, beneath, and above him,—operations which, however indistinctly seen, are fulfilling the purposes for which they were designed.

Let us, then, go forth into the country; and leave far, far behind the crowded and smoky city, its commerce, its trade, its manufacture,—the desk, the ledger, the counter, the exchange, the warehouse, the mill, the workshop, the manufactory; and breathe the breath of purity with the spirit of freedom, and mark the many objects that are presented around. Let us forsake the public highway, with its noise, and dust, and confusion; and pass over the ancient stile,—along the quiet field foot-path, whose peace and stillness are only broken by the song of the brook, or the gentler music of the rill,—along the quiet hedge-row of old thorns,—by the margin of the young plantations,—over the stepping-stones of the stream, whose history none can tell,—through the ancient clump of firs near the old deer-park wall,—by the lodge of the keeper,—up the old avenue of chesnuts,—through the depths of the wood,—to the high and commanding rocky cliff, which overlooks the deep valley beneath, with its river-stream, green meadows, and old pastures dotted with yew-trees, and those many objects embraced in distant villages and hamlets, with their old church-towers and spires, homesteads, halls, parsonages, and scattered dwellings. The sky is clear, and the air serene. One universal freshness pervades everything around,—the flush of smiling youth, and the promise of perfect beauty. All objects, animate or inanimate, partake of the impulse of the season.

Whilst all the children of the air are active, cheerful, and harmonious, in their several avocations, according to their peculiar instincts and habits; numerous plants, in the more sheltered situations, have not refused to obey the summons of the hour. The eye of the attentive observer, even at the commencement of Spring, may trace along the numerous hedge-rows, through the tangled woods and copses, and over the warm meadows, now deserted by the fieldfares, the starlings, and the redwings, the forerunners of the beautiful train of Flora. Amongst these may be observed, the daphne mezereum (common mezereon), anemone nemorosa (wood

anemone), mercurialis perennis (perennial mercury), primula vulgaris (common primrose), stellaria media (common chickweed), bellis perennis (common daisy), leontodon taraxacum (dandelion), tussilago farfara (coltsfoot), lamium purpureum (red dead nettle), crocus vernus (spring crocus), lamium album (white dead nettle), galanthus nivalis (snowdrop), primula veris (cowslip), scilla bifolia (two-leaved squill), narcissus pseudo-narcissus (common daffodil), taxus baccata (common yew), corylus avellana (common hazel-nut), daphne laureola (spurge laurel), glechoma hederacea (ground ivy), ornithogalum luteum (yellow star of Bethlehem,) and, though last not least, viola odorata (sweet violet) — that beautiful deep-blue flower, which lives and dies in its panoply of delicious fragrance.

A group of happy children, all health and joyousness, employed in the delightful search of this favourite, yet coy, little flower, presents a no less delightful picture. The innocence, the activity, the exuberant spirit of childhood are then fully exemplified and brought into the fullest exercise, — a picture as pure and as innocent as the life of the flower itself, which seems to have caught the very hue of heaven. How exhilarating the wild, the ecstatic shout, when a bed, containing a crowded host of the long-sought treasures, is happily found, on some sunny slope, where the breeze is stealing and giving odours! How delightful to mark the sparkling glance of the eye, and to hear the wild shout of delight, as each stem is eagerly, yet cautiously plucked! How redolent of health, and joy, and ecstasy, and innocence is the whole scene!

As fondly bend the willows to hush the bubble of the wandering brook, rushing over the enamelled stones, — as gracefully wave the tall poplars, in loyal recognition of the majesty of the breeze, — as mounts on high the wood-dove, like a bright spirit freed from the trammels of its mortal coil,— as the sun-beams come flowing up the long avenue of elms, whose giant arms seem to be reached out for closer fellowship and communion,—as rush onwards the affrighted rabbit and the timid hare,—as the partridges are calling along the adjacent wheat-lands, and the pheasants are sunning themselves on the sloping bank,— as the sober melody of the village-chime floats protectingly over the whole scene, all objects, animate or inanimate, and every sight and every sound contribute to increase the season's melodious flood of joyousness and hilarity;—behold! who is she that comes bounding, like a roe, over the ancient wood-stile, that leads from the heart of the sylvan temple, with a step, indeed, so light and elastic as almost to seem to spurn the earth on which she treads, singing the song of joy and of innocence? It is the Village Girl returning from the adjacent village-school. The breeze has thrown back her bonnet, like a hood; and her flaxen hair is floating in wild luxuriance. The rose-blush of health dwells upon her cheek, and innocence has found a home within her heart. Timidity and wildness float in her eye; and the smile of purity plays around her lips. Her dress is humble, yet neat withal. A tippet is tied around her neck; and a small bag, containing her books and her needle-work, is slung on her arm. Rudeness forms no part of her composition, although her spirits are buoyant, and the blood dances merrily through her youthful veins. She is the personification of blooming health. And, passing the stranger with an humble curtesy, she dives into the depths of the intervening wood, bounds up the long riding, and soon becomes lost to the sight.

HORACE WALPOLE AND STRAWBERRY HILL.

Horace Walpole was one of the most remarkable personages of the last century; but his character was made up of paradoxes. He was a worshipper of fashion, and a sneerer at it,—a courtier, while he affected to be a republican,—a grave historian, and a gossip,—a passionate lover of grand art, and a collector of enamels, miniatures, old china, curiosities, and *bijouterie*,—a man of the world, and a recluse,—a good-natured person, and a satirist,—and, though loving his ease, possessed of a more restless spirit of curiosity than ever stimulated even old Pepys himself.

He was the third and youngest son of that eminent minister,* Sir Robert Walpole. The elder brothers of Horace were, Robert, Lord Walpole, so created in 1723, who succeeded his father in the Earldom of Orford in 1745, and died in 1751; and Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, whose three natural daughters were, Mrs. Keppel, wife to the Honourable Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter; the Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester; and the Countess of Dysart. Sir Edward Walpole died in 1784. His sisters were, Catherine, who died of consumption at the age of nineteen; and Mary, married to George, Viscount Malpas, afterwards third Earl of Cholmondeley: she died in 1732. The mother of Horace, and of his brothers and sisters here mentioned, was Catherine Shorter, daughter of John Shorter, Esq. of Bybrook, in Kent, and grand-daughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London in 1688. She died in 1737; and her youngest son, who always professed the greatest veneration for her memory, erected a monument to her in Westminster Abbey, in one of the side aisles of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Horace Walpole had also a half-sister, the natural daughter of his father, by his mistress, Maria Skerrett, whom he afterwards married. She also was named Mary Walpole, and married Colonel Charles Churchill, the natural son of General Churchill, who was himself a natural son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Horace Walpole was born October 5th, 1717, and educated at Eton School, and at King's College, Cambridge. Upon leaving the latter place, he set out on his travels on the Continent, in company with Gray the poet, with whom he had formed a friendship at school. They commenced their journey in March 1739, and continued abroad above two years. Almost the whole of this time was spent in Italy, and nearly a year of it was devoted to Florence; where Walpole was detained by the society of his friends, Mr. Mann, Mr. Chute, and Mr. Whithed. It was in these classic scenes that his love of art, and taste for elegant and antiquarian literature, became more developed; and that it took such complete possession of him as to occupy the whole of his long life, diversified only by the occasional amusement of politics, or the distractions of society. Unfortunately, the friendship of Walpole and his travelling companion could not survive two years of con-

* For the following particulars of the life of Horace Walpole we are indebted to the late much-lamented Lord Dover. [Bentley's Collective Edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, Vol. I.]

G. P. Harding, F.S.A. del. W. Greatbatch sculp.

THE HON.BLE HORACE WALPOLE.

FROM A DRAWING BY MUNTZ, IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 184[illegible]

stant intercourse: they quarrelled and parted at Reggio, in July 1741, and afterwards pursued their way homewards by different routes.

Walpole arrived in England in September 1741, at which time his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann commences. He had been chosen member for Callington, in the parliament which was elected in June of that year; and arrived in the House of Commons just in time to witness the angry discussions which preceded and accompanied the downfal of his father's administration. He plunged at once into the excitement of political partizanship with all the ardour of youth, and all the zeal which his filial affection for his father inspired. His feelings at this period are best explained by a reference to his letters. Public business and attendance upon the House of Commons, apart from the interest attached to peculiar questions, he seems never to have liked. He consequently took very little part either in debates or committees. In March 1742, on a motion being made for an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole for the preceding ten years, he delivered his maiden speech; on which he was complimented by no less a judge of oratory than Pitt. This speech he has preserved in his letter to Sir Horace Mann, of March 24th, 1742. He moved the Address in 1751; and in 1756 made a speech on the question of employing Swiss regiments in the colonies. This speech he has also himself preserved in the second volume of his "Memoires." In 1757, he was active in his endeavours to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng. Of his conduct upon this occasion he has left a detailed account in his "Memoires." This concludes all that can be collected of his public life, and at the general election of 1768 he finally retired from parliament.

Upon this occasion he writes thus to George Montagu:—"As my senatorial dignity is gone, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover; and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous parliament, that, you see, I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn, in the high fever of a contested election, which, at best, would end in my being carried about that large town like a figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's. Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings?"

From this time Walpole devoted himself more than ever to his literary and antiquarian pursuits; though the interest he still, in society at least, took in politics, is obvious, from the frequent reference to the subject in his letters. In the course of his life, his political opinions appear to have undergone a great change. In his youth, and indeed till his old age, he was not only a strenuous Whig, but, at times, almost a Republican. How strong his opinions were in this sense may be gathered, both from the frequent confessions of his political faith, which occur in his letters, and from his reverence for the death-warrant of Charles the First, of which he hung up the engraving in his bedroom, and wrote upon it with his own hand the words "Major Charta." The horrors of the French Revolution drove him, in the latter period

of his life, into other views of politics; and he seems to have become, in theory at least, a Tory, though he probably would have indignantly repudiated the appellation, had it been applied to him.

Even during the earlier part of his career his politics had varied a good deal (as, indeed, in a long life, whose do not?); but, in his case, the cause of variation was a most amiable one. His devoted attachment to Marshal Conway, which led him, when that distinguished man was turned out of his command of a regiment, and of his place at court, in 1764, to offer, with much earnestness, to divide his fortune with him, caused him also to look with a favourable eye upon the government of the day whenever Mr. Conway was employed, and to follow him implicitly in his votes in the House of Commons. Upon this subject he writes thus to Conway, who had not told him beforehand of a speech he made on the Qualification Bill, in consequence of which Walpole was absent from the House of Commons upon that occasion:—"I don't suspect you of any reserve to me; I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you, that I don't like to have anybody think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence; but, at least, it would give me some to act invariably with you, and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do." Upon another occasion he writes again in a similar strain;—"My only reason for writing is, to repeat to you, that, whatever you do, I shall act with you. I resent anything done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours, except that, some day or other, I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine."

Upon one political point Horace Walpole appears to have entertained from the first the most just views, and even at a time when such were not sanctioned by the general opinion of the nation. From its very commencement, he objected to that disastrous contest the American war, which, commenced in ignorant and presumptuous folly, was prolonged to gratify the wicked obstinacy of individuals, and ended, as Walpole had foretold it would, in the discomfiture of its authors and the national disgrace and degradation, after a profuse and useless waste of blood and treasure. Nor must his sentiments upon the Slave Trade be forgotten—sentiments which he held, too, in an age when, far different from the present one, the Assiento Treaty, and other horrors of the same kind, were deemed, not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. "We have been sitting," he writes, on the 25th of February 1750, "this fortnight on the African Company. We, the British Senate, that temple of Liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have, this fortnight, been considering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us, that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one's blood—I would not have to say I voted for it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering the poor creatures for the good of their souls."

One of the most favourite pursuits of Walpole was the building and decoration of his Gothic villa of Strawberry Hill. It is situated at the end of the village of Twickenham, towards Teddington, on a slope, which gives it a fine view of a reach of the Thames and the

opposite wooded hill of Richmond Park. He bought it in 1747, of Mrs. Chenevix, the proprietress of a celebrated toy-shop.

He commenced almost immediately adding to the house, and Gothicizing it, assisted by the taste and designs of his friend Mr. Bentley; till, in the end, the cottage of Mrs. Chevenix had increased into the castellated residence we now behold. He also filled it with collections of various sorts—books, prints, pictures, portraits, enamels and miniatures, antiquities, and curiosities of all kinds. Among these miscellaneous hoards are to be found some fine works of art, and many things most valuable in an historical and antiquarian point of view. For these various expenses he drew upon his annual income, which arose from three patent places conferred on him by his father, of which the designations were, Usher of the Exchequer, Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. As early as the year 1744, these sinecures produced to him, according to his own account, nearly two thousand a-year; and, somewhat later, the one place of Usher of the Exchequer rose in value to double this sum. This income, with prudent management, sufficed for the gratification of his expensive tastes of building and collecting, to which his long life was devoted.

With regard to the merits of Strawberry Hill as a building, it is, perhaps, unfair, in the present age, when the principles of Gothic architecture have been so much studied, and so often put in practice, to criticise it too severely. Walpole himself, who, in the earlier part of his life, seems to have had an unbounded admiration for the works of his own hands, appears in later times to have been aware of the faults in style of which he had been guilty; for, in a letter to Mr. Barrett, in 1788, he says, "If Mr. Mathews was really entertained" (with seeing Strawberry Hill), "I am glad. But Mr. Wyatt has made him too correct a Goth not to have seen all the imperfections and bad execution of my attempts; for neither Mr. Bentley nor my workmen had *studied* the science, and I was always too desultory and impatient to consider that I should please myself more by allowing time, than by hurrying my plans into execution before they were ripe. My house, therefore, is but a sketch for beginners; your's is finished by a great master; and if Mr. Matthews liked mine, it was *en virtuose*, who loves the dawnings of an art, or the glimmerings of its restoration."

In fact, the building of Strawberry Hill was "the glimmerings of the restoration" of Gothic architecture, which had previously, for above a century, been so much neglected that its very principles seemed lost.

The next pursuit of Walpole, to which it is desirable to advert, are his literary labours, and the various publications with which, at different periods of his life, he favoured the world. His first effort appears to have been a copy of verses, written at Cambridge. His poetry is generally not of a very high order; lively, and with happy turns and expressions, but injured frequently by a sort of quaintness, and a somewhat inharmonious rhythm. Its merits, however, exactly fitted it for the purpose which it was for the most part intended for; namely, as what are called *vers de société*. Among the best of his verses may be mentioned those "On the neglected Column in the Place of St. Mark, at Florence," which contains some fine lines; his "Twickenham Register;" and "The Three Vernons."

In 1752 he published his "Ædes Walpolianæ," or description of the family seat of Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, where his father had built a

palace, and had made a fine collection of pictures, which were sold by his grandson George, third Earl of Orford, to the Empress Catherine of Russia. This was followed by his "Anecdotes of Painting in England," and the "Catalogue of Engravers," published in 1763. But his masterpiece in this line was his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," originally published in 1758, a work which must be read with amusement and interest, as long as liveliness of diction and felicity in anecdote are considered ingredients of amusement in literature.

In 1757 Walpole established a private printing-press at Strawberry Hill, and the first work he printed at it was the Odes of Gray, with Bentley's prints and vignettes. Among the handsomest and most valuable volumes which subsequently issued from this press, in addition to Walpole's own Anecdotes of Painting, and his description of Strawberry Hill, must be mentioned the quarto Lucan, with the notes of Grotius and Bentley; the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by himself, Hentzner's Travels, and Lord Whitworth's Account of Russia. Of all these he printed a very limited number, which generally sold for high prices.

In 1764 Walpole published one of the most remarkable of his works, "The Castle of Otranto;" and in 1768 his still more remarkable production, "The Mysterious Mother." In speaking of "The Castle of Otranto," it may be remarked, as a singular coincidence in the life of Walpole, that as he had been the first person to lead the modern public to seek for their architecture in the Gothic style and age, so he also opened the great magazine of the tales of Gothic times to their literature. "The Mysterious Mother" is a production of higher talent and more powerful genius than any other which we owe to the pen of Horace Walpole; though, from the nature of its subject, and the sternness of its character, it is never likely to compete in popularity with many of his other writings. The next publication of Walpole was his "Historic Doubts of the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third," one of the most ingenious historical and antiquarian dissertations which has ever issued from the press.

The remainder of the works of Walpole, published or printed in his life-time, consist of minor, or, as he calls them, "Fugitive Pieces." Of these the most remarkable are his papers in "The World," and other periodicals; "A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher, in London," on the politics of the day; the "Essay on Modern Gardening;" the pamphlet called "A Counter Address," on the dismissal of Marshal Conway from his command of a regiment; the fanciful, but lively "Hieroglyphic Tales;" and "The Reminiscences," or Recollections of Court and Political Anecdotes; which last he wrote for the amusement of the Miss Berrys. All of these are marked with those peculiarities, and those graces of style, which belonged to him; and may still be read, however various their subjects, with interest and instruction. The Reminiscences are peculiarly curious; and may, perhaps, be stated to be, both in manner and matter, the very perfection of anecdote writing. We may, indeed, say, with respect to Walpole, what can be advanced of but few such voluminous authors, that it is impossible to open any part of his works without deriving entertainment from them; so much do the charms and liveliness of his manner of writing influence all the subjects he treats of.

Since the death of Walpole, a portion of his political Memoires, comprising the History of the last ten years of the reign of George the

Second, has been published, and has made a very remarkable addition to the historical information of that period.

But, the posthumous works of Walpole, upon which his lasting fame with posterity will probably rest, are his "INCOMPARABLE LETTERS." The account of the letters of Walpole leads naturally to some mention of his friends, to whom they were addressed. These were, Gray the poet, Marshal Conway, his elder brother Lord Hertford, George Montagu, Esq., the Rev. William Cole, Lord Strafford, Richard Bentley, Esq., John Chute, Esq., Sir Horace Mann, Lady Hervey, and in after-life, Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Damer, and the two Miss Berrys. Towards Mrs. Damer, the only child of the friend of his heart, Marshal Conway, he had an hereditary feeling of affection; and to her he bequeathed Strawberry Hill. To the Miss Berrys he left, in conjunction with their father, the greater part of his papers, and the charge of collecting and publishing his works, a task which they performed with great care and judgment. To these friends must be added the name of Richard West, Esq. a young man of great promise, (only son of Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by the daughter of Bishop Burnet,) who died in 1742, at the premature age of twenty-six.

Gray had been a school friend of Walpole. As has been before mentioned, they travelled together, and quarrelled during the journey. In after-life they were reconciled, though the intimacy of early friendship never appears to have been restored between them. When Mason was writing the life of Gray, Walpole bade him throw the whole blame of the quarrel upon him.

The friendship, however, which does honour both to the head and heart of Horace Walpole, was that which he bore to Marshal Conway; a man who, according to all the accounts of him that have come down to us, was so truly worthy of inspiring such a degree of affection. The offer of Walpole to share his fortune with Conway, when the latter was dismissed from his places, an offer so creditable to both parties, has been already mentioned; and if we wish to have a just idea of the esteem in which Marshal Conway was held by his contemporaries, it is only necessary to mention, that upon the same occasion, similar offers were pressed upon him by his brother, Lord Hertford, and by the Duke of Devonshire, without any concert between them.

To the friends already mentioned, but with whom Walpole did not habitually correspond, must be added, Mason the poet, George Selwyn, Richard second Lord Edgecumbe, George James Williams, Esq., Lady Suffolk, and Mrs. Clive the actress.

With the Marquise du Deffand, the old, blind, but clever leader of French society, he became acquainted late in her life. Her devotion for him appears to have been very great, and is sometimes expressed in her letters with a warmth and a tenderness, which Walpole, who was most sensitive of ridicule, thought so absurd in a person of her years and infirmities, that he frequently reproves her very harshly for it; so much so, as to give him an appearance of a want of kindly feeling towards her, which his general conduct to her, and the regrets he expressed on her death, do not warrant us in accusing him of.

In concluding the literary part of the character of Walpole, it is natural to allude to the transactions which took place between him and the unfortunate Chatterton; a text upon which so much of calumny and misrepresentation have been embroidered. It appears, that in

March 1769, Walpole received a letter from Chatterton, enclosing a few specimens of the pretended poems of Rowley, and announcing his discovery of a series of ancient painters at Bristol. To this communication Walpole, naturally enough, returned a very civil answer. Shortly afterwards, doubts arose in his mind as to the authenticity of the poems; these were confirmed by the opinions of some friends, to whom he showed them; and he then wrote an expression of these doubts to Chatterton. This appears to have excited the anger of Chatterton, who, after one or two short notes, wrote Walpole a very impertinent one, in which he re-demanded his manuscripts. This last letter Walpole had intended to have answered with some sharpness; but did not do so. He only returned the specimens on the 4th of August, 1769; and this concluded the intercourse between them, and, as Walpole observes, "I never saw him then, before, or since." Subsequently to this transaction, Chatterton acquired other patrons more credulous than Walpole, and proceeded with his forgeries. In April 1770 he came to London, and committed suicide in August of that year; a fate which befell him, it is to be feared, more in consequence of his own dissolute and profligate habits, than from any want of patronage. However this may be, Walpole clearly had nothing to say to it.

Walpole's old age glided on peacefully, and, with the exception of his severe sufferings from the gout, apparently contentedly, in the pursuit of his favourite studies and employments. In the year 1791, he succeeded his unhappy nephew, George, third Earl of Orford, who had at different periods of his life been insane, in the family estate and the earldom. The accession of this latter dignity seems rather to have annoyed him than otherwise. He never took his seat in the House of Lords, and his unwillingness to adopt his title was shown in his endeavours to avoid making use of it in his signature. He not unfrequently signed himself, "The Uncle of the late Earl of Orford."

He retained his faculties to the last, but his limbs became helpless from his frequent attacks of gout: as he himself expresses it,

> "Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
> Though unkind to my limbs, has yet left me my reason."

As a friend of his, who only knew him in the last years of his life, speaks of "his conversation as singularly brilliant as it was original," we may conclude his liveliness never deserted him; that his talent for letter-writing did not, we have a proof in a letter written only six weeks before his death, in which, with all his accustomed grace of manner, he entreats a lady of his acquaintance not to show "the idle notes" of "her ancient servant."—Lord Orford died in the eightieth year of his age, at his house in Berkeley Square, on the 2nd of March, 1797, and was buried with his family in the church at Houghton; and with him concluded the male line of the descendants of Sir Robert Walpole.

To his airy, piquant, witty Letters (incomparably the most valuable of his productions) we are indebted for the intimate knowledge we possess of the state of society during the largest part of the last century, and of the wits, courtiers, statesmen, and men and women of fashion who formed its component parts. All the agreeable anecdotes which floated in the glittering drawing-rooms or the brilliant drums (as the routs were then called,) of the day find in Horace Walpole a most fascinating chronicler; while grave matters of state, and the struggles and collisions of political parties are noted with an accuracy which have ob-

tained for his letters the character of being the truest record of the political history of his time. If it be true, as we are told, that these were composed with much labour and study, nothing can be more certain than that they are the most easy and delightful reading in the world. No writer tells an anecdote with the life, humour, and relish of Walpole; nobody can vie with him in ridiculing a foible, relating a jest, or sketching a glittering scene. Lady Wortley Montagu, whom he professes (and not without reason) to admire for the spirit and grace of her letters, is, in no way, comparable to him. The painted dowagers and young beauties of his time revel in his pages, as if the former were still living, and startling people by their daring, but comic, eccentricities; or the latter beaming with resistless charms, and receiving at their feet the homage of all the men about town. So brilliant are his portraits,—so instinct with vitality,—so fresh, — so perfectly individualized, that one feels as if the originals were still living, and that one shall meet them some day flaunting on the Mall, or in Hyde Park. It is impossible to think of Lady Townshend as of a person no longer in existence: the bitter old Sarah must still be railing in Marlborough House: death can have had no claims upon such vivacious and blooming creatures as "sweet Lepelle;" giddy Bellenden, a maid of honour who repulsed the Prince of Wales; the three "beauty Fitzroys," (Lady Euston, Lady Conway, and Lady Caroline Petersham); Arabella Fermor, heroine of "The Rape of the Lock;" charming Miss Neville; the irresistible Gunnings, and the rest. It cannot be otherwise than that "the lovely Berrys" are still as young as ever; or that George Selwyn has ceased to make good jokes, or Horace Walpole himself to write letters from his hushed and glittering little palace at Strawberry Hill. No: he must still be there, either examining his costly relics, or hanging over the consummate miniatures of Zincke, Petitot, and Oliver, or listening to court-scandal from his neighbour, Lady Suffolk, or gossiping in the twilight with Kitty Clive. He must have discovered the "Grand Elixir," and in it he has embalmed himself, and the gay heroines and heroes of his animated letters. There they will live for ever, in the light he has thrown about them, coquetting at Court, in spite of the German formality of St. James's, revelling at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and furnishing (thoughtless creatures as they were) perpetual food for the cormorant appetite of scandal. To read Horace Walpole's exquisite epistles is to forget that years are stealing upon us, and to feel once more the laughing, careless, happy spirit of youth.

But, alas! Time is too strong for Imagination, even when stimulated by the spirit of Horace Walpole's wit. It is only when we are within his magic circle that the charm is influential. We close his book, and look around us; and lo! we are in a different atmosphere. All is commendable decorum, and blameless insipidity. Lady Townshend* is silent; no one even dares to laugh at her unrestrained sallies; sweet Lepelle and giddy Miss Bellenden have glanced their last ogle; Lady Pomfret can make no more candid speeches on Platonic love; the maids of honour are as correct as heart could wish; we are, in short, (very properly) "condemned to dwell in decencies for ever;" and Strawberry Hill, with its precious stores, has slept in silence and obscurity for nearly fifty years, and is awakened to life and bustle only

* She is the Lady Bellenden of "Tom Jones," and the Lady Tempest of "Pompey the Little."

by—the hammer of the auctioneer. Thousands, who had almost forgotten that such a place ever existed, now throng towards its gates, not, as might be supposed, out of anxiety to see, ere it be too late, the marvels of art and relics of curiosity congregated there, and now about to be dispersed for ever,—but merely that they might be in the fashion. The sight-seers flock to the quiet shades of Strawberry Hill in carriages, hackney-coaches, on foot, or by steam-boats, and having, with the catalogue in their hand, gaped at the antique curiosities there assembled, come away, flattering themselves that they too "have a taste." Better were it that its lethargy should have lasted for ever, than to be aroused only to have its limbs torn asunder, while the profane vulgar gape at the execution. In reading the account by Horace Walpole of his acquisition of Strawberry Hill, and then thinking of its fate, how suddenly are the writer's animal spirits transformed into pathos! "You perceive," says he, in a letter to the Hon. H. S. Conway, dated Twickenham, June 8, 1747, "that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little play-thing-house, that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges" (how fit a place for Horace Walpole!)—

> 'A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings in gold.'

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges, as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer, move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was, after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without glasses. Lord John Sackville *predecessed* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him, in a neighbouring meadow."

Strawberry Hill had, however, a much more humble origin than the Chenevixes. It was originally a small tenement, built in 1698 by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, and let as a lodging-house. Colley Cibber was one of its first tenants, and there wrote his comedy of "The Refusal, or the Lady's Philosophy," (a kind of fore-shadowing of what was afterwards to be penned there). The house was, subsequently, taken by the Marquis of Carnarvon, and by other persons of quality, and was at length let on lease to Mrs. Chenevix, the noted toy-woman, of whom it was purchased by Horace Walpole, who, in the following year, bought the fee-simple of the estate, and, enlarging the building in the pointed style of architecture, founded in it a collection more precious and more glorious than any ever dreamt of by Mrs. Chenevix, even in her most exalted moments. "Viewed from the more distant road," says Brewer, in his History of

Middlesex, "its mullioned windows, numerous pinnacles, and embattled towers, present an imposing picture of Gothic sublimity; and would, indeed, appear the work of hands long since mouldered into dust. On a closer examination, we are surprised to see the slender texture of the fabric, which at a distance we supposed to have stood the shock of centuries. The walls are slight, and covered with rough-cast; the coping of the battlement, and the pinnacles which rise so proudly, are of wood. Like the pageantry of a play-house, it seems formed only for its hour; and the exquisite skill with which the work is designed renders its inevitable want of durability the more lamentable." The approach to the house from the north is through a grove of lofty trees; the embattled wall, overgrown with ivy, the spiry pinnacles, and the sombre character of the building, give it the air of an ancient abbey. A small oratory, inclosed with iron rails, and having a cloister behind it, appears in the fore-court.

The interior of this curious villa has been lately so often described, that it is unnecessary here to delineate the one or detail the other. Suffice it to say, that a *demi-jour* is cast over the house by windows of stained glass; that the gothic screens, niches, or chimney-pieces, were designed, or rather adapted, from ancient remains, by Horace Walpole himself, or by his friend, Richard Bentley; that the apartments contain sculpture by Mrs. Damer; gorgeous armour; scarce books; precious relics of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn; ancient and costly tapestry; priceless missals; pictures and carvings by Hans Holbein; antiques in sculpture, urns, and bronzes; innumerable enamels and miniatures by Petitot, Zincke, and Oliver; a glass closet filled with curiosities and antiquities, (among the rest, the speculum of Kennel coal, with which Dr. Dee used to gull the credulous, and which has been described as "the black stone with which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits;") an ebony cabinet inlaid with polished stone and medallions, and embellished with charming drawings; carvings by Benvenuto Cellini, and Grinlin Gibbons; family portraits by Kneller and Reynolds; pictures of the court of Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely; paintings by Rubens, Holbein, Giorgione, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, Annibale Carracci, Rembrandt, Parmegiano, Zucchero, Hogarth, and other artists, "dear to fame."

All these, by the relentless spirit which (regardless of the associations clinging round them,) turns everything into money, are to go once more on their travels, and, like "Misery," to be made "acquainted with strange bedfellows." In all probability, they will never again have so judicious and so tender a keeper as Horace Walpole.

While we are on the subject of Strawberry Hill, it may not be amiss to give the playful ballad, written by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare,
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawb'ry Hill—if Strawb'ry Hill
Don't bear away the bell?

Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill,
For this thing and for that,
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill,*
Though sure 'tis somewhat flat;
Yet Marble Hill, and Greenwich Hill,
If Kitty Clive can tell,
From Strawb'ry Hill—from Strawb'ry Hill
Will never bear the bell!

* The Countess of Suffolk's house.

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so jim,
And some prefer sweet Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;
For, ask the gallant Bristow,*
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawb'ry Hill—if Strawb'ry Hill
Don't bear away the bell?

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,
There 's scarce a hill around
But what in song or ditty
Is turned to fairy ground.
Ah, peace be with their mem'ries!
I wish them wondrous well;
But Strawb'ry Hill—but Strawb'ry Hill
Must bear away the bell!

Great William† dwells at Windsor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul, and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold;
On lofty hills, like Windsor,
Such heroes ought to dwell;
Yet, little folks like Strawb'ry Hill,—
Like Strawb'ry Hill as well.

The productions of Horace Walpole's private printing-press at Strawberry Hill, have been much celebrated, and are purchased with eagerness by collectors. It was fitted up in the year 1757, and conducted by a Mr. Kergate till his master's death.

Horace Walpole does not, however, owe his lasting celebrity to his having made Strawberry Hill the finest private museum in Europe; nor to his being the son of one of the most powerful of England's prime ministers; nor to his daring tragedy, or his strange romance; nor to his historical works, his anecdotes of painting, or his "Royal and Noble Authors." His incomparable Letters alone have kept and will keep his memory from rust, and Strawberry Hill might, but for them, have been forgotten. How completely do all other English letter-writers fade, in comparison with Horace Walpole! Howell is formal and sententious; Pope, and his contemporaries, are ceremonious, artificial, and write to pattern; Gray understood the epistolary style better than his predecessors, though his letters too often run into criticism; Cowper is natural, easy, and sometimes vivacious, and even humorous; but one always reads him in the dread of some sudden outbreak of Calvinistic gloom and intolerance. Lady Wortley Montagu comes the nearest to Horace Walpole—she is familiar, witty, and full of anecdote, but her style is sometimes clumsy, and her language occasionally coarse. Walpole is, unquestionably, the prince of letter-writers, either for brilliance of manner, fulness of entertainment, sparkling wit, wealth of anecdote, delightful banter, power of depicting scenes of gay and fashionable life, polished keenness of epigram and satire, and truth and character in his sketches of individual personages. To give adequate specimens of his letters would exceed our room; but we shall take a few passages at random. The following is a touch of his smart scandal:—"There is a great fracas in Ireland, heightened by a pretty strong circumstance of Iricism. A Lord Belfield married a very handsome daughter of a Lord Molesworth. A certain Arthur Rochfort, who happened to be acquainted in the family by being Lord Belfield's own brother, looked on this woman, and saw she was fair. These ingenious people, that their history might not be discovered, corresponded under feigned names. And, what names, do you think, they chose? Silvia and Philander! Only the very same that Lord Grey (of Werke) and his sister-in-law took upon a parallel occasion, and which are printed in their letters!" Again:—"A comical occurrence has happened at Leicester House:

* William Bristow, Esq. brother of the Countess of Buckingham, and friend of Lord Bath.

† William, Duke of Cumberland, who, in 1746, defeated the Scotch at Culloden.

one of the Prince's coachmen, who used to drive the maids of honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, on condition that he never *marries* a maid of honour!" In his love of London, and hatred of the country, Walpole only follows the then prevailing taste; but, how racily does he express his feelings! "Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but 'Recipe, CCCLXV drachm. Londin.' Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours." During some of Horace Walpole's moods, the seclusion even of Strawberry Hill does not suit him. In a letter to his friend, Conway, dated from this place, Aug. 29, 1748, he says, "Whatever you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say, indeed, that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long, full-bottomed hoods, which cover as little entertainment to the full. There's General my Lady Castlecomer, and General my Lady Dowager Ferrers! Why, do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood? *Your* old women dress, go to the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led captains till bed-time; and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same. In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not with." His fondness for Strawberry Hill, and the delight he took in the alterations he made there, from time to time, is always escaping him. "If I could let myself wish to see you in England, it would be to see you here: the little improvements I am making have really turned Strawberry Hill into a charming villa. Mr. Chute, I hope, will tell you how pleasant it is. I mean, literally tell you, for we have a glimmering of a *Venetian* prospect: he is just going from hence to town by water, down our *Brenta*." In another place, he says to Sir Horace Mann, "I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations; you shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so, pray never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England." Again, to the same correspondent: "Did you ever know a more absolute country-gentleman? Here," (Strawberry Hill,) "am I, come down to what you call keep my Christmas! indeed, it is not in all the forms; I have stuck no laurel and holly in my window; I eat no turkey and chine; I have no tenants to invite; I have not brought a single soul with me. I am extremely busy here planting: I have got four more acres, which makes my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce, and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baiæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill, with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond Hill, and the park, and part of Kingston." Writing to Mr. Montagu in 1749, he says, "The weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty, that I can't get to Strawberry. Altogether, with the many difficulties and plagues, I am a good

deal out of humour; my purchases hitch, and new proprietors start out of the ground, like the corp of soldiers in the Metamorphosis. I expect but an unpleasant summer; my indolence and inattention are not made to wade through leases and deeds. Mrs. Chenevix brought me one yesterday to sign, and her sister Bertrand, the toy-woman of Bath, for a witness. I showed them my cabinet of enamels, instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, 'Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet!'— What an entertaining assumption of dignity!" Here is a specimen of his indefatigable spirit of "*collecting*." He is writing to Mr. Montagu: "I have just seen some tombs like those you describe — the house of Russell, robed in alabaster, and painted. There are seven monuments in all: one is immense, in marble, cherubim'd and seraphim'd, crusted with bas-reliefs and titles, for the first Duke of Bedford and his Duchess. All these are in a chapel of the church at Cheneys, the seat of the first Earls. There are but piteous fragments of the house remaining, now a farm, built round three sides of a court. It is dropping down, in several places without a roof; but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push, and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry Castle." The following is a specimen of his gossip: he is detailing the London news to the Hon. H. S. Conway: "Lady Townshend, and Lady Caroline Petersham have had their anniversary quarrel, and the Duchess of Devonshire has had her secular assembly, which she keeps once in fifty years: she was more delightfully vulgar at it than you can imagine; complained of the wet night, and how the men would dirty the room with their shoes." We must not omit a pleasant account, given to Mr. Conway, of his (Horace's) life at his villa. Mr. Conway had complained of the infrequency of his letters. "I knew no news," says he, "nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, ministers, or party. I have not even for this month heard my Lady Townshend's extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my Lady Suffolk, and at night scribble my 'painters.'"

With what horror would Horace Walpole have been filled could he have anticipated the scenes that now take place at his favourite retreat—the mobs that assemble there, enough to "press a royal mansion down," much more the floors of his delicate rooms; injuring his precious missals, and pawing his choice specimens of sculpture, which when he lived could only be gazed at through a glass. "The Duchess of Bedford," says he, in a letter to Lord Hertford, "asked me, before Madame de Guerchy, if I would not give them a ball at Strawberry? Not for the universe! What! turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles, into my charming new gallery! I said I could not flatter myself that people would give themselves the trouble of going eleven miles for a *ball* (though I believe they would go fifty). 'Well, then,' says she, 'it shall be a *dinner*.'— 'With all my heart; I have no objection; but no *ball* shall set its foot within my doors.'"

The Lay of St. Cuthbert.

London Richard Bentley 1842

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT;

OR,

THE DEVIL'S DINNER-PARTY.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTREE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

Nobilis quidam cui nomen *Monsr. Lescrop Chivaler* cum invitasset convivas et hora convivii jam instante et apparatu facto, spe frustratus esset, excusantibus se convivis cur non compararent, prorupit iratus in hæc verba: "*Veniant igitur omnes dæmones, si nullus hominum mecum esse potest!*"

* * * * * * *

Quod cum fieret, et Dominus, et famuli, et ancillæ, a domo properantes, forte obliti, infantem in cunis jacentem secum non auferunt. Dæmones incipiunt comessari et vociferari, prospicereque per fenestras formis ursorum, luporum, felium, et monstrare pocula vino repleta. *Ah,* inquit pater, *ubi infans meus?* Vix cum hæc dixisset unus ex Dæmonibus ulnis suis infantem ad fenestram gestat, &c.

Chronicon de Bolton.

IT 's in Bolton Hall, and the Clock strikes One,
And the roast meat 's brown, and the boil'd meat 's done,
And the barbecu'd sucking-pig 's crisp'd to a turn,
And the pancakes are fried, and beginning to burn;
The fat stubble-goose
Swims in gravy and juice,
With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use;
Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,
Want nothing but eating—they 're all ready drest.
But where is the Host, and where is the Guest?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page,
Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),
And the scullions and cooks,
With fidgetty looks,
Are grumbling, and mutt'ring, and scowling as black
As cooks always do when the dinner 's put back;
For though the board 's deckt, and the napery, fair
As the unsunn'd snow-flake, is spread out with care,
And the dais is furnish'd with stool and with chair,
And plate of *orfevrerie* costly and rare,
Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,
And Mess John in his place,
With his rubicund face,
And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace.
Yet where is the Host?—and his convives—where?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,
And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,
He watches the large hand, he watches the small,
And he fidgets, and looks
As cross as the cooks,

And he utters a word which we 'll soften to "Zooks!"
And he cries, "What on earth has become of them all?"—
What can delay
De Vaux and De Saye?
What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay?
What 's gone with Poyntz, and Sir Reginald Braye?
Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away?
And De Nokes, and De Stiles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey?
And De Roe?
And De Doe?
Poynings and Vavasour—where be they?
Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
And the Mandevilles, *père et filz* (father and son)?
Their cards all said "Dinner precisely at One!"
There 's nothing I hate, in
The world, like waiting!
It 's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels
A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals!"

It 's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes Two!
And the scullions and cooks are themselves in "a stew,"
And the kitchen-maids stand, and don't know what to do,
For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,
And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,
And the fish is all spoil'd,
And the butter 's all oil'd,
And the soup 's all got cold in the silver tureen,
And there 's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen!
While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume,
And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,
And still fidgets, and looks
More cross than the cooks,
And repeats that bad word, which we 've soften'd to "Zooks!"

Two o'clock 's come, and Two o'clock 's gone,
And the large and the small hands move steadily on,
Still nobody 's there,
No De Roos, or De Clare,
To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,
Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,
That nice little boy who sits there in his chair,
Some four years old, and a few months to spare,
With his laughing blue eyes, and his long curly hair,
Now sucking his thumb, and now munching his pear.

Again, Sir Guy the silence broke,
"It 's hard upon Three!—it 's just on the stroke!
Come, serve up the dinner!—A joke is a joke!"—
Little he deems that Stephen de Hoaques,*

* For a full account of this facetious "*Chivaler*," see the late (oh! that we should have to say "late"!) Theodore Hook's "History of the illustrious Commoners of Great Britain," as quoted in the Memoirs of John Bragg, Esq. page

Who "his fun," as the Yankees say, everywhere "pokes,"
And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,
Has written a circular note to De Nokes,
And De Stiles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks,
One and all,
Great and small,
Who were asked to the Hall,
To dine there, and sup, and wind up with a ball,
And had told all the party a great bouncing lie he
Cook'd up, that "the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,
The dear little curly-wig'd heir of Le Scroope
Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!"

When the clock struck Three,
And the Page on his knee
Said, "An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*"
And the Knight found the banquet-hall empty and clear,
With nobody near
To partake of his cheer,
He stamp'd, and he storm'd—then his language!—Oh dear!
'Twas awful to see, and 'twas awful to hear!
And he cried to the button-deck'd Page at his knee,
Who had told him so civilly "*On a servi,*"
"Ten thousand fiends seize them, wherever they be!
—The Devil take *them!* and the Devil take *thee!*
And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR ME!!"

In a terrible fume
He bounced out of the room,
He bounced out of the house—and page, footman, and groom
Bounced after their master; for scarce had they heard
Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,
Ere the horn, at the gate of the Barbican tower,
Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,
And in rush'd a troop
Of strange guests!—such a group
As had ne'er before darkened the doors of the Scroope!

This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye—
And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Braye—
This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—
But stay!—*Where on earth did he get those long nails?*
Why, they're *claws!* — then, Good Gracious! — they've all of
them *tails!*
That can't be De Vaux—why, his nose is a bill,
Or, I would say, a beak!—and he can't keep it still!—
Is that Poynings?—Oh Gemini!—look at his feet!!

344 of the 75th volume of the Standard Novels. In the third volume of Sir Harris Nicolas's elaborate account of the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy, commonly called the "Scrope Roll," a Stephen de Hoques, Ecuyer, is described as giving his testimony on the Grosvenor side.—Vide page 247.

Why, they 're absolute *hoofs!*—is it gout or his corns
That have crumpled them up so?—by Jingo, he 's *horns!*
Run! run!—There 's Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
And the Mandevilles, *pere et filz*, (father and son,)
And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they 've all got them on!*
Then their great saucer eyes—
It 's the Father of lies
And his Imps—run! run! run!—they 're all fiends in disguise,
Who 've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,
The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connexions,
And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf—
Run! run!—that 's the "muckle-horned Clootie" himself!

And now what a din
Without and within!—
For the court-yard is full of them.—How they begin
To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin!
Cock their tails up together,
Like cows in hot weather,
And butt at each other, all eating and drinking,
The viands and wine disappearing like winking.
And then such a lot
As together had got!
Master Cabbage, the steward, who 'd made a machine
To calculate with, and count noses,—I ween
The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—
Declared, when he 'd made,
By the said machine's aid,
Up, what 's now called, the "tottle" of those he survey'd,
There were just—how he prov'd it I cannot divine,—
Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety, and nine,
Exclusive of Him,
Who, giant in limb,
And black as the crow they denominate *Jim*,
With a tail like a bull, and a head like a bear,
Stands forth at the window,—and what holds he there,
Which he hugs with such care,
And pokes out in the air,
And grasps as its limbs from each other he 'd tear?
Oh! grief, and despair!
I vow and declare
It 's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little, curly-wig'd Heir!
Whom the nurse had forgot, and left there in his chair,
Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear!

What words can express
The dismay and distress
Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess
His cursing and banning had now got him into?
That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,
Had thus on their speaker recoiled, and his malison
Placed in the hands of the Devil's own "pal" his son!—

He sobbed, and he sigh'd,
And he scream'd, and he cried,
And behaved like a man that is mad, or in liquor,—he
Tore his peaked beard, and he dashed off his "Vicary,"*
Stamped on the jasey
As though he were crazy,
And staggering about just as if he were "hazy,"
Exclaimed, "Fifty pounds!" (a large sum in those times,)
"To the person, whoever he may be, that climbs
To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,
And brings down my curly-wi'——" here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan,
And many a groan,
What with tweaks of the nose, and some *eau de Cologne*,
He revived,—Reason once more remounted her throne,
Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'t were treason
To Her, in the Scroope's case, perhaps, to say Reason,—
But what saw he then?—Oh! my goodness! a sight
Enough to have banished his Reason outright!—
In that broad banquet-hall
The fiends, one and all,
Regardless of shriek, and of squeak, and of squall,
From one to another were tossing that small,
Pretty, curly-wig'd boy, as if playing at ball:
Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare
To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,
And bring down in safety his curly-wig'd Heir!

Well a day! Well a day!
All he can say
Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away;
Not a man can be tempted to join the *melée*,
E'en those words cabalistic, "I promise to pay
Fifty pounds on demand," have, for once, lost their sway,
And there the Knight stands,
Wringing his hands
In his agony—when, on a sudden, one ray

* A peruke so named from its inventor. Robert de Ros and Eudo Fitz-Vicari were celebrated *peruquiers*, who flourished in the eleventh century. The latter is noticed in the Battle-Abbey roll, and is said to have curled William the Conqueror's hair when dressing for the battle of Hastings. Dugdale makes no mention of him, but Camden says, that Humfrey, one of his descendants, was summoned to Parliament, 26 Jan., 25 Edw. I. (1297). It is doubtful, however, whether that writ can be deemed a regular writ of summons to Parliament, for reasons amply detailed in the "Synopsis of the British Peerage."—(Art. Fitz-John.) A writ, however, was subsequently addressed to him as "*Humfry Fitz-Vicari, Chiv^r.*" 8 Jan. 6 Edw. II. (1313,) and his descendants appear to have been regularly summoned as late as 5 and 6 of Philip and Mary, 1557-8. Soon after which Peter Fitz-Vicari dying, s. p. m. this Barony went into abeyance between his two daughters, Joan, married to Henry de Truefit, of Fullbottom, and Alice, wife of Roger Wigram, of Caxon Hall, in Wigton, co. Cumb. Esq., among whose representatives it is presumed to be still in abeyance.

Of Hope darts through his midriff!—His Saint!—Oh, it 's funny,
And almost absurd,
That it never occur'd!—
"Aye! the Scroope's Patron Saint!—he 's the man for my money!
Saint—who is it?—really I 'm sadly to blame,—
On my word I 'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,—
That I 've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name,—
Cut—let me see—Cutbeard?—no!—CUTHBERT!—egad
St. Cuthbert of Bolton!—I 'm right—he 's the lad!
Oh! holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—
Of myself I say little,—have knelt at your shrine,
And have lash'd their bare backs, and—no matter—with twine.
Oh! list to the vow
Which I make to you now,
Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row
Which that Imp 's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,
And his head like a bear, and his tail like a cow!
Bring him back here in safety!—perform but this task,
And I 'll give!—Oh!—I 'll give you whatever you ask!—
There is not a shrine
In the County shall shine
With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,
Or have so many candles, or look half so fine!—
Haste, holy St. Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity!"—
—Conceive his surprise
When a strange voice replies,
"It 's a bargain!—but, mind, sir, THE BEST SPERMACETI!"
Say, whose is that voice?—whose that form by his side,
That old, old grey man, with his beard long and wide,
In his coarse Palmer's weeds,
And his cockle and beads?—
And, how did he come?—did he walk?—did he ride?—
Oh! none could determine,—oh! none could decide,—
The fact is, I don't believe any one tried,
For, while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,
And without a word more,
He march'd on before,
Up a flight of stone steps, and so through the front door,
To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor,
While the fiendish assembly were making a rare
Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wig'd Heir.—
I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen
The pause that ensued when he stepp'd in between,
With his resolute air, and his dignified mien,
And said, in a tone most decided, though mild,
"Come!—I 'll trouble you just to hand over that child!"

The Demoniac crowd
In an instant seem'd cowed,
Not one of the crew volunteer'd a reply,
All shrunk from the glance of that keen-flashing eye,
Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seem'd by his talk,
And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk,

He quailed not before it, but saucily met it,
And saucily said, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

My goodness!—the look that the old Palmer gave!
And his frown!—'twas quite dreadful to witness—"Why, slave!
You rascal!" quoth he,
"This language to ME!!
At once, Mr. Nicholas! down on your knee,
And hand me that curly-wig'd boy!—I command it—
Come!—none of your nonsense!—you know I won't stand it."

Old Nicholas trembled,—he shook in his shoes,
And seem'd half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.
"Well, Cuthbert," said he,
"If so it must be,
For you've had your own way from the first time I knew ye;
Take your curly-wig'd brat, and much good may he do ye!
But I'll have in exchange—"—here his eye flash'd with rage—
"That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page!"

"Come, come," the Saint answer'd, "you very well know
That young man's no more his than your own to bestow—
Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no! no!
Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle!—be off with you!—go!"—
The Devil grew hot—
"If I do I'll be shot!
An you come to that, Cuthbert, I'll tell you what's what;
He has *asked* us to dine here, and go we will not!
Why, you Skinflint,—at least
You may leave us the feast!
Here we've come all that way from our brimstone abode,
Ten million good leagues, Sir, as ever you strode,
And the deuce of a luncheon we've had on the road—
—'Go!'—'Mizzle!' indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,
I should like to know?—'Go!'—I'll be hang'd if I do!
He invited us all—we've a right here—it's known
That a Baron may do what he likes with his own—
Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef!—now the mustard!—
—What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!"

The Saint made a pause
As uncertain, because
He knew Nick is pretty well "up" in the laws,
And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he'd such claws!
On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire
With the curly-wig'd boy he'd pick'd out of the fire,
And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,
And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).
So to Old Nick's appeal,
As he turn'd on his heel,
He replied, "Well, I'll leave you the mutton and veal,
And the soup *a la Reine*, and the sauce *Bechamel*.

As The Scroope *did* invite you to dinner, I feel
I can't well turn you out—'twould be hardly genteel—
But be moderate, pray,—and remember thus much,
Since you 're treated as Gentlemen, show yourselves such,
And don't make it late,
But mind and go straight
Home to bed when you 've finish'd—and don't steal the plate!
Nor wrench off the knocker—or bell from the gate.
Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,
And don't 'lark' with the watch, or annoy the police!"

Having thus said his say,
That Palmer grey
Took up little Le Scroope, and walked coolly away,
While the Demons all set up a "Hip! hip! hurray!"
Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they
Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor's day,
All scrambling and scuffling for what was before 'em,
No care for precedence or common decorum.
Few ate more hearty
Than Madam Astarte,
And Hecate,—considered the Belles of the party.
Between them was seated Leviathan, eager
To "do the polite," and take wine with Belphegor;
Here was *Morbleu*, (a French devil,) supping soup-meagre,
And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar,
(A Welsh one,) who 'd left the domains of Ap Morgan,
To "follow the sea,"—and next him Demogorgon,—
Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ
To Mammon and Belial, and half a score dancers,
Who 'd joined with Medusa to get up "the Lancers;"
—Here 's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,
While Bëëlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail.
There 's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles
Gave him the lie,
Said he 'd "blacken his eye,"
And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees;—
Ramping, and roaring,
Hiccoughing, snoring,—
Never was seen such a riot before in
A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling
At any *soirée* where they don't let the Devil in.

Hark!—as sure as fate
The clock's striking Eight!
(An hour which our ancestors called "getting late,")
When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,
Rose up, and addressed them.
"'Tis full time," he said,
"For all elderly Devils to be in their bed;
For my own part I mean to be jogging, because
I don't find myself now quite so young as I was;

But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,
I must call on you all for one bumper—the toast
Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST!
—Many thanks for his kind hospitality—may
        We also be able
        To see at *our* table
Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,
His good company *down stairs* at no distant day!
            You'd
        I'm sure, think me rude
        If I did not include
In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wig'd Heir.—
He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware
That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care;
        Though I must not say 'bless,'—
        —Why, you'll easily guess,—
May our Curly-wig'd Friend's shadow never be less"—
Nick took off his heel-taps—bow'd—smiled—with an air
Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair.—
        Of course the *élite*
        Rose at once on their feet,
And followed their leader, and beat a retreat;
When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,
And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,
Said, "Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup!"—
—It was three in the morning before they broke up!!!

* * * * *

        I scarcely need say
        Sir Guy didn't delay
To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay
For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day
The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.
In fact, when the votaries came there to pray,
All said there was nought to compare with it—nay,
        For fear that the Abbey
        Might think he was shabby,
Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,
He ordained should take charge of a new-founded chantry,
With six marcs apiece, and some claims on the pantry;
        In short, the whole County
        Declared, through his bounty,
The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes
From any displayed since Sir William de Meschines,*
And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation
With William the Norman, and laid its foundation.

        For the rest, it is said,
        And I know I have read
In some Chronicle—where, has gone out of my head,—

* *Vide* Dugdale's Monasticon, Art. *Prioratus de Bolton, in agro Eboracensi.*

That, what with these candles, and other expenses,
Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,
He reduced, and brought low
His property so,
That, at last, he 'd not much of it left to bestow;
And that, many years after that terrible feast,
Sir Guy in the Abbey was living a Priest;
And there, in One thousand and—something,—deceased.
(It 's supposed by this trick
He bamboozled Old Nick,
And slipped through his fingers remarkably " slick,")
While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,
Would you know more of him, you must look at " The Roll,"
Which records the dispute,
And the subsequent suit,
Commenced in " Thirteen sev'nty-five,"—which took root
In Le Grosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore
That none but *his* ancestors, ever before,
In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,
To wit, " *On a Prussian-blue Field*, a *Bend Or*;"—
While the Grosvenor averred that *his* ancestors bore
The same,—and Scroope lied like a— somebody tore
Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,
Till some A double S shall the fragment restore.

MORAL.

This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—e. g.—
1*mo*. Should anything teaze you,
Annoy, or displease you,
Remember what Lilly says, "*Animum rege!*" *
And as for that shocking bad habit of swearing,—
In all good society voted past bearing,—
Eschew it!—and leave it to dustmen, and mobs,
Nor commit yourself much beyond "Zooks!" or "Odsbobs!"

2*do*. When asked out to dine by a Person of Quality,
Mind, and observe the most strict punctuality!—
For should you come late,
And make dinner wait,
And the victuals get cold, you 'll incur, sure as fate,
The Master's displeasure, the Mistress's hate!
And—though both may, perhaps, be too well-bred to swear,—
They 'll heartily *wish* you—I need not say *Where*.

3*tio*. Look well to your Maid-servants!—say you expect them
To see to the children, and not to neglect them!—
And if you 're a widower, just throw a cursory
Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery!—
—Perhaps it 's as well to keep children from plums,
And from pears in the season,—and sucking their thumbs!

* Animum rege! qui nisi paret, imperat.—LILLY's *Grammar*.

4to. To sum up the whole with a "Saw" of much use,
Be *just*, and be *generous*,—don't be *profuse!*—
Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your friends,
But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT BOTH ENDS! !—
For of this be assured, if you "go it" too fast,
You'll be "dish'd" like Sir Guy,
And like him, perhaps, die
A poor, old, half starv'd, Country Parson at last!

Tappington Everard,
May 24, 1842.

T. I.

A CHAPTER ON BEARDS;

AND, MY FIRST SHAVE.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO ALL HAIRS APPARENT OR PRESUMPTIVE.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

The Jews of old
Wore beards, we're told,
I merely ancient writers quote;
The fashion they,
Down to this day,
Have borrowed from the billy-goat.

'Tis said, that, "if we trace the progress of the human mind from the first dawnings of sense and reason, we may see from what small beginnings it acquires a prodigious store of intellectual knowledge." I am as thoroughly convinced of that fact, as, that "no man knows what he can do till he tries;" or, in other words, till he is firmly resolved to do what he can; for, when men have thought themselves obliged to set about some business in good earnest, they often accomplish that which, in their hours of indolence, they supposed impossible. There is a common saying, often given at the head of our quack advertisements, which is, that "one trial proves the fact;"—I hope this may prove my case on the present occasion, for I am particularly anxious, for *one* good and substantial reason, to furnish something amusing

for "*Bentley's Miscellany*" for the present month. But, the puzzle is, *what to write about*,—why,

"Right-about face,"

as the Corporal said to his men, when he put them through their *facings*. Well, write about *face* I will; and so, here goes.

Having proceeded thus far with my task, the idea of the title,—"A Chapter on Beards; and, My First Shave," which I have given to this article, came pop into my head, and so I popped it down, as "the head and front of my offending."

The man's head who contributes to a periodical should, in a great measure, resemble the shop of a dealer in marine stores — that is, it should be well stored with everything to suit all occasions and customers. More than half of our modern scribes, and particularly the dramatic portion of them, are little better than literary *bone*-grubbers, pickers and stealers of unconsidered trifles, — men who, having no brains, live by spinning the brains of others, and *give themselves* credit for *originality*. As *I* have no wish to defraud even Old Nick of his due, I will relate a few anecdotes about Beards, which I have picked out of the pages of an old French work, published more than two hundred years ago, before I introduce my readers to "my first shave."

It is a certain principle, observes an old author, that every Frenchman is a soldier; and if he followed any other calling he ceased to be a Frenchman; and that, to point him out as being no longer of the nation, it was made a point to cut off his beard, as a distinguishing mark between a Frenchman and the conquered people. It is written, that when Alaric, King of the Visigoths, was apprehensive of an attack from Clovis, he desired an interview with him, that he might touch his beard;—the ancient mode of adopting a person was to take him by the beard, or whisker. Eginard, the secretary to Charlemagne, speaking of the last kings of the first race, says that they came to the assemblies in the field of Mars in a chariot drawn by oxen; and that they were seated upon the throne with long flowing hair, and beards that reached down to their loins; *crine profusso, barba submissa.*

When Hugh, Count of Chalons, was vanquished by Richard, Duke of Normandy, he went and threw himself at his feet with a saddle upon his back, to show that he submitted entirely to him as conqueror. The chronicle says, "that with his long beard he presented more the appearance of a venerable billy-goat than a horse."

About the close of the eleventh century, the Archbishop of Rouen proclaimed war against all *hairs* apparent, and declared, "that those who wore long hair upon their heads or chins should be excluded from the Church during their lives, and should not be prayed for after death. He was joined in this by several bishops; and the decree was enacted in council in the year one thousand and ninety-six. About fifty years after this, it is recorded that, upon the representation of the celebrated Peter Lombard, who was afterwards consecrated Bishop of Paris, Louis the Seventh thought it a matter of conscience to give an example of submission to the commands of the bishops on the subject of long hair; for not only did he shorten that upon his *caput*, but he shaved his chin so smooth that his wife likened his face unto that of a baby. Leonora of Aquitaine, a vivacious, giddy, jocose princess, whom he had married, rallied him upon his short hair and shaven chin right soundly; upon which his majesty would reply, "that those

things were not fit subjects for light jests." The matter at last began to assume a very serious aspect; for, upon the return of Louis from a *croisade,* she attacked him again upon the smoothness of his chin; upon which the smock-faced monarch bristled up as well as he could, and upbraided her in the sharpest manner.

> "Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
> With rude invasion of his beard."

Leonora, it is said, replied with much haughtiness, and concluded with proposing a divorce to him; adding, that "she knew how to procure one, as a most gross and scurvy trick had been put upon her; for that she thought to have married a prince, and found she had wedded nothing but a monk." The misunderstanding between them unhappily increased from that hour, and their marriage was soon afterwards dissolved. Six weeks after, Leonora was espoused to Henry Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou, who reigned as England's King as our second Henry. With the hand of the fair Leonora Henry obtained, by way of dower, Poitou and Guyenne. Hence arose those bloody and devastating wars which ravaged France for three hundred years, and in which it is said that upwards of three millions of Frenchmen perished. Was all this blood shed because an archbishop was offended with a hairy-face; because a king not only shaved his chin but his crown, and because his wife looked upon him as ridiculous because his face bore not the stamp of manhood?

In the reign of Francis the First long beards once more became a fashion, and continued so during the reigns of Henry the Second, Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third.

It was during the reign of Henry the Fourth of France that the fan-tail beard was introduced. It was only three fingers in length, in the shape of a fan, rounded, and set off with two long stiff whiskers, after the style and manner of a cat's-beard.

> "His tawny beard was the equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tile,
> A sudden vein it would beguile."
>
> *Hudibras.*

Whilst the fan-beards were in fashion, they were kept in that form by preparations of wax, which imparted to the hair a most agreeable smell, and enabled the wearer to give them whatever colour he desired. The beard was always dressed over night, and that it might not get out of order whilst the person was asleep, it was most tastefully enclosed in a *bigotelle* — a kind of bag made on purpose. It is said that the Marshal Bassompiere was once heard to say, that "the only alteration he found in the world, after he was released from a twelve years' imprisonment was, that the men had lost their beards, and the horses had been docked in tail." Times are, however, changed; we have now horses that can "tails unfold," and men-milliners, as well as *militaires,* with more hair on their faces than upon their heads. The antiquity, and distinguishing mark of a beard was openly discussed in our Commons' House of Parliament a few weeks since, to the no small delight of the WIGS, for

> Bold DAN, the Agitator,
> (Or else the papers fib,)

In debate slight,
The cunning wight,
Caught gallant Colonel Sib'—*
Upon the hip,
About the *tip*
And *bush* upon his chin,
And did declare
That so much *hair*
Marked *Irish* origin.

Having brought the "Chapter on Beards" down to our own time, I will at once introduce my readers, if they wish to *scrape* an acquaintance with me, to that momentous period of my life when I ventured on

MY FIRST SHAVE!

Shaving 's a paradox,—but thus 'tis clear'd,
Some shave *to get*,—some to *get off* a beard.

The settling day for the Derby *comes off* as usual, as a matter of *course;* the shooting season, if the harvest is not *cut* extremely late, always commences on the first day of September; Guy Fawkes walks abroad on the fifth of November; and the sweeps make merry on the first of "the merry, merry month of May," so far making good the old saying, that "there are times and seasons for all things:" but I am decidedly of opinion that there is no settled time or season upon record on which the *beard* should *come off*, be the harvest ever so prolific. I have in my possession an old newspaper, which contains a paragraph stating, "that Beau Brummell intends shortly to enlighten the fashionable world with a treatise on the cut and management of the beard, for the benefit of the rising generation." I am not aware that Brummell kept his word; but, one day or other, D'Orsay may take up the subject, and illustrate it with *cuts* by his own skilful hand. If he but screws his courage to the scraping-place, he cannot fail to finish it off to a shaving; and, should he feel disposed to avail himself of the remarks contained in this slight sketch, to whet the keen edge of his imagination on, they are at his service.

Who, be they princes, peers, or plebs, does not recollect that important epoch in their lives — *The First Shave?* — that great first step in the march of manhood, — that never-to-be-forgotten notice to prepare for manhood's cares and troubles, and "all the ills that flesh is heir (*hair*) to," which steals upon us at all times and seasons, like the recollections of a dream, which hovered above us in our sleep. Who can forget the strange mingled feeling of pride and fear with which he for the first time applied the soft camel's hair to ruffle the (almost softer) hair of his own chin; and how awkwardly and clumsily the razor was handled, as if it had been a ploughshare furrowing up a two years' growth of thistles?

Uneasy as the head that wears a crown
Feels the young chin, when shorn of its first down.

Well do I recollect the stealthy step and cautious movement with which I sought the dormitory of my paternal uncle, with a view to

* Colonel Sibthorp. *Vide* Parliamentary Debates for March, 1842.

discover the dreaded dressing-case, that dark depository of the direful razors—the noiseless secrecy with which I abstracted the murderous weapons, and hurried to the most remote apartment in the mansion with my prize, that no eye might see me perpetrate the dark and *barbar*-ous deed, and thinking with Macbeth,

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly."

Well do I remember how carefully I secured the door, "making assurance double sure," before I commenced operations, and the intense satisfaction I felt in that free and unconstrained use of dear Uncle Richard's razors, which I had thus secured; for I had long contemplated them with a wistful eye, but had not dared to meddle with them, knowing

> "The perils that environ
> The hand that meddles with cold iron."

Even at this late period of life I can laugh to think how I revelled in all the luxury of whetting and wielding the tiny but formidable trifle, not so light as air, but one of many hairs to make me lighter, and the engrossing interest with which I went through the awful process of "my first shave!"

But who can paint the alarm and confusion I was in, when poor old Nunkey, discovering that somebody had been tampering with his steel, called out, with the voice of a Stentor, "What saucy shaver has been at my razors? Has the cook been cutting her corns, or the butler opening oysters with them?—or does anybody know who has left them in this d—d mess?" Of course, nobody said nothing; for, of course, nobody knew nothing, and could give no information on the subject!

Reader! how many poor devils have been tried and condemned for manslaughter, and even murder, upon slight circumstantial evidence; "for murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ." Well, the murder must out; upon some such sort of evidence I was suspected; and, though not belonging to a blushing nation, well do I recollect how the colour mantled on my cheek, when it became evident that a suspicion ("suspicion always haunts the guilty mind") of my secret, black, and bloody practices began to be entertained by the family. Reader, you may, perchance, have read how *Banquo* died,—

> "With twenty trenched *gashes* on his head,
> The least a death to nature."—

I lived,—and had but one small *gash* upon my chin; but that "was confirmation strong as holy writ" of the dark deed I'd done. Never shall I forget how my ears tingled, and my face reddened,—

> (To a far deeper dye than that
> On the Cardinal's red napless hat,—

recently sold by our *Common-Garden Red-breast*,*) when this suspi-

* *Vide Robins's* catalogue of the classic contents of Strawberry Hill, collected by Horace Walpole. "Wolsey's Red Hat, a most interesting and valuable relic. The Cardinal's hat was found in the Great Wardrobe by Bishop Burnet, when

cion, which had, hitherto, been confined to suppressed tittering and giggling, with now and then a sly and side-winded allusion to my secret, at length openly took tongue in the person of my merry, pretty cousin, who, leaning across the dining-table, made the room ring with the cry of, "Billy's been shaving!—Billy's been shaving!"

"There's blood upon thy face!"

exclaimed my venerable aunt.

"Shaving!" shouted my uncle. "Why, the poor boy's chin is as innocent of hair as the palm of my hand."

"Well, I thought, uncle, that the dear boy had got nothing to shave," simpered my aggravating cousin Fanny.

"Haven't I?" thought I. Had the razor been in my hand at that moment, I am certain it would have slipped through my fingers, so keenly did I feel the cruel and cutting injustice of cousin Fan's remark.

"Open confession is good for the soul," 'tis said; so I made a full confession of my offence, and did not attempt to justify it, by saying, "I was shaving to *get rid* of my beard, when, in truth, I was shaving to *get one*."

"Come, that's honest, any how," said the laughing merry maiden; "for Mrs. Glass says, 'first catch your *hair*, and then dress it after what fashion please;' so, I suppose cousin Billy was, as a matter of course, trying to make a few break cover upon his own manor."

"There if *they* grow,
The harvest is your own,"

said I; "for none but your fair self shall have the first run over the *stubble*."

No longer driven desperate by the fear of exposure, and conscious that concealment was no longer necessary, I, from that day forward, became less and less anxious to elude observation, until I at length began to shave with open doors, regardless who should see or know that I had taken to handling a razor.

Thus would the *Razor* on my *cheek*
Have spoke, (but razors do not speak,)
"Dear friend, I'd have you this to know,
Man wants but little hair below,
Nor wants that little long."

Alas! what vanities, vexations, and vicissitudes,—what hopes, fears, cares, and anxieties crowd into the busy space between the day on which the soft down was removed for the *first* time, and that on which the grey and grisly beard is shorn for the *last*, by our old friend The Razor!

Trifles sometimes, light as air,
Will *separate* the fondest pair;
You, true as *steel*, old friend, remain,
And if you *cut*, you come again.

Clerk of the Closet; from his son, the judge, it came to the Countess-Dowager of Albemarle, who presented it to Horace Walpole. This singular and unquestionable relic will, no doubt, be highly prized by the collector, from its having been worn by one of the most remarkable men of England's history." It was purchased by Mr. Charles Kean.

KEE-CHEE MEGISSEE; OR, THE GREAT EAGLE.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

No acquaintanceship, which it has ever been my fortune to make throughout life, was auspicated by such roars of laughter, as my introduction to the social converse, and, ultimately, the familiar companionship, of "The Great Eagle."

In former days there was a dining-room at old Frawley's, which, like the singing and smoking room, had its own set of constant frequenters. No smoking was allowed in this apartment; and sundry half-pay captains, Greeks and barbarians, rejoiced in the use of it, because they might feast at a moderate charge upon the Offleian chop and a roast potato. To others the room had other attractions, especially upon Saturdays. At half-past five o'clock on the Jewish Sabbath, a waiter appeared staggering under the weight of a pewter water-dish, which he succeeded in depositing upon the table indicated by his "matchless chief." The lofty cover being removed, a huge round of the primest beef was disclosed to view, in honour of which the carver was fain to get upon his legs. All manner of available vegetables accompanied this noble *piéce de résistance;* and much it had to resist; for all manner of men, who could conveniently command two shillings, and the additional twopence which Frawley laid on for this particular joint, came in droves to attack it. Offley, with a generosity to the consumer which it did one's heart good to see, presided over the demolition. He proceeded from point to point with a self-relying dignity, wherever his presence was required, now recommending to some favourite customer a slice off the silvered side, and again a piece of the hard, or, as it might be, of the marrowy fat, always watching narrowly how the stranger carved, and ready at the instant to intercept his sacrilegious knife, and snatch it from his profane hand, if he intimated any motion likely to destroy, or even compromise, the graduated symmetry of the round; for Frawley's abhorrence of uncouth carving nearly reached monomania.

I turned in one day to dine, and of course ordered a tandem of mutton-chops,—a leader and a wheeler, apart only by the due length of the traces, Frawley himself to be at once the driver and time-keeper. At a table in a remote extremity of the room, beyond the second fireplace, sat a gentleman waiting, in no very complaisant mood of mind or appetite, (take it as you will,) for "the joint." Its hour had come; the stranger gazed with all the gravity and immutable muscle of an Arab, but failed to exhibit the meekness and patience of the camel; for whenever Reynolds or Lyons came within earshot, he damned them in most Attic English, and did not even refrain from profane allusions to the contorted optics of Mr. Offley himself. He knew not the cause of the delay: nor did I at the time. The attendant gentleman was the only candidate for the joint; Frawley, accordingly, would no more have thought of directly parading it for his use, than the keeper of a French hazard-table would of opening his bank to gratify the speculative propensities of a single player. "The Great Eagle" was particularly devoted to viands rather underdone; and while he is waiting to pounce upon his quarry, let us, gentle reader, regard him at our leisure.

Kee-Chee Megissee had sunk a little into the vale of years, and must have been considerably on the shady side of forty when I first saw him. He was above six feet high; the frame was manifestly in perfect vigour and activity, though the roundness and elasticity of youth were gone; bone, brawn, and sinew alone remained. The form, and indeed the complexion, was exactly such as Sir Walter Scott has so admirably described in the person of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. His face seemed coloured to the bone by the scorching effects of a sun unknown in Europe; it was dark and clear, but bloodless as a mask. The forehead was very high and broad, and the map of it, so to speak, was not merely good, but would have been a curious study to a metoposcopist. One deep unchanging furrow proceeded perpendicularly from between the eyes through the region (if I recollect rightly) sacred to Jupiter: all the other lines were horizontal, and tending, at their extremities, upwards, seemed as though they had been impressed rather by external contemplation than by inward thought. The head was bald, save at the poll and behind the ears. The lower part of the face bore a disagreeable animal character, — the mouth was large, the lips were thick and coarse, and the expression, without being sensual, was, for some other reason which I could not define, repulsive. Perhaps there was about it a touch of the savage; yet the air was, upon the whole, so frank and manly, that the conclusion to which the physiognomist would come (and, as I subsequently found, correctly) was, that this individual, being one of those who had seen a vast deal of adventurous life's varieties, was like Cardinal Wolsey,

> " Haughty and sour to those who loved him not,
> But unto those who loved him sweet as summer."

The eye, however, was the most remarkable feature about him. It was restless, and seemed to embrace a larger field of view than is attempted by civilized man. It was such as you might fancy the eye of a North American Indian to be,—always on the alert, patrolling, as it were, in its socket from side to side, and commanding, with the aid of a slight inflection of the head, all the space before, beside, and well-nigh behind it. Such seemed to me "the Great Eagle" when he first met my view.

At length several persons, and amongst the rest the chief's brother, having dropped in, it was considered in the infernal Frawleian regions, that a sufficient number had arrived to justify the commencement of the game. *Le jeu est fait!* The joint was ushered in! "Gentlemen, make your game." "The Great Eagle" was, of course, entitled to the first innings. A large piece of beef (ribs) was set before him. The chief regarded it with an ominous, low growl, turned back an eye on Reynolds and Lyons, which

> "Boded no good, whate'er it might express,"

and sneered significantly.

"Very nicely roasted, indeed! It does credit to the cookery of that old swivel-eyed sinner! He has been doing homage to me with a burnt-offering!" With this, he cut off a slice half an inch thick from the outside, then pointing to the joint with his knife, he exclaimed, "Why, this is as shrivelled, as black, and as dry as the hide of a squaw in her hundred-and-first year. But I 'll see if I cannot make out something eatable, after all. The eyes of a great chief are not shut."

Immediately upon this declaration he plunged his knife into the very centre of the joint, and proceeded to cut out a huge collop, which, for his taste, was done to a turn,—that is to say, it was hot, but at the same time nearly raw. A cry of horror burst from the lips of the waiters when they witnessed the flagitious deed, and each made a step forward; but they were arrested by the stern voice, "Avaunt, slaves!—keep off!" For a moment they stood in mute and stupified astonishment, like men under the wand of an enchanter; but the roar of laughter, which pealed through the room, dissolved the spell, and the first use they made of their recovered faculties was to rush down stairs to the kitchen, over whose mysteries Frawley personally presided. One can imagine the rage and grief wherewith every fibre of his heart was torn. He, however, quickly recovered, and came bounding upstairs with tiger-springs. But, however fierce or hostile might have been his original intentions, they ebbed away when he came under the influence of the calm, cruel eye of "the Great Eagle." The floodgates of Frawley's eyes were opened, and, as the novelists say, his overloaded heart sought relief in tears.

The Great Eagle gazed upon his grief without moving a muscle; but he kept him under the fascination of his eye, and continued to eat his beef with a rapid but steady mastication. At length words, mixed with tears, burst forth from Frawley. He appealed to the destroyer, touching the unprecedented atrocity of the action,—he threatened to charge him for the whole joint,—he next threatened to charge him in another way,—he threatened to give him in charge to his friend Thomas, the inspector of Police,—he railed,—he ranted,—he raved; but until the Great Eagle had finished his dinner, he vouchsafed him not the slightest reply. But when, like a Homeric hero, he had relieved himself of the desire for meat and drink, he turned his head slowly round, and looking on his assailant with loftiest dignity, said, "Don't speak to me, old man! Retire to your kitchen!"

This set Frawley quite beside himself. He cursed and swore like a Cambridge bargeman or an ancient Clifford. Alas for Frawley! Eloquence may be a fatal gift to others besides Demosthenes and Cicero! His burst of oratory evoked a dæmon. The Great Eagle sprang from his chair with a knife in his hand, and then applying his fingers to his mouth, gave forth the tremendous war-whoop of the tribe into which he had been adopted (the Chippeways) with a shrillness and vigour that made all the glasses shake upon the tables. The Great Eagle then commenced with much solemnity, and in slow measure, to sing the war-song and to dance the war-dance round the person of the astounded Frawley, now compulsorily enacting the part of a captive brave. Every instant the strain quickened, and the motions of the dance became more rapid and fierce, until, with the utmost nicety of eye and hand, proving him truly to be a *hoo ge-mah*, or great chief, in the mastery of his weapons, he kept flourishing the knife round the head and about the face of Frawley, so as to make it appear each moment that the steel was about to be buried in flesh or brain; but he never once touched the skin, except with the back of the knife, when, in the progress of the performance, it became necessary to imitate the process of scalping Frawley. At this part of the entertainment, though faint with laughter, even we, the delighted spectators, became alarmed; but his brother, who revelled in the scene, assured us there was not the slightest danger, and that the Great Eagle was as renowned a war-

rior as Chingachgook, or Uncas, or Mahtoree, or Magua, or Hard-heart, or any of American Cooper's heroes. Meanwhile poor Frawley shrieked with terror, and finally sank panic-stricken on the ground. He was consigned to his waiters, and ordered to be put to bed forthwith.

Once, only, was an interruption attempted, and this made an amusing episode. Roused by the noise, a dapper person, bearing an ugly resemblance to old Frawley, rushed in, and attempted to interfere, crying out something about murder and police; but the Eagle's brother jumped up, seized him by the back of the collar, or, as he himself afterwards described it, by the scuff of the neck, dragged him to the door, whirled him round until he got what the midwives call a breech-presentation, and then gave him a kick which sent him flying over the stairs, and right through the folding-doors of the singing-room.

After this, Frawley thought to expel the Great Eagle as he had done Sim Fairfield, but he soon saw it was impossible. We all swore we would support the Great Eagle, who had a right to all the privileges of a traveller; so terms were entered into without protocols, and a dinner got up; after which the *calumet* of peace was smoked. It may be easily supposed, as a lover of fun and frolic, I was anxious to make the acquaintance of so accomplished a warrior. I had also another reason, I have always taken the greatest interest in the North American Indians, and all concerning their history, habits, customs, &c. And, certainly, neither Murray, nor Marryatt, nor even Catlin himself, was able to give a better verbal account of them than the gentleman to whom, on the occasion adverted to, I sought and obtained an introduction.

To my mind (and I still think so,) he was the best narrator I ever listened to; he had all the concentrated and grave enthusiasm, the impassioned though figurative eloquence, and the vivid pantomime that you would look for in a native Indian of the highest order. He was amongst men at once the most original in character and in mind, and the most various in adventure that I ever met. He was possessed of vast natural powers; and if he had only been happy in an education to support them, there is no possible path in life on which he might not have led the trail. His feelings of religion when he reasoned on them, setting aside his blind devotion to the Roman Catholic creed, in which he happened to be born (reared he was not), reminded me strongly of the one great character which Cooper has drawn, Natty Bumps, or the Leather-Stocking.

Though feelings deep to melancholy came over his mind occasionally, during which he for the most part sat squatted on his carpet, like an Indian chief, no man had a keener relish at other times for uproarious conviviality. As a boy he was put aboard an East Indiaman, as a middy, or whatever be the name for "the young gentlemen" in the East India service. Poor Tyrone Power sailed aboard the same ship, in the same capacity, and so did the late Major Antony, who used always, by the way, to declare that he was the first person who ever taught the inimitable representative of Irish characters to dance an Irish jig. The vessel proceeded to China, and there "the Great Eagle" picked up a number of stories about this primitive people. At a subsequent period he travelled through the United States, where, as usual, with all honest manly travellers, he learned to hate the Yankees. But he did more than that, for he acquired the art of mimicking that "people without a language," as Coleridge styled the Americans, in a

manner infinitely superior to anything that was ever done by Charles Mathews. He also sang a version of Yankee Doodle, that was to the last degree droll.

Various were the turns and tricks of Fortune which he endured in the United States; but at last he entered into the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and started for the Far-West, bidding a long adieu to the realms of semi-civilization. The last scene he had in America was characteristic of the country. His employers had advanced him some money for his journey. He was enjoying himself with one of those compounds of spirits, sugar, &c. for which America is really famous. "The Great Eagle," with his pipe in his mouth, his liquor by his side, his legs on a chair before a roaring fire, was in the seventh heaven. A free and enlightened citizen entered, and walking up to our friend, very deliberately immerged his medical finger into the liquor, and then sucking it, observed, "Stranger, I guess that's the regular stiff-up cocktail." The future Indian chief gazed at him for one moment, but in the next the heels of the American were higher in the air than his head. When our hero arrived in Rupert's Land, there were two rival companies. They have been since united. The Hudson's Bay Company, of which I have spoken, and the North-West Company. They literally disputed the trade in peltries with the Indians; and carried on against each other a fierce and constant war. Each had its allies amongst the Indian tribes, and its following of *bois-brulés*,* who were rather more savage than the Indian of unmixed descent. One murder came to European ears because of the celebrity of the victim. Semple, the author of some useful and entertaining volumes of travels in Spain and Italy, had accepted the office of governor under the Hudson's Bay Company. Some thirty or forty men belonging to the rival company made an inroad on horseback into Semple's district at mid-day, and shot him dead, and killed those who were with him. It was to a scene in which murderous actions such as I have described were of common occurrence, that the wanderer now removed. Before long he became one of the most renowned partizans in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had the compliment paid him of having a good round price set upon his head.

Amongst the Indian braves he was an especial favourite; he adapted himself so completely to their customs, manners, and pursuits, that, as we have seen, he was adopted into a powerful tribe, and all-hailed with the appellation of "The Great Eagle."

The most arduous part of his duty consisted in visiting the various outposts established by the company at vast distances from the fort, in the territories of the different tribes of Indians.

He gave an appalling narrative of his finding two men, on one occasion, dead, and with the daintiest morsels of their bodies cut away. It appeared that an Indian woman, who had been originally of the party, having greater powers than the Europeans of enduring hunger, had, when her companions were utterly prostrate from starvation, tomahawked them, and subsisted upon the carcases. The Great Eagle, and his friend, Nee-go-naw-bee (Ironside), tracked her to a wigwam she had constructed in the wood near the station; and, finding some of the flesh in her possession, shot her dead. He told us of his relieving the survivor of another party, under circumstances of picturesque hor-

* The children of Indian mothers by white fathers.

ror. The man was perishing of hunger, and so exhausted that he could not crawl. For hours before the Great Eagle's arrival, he had been on his knees, with his gun cocked, and resting on a log, afraid to turn aside his eye, even for a moment, from the glaring aspect of a huge wolf, long in attendance upon the party, but now bold enough to face the unfortunate individual, at a distance little beyond the muzzle of his gun, and ready to spring forward the instant he could take this prey, which he surely looked upon as his own, at advantage.

The mode by which the Great Eagle achieved his return to Europe was highly characteristic. A reward of one hundred pounds was offered by Government to anybody who would bring in dead or alive a certain Indian who had committed an atrocious murder within the precincts of civilization. The Great Eagle, after being upon his trail for weeks, succeeded in surprising and shooting him, and upon production of his head, he received the reward, and bade adieu to the Far West. During his long absence from home, which amounted to some five or six-and-twenty years, his father and uncles had become wealthy merchants; and the Great Eagle settled in London as a commission-agent or merchant. It was at this time I had the happiness to make his acquaintance.

I remember he once composed an opera. It came to pass thus. There was amongst the Offlanders a most singular character, named Owlfield, who was as regular an attendant at Frawley's as the Great Eagle himself. He was a philosopher, who divided his time pretty equally between dreaming and drinking, between revelling and rollicking. Moreover, he had no small share of the wild book-learning. Of all the men in the world I ever met he was the most studied in editions and title-pages, and he knew by no means a little of the contents of a multitude of books. But he knew nothing precisely, nothing accurately; he was utterly devoid of the instinct, and unacquainted with the science of method. He had been in his youth, and for a great number of years, a pupil and fellow-lodger of Jeremy Bentham. Being at bottom a good fellow, he was a favourite with the Great Eagle. Whereupon, the chief wrote an Æschylean opera, in which the principal characters were the scholar aforesaid and the ghost of Jeremy Bentham. The opera opened after the Greek fashion, with a narration which related to the fate of the Westminster sage, after death, when he was dissected, and his skeleton exhibited, &c., as well as to sundry of his peculiar doctrines, moral and physiological, which he held in his lifetime.

The Eagle was very fond of natural history, and this formed a bond of companionship between him and Bob Rambleton, though, in private, each used to denounce the other's veracity. The chief's narratives chiefly referred to the courage, prowess, and, in truth it may be well called chivalry, of the grizzly bear. Bob preferred the gentle animals of creation, and used to maintain, with the niggers, that the monkeys could speak just as well as men, and only refrained from doing so, lest the *buckra*, white man, should make them work. Bob at the same time patronised the blacks, with all the zeal of a Wilberforce or Zachariah Macaulay.

The two great lecturers on natural history are, however, both alike lost to the world; and with this melancholy reflection I wind up my reminiscences of Kee-chee-Megissee.

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

When first I arrived in India, I heard of nothing but snakes and venomous reptiles. I was told not to have a drop of milk in the room in which I slept, for fear of attracting a cobra capella or a cobra manilla. My pockets were stuffed with garlic to keep them off, as they have a peculiar dislike to this herb. A bottle of *eau de luce* was always about my person, as it is well known that, if the part bitten be instantly cut out or burnt, and rubbed with this celebrated medicament, and a draught of the same taken, diluted with water, inwardly, life may be saved, even though the manilla, the worst of all the serpent tribe, may have inflicted the wound. In the second class of horrors, I found scorpions and centipedes, not quite as fatal, but almost as disagreeable in their attacks. From the bite of the flying-fox (a large species of bat), down to that of the musquito, everything seemed venomous, insuring a tiresome, and often dangerous, illness. Even the common little lizard, dropping a liquid when passing over one's body, which causes a smart pain, and finally raises a blister, or the large ant, which abounds in the East, are objects to be dreaded. In such a climate, if the blood is not in a good state, a long confinement to the house generally attends the very slightest of these accidents. No wonder, then, that a feeling of dread continually haunted me respecting these reptiles, a feeling which embittered many of my otherwise happy hours.

Like every one else who indulges in antipathies or fears, the objects of my dread hourly presented themselves before me, not only in imagination, but in *propria persona*. If a snake was found in the cantonment, I was sure to be an accidental spectator on the occasion. If a serpent-charmer arrived, I was certain to be the person to whom he first applied for employment. My dogs were bitten, my monkey killed by the sting of a scorpion. I lived a life of continual terror. I only once dared to go out shooting. That once was enough: never can I forget the horrors of it. I ventured amongst some rose-bushes, which abound near Ghazepoor, where I was quartered, and amongst which good sport was sure to be found. I ventured, I say, to penetrate this aromatic jungle, when lo! I saw a cobra manilla at a short distance. I did not hesitate, but raising my gun, I fired directly at the monster. Whether I hit her or not I have never ascertained; whether I had disturbed the reptile when coiling round her eggs I knew not. But no sooner did the shot touch her than, suddenly unwinding her close folds, the cobra manilla darted towards me. I turned and fled. The snake pursued me. I summoned up my best speed, but all in vain. I glanced round,—the serpent was close to me. I halloed loudly for my syse, who was holding my horse some quarter of a mile off. I still further increased my speed. The snake actually began to spring, darting as it were, throwing itself in quick successive bounds after me. I threw down my gun, and speeded on for my very life. A ditch was before me. I was so nervous, I missed my distance, and was actually entangled in it, striving to climb the opposite bank. The cobra was

on the very brink following me, when my syse came running up. He assisted me in mounting my horse. Nearly fainting, I started home to my bungalow, so completely overcome as to be unable to tell my servant for several hours afterwards what had occurred.

Other accidents, somewhat similar to the above, which occurred to my friends, served to strengthen my fears; more particularly the fact of our assistant-surgeon (who lived only next door) having actually found a cobra manilla in his bed, a circumstance by no means unparalleled during the rains.

To guard against such accidents was my constant study. My room was strewed with garlic. A night-light continually burned in my bedroom. A bottle of *eau de luce* always stood within reach; and yet, with all these precautionary measures, I never could sleep soundly, so great was my dread of a midnight attack from some dreadful reptile.

My courage was soon to be put to the test.

One evening I returned, more than ordinarily fatigued, to my bungalow, and hastened to bed. I was soon asleep, and, as usual, dreaming away of Europe and her charms. Suddenly I was awakened by a cold object resting on my arm. Involuntarily I raised my other arm towards it. It glided rapidly off, not, however, till it had inflicted its dreaded bite; for I plainly felt the pain, which, though not acute, was stinging, resembling the puncture of a hot instrument, or sudden scald. The fact, however, was obvious. I had been bitten, and was probably a dead man. I uttered a piercing shriek, and sprang from my bed. I rushed towards my dressing-table, and with a courage which nothing but danger could have inspired, seized one of my razors, and, without hesitation, cut out the bitten part. I actually scooped out a piece nearly as large as a nut. Then, with my arm bleeding in the most dreadful manner, I rushed towards the lamp, and catching it up, burnt the lacerated part for several seconds.

By this time several of my servants had arrived, alarmed by my cries. One hastened off for our assistant-surgeon, who, as I before said, lived only next door, while the others began to question me as to the cause of my alarm.

In broken sentences I explained to them my situation. They were horrified. Whilst one poured *eau de luce* into the dreadful self-inflicted gash, the others prepared a potion of the same medicine, diluted in water, which I hastily swallowed.

By this time I was more calm, and when Dr. Sisson arrived, I was collected enough to view my situation with becoming philosophy.

Whilst he was dressing my arm, and binding it up, I took advantage of the silence, the awe of the moment, to signify to him my last wishes in case of my death. I stated the manner in which I wished to be buried, the style of letters I wished written to my relations, the way in which I wished my little remaining property to be disposed of.

The doctor was almost tempted to shed tears. The surrounding kidtmutgars stood in the mute agony of woe. Sisson, however, hoped I had cut deep enough, and he assured me he thought the virus had not had time to enter the system. He, therefore, bid me hope for the best, and all yet might go well.

"Let us, at least," said he, in conclusion, "have the consolation of destroying the reptile that has thus endangered your life. Here, my men, bring each a soft cane, and let us attack the monster together."

The men ran out, and came back, each armed with a pliant bamboo, a single stroke of which will instantly kill the most dreaded snake in India.

"And now, surround the bed; the reptile cannot have got away. Gently, gently, keep your eyes steadily fixed. He must be under the pillow. Directly I raise it, be ready to strike. Ha! there he is!"

The servants at once struck at the object pointed out, and succeeded in killing it. They held it up, when, lo! it proved to be a poor little lizard, a harmless animal, which, beyond the blistering drop he had let fall on my arm, bears no venom.

The doctor burst out into a roar of laughter. The black rascals joined in it.

The next week I was forced to get two months' leave; for wherever I appeared, with my arm in a sling, my dying words were quoted to me. In a word, I was almost teazed to death, merely because, when I fancied I had been bitten by a snake, I had chosen to take "precautionary measures."

THE BESIEGED.

Harry Walton was as good a fellow as ever breathed. I believe him to have done as many kind and generous acts as any man that ever visited India. His joviality was admitted, his courage undoubted, and yet, on account of a mere quiz, he took huff, and quitted the East. The facts were simply these:—

Walton's sister was married to a Bengal civilian, who held a high post up the country. Harry was on a visit with his brother-in-law, when the latter was suddenly called down to Calcutta on urgent business. Ere he departed, however, he gave up the charge of his household to Walton, impressing on his mind that he ought to be extremely vigilant and circumspect, as there were several large bodies of Decoits (banditti) roaming about the country, who had had the audacity to attack and plunder almost all the indigo-planters' houses in the neighbourhood, and would, more than probably, on hearing of the absence of the master of the establishment, attack in turn the house of the civilian.

Harry swore to die in its defence, laughed at the idea of being taken by surprise, and, having served for some time in the 2nd battalion of the West Middlesex Acton Parish Branch of the Loyal and Local Volunteers, spoke of the affair *secundum artem*, styling the windows embrasures, the verandahs outworks, the doors as sally-ports, and the sloping coverings of the balconies, as glacis. The corner rooms were bastions, and the front of the house was the curtain. The *bobichis* (cooks), armed with spits, were to act as lancers; the *beestees* (water-carriers) were to have their goat-skins filled with wine to refresh the troops. The kitmudtgars were to form the main guard. The palanquin-bearers were to lie in ambush outside, in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy. In a word, Thompson, (the civilian of whom I speak,) was so bothered by his military brother-in-law's jargon of "but-

tresses," "bastions," "pontoons," and "escalading," that he was glad to cut the conversation short, and start off on his journey.

As my tale might seem to touch upon the possible want of courage exhibited by Harry after the departure of his host, I will merely relate, in as few words as possible, an occurrence which took place that evening. It will at once, I trust, convince my reader that Walton was just about as daring as any man could possibly be.

The devotion to the fair-sex, the almost idolatry in which a young and handsome Englishwoman is held by the British male residents in India, is beyond the conception of any dame accustomed even to the greatest homage which Europe can offer. It is all very well to quote as a miracle, as an act of superior gallantry, the riding one hundred miles to procure a bouquet, the gift of a necklace worth twenty thousand pounds, or the risk of life in defence of an injured female. God bless their poor-spirited hearts! Why, in India a man will do twice as much for the half of a single smile. The following sketch will give a faint idea of this feeling:—

Five or six gentlemen, civil and military, had taken their tiffin at Thompson's on the day of his departure, and were strolling through the grounds with Mrs. T., one of the loveliest women in Bengal, when they happened to approach a very deep *tank* (pond), in which several alligators were said to lurk. At the moment they did so, many of the party were lavishing the most fulsome compliments on their fair hostess, vowing they would readily lay down their lives to elicit a single smile from her fair lips. Mrs. Thompson enjoyed a joke, and particularly relished the idea, which she had suddenly conceived, of punishing the parasites around her. Determined to test their gallantry, she unhesitatingly threw her glove into the *tank*, declaring she should value him most who brought it back to her. In an instant every gentleman had plunged into the water. Yes, *every one*, even Harry Walton, who, in his eagerness to prove his admiration of *le beau sexe*, jumped in with the rest; nor was it till he found himself drowning, (for, amongst other subjects which had escaped his memory, he had forgotten that he was totally unable to swim,) that he suddenly remembered he was thus exposing his life to obtain a smile from his own sister! Poor fellow! He floundered about for several minutes, calling out most lustily for help, which being at length afforded him, he was drawn ashore more dead than alive, drenched to the skin.

A man who would thus wantonly risk his existence for the mere caprice of a lady could surely be no coward.

To return to my narrative. The night of his ducking Harry slept soundly. It is true he had dreamt all kinds of things about earthquakes, and battles, and such-like stuff; but he never awoke till nine o'clock next morning, when he went down to breakfast.

How great was his astonishment on entering the room to find himself assailed on all sides with reproaches and sarcasms! He could scarcely believe his ears when he learnt that, during the night, the house had been besieged by a large body of *decoits*, that a brisk attack had met with a sharp repulse, that many volleys had been fired, that two robbers and one of the servants had been killed, and that the Buragh Sahib's surdar (the great man's head servant) had thumped at his (Walton's) door for at least half an hour, without being able to awaken him, at least so said the man; others, however, less charitable,

fancied Harry had been but too "wide awake" to come forth and risk his precious person. Even the ladies had borne their part in the defence, and were now not backward in quizzing the poor volunteer.

That day was one of misery to the wretched Harry. The torments he endured from the banterers stung him almost to madness. Goaded by sneers, annoyed by inuendoes, Walton felt almost tempted to commit suicide.

Determined, however, that a recurrence of the scene should not take place, previously to retiring to bed, our hero planted sentinels in every direction, and leaving his door open, he sank down on his couch half dressed, his rifle ready loaded beside him, a light burning, and every precaution taken to insure his instant awaking at the slightest noise.

It was about twelve o'clock, when a servant stole quietly in, and informed him that some decoits were said to be lurking about the grounds. Up jumped Harry; in a moment he was ready to sally forth. Having first desired that no one else should be called, he determined that, as he had not shared the glory of the preceding evening, the honour should now, at all events, be his own. Followed by a dozen armed men, he sallied forth to beat the grounds. The moon shone brightly, and cast long shadows. Once or twice Walton was almost deceived by fancying these umbrageous reflections to be human beings; but, fortunately, he reserved his fire till he could be quite sure of doing execution. Presently a murmur from one of the followers was heard. The man was proceeding down a hedge-row with the stealthiness of a cat.

"He is there, massa; we see him now. Don't fire yet, massa.—Hush!—he come this way."

"Where is he?" agitatedly demanded Harry.

"There, there,—straight forward,—just there!"

Walton raised his piece and fired: an unearthly noise resounded through the air. The natives rushed through the hedge just as the other European visitors in Thompson's house came up and joined the party.

"Whar, whar," (wonderful wonderful,) cried the followers. "Honour to the great chief," added they, in their usual poetic manner of rehearsing loudly the triumphs of a European. "Whar, whar, the great man has arisen—yes, he has arisen in his might, and shot a Jackass!!!"

For the future happiness of poor Harry Walton, the assertion was but too true. He had destroyed an innocent donkey, which was quietly feeding on the other side of the leafy fence.

The jest was too good to be easily given up or soon forgotten. Walton was so jeered about his magnanimous exploit, his noble defence of his brother-in-law's house, that he foolishly took huff, and, rather than bear the joke, threw up his appointment, and returned to Europe.

JOHN BULL IN TARTARY.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAJJI BABA," "ZOHRAB," ETC.

In various parts of Tartary are to be found small Khans and Chieftains, who, though nominally under the dominion of the kings of Persia or Bokhara, are in fact independent chiefs. Their seclusion from the world renders them totally ignorant of what is doing in it beyond their own immediate dependence; despotic in their sway, the principal object of their lives is plunder and man-stealing.

It was in the courtyard of the habitation of one of these chiefs, situated in a small fortified village, that, in the early dawn of a spring morning, two individuals met: the one a Persian mirza or man of the pen, Timour by name; the other, Omar, was a tall, heavy man, and appeared just come off a journey, armed at all points.

Timour, with surprise in his countenance, greeted the other, saying, "Omar Aga, welcome! your place has been empty. What news?"

"Well found, O mirza!—what news do you ask? Here are strange things come to pass. We have seen marvellous things! we have taken many prisoners; amongst them one such as has never before been seen in Tartary. We were on the very verge of the desert, posted behind that hill with which you are acquainted, commanding the road from Meshed, when we saw, in the very first 'call of the morning,' a cloud of dust, and heard the camel-bells. 'Here is the caravan,' said we as we seized our lances, and we immediately prepared to attack. Our chief rode on a-head, and having reconnoitred, came back, exclaiming, '*Bismillah!* in the name of the Prophet, let us kill.'"

"Well, we attacked, and exclaiming, '*Yallah!*' fell upon them like the arrow from the bow. We were all lions. I was a male lion; by your soul I was wonderful. Very soon everything fled from before us; the camels only remained, and one man — man shall I call him? one of the strangest-looking beings, with clothes fitting tight to his body, a black thing like a cauldron on his head, with a white face and smooth chin; and there he stood, sword in hand, ready to bid defiance to our whole company. He spoke a strange jargon; crying out, 'Dam! dam! off! off!' and so fierce did he look, that we did not like to approach him like other men; when, little by little, we surrounded him, and falling upon him, took him, bound his hands, and seized upon everything he had. *Mashallah!* how we did beat him!"

"*Ajaib!* wonderful!" said Timour. "Who and what is he?"

Omar answered, "What know I? Some say he is a Frank,—one of the nation without faith, and worthy of death; others, that he is a magician going to Hind, coming from the pilgrimage at Badkoo."

"Does he talk our language?" inquired the mirza.

"Yes, a little; like a calf beginning to low," said Omar. "You have heard of the Siamorg, the great bird of the mountain; you have heard of Eblis, or the Devil; you have heard of the beast with a cow's head and a fish's tail; well, he is a thousand times more extraordinary than all these."

* The following tale was suggested by reading Lieut. Burnes' Travels in Bokhara.

"Does he wear a beard like us?" said the mirza.

"A beard he does wear, indeed," said Omar; "but, then, it is not on his chin,—it is on the top of his head."

"Allah! Allah!" exclaimed Timour, "that must be a lie!"

"As you live, and by your soul, I swear that I do not lie. He has eyes, nose, and mouth, like ourselves, it is true; but what can I say about the other parts of his body? He is so tightly-buttoned up, and fitted in, that he looks as if he had no skin; he took one skin off his hands, and might have taken off a second for what I know."

"Is he a mussulman?" said Timour.

"What can I say?" rejoined the other; "he never says the *Fatheh;* and, as far as I can see, he never thinks of washing, or saying his prayers."

"Strange!" exclaimed the scribe. "Had he any gold about him? Was it taken from him?"

"Gold! what say you?" cried Omar. "He had plenty; we stripped him in an instant as clean as my head; he wore a girdle full of gold; he had many things, which have all been secured for the Khan. But, see here," pulling out from his breast a golden locket, containing hair, suspended to a piece of riband,—"see here; I took this to myself, for I had the stripping of him. What can this be? there is hair—old hair withinside."

"It must be the hairs of one of his saints," said Timour, with great gravity, inspecting the trinket for several minutes. "So these infidels have saints, have they! I will defile the graves of such saints. But, where have you put him, Omar Aga?"

"He is confined hard by in the castle, well guarded."

The mirza, brim-full of this news, hurried off to the Vizier, his master; whilst Omar Aga, overpowered by the fatigue of a long journey, was glad to retire to his *obah.**

The unfortunate Frengi, or European, the subject of this conversation, was an English gentleman, who had determined to travel to India overland, and was one of that sturdy race, who, in defiance of the experience of others, are resolved not to depart one iota from their usual modes of life as to dress, equipage, and hours; avowing that all precaution was beneath the character he bore, and that all submission to native customs was sheer prejudice. He had succeeded in reaching "Meshed, the sacred," in safety, and it was not till the fatal moment of the attack of the Turcomans, that he felt how great had been his imprudence and folly; for, ere he could look around and determine what to do, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of a ruthless band of savages, his servants fled, and his baggage dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

The scene which presented itself at the castle-gate in the morning, after the return of the Tartars from their excursion, was full of interest. About three hundred men, dusty, way-worn, armed with sword, lance, bows and arrows, and some with fire-arms, were seated or standing about in groups; their horses equally jaded, whilst a collection of wretched-looking Persians, chained and bound, who, in addition to the Englishman, had been made prisoners, were huddled together in a body, all awaiting the inspection of the great Khan or Chief. The hour for this ceremony was now fast approaching, and the Yesaouls, or heralds, were busily preparing for his reception.

* A Tartar or Turcoman camp is called the *obah.*

At one end of the court was the hall of audience, a room supported in front by two wooden pillars, carpeted with rude felts; in the corner of which was spread a tiger's skin, marking the post of honour, the place where the chieftain was to be seated. Everything that surrounded him wore a beggarly appearance. The house was built of sun-burnt bricks whitewashed, the courtyard unpaved, with here and there a few stunted bushes; his attendants were clothed in coarse brown cloth and sheep-skins, and the surrounding country appeared a desert; still he was one of those of whom it has been said, that after he had eaten his dinner, and washed his hands, a herald was sent to proclaim, "Now that the King of Kings is satisfied, the rest of the monarchs of the earth are at liberty to sit down to their meals."

At length the cry of "*Khan geldy!*" (the Khan is come) was heard, and soon all the dignitaries were at their posts. The chief himself then made his appearance: a square high-shouldered man, with the true Tartar face, flat forehead, high and broad cheek-bones, small eyes, running up obliquely into the side of his head; a thin peaked chin, from which sprouted a very scanty beard. His countenance was fierce, and wore an ominous bad look. His principal distinction, in point of dress, was an enormous pair of boots with high heels, drawn up above his knees; and, as he walked, or rather tottered, towards his seat, (without thinking of taking them off, as is usual,) he sat down upon the tigers' skins,—no bad emblem, be it said, of himself. The vizier having announced the return of the marauders, and given an explicit and numerical detail of the prisoners they had made, the captain, accompanied by Omar Aga, the second in command, came forward, and heard their Chief say, "*Aferin! Aferin!* well done! O commander of a hundred!—And you, his *Naib*, or deputy, you have rendered good service. Your faces are white: you have come back with fair countenances."

Among those who stood before the Chief must not be forgotten a *Khojah*, or priest, a man of great influence, and an *Aksakal*, or white beard, the principal elder of the tribe, who were appealed to for their opinions on all occasions of difficulty.

As soon as the Persian prisoners had been inspected and dismissed, with the greatest part of the marauders, the Vizier announced the capture of a new species of man, "One," he said, "whom Allah had made, no doubt, for a very good purpose; but that he, for one,' could not tell wherefore,—none such having ever been seen in Tartary before. Upon this, the Englishman was brought forward, until he stood immediately facing the Khan; his hands in his coat-pockets; his head erect; and his hat independently fixed on one side. As soon as the Chief perceived him, he exclaimed,—

"What is that? Is it a man?"

"As I am your sacrifice," said the vizier, "it is a Frank—one of those who live further than the end of the world—beyond the Russ."

The Chief, now raising his voice, said to the Englishman, "You, who are you? Can you speak?"

"I am an Englishman—an Ingliz," said the prisoner.

After a pause, the Chief said to his prisoner, "Have you got a country?"——"I have," said the other.

"What,—with trees, and houses, and men and women in it."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "we have got all that."

"Have you a government?"——"Yes, a government too."

"Does a king reign over you?"——"No, a queen—a woman."

Upon which the Chief, turning to his vizier, said, "Lies! lies!"

"I say no lies," said the Englishman.

"What do you eat in your country?"

"We eat beef, mutton, bread, and vegetables," said the prisoner.

"Do you eat *pillao*, and drink camel's milk?"

"No," said the other.

"It is plain they are beasts," said the Chief to his vizier.

"Do you smoke the *kalian?*"——"No," replied the Englishman.

"Beasts again," said the Chief. "Have you melons like ours?"

"No."

"Have you any horses in your country?"——"I believe we have!" said the Englishman.

"Have you any camels?"——"No," said the other.

"Beasts again," responded the Chief.

"Do you eat of the unclean beast—the hog?"

"We do," said the Englishman, nothing daunted.

"Beasts worthy of death! Eh! what say you?" said he, turning towards his priest.

"Curses be on all infidels! Curses on all the unclean of the earth!" said the priest. "Worthy of instant death!"

After a long pause, the Chief addressed the Englishman again:—

"Have you but little cloth in your country?"

"Plenty," said the prisoner.

"Then why do you make your clothes so tight?"

"It is the custom," said the prisoner.

"Have you no beards in your country?"

"We have, but we cut them off."

"Do you believe in our holy Prophet, upon whom be peace and blessing?"——"We do not," said the Englishman, bravely.

"Curses be on the infidel!" said the priest, blowing over each shoulder to keep off impurity.

"Wherefore did you travel hitherward?" said the Chief.

"I am going to India."

"Does a woman govern Hind too?"——"She does," said the Englishman.

"*Yalan!* lies!" exclaimed the Chief.

"What! the country conquered by Nadir, owned by Shah Jehan, governed by the daughter of a Frengi infidel!" exclaimed Timour the scribe, no longer able to contain his astonishment. "That cannot be. He is the grand father of lies!"

"He lies! he lies! he lies!" was exclaimed by all around.

"Perhaps they are magicians, these Franks; *Allah bilir*, God only knows," said the Chief, extremely puzzled what to make of his prisoner, and not knowing exactly how to dispose of him to his own advantage. He was about dismissing him from his presence, when the Englishman, lifting up his voice, said, "Let me ask, O Khan, wherefore have you made me prisoner, and stolen my goods from me? I have done nothing against you. My country is not at war with yours. This must not be. You must allow me to depart, and restore my property."

The Chief, as well as the vizier and others of his court, were

startled at this speech, and a long pause ensued, when the Chief said, "*Bakalum* — we will see. You will receive good treatment. We will send you fruit, camel's milk, and a lamb with a fat tail. Go, and make your mind easy."

The Chief would have broken up the assembly; but his curiosity to inspect what had been taken from the Frank being too intense to be postponed, the various articles were brought in, and displayed before him and his court. First were exhibited the articles found on his person, — a watch, a knife, a sketch-book, a pocket-compass, pencils, and other small things often found in a gentleman's pockets. They seemed to know the use of the watch, although the article before them, compared to the ponderous ones used and prized by the people of the East, was so small, that they despised it as a child's toy. What attracted their principal attention was the sketch-book, where they found a great variety of drawings,—portraits of men and women, of horses, and things illustrative of the East. They laughed maliciously at the portraits of Persians.

"See!" said one, "see! here is a lying *Kizzil bash* — red head. May his house be ruined. Look at his curls! *Aman! Aman!* wonderful things are here!"——"As I live," said another, "here is our Omar Aga! See, his little eyes! See, his cap! — that is his very cap. This man must be a magician! Allah! Allah! And a horse! —look at this horse! See, the bridle, the stirrups, the saddle, and the saddle-cloth! He is a *Shaitan*—a devil!"

Thus did they wonder at and criticise everything that came before them, until the heavier part of the plunder was brought forth and exhibited. The camel, which carried the canteen and the bedding, had fallen a prey to the marauders; but the remainder of the baggage had escaped. The canteen, after many awkward attempts, having been opened, every article which it contained, one by one, was displayed before the Chief, who, together with his surrounding courtiers, in utter ignorance of the use of the things which it contained, turned them over and over, like a company of happy monkies frolicking amongst cocoa-nuts. They all looked about for something to taste. One lout gulped down a draught of ketchup from the cruets; another appealed to his prophet in lamentation, after having filled his mouth with cayenne pepper; and a third, having tossed off a whole bottle of ink, was seen shortly after, with bitter curses, throwing off black streams from his stomach. Such varieties of excitement had never before been witnessed in Tartary. But the thing which, above all others, attracted their attention, and baffled their powers of comprehension, was the patent brass travelling bedstead. When taken out of its case, it lay before them in disjointed parcels, exciting their cupidity by the brilliancy of its polish, and flattering the rapacious old Chief, that he was the possessor of so many bars of solid gold. When they attempted to put it together, to discover what might be its use, a most extraordinary scene took place, — some pulling one thing, some another; at one time setting the machinery up perpendicularly, at another horizontally.

"Where is the Frank?" at length roared out the much-be-puzzled Chief. The Englishman, having been brought in all haste, was soon entreated to satisfy their curiosity. He did not hesitate to do so, seeing that he might be benefited by civility; and he accordingly put his bed together, placing the curtains over it, and spreading

the hair-mattress in its appointed place. The bed was adopted as the future throne of the Chief, upon which he was immediately seated and enshrined; and, by way of completing the farce, the blankets were transformed into cloaks, one of which soon graced the person of the Khan, whilst the counterpane was carried before him by his groom as a saddle-housing.

The excitement having ceased, the Chief became anxious to settle the destination of his prisoner.

"What is an Ingliz good for?" inquired the Chief. "Can he tend camels? Can he look after sheep? Can he weave tents or make carpets? Can he ride, go on a *chappao*, wield a lance, kill, slay, and bind a prisoner? Can he sow and reap? Who knows what he may be good for? Speak—tell me, you Timour, who have seen the world."

"If you will allow your slave to speak," said Timour the scribe, "I will make a representation of such things as I have heard in Persia. These Ingliz are men that possess bits of the world in every portion of it, — north, east, west, or south, there they are, buying, selling, fighting, praying, improving, destroying,—in short, they are to be found in everybody's business; so much so, that when an Englishman appears, one must say *Penah be Khoda!*—trust in God! But what I have heard them to be mostly famous for, is broad cloth and penknives; they can all make broad cloth and penknives, of that I am certain; they can also make chintz, and white pots, pans, and plates; therefore, if my humble advice be followed, your slave would say, let him make cloth."

"You have not said ill," said the Chief, "by my head, you have not said ill—*bakalum!*—let us see. Now, khojah, now, O priest! tell me your opinion."

"May I be your sacrifice," said the holy man, "my word can only be given in conformity with the injunctions of the blessed Koran. The infidel has confessed that he believes not in our holy prophet, therefore, what is left for him but death—*Katl! Katl!*—let him die, that is my word." The Chief listened with attention to the words of his counsellors, and when they had done speaking there ensued a pause; but it was evident that his heart was set upon broad cloth. He, therefore, said "All you have said is good — God be praised. He may be a magician, he may be worthy of death, and he may have the evil eye; but if he makes cloth, he is the man for us. We require cloth—I want a cloak—the troops want clothes—and we shall all be benefited; therefore, let us instantly order him to begin. You, O Timour, you will immediately undertake that service. Go—I have said."

Timour, the scribe, made a low inclination of the body, said, "Upon my eyes be it," and left the presence. He went straight to where the Englishman was confined, and informed him of the decree that had gone forth concerning him.

The Englishman stood in utter surprise. "Cloth!" he exclaimed. "What makes you think I can make cloth? I am a man of the pen —a traveller—one who goes about seeing things. I wear cloth, but I do not make it."

"What news is this? Are you run mad?" said the mirza. "Do you wish to be treated like a slave? Do you wish to die? You must begin this very moment."

"What dirt do you eat?" said the Englishman. "Am I a silk-worm or a spider, that I can at a moment's notice sit down and spin from my body and make cloth, as they make silk or web? Such a thing has never been seen. Go tell the Khan that I have no objection to make cloth, if he provide me with wool from his flocks, a spinning machine, and a loom in which I can weave it; when all is prepared, I will with pleasure make as much cloth as you like." Timour looked disappointed; but went his way to represent the state of the case to the Chief.

"You have eaten dirt, mirza," said the Chief. "Wherefore did you say that the Ingliz can make cloth without materials, when, if we had all the Frank requires, we could make it as well as they? It is plain that he is a man like another. We must send him to the *obah*, and make him do good service. Let him feed the dogs, and churn the butter. He must make *roghun* (preserved butter), and earn his maintenance."

Upon this, the vizier was ordered to send the miserable man to the nearest *obah*, there to be set to work in some of the various employments to which slaves were usually appointed.

The Englishman was conducted to a large encampment, the tents of which consisted of a framework of the bee-hive form, covered over with thick felts, variously ornamented about the doorway with tassels and embroidery. These, collected in considerable numbers, pitched without a plan, contained a large community, whose principal occupation consisted in taking care of their horses, looking to their arms, and lounging about in idle state, whilst the domestic concerns, and all the various details of the sheep and cattle tending, and their produce, devolved upon the women.

The whole encampment turned out to gaze at the stranger, particularly the women, who, with faces unveiled (for such is the Tartar custom), flocked, with looks of curiosity and interest, to take a minute survey of him. The dogs of the *obah*, which were numerous and fierce, darted upon him with savage fury, and would have torn him to pieces had he not been protected; but, what was his dismay when he was informed, that his duties for the future were to look after these very dogs, to feed them, and to be ever on the alert at night, when they were more than usually clamorous and violent!

His life passed on in dull uniformity, looking after the dogs, occasionally varied by shaking the skins in which the milk was enclosed to make butter.

One day he perceived that a great sensation of distress and uneasiness was pervading the camp, and discovered that there was sickness in the case. A maiden, the most beautiful, and the most beloved of her friends and her parents, lay desperately ill. She was the niece of the chief, daughter of the very head man of the *obah* of which he himself was the slave. He saw that the poor folks were in the uttermost distress. Every charm and spell that could be invoked had been put into requisition. At length, as a last resource, it occurred to the Chief and his family that the Frank, who belonged to a nation always famous in Asia for their knowledge of medicine, might suggest some remedy, and Timour, the scribe, was ordered to question him. He found the prisoner quite at home among his dogs, having acquired such an ascendancy over them, that they sank at his feet the moment he gave them the signal to be quiet. The wily

Persian approached him with a cringing aspect, and made demonstrations of friendship, which were quite at variance with the treatment he had received.

The Englishman could scarcely contain his indignation at the duplicity of the Persian, but thought it right to restrain his feelings, and answered him with the usual forms of speech.

"May your shadow never be less," said he drily. "What news is there?"——"The Chief has commanded me to say," answered the mirza, "that Franks are good men: that the Ingliz, in particular, are good men: men of understanding, of wit, of accomplishment; the lords of science and learning, knowers of things, and ready of service, good servants, and layers down of life."

"May your shadow never be less," again said the Englishman, with a smile.

"He told me—go to the Englishman; tell him we feel great friendship and condescension for him," he said; "I am not a man like other men, who say, and do not; I am going to do. I will send fruit, camel's milk, lamb, and melons, every day, if necessary."

"There is no harm in that," said the Englishman.

"He says, moreover, that all Franks have a knowledge of medicine; that with that eye of their's they can look straight into the heart, and see whether it aches or not; that with a word, or a glance, or a little bit of white dirt, they cure the most violent disorder. Is it so?" said the mirza.

"What can I say?" said the other. "It has never come to my knowledge that it is so."

"Now," continued the mirza, with a most insinuating look, "it has so fallen out, that in this very *obah* there is a weak one, a maiden, one whom the Chief loves, a virgin fairer than the moon, the delight of her parents, who is sick — dying — will die, if you do not help her. She has nothing left but Allah and you. Now the Chief says to you, 'O Ingliz! go and cure.' And, if you do cure her, anything that you desire is yours! Do you require my *musnud?*—it is yours. Do you wish for my beard?—it is yours; have you set eyes on my favourite horse?—take it, and welcome! Speak! let me take back your answer, but do not say no."

The Englishman, who already felt much concern for the poor people, seeing how great was their distress, was not slow in giving his answer. He said, "He would do his best; but that his success depended mainly upon finding certain medicines and other objects contained in his canteen-case, of which he had been despoiled.

With this answer, Timour hurried back to the Chief, who forthwith gave orders that the Englishman should have free access to his canteen, and take therefrom anything he might desire. Upon opening it, he first seized upon his pocket-compass and a map, necessary, as he assured the mirza, who accompanied him, to make astronomical observations, preparatory to his visit to the patient. He then sought out out for the medicines, which he found untouched. He also took possession of a box containing *lucifers*, or instantaneous light, which, he affirmed, were infallible nostrums; and thus equipped, he was conducted to the bed of the sick maiden. He found the tent in which she lay filled with women, creating a temperature by their presence that of itself would produce illness. On a couch spread on the floor, upraised by large pillows, lay the most graceful

form of a young female, with a flush of fever on her face, which, although possessing the characteristics of the Tartar countenance, was full of charm, exhibited so much patience, gentleness, and resignation, that it excited at once the whole sympathy of the Englishman. After feeling the pulse, his first order was for every one instantly to leave the tent, and thus admit fresh air; an order which he was obliged to enforce almost by dint of stick; so strongly opposed were the old Tartar greyheads to this new doctrine, — for they looked upon fresh air and death as synonymous. He then administered some of those preparatory remedies, known to every one who ever has had a finger-ache in England; and straightway took his leave, ordering such simple drinks as had a diluent and refreshing effect.

After this act, he found that his own situation was much improved in the *obah;* and he had the satisfaction to find that his first essay as a doctor proved eminently successful. Upon his second visit he found his patient considerably relieved, though still suffering from fever. Following up his treatment, with other measures equally successful, he was charmed to find in a few days, that he had been able to dispel the fever, and that his patient was restored to life and her parents. Roshunek, for that was her name, was, indeed, when in health, a creature capable of inspiring the tenderest sentiments in many a heart besides that of a Tartar or Turcoman. She was a true child of nature, a flower of the desert, a creature little known in the artificial atmosphere of civilized life. She was without guile, and, strange to say in a land of falsehood and deceit, as true as the sun.

The Chief, in the meanwhile, was struck with admiration at the talents displayed by the English prisoner as a doctor, and he soon determined that so great a prize should not be lost to him. With the advice of his vizier, and other courtiers, it was resolved that he should be released from his menial situation, and everything done to attach him to his tribe. To that effect, he was first honoured by a *kalaat,* or dress of honour, accompanied by the present of a horse; he next was to be presented with a wife, and installed in a tent, with proper attendants to wait upon him. These resolves were duly communicated to him, and he was invited to an interview with the Chief himself, who, with his own lips, was to confirm the extent of the happiness about to be conferred upon him.

"You are welcome," said the Chief. "*Mashallah!* you have made your face white, — that is what I call being a man. You are become one of us. Everything shall be provided for you. You have saved our child. We are not beasts, without feeling. Make your soul easy." The Englishman answered, "May your shadow never be less! I have but one desire, which is, to return to my own country. Take all I have, and I will pay still more; but let me go."

"What words are these?" said the Chief. "Is there anything you lack? Are you not to have a wife? Are you not to live in a tent? Are horses not to be had? Lambs will be killed every day. Every day *pillao.* What can you want more? We are your friends."

"May your shadow never be less!" again said the Englishman. "I have said; what more can I say?" Upon this he took his leave, and was conducted with increased distinction to a handsome tent, well-carpeted, fitted up expressly for his home, and where as good

a dinner as could be procured in Tartary was served up to him and other guests, he being treated as king of the feast.

It was soon known throughout the *obah*, and, indeed, throughout the neighbouring encampments, that the Chief was about to bestow a wife upon the Frank doctor. The priest expostulated, and said death was too good for the despiser of their prophet, and the unbeliever of their sacred word. All opposition, however, broke down before the acknowledged benefit of possessing a man among them who could cure all disorders. But the women could place no bounds to their indignation; for one of them was to be sacrificed to public expediency; and the question arose who was to be the victim? It was unanimously agreed that he should be put off with some old dame, who could not be mated in any other manner. Amidst all this ferment, one heart pined in retirement; the owner of that heart was ready to abandon every prospect in life, provided she might become the privileged partner of him whom every other woman appeared so anxious to reject.

The Englishman was still permitted to visit his patient; and, there being no restriction of veil, as in other parts of Asia, to prevent his gazing on her face, he was not long in discovering the secret which filled her breast. His first sensation upon this discovery was deep regret. How could he encourage the love of one who might pay for it with her life? The very suggestion of such a possibility was appalling. Still, how inconsistent is the mind of man under the pressure of temptation! what his good sense condemned, his heart cherished. He daily saw the Tartar maiden; he was witness to the unaffected workings of her affections; she had no disguise; her sentiments were those of innocence and purity; her beauty was far too dangerous to be gazed upon with impunity; and with his best exertions he could not dispel a constant desire and longing to be in her company, enjoying the pleasure of feeling himself beloved. After vainly endeavouring to shun her presence, he found himself by her side, uttering vows of the most ardent passion, and receiving the expression of her eternal affection in return.

But he was not long left in the possession of his elysium. Soon after he had received the vows of eternal love from his beloved Roshunek, he was informed by Timour, that on that very day he was to prepare himself to receive the wife which the Chief, in his extreme condescension, had allotted to him; and scarcely had the words been spoken ere a female on horseback, veiled, and attended by two women attendants, stood at the door of his tent, and prepared to dismount. His habitual courtesy of manner did not allow him to be rude,—and he was, therefore obliged to conceal the intensity of his displeasure, —this moderation having been interpreted favourably, the lady without more ado, proceeded to unveil, and to take possession of her new habitation. In so doing she disclosed to the astounded Englishman the face and form of an old hag, — hard-featured, weather-beaten, and repugnant. He then began to exclaim in right earnest,—"This cannot be! What is this? Am I a dog, that you give me a wife at a moment's notice? — one I never saw before. I want no wife, — I wish to live alone. Take back your tent, and your presents. Let me be a slave again."

"But recollect the Chief—the Khan," said Timour; "he must be obeyed."

"I will not obey," said the Englishman, fumbling in his breast for something hidden. "I can do strange things if you oppress me to excess. I am not a man like other men: if once I fire up, Allah have mercy upon you! Now beware! Stand out of my way! Here I go! I am on fire!" Upon which, slyly making use of his instantaneous lights, he set fire to several of the matches at once, and produced such a flash, and a blaze, and so sulphureous a scent, that Timour bounded out of the tent, roaring out to the utmost extent of his lungs, followed by the woman, who ran away, and never again appeared. Such a disturbance ensued in the camp after this occurrence, that none would approach the Englishman's tent. The fright with which he inspired the Persian mirza, was caught by all the Tartar men and women; and it was now a generally-received opinion that the Englishman was a fiery necromancer,—a man of explosions, —a demon,—one who could set fire to the earth, and swallow up all the Turcomans in his consuming smoke. The Chief, also, became alarmed, for in common with his countrymen, he was extremely credulous and open to superstition; consequently, he called a council to know what was to be done.

"We must have patience," said the vizier, "perhaps, his fire will extinguish, and by good treatment he will be brought to reason. Should he require a wife, such a man will get one from the stars, or, perhaps, from the moon; if not, he blows her out of his tent, as he did his last. We must do everything but let him go. It is plain he is a great good, or a great evil."

The Khan then announced, that "In order to appease his wrath, he would go in form to visit him, propitiating him first by a present;" an intention which was lauded by every one, excepting by the priest, who, in a whisper, attended by a horizontal motion of his hand, did not cease to say "*Katl! Katl!*—kill! kill!"

The Chief and his followers were evidently ill at ease in the tent of the prisoner, particularly Timour, the scribe, who, twitching his nose about all the while, was convinced that he smelt sulphur, and stood uneasily in his place, like one on the crater of a volcano, expecting an eruption. After the usual compliments had passed, the Khan began a course of flattery, which was taken up by the vizier, and continued by Timour.

"It is plain," said he, "that Franks are a nation unlike other nations; that all their men are wise,—or, if they have fools, they stay at home, whilst the wise ones travel. See our friend here, whoever saw such sense, such science. Not requiring a wife, he straightway expelled her: we also are not without sense, for seeing that he does not want a wife, we have withdrawn her; he is at liberty to act as he pleases; he is our friend; he has cured our child; we are his servants; his sense is our sense; his science is our science; his friends are our friends; and his enemies are our enemies."

The Englishman answered,—"Yes, certainly," and "upon my eyes." Having said these words, he continued, "Speak, O Khan! chief of these men, speak! am I at liberty to go?"

The Chief upon this appeal to himself, half alarmed, and half uncertain what to do, spoke largely of *shefaket* and friendship, and generalised upon the social affections, but avoided giving a decided answer; when the Englishman, in undisguised language, announced to him all sorts of misfortunes—"the burning of his tents, the lay-

ing waste of his fields, and the destruction by fire (of which he was the master) of everything that crossed his path." To such language and such threats, confirmatory, as they were, of the account given by Timour of his capacity to put them into execution, they could give no other answer than that of consent, so reluctantly yielded, however, as to show the prisoner that the promise would be evaded in every possible manner.

In the meanwhile the gentle, though ardent Roshunek, who had almost died of grief on hearing of the wife who had been proposed to her beloved, became overjoyed when she was told of the decisive manner in which she had been rejected. The next meeting between the lovers, which took place by moonlight on that same night, went far to produce resolutions decisive of their fate.

A slope in the landscape, upon which the *obah* was situated, led to a bank where the soft gleams of the moon loved to repose. From an elevation near this spot might be seen the whole of the Turcoman encampment,—tent rising over tent in various succession, intermingled with cattle, — and the accessories belonging to a wandering community; the whole commanded by the abrupt and conical hill, upon which was situated the village-fort, where resided the Khan. By the mysterious light of the moon these objects were softened down, into an undefined mass of deep shadows and looming forms,—all save the buildings, whose sharp and angular lines cutting the sky abruptly, acquired a size and importance, to which they were not entitled. In front and far away, even to the banks of the solitary Caspian was spread an immense, and apparently interminable plain, the horizon of which was lost in vapour. It was a sublime object, filling the mind with ideas of vastness, and carrying it onwards with increasing awe to regions unknown. The rare and occasional sounds striking the ear during the solemnity of the night told the hearer that, however indistinct the landscape appeared before him, yet that, in fact, it teemed with population. Ever and anon the drowsy tinkle of a camel's bell was heard, caused by that solemn and passive animal rousing himself into momentary action; but few and rare were the sounds proceeding from man himself.

The lovers met at the above-mentioned spot; and, after their first ebullitions, Roshunek said, "Tell me truly, for my head is bewildered by the thousand things I hear in our *obah* of you and your nation,—first tell me, what I dread to hear, how many wives have you in your own country, and how many slaves?"

"Do not believe a word save what you hear from me, Roshunek," said the Englishman. "First, to ease your mind, let me assure you that I have no wife; and that, even were I married, it would be to one wife only. To have more than one is with us punishable by law."

"O my soul! O happiness! Yours is the country for me," exclaimed Roshunek. "I should poison any woman who dared to love you. We are Tartars, and a Tartar maiden is taught to hate and poison. But you have said nothing about the slaves."

"Slaves are totally forbidden," said her lover. "Dear Roshunek, you have little to apprehend on the score of rivalry."

"Can this be true?" exclaimed the astonished maiden in rapture. "Where are your virtues, and where our impurities! O my soul, and lord of my heart! I will go whither you go; for I feel you are

true. You saved my body from death,—you shall now save my soul. But tell me once more, will you continue to love me; or, loving me whilst I am young, will you not reject me when old, leave me to be poisoned by your women; or compel me to marry one of your men slaves?"

The Englishman smiled, and said, "Even were I so base as to act thus, our law would protect you until the very hour of your death."

"Cannot, you, then, beat me, pluck my hair, and set other women to beat me?" said Roshunek.

"No, no, my love; you will find all things different in my country," said the Englishman.

"Oh, my soul! yours is the country for me. But let me ask one more question," she continued. "Do your women labour as we do? Do they load and unload the baggage and tents on a march? Do they spin goat's hair when they are at rest? Can they make bread, and understand the qualities of butter?"

"Our women," said the Englishman, "do not labour as yours do."

"Can they shave a camel?" inquired the maiden, with eagerness.

"I fear they cannot even do that," said her lover.

"They can't ride like we can," said the maiden: "in that we are unrivalled, I am sure. Ah, could I but show you how I can ride!" Having struck upon this subject, Roshunek, who, although far from having made up her mind to leave her parents, and follow her lover to England, yet, with that confidence which the uprightness of his conduct had inspired, addressed him with increased ardour, and unfolded to him all the secrets of her heart. "You cannot upbraid me, I am sure," she said, "if, impelled by the longings of my heart, I tell you what perhaps you do not know, that it is a custom among us Tartars, when our parents are inexorable, that we are then at liberty to act for ourselves. We take the first opportunity of flying to the next obah, the lover on horseback, the maiden behind him, and, when that is the case, our parents must yield their consent. Why should we not, O my soul, do the same?"

"Let me speak to you openly," said the Englishman; "I must not deceive you. You must know my final determination, Roshunek. I cannot abide here any longer: I must immediately return to my own country, or die in the attempt. If you love me, you must help me. This is the first test I require of your affection; the next is, that you do not refuse to accompany me."

The love-sick maiden looked wildly into his eyes as he made this declaration. She knew not what to say; but, after many heart-sinkings, could only stammer out professions of eternal attachment, with assurances that nothing should ever separate them. Long did they converse upon this all-absorbing subject, and at length it was resolved that Roshunek, whose sway was unlimited throughout the camp, should contrive to gain possession of her uncle the Chief's favourite horse, whose powers of speed and endurance of fatigue were greater than those of any other in Turkistan; that on a certain night they should depart, and taking flight, direct their steps towards Meshed, where, once within its walls, they would consider themselves safe.

On the night when the above-mentioned project was to be put into

execution, Roshunek had so managed matters, that the horse in question was tethered in a piece of pasture-ground adjacent to the *obah;* there her lover was to proceed with saddle and bridle, and every proper equipment; and there they were to meet, mount, and depart. She glided from her tent with beating heart and faltering steps, considering how desperate was the undertaking in which she, an inexperienced girl, was about to engage, delivering up herself to a man of a different nation, and an infidel to her faith;—but love, all-powerful love, was there, ready to account for every difficulty, and never did that passion rage in a more powerful manner than in the heart of the Tartar maiden. She came—they met—they repeated their vows—he placed her behind him, and straightway they shaped their course for the high road leading to the sacred city. His success was without a check; and he entered the gate of Meshed, with an exclamation of thanksgiving. In accordance with the wishes of his lovely bride, he sent back the horse by a trusty messenger, bearing letters and presents, which they imagined would mitigate the pain caused by Roshunek's flight.

What took place among the Tartars upon finding their prey was gone, we must leave to our reader's imagination. When they discovered, in addition, that the Chief's horse, the pride of Turkistan, the one famous beast, the winner of every prize, the hero of every chappao, was absent, a general cry of "To horse! to horse!" was heard to ring throughout the camp, and every man's foot was soon in his stirrup, with orders to scour the country round even into the very heart of Persia, until the animal should once more neigh in the stables of the Khan.

THE GREEN-WOOD.

The good green-wood! the good green-wood!
Where early violets spring,
Where 'mid the old oak's giant boughs
The merle and mavis sing,
And the merry hunter's tasseled horn
Makes the wild welkin ring.

The good green-wood! the good green-wood!
Where the stately red-deer bide,
Where thickets dark and ferny dells
The timid young fawns hide,
And joyous buds, in leafy bowers,
Welcome the blithe spring-tide.

Bright mountain-streams and forest-glades,
My spirit dwells with ye!
My soul is out in your lonely shades,
Where'er my path may be;
My dreams are of sweet music wild
Beneath the green-wood tree!

THE FRENCH COOK.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

The name of French Cook conveys to the popular mind the image of a lean and shrivelled individual in a white nightcap and apron, speaking broken English, and inflicting broken meat, frogs, and other filthiness, upon the Earl, his master, at the rate of three or four hundred guineas per annum.

The French cook, in the highest sense of the word, is a well-dressed, well-mannered gentleman, who stands behind her Majesty's or his Grace's chair during dinner, stirring a smoking sauce in a silver tureen, after having appeared for an hour in the kitchen before dinner, with a napkin under his chin, and a gold spoon in his hand, to taste and pronounce upon the gravies and other condiments prepared by his subordinates, according to his manifesto of the early morn. Such a man was Carême, such Ude, such Francatelle; such, doubtless, the Vatel, whose name is as immortal in the records of the gastronomic art as that of Racine or Molière in the dramatic.

An artist of this description is an individual not to be lightly treated of; a cook of this description is a man of genius. It is only in England that he is degraded by the antediluvian name of cook. In France he is called the Chef, like the head of any other department, — "*chef de bureau*," "*chef d'escadron*," "*chef d'opera*," "*chef de cuisine*." In England, the only chief we recognise is the commander of her Majesty's armies at the Horse Guards; and to talk of the chief of the kitchen would have a Mohican or Narraganseth sound, savouring of the wigwam.

Nevertheless, there is something ennobling in the word. "Tell the cook," or "tell the *chef*," are as different as prose and poetry. A mere "cook" would never have worn point ruffles, or fallen on the point of his sword, like the great Vatel; or have lost his place in the royal kitchen from an over-sensitive temperament, like the Francatelle of the present day. We have little doubt that the honourable distinctions conveyed in the word "*chef*" have engendered more capital *entrées* than the pages of Brillat, Savarin, or Grimod de la Reynière.

The English are notoriously the most backward of civilised nations in the art of cookery. The profession does not obtain sufficient honour in Great Britain. We treat a great artist of the gastronomic department as we would treat any other menial, without reflecting that a first-rate cook *must* be a man of genius; a man combining the inventive and combinative faculties in no ordinary degree; a man of almost poetical temperament, yet of prompt judgment, and untirable activity of body and mind. Such advantages do not occur united half-a-dozen times in a century. A Carême is as rare as a Malibran, a Taglioni, a Rossini. The rejoinder, which has been successfully assigned to a score of men of genius in the course of the last five hundred years, from Hans Holbein to Pacchierotti, when "sprighted" by some saucy lordling with messages from court, "Tell the King, your master, that he may make a dozen nobles by the breath of his mouth, but that there is but one Holbein," might very properly be reiterated by certain modern *chefs*, who have been

treated as lightly, or rather as heavily, in royal households, as if any other member thereof were capable of compounding a *bisque d'ecrévisses!*

The consequence of this disparagement is, that the greatest cooks of the age prefer almost any ultra-mundane service to that of an English family. The good and great refrain from our shores, and the cheap and nasty inundate our contaminated kitchens. Secure in our almost savage ignorance of the principles of his art, the *trousse-poulet*, or scullion of a French establishment makes his appearance in London, in a velvet waistcoat, and a gilt guard-chain, with a certificate bearing the name of a Prussian prince, and purchased for half-a-crown of an *écrivain publique*, on the strength of which he is instantly engaged, at a salary of a hundred guineas a year, (instead of the kicks and broken victuals he has been receiving for wages at some eating-house on the Boulevards,) to poison the frequenters of some fashionable club or coffee-house, who, in their disgust at his villanous performances, fall back upon the everlasting joint or boiled fowl of their ancestors, and go roast-beefing and plum-puddinging to their graves.

John Bull is never weary of declaring that he detests "kickshaws," *i. e.* the "*quelques choses*," by which French scullions generalise the hard names of the *entrées* they presume to murder; and because he possesses in his national bill of fare two or three dishes of unequalled merit,—the lordly haunch of venison, the sirloin of beef, the saddle of mutton, the green goose, to say nothing of turtle in all its savoury varieties, viands excellent after their kind for the ravenous maw of a fox-hunter.

But it is by this blind and positive rejection of alimentary civilization, that London perpetuates the unwholesome crudities of its kitchen. *Probatio est.* Is there a capital under the sun that groans louder under the torture of its indigestions? Is there a population that insults the eyes of Europe more revoltingly by its advertisements of aperitives?

The truth is, that roast mutton and apple-pie are a matter of necessity in our cookless country, and our self-love is glad to make a virtue of necessity. Charcoal is a costly thing in our diminutive and deforested land. We dine without soup, because we know not how to make it, except as an article of luxury; and prefer an unsightly chop to a savoury cutlet, simply because the chop is most come-at-able. But it puts a fair face on the nakedness of the land to affect a contempt for "kickshaws."

That the "plain roast and boiled," in which we pretend to delight, are, in truth, anything but delightful, may be attested by the multiplicity of Chili vinegar and Cayenne pepper, the soys, ketchups, sauces, King of Oude's, Harvey's, Reading's, Lopresti's, and other British compounds, with whose astringent juices we vitrify the coats of our stomachs, to enable them to retain our daily rations of tasteless fish, flesh, and fowl, instead of having them suitably prepared for table. The plainer of our plain cooks cannot suffer a poor innocent chicken to come to table without deluging it in parsley and butter; and fennel sauce, or melted butter, tasting of smoke and the flour-tub, fill our sauce-boats with eternal shame, and prove us to be only advanced a single stage beyond the savageness of our hips-haws-and-acorn-cramming forefathers.

Of all cooking animals, in short, the Englishman is by intuition the least expert, and by indocility, the least improvable. An exotic master is indispensable in order to subdue their natural tendency to exaggeration, and soften the insensitive harshness of the northern palate.

Still, this is not matter for despair. Twenty years ago, when the Horticultural Society was not, our gardens were reduced to an humble show of mignionette, scarlet lychnis, and ten-weeks' stocks, instead of the brilliant sprinkling of calceolarias, pelargoriums, and coreopses, which now brighten the parterre. Twenty years ago, when the Zoological Society was not, our juveniles knew not, save by effigy, to distinguish a bison from a tapir; and believed in the existence of the cameleopard, as we believe in the Apocalypse—by faith. And why may not the perceptions of a succeeding generation be improved as regards the flesh-pots of Great Britain, by the establishment of a Gastronomic Society? For one man who cares to look at a pied pheasant, there are ten thousand who love a well-roasted one; and in the opinion of the many, not all the orchideous plants, or rose-bushes, lectured upon by Professor Lindley, vie in importance with the naturalization of a single edible root or leguminous novelty. Say, excellent John Bull! a new hyacinth, or a new potato? "Speak! or die!" Why, an' thou speak the truth, thou wouldst not give a potato for a whole wilderness of hyacinths!

It is easy enough for the great ones of Great Britain, rejoicing in their three courses and dessert, prepared by a French cook, English roaster, and Italian confectioner, to assert, and with truth, that better dinners are given in London than in any capital in Europe. With Romney Marsh, the South Downs, and our domestic parks, for pastures, — with the circumjacent sea for our fish-course, — and the colonies for our spice-box,—how can it be otherwise? But the greatest number, whose happiness, social and political, has at length become a matter of consideration,— the greatest number, who are compelled, by the plainness of their cooks, to a daily diet of crude meat, tasteless vegetables, and doughy pastry,—to tough and scorched chops, with the indigestible horrors of an apple-dumpling,—are deeply interested in the promotion of a science which, by making tender the food of man, in the sequel makes tender his heart. We conscientiously believe that half the obdurate parents and brutal husbands of middle life, are produced by the cold meat and pickles of their ungastrophilic propensities.

Let the education committees look to it! It were a far more philosophical exercise of humanity to enable "the foolish fat scullions" of this ill-fed empire, to compound good wholesome soup out of a modicum of meat and vegetables, and to give to the universal potato salt, savour, and digestibility, by the simplest of processes, than to perplex them by rules of arithmetic, or superfluous delicacy of orthography. It is disgusting to think in what Hottentot ignorance these poor creatures are at present reared for a calling which, properly refined and appreciated, enables a mere mortal to provide a banquet worthy of the gods. Among *us* a cook is as unconscious of the sacredness of his or her calling, as if they were no higher in the scale of domestic life than a burnisher of plate, or sweeper of cobwebs. But between a footman or housemaid, and the individual whose good or evil service influences the health and comfort, nay,

prolongs or curtails the life of the family, how vast a step! The neglect or malefactions of the cook may injure the innermost man of the most illustrious,—whether his or her master, or the guest of his or her master; and the errors of a Chancery judgment, or a break-down in parliament, have been caused before now by the half-raw vegetables of a spring soup, or the crudity of an ill-boiled cod's head and shoulders; a matter of serious consideration for the legislative wisdom of the country.

In the education of the French *chef*, on the contrary, a thousand fortuitous advantages combine. If less catechised or belaboured with the rule of three than our unhappy youths in crumpet-caps and yellow worsted stockings, the French starveling, who is father to the French cook, is schooled from his earliest childhood in the mysteries of the fine-arts by admittance gratis to all the public exhibitions, and a variety of courses of public lectures. At the Louvre his eye becomes habituated to the glorious forms of antiquity: and even if too idle to attend the public School of Design, he grows insensibly impressed by harmonies of shape and colour. On public festivals, he is even admitted gratis to the theatres, to the opera; and acquires a taste for music, dancing, and the classics. His tone of mind becomes gradually refined, his powers of invention awakened. His daily lounge is the Palais Royal; where, at the provision shops of Chevet or Corcellet, he gazes upon the perigord pie, the truffled turkey, the *poularde*, delicate as the cheek of beauty; the glistening carp, the speckled salmon-trout, the ferocious lobster, the picturesque roebuck, the tender asparagus, the melting ortolan, the rosy teal, the red-legged partridge, the luxurious mullet, with an endless cornucopia of figs, dates, oranges, pine-apples, standing among stores of olives, capons, and the crisp white *noujat* of the sweet south. As the sculptor foresees his *chef-d'œuvre* in the shapeless block of marble, the future *chef* foresavours his courses in this gastronomic medley. In the windows of Vefour, Very, the *Frères Provençeaux*, the Café de Perigord, he notes and criticises their buffet of *pâté de foie gras*, cray-fish, Britany butter, cutlets of *prè salé*, crumbed for the fire; larks marshalled on their little silver-spits; or *beccaficos*, rolled in their vine-leaves. *There* does he pause and ponder! There do the thick-coming fancies of genius inspire his mind. Perhaps there is nothing nearer akin to a great poet than a great gastronomer. His faculties of invention are destined to promote the happiness of the million, while he is himself a-hungered or in despair. We are inclined to place the creators of a *suprême de volaille*, and of Paradise Lost, in nearly the same category of exalted beings.

And is such a man as this to be abased to the menialities of the servants' hall, or even of the steward's room? In France, the royal *chef*, *porte l'épée au côté*, and is a man of honour; in England, the Queen's *maître d'hôtel*, who is also head cook, wears an official carving-knife. Such weapons should be chivalrously sacred! The Board of Green Cloth has no right to deal with them as with the vulgar throng of lackey kind. The Board of Green Cloth should recall to mind the cruel destinies of Correggio, the most exquisite of painters, weighed down by royal humiliation even unto the grave. There exists in the museum at Pimlico a certain giant lobster, which could a tale (qr. tail?) unfold relative to the irritations of poor

Francatelle, by whom it was prepared *con amore* for the delectation of the royal eye, and which may chance to become as historical as the last days of the unfortunate Vatel!

In France, by the way, the memory of that noble martyr is still kept holy. "*Le grand Vatel*" is as familiarly talked of as "*le grand Sully*," or "*Louis le Grand*;" and Francatelle may perhaps survive in the calendar of gastronomy as Saint Francatelle, who suffered martyrdom in the fifth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, in the nineteenth century. The story of the said great Vatel is pretty well known among us. Nevertheless the last English translation of Madame de Sévigné's letters gives so *ignorantissime* a version of the matter as to deserve comment. Vatel was cook to the Prince de Condé; and on the intimation of Louis the Fourteenth that the Court would spend a few days with his trusty and well-beloved cousin at his palace of Chantilly, twenty miles from Paris, the great man read in the announcement of this royal visit his brevet of immortality.

To Chantilly, accordingly, repaired the Court; and though his Majesty was observed to eat, drink, and sleep there during the first four-and-twenty hours entirely to his royal satisfaction, the tender honour of Vatel was wounded to the quick on perceiving that, at the first day's dinner, the first course was second-rate; and that at the table of the ladies of honour two roasts were deficient!

The unfortunate *chef* slept not that fatal night! It was in vain that the chamberlain of the Prince de Condé, as well as the comptroller of the King's household, assured him nothing could be more admirable than his arrangements—nothing more exquisite than his *entrées*;—that the King had eaten with appetite, and praised with dignity. The sensitive Vatel wrung his hands, and refused to be comforted! Two roasts had been wanting!

By daybreak he was at his post,—inspecting the progress of preparations for the royal breakfast; but with a countenance expressive of bitter anguish and unsolaceable remorse. He was heard to inquire repeatedly of the clerk of the kitchen and his legion of myrmidons, or *marmitons*, whether "the *marée* were arrived?"

"The *marée*?" quoth an English translator; "what on earth is the *marée*?"—and turning to the dictionary, finds that *marée* bears the interpretation of "tide—flux and reflux of the sea;" and scarcely conceiving it possible (even with the full force of his dinnerhood) that the flux and reflux of the sea could have been expected by the night-coach at Chantilly, he gravely assures us, in the name and in behalf of Madam de Sévigné, that Vatel was heard inquiring on all sides whether "the *salt water* were arrived!" His subordinates, continues our translator, answered him in the affirmative, and showed him a small portion of "salt water," forwarded from Dieppe, without being aware that a similar quantity of salt water was to be forwarded from each of the fishing towns of La Manche.

The agonized *chef* was now reduced to utter despair; under the influence of which, as it is only too well and widely known, he retired to his own chamber, exclaiming that his honour was irretrievably tarnished,—fell upon his sword,—and EXPIRED! And all this, according to our English translation, for the sake of a little "salt water!"—"*Et voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!*"

It need not, of course, be suggested to our accomplished readers, that *marée* is the general designation of fish, according to the idiom

of the kitchen. It was fast-day; and Vatel, conceiving himself condemned to a wretched brill and a few whitings, instead of the miraculous draught of turbots and mullets on which he had foreseen the occasion of exercising his art, and unwilling to survive his humiliation, precipitated himself out of the "frying-pan into the fire," and became immortal as Enceladus!

This was a fault; this was dying like Correggio,—dying like Keats. It may have been great for a great cook to die at the instigation of wounded honour; but it would have been greater to have lived and extended the buckler or sauce-pan-cover of genius over his scars. Carême, Ude, nay, even Francatelle, would have rushed to the *piscinium* of Chantilly; and, snatching forth its grey carp, voracious pike, or speckled trout, converted *them* into turbots and lobster-sauce. Nay, we are by no means certain that one at least of the three would not have made a sweetbread figure to perfection as a dish of mullets *en papillote;* or caused a turkey poult to assume the form of a cod's head and shoulders! But in the times of Louis le Grand the science was in its infancy. Substitutes and *ambigus* were not; and Vatel lost his life for a turbot, as Francatelle his place for a lobster.

By the way, though the science of the *casserole* was in its leading-strings, we very much doubt whether that of the confectioner were not then at years of discretion. The long minority of Louis the Fourteenth probably rendered the cultivation of the art of confection the most delicate courtiership of the day. From his infancy to his old age, Louis was notoriously addicted to *bonbons;* and the fêtes given upon his marriage, when a temple of love was erected in the centre of the royal gardens, to which there was access by four avenues of exquisite trees, the abundant fruits pendent whereon were preserved, or candied, or *fac-similes* of sugar, producing, by the light of thousands of lamps glaring among the leaves, a more than magical effect, have probably found little rivalship in modern times. But alas! between Colbert the gorgeous, and Guizot the prudential, there exists the unfathomable gulf produced by a couple of revolutions!

To return to our cooks—(for from the ridiculous to the sublime there is but a paragraph!)—to return from cabinet ministers to cooks. The French cook, as he exists in England, is usually some ambitious man, some Thiers of the frying-pan, who, with a view to his own aggrandizement and expansion from *sans chef* into *chef*, expatriates himself, and submits to become smoke-dried as a rein-deer's tongue, as well as to be divorced from his beloved opera, and *Boulevards reculant pour mieux sauter*. Arrived in London, he is enchanted with all he beholds. The shops of Grove, of Footman, of Giblett, of Fisher, fill his soul with new conceptions of the good things of this world. All sorts and conditions of edibles seem prepared for his hand. It appears only necessary to exclaim,

"Fire burn, and caldron bubble!"

for Fentum's stoves to convert a well-filled larder into a capital dinner.

By degrees, however, the enthusiasm of the new comer declines; for he finds that he begets no enthusiasm in return. The influence of the climate is oppressive to his faculties, while the gross ignorance

of his masters humiliate his wounded feelings. He is unappreciated, unpraised, unrewarded,—save by his salary. The unpunctuality of the English is martyrdom to a cook of genius. He provides a hot dinner for half-past seven, to be eaten cold at half-past eight. His *soufflers* fall heavy on his soul; his viands lose their flavour, their elasticity, their complexion; and if souls so magnanimous as that of Vatel still existed in the regions of the spit, there would be probably half a dozen inquests per season upon gentlemen of his calling, wounded in their sense of honour by the failure of their dinners.

In half the best English houses, the *entrées* are mere matters of show; and the simple roaster stands accordingly higher in the favour of his master than the most accomplished cook. Even when eaten they are misunderstood. The influence of our climate, and the early use of the fiery wines of the Peninsula, produce a serious injury to the palate. While still in our non-age, Cayenne pepper, Chili vinegar, and soy, have sapped the very foundations of our gastronomical morality; for the palate of the *gourmand* may become as *blasé* as the soul of a *roué*.

It is for the depraved appetites of such men that the French cook has to play his fantastic tricks;—to devil chickens, and pepper partridges,—nay, to pepper woodcocks! The pure and transparent gravies of France are insufficient to provoke the jaded appetites of those who have begun life with curry or a dressed wild duck! By the time a French cook has been three seasons in London, his principles are subverted. He no longer knows how to distinguish right from wrong. His chief business is to make his dinner look well on the table.

His life in the household, meanwhile, is a wretched one. He finds himself an object of universal mistrust. "Those devils of foreigners," or "that cursed French fellow," are terms which resound daily in his ears; and he is unluckily a better linguist than the translator of Madame de Sévigné. Since the Courvoisierian catastrophe, this evil has increased; but from time immemorial the French cook has been as much a matter of disgust in every aristocratic establishment, as the royal confessor in the days of the Stuarts. The vulgar mind of Great Britain is imbued with prejudices, and delights in perversion. The servants' hall is sure to call every foreigner a spy, and the steward's room, a Jesuit; though what either of them purport by the charge, they would be sorely puzzled to explain. While the hapless tosser-up of omelets is as guiltless of religion or politics as a New Zealander, they hate him, because he is "outlandish,"—because "Wellington beat the French at Waterloo;"—and, in point of fact, because the French beat the English over a charcoal fire, as thoroughly as the English the French by the fire that produces another kind of stew, and is characteristic of another order of broil.

The French cook is, in short, the Pariah of the household. Unless the diamond shirt-studs and varnished boots in which he sallies forth in London to the Opera have captivated the heart of the under housemaid, not a creature under his master's roof but regards him as a species of evil spirit,—a man who would poison for hire, if he did not receive higher wages as a *chef de cuisine*.

The only houses where these unfortunate individuals obtain any ascendency are the clubs and hotels. *There* their activity, their adroitness, their powers of combination, become invaluable. Abori-

ginal men-cooks of some excellence are to be met with in such establishments; but it is now recognised that, though we produce general officers, the field-marshal of a first-rate kitchen *must* be of Gallic blood, and born with pretensions to the *cordon bleu*.

But it is also in such establishments they presume farthest upon the unsusceptibility of an English palate. There is an anecdote on record, that the inestimable *chef* of one of the first London coffee-houses,—nay, the *very* first,—once bargained, day after day, with a celebrated Bond Street fishmonger, for a turbot which, at the close of the week, became "a filthy bargain." Still the artist persisted in inquiring after that "dom foine feesh!" "It is good for nothing now," replied the fishmonger. "Well, if you trow him away, give him to *me*."—"Willingly," said the good-humoured tradesman, "on condition that you tell me what you intend to do with it."—"*Ma foi*, I make him a sauce twice as nashty as himself, and de foine shentlemen vill call him *dom* foine!"

Let it not be supposed that the *chef* was to blame in this. If he had not found hundreds of customers prepared to be made fools of, he would not have attempted to make them fools.

The virtues of the French cook are sobriety, activity, and zeal. A first-rate *artiste* is supported in the discharge of his duties by his own *amour propre*. He glories in his calling, and feeling capable of providing the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, turns with loathing from the vulgar potables of London. He is never tired, never sullen; passionate, and tyrannical with his *subs.*, like most great potentates, but never sullen. Ude is said to have boasted that but one Ude and one Napoleon adorn a century; probably from inward consciousness of some sort of affinity between the genius of the two.

But, though by vocation tyrants, great cooks seldom arise under the dominion of great despots. It is under the sway of *les rois fainéans*, that the stewpan is seen to flourish. Under George IV. and Louis XVIII. gigantic strides were made in the science of gastronomy; under Napoleon and Louis Philippe, reckless bolters of their food, cookery loses a cubit of her stature; while, under Victoria, the anything but *fainéante* Queen, Francatelle, the Coriolanus of Pimlico, has been banished the royal kitchen!

It would not much surprise us if, in the sequel of these reforming times, the white nightcap should be altogether Joseph Humed out of the palace-gates. Some hideous Mrs. Glasse, or detestable Mrs. Rundell, will hereafter be found presiding over the *ragoûts* of Majesty. As sure as two and two make four, future travellers will come to the stately furnaces and stoves of Windsor Castle, and cry aloud,—"Where is the French cook?" and echo will reply, in a plaintive voice,—"*Where* is the French Cook?"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Ainsi que ses chagrins l'hymen a ses plaisirs ;
Quelle joie en effet, quelle douceur extrême,
De se voir caresser d'une épouse qu'on aime.—BOILEAU.

If I 've luck, sir,
She 's my uxor,
O ! dies benedictorum.—*Agreeable Surprise.*

"Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus."

Marriage is evidently the dictate of Nature; men and women were made to be the companions of each other; and, therefore, I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.—*Rasselas.*

נחית דרגא נסיב איתתא סק דרגא בחר שושבינא :

"Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend."

LINK THE FIRST.

ARRIAGE, under any circumstances, is a very ticklish affair.

When the contracting parties do not "hit their horses," they frequently hit each other, and then it is a most disagreeable affair.

When they *do* harmonize, and one is the echo—the veritable reflexion of the other's thoughts, smiles, and feelings,—anticipating every whim and desire, it is a very pleasant affair.

When a "happy couple" display their affection by pats and taps, and little pinches before company—it is a very ridiculous affair.

When the husband throws out aggravating insinuations, and the excited spouse, like Xantippe of old, throws a tea-pot at her lord and master's head, it is a horrible affair.

When the lady rules the roast, and wears the inexpressible look of tyrannical command, and the gentleman tacitly yields to her usurping and unnatural sway—it is a pitiable affair.

When the husband is not content with the sweets of the flower he has culled, but flies abroad, and, like the "little busy bee," goes sipping and "gathering honey" from "every opening flower,"—it is a lamentable affair.

Where the lady, forgetful of her vows of constancy and love, "bolts" with a pair of black whiskers, and *ditto* military boots,—it is a very naughty affair.

Taking all these reflections into consideration, it must incontestibly appear that—marriage is a very serious affair. And, as marriages are said to be made in Heaven, we should advise every candidate not to tie the knot before he obtains a duly authenticated certificate of the original contract!

LINK THE SECOND.

The science of boxing is peculiarly English, and would appear to have an influence even upon the softer sex; for, no sooner does a suitor "show fight," than the lady and her relatives simultaneously demand "a ring! a ring!" Mercy on the poor fellow who engages with his fair antagonist!

If, blinded by passion, he rushes heedlessly to the encounter, he may run a risk of getting his head "in Chancery," or his "nob" may suffer from the fair one's dexterity in "fibbing," or his "bread-basket" may be punished, and, elegant and accomplished though she be, he will find that even the *best bred* is not *unleavened!*

LINK THE THIRD.

"Did you ever see!" exclaims the tender-hearted Susan Maydew. "Well, I declare, B—— is the very perfection of husbands."

"Dear, delightful creature!" echoes her friend Elizabeth; "he is as full of spirits as gallantry. What delicate attentions he lavishes upon his wife! Truly, now, courtship appears to have come after, instead of before marriage.

"Happy woman!" continues Susan Maydew, (a spinster, by the by, as well as her sympathising friend!) "I do verily believe, if she could eat gold, he would procure it for her!"

And then, having exhausted all their eloquent admiration, they each conclude with a sigh, which may be easily interpreted in the words of Shakespeare or *Shakspeare,*

"She would that heaven had made her such a man!"

How deceitful are appearances! How profound the hypocrisy of man! B——, the admired, the "loved of all the ladies," for his "delicate attentions" to his better-half abroad, is a veritable bashaw in his own house, a tyrannical taskmaster, and his envied rib the trembling slave of his unreasonable whims and caprices, who dare not look a contradiction to his behests. So,

"Sigh no more, ladies,
Men mere deceivers ever."

LINK THE FOURTH.

A tyrant is detestable; but that yielding piece of clay called a "soft husband," is only ridiculous. He has frequently to boast the honour of having been wooed by the lady before marriage, and invariably ruled by her afterwards. He generally falls to the lot of a shrew —not being naturally shrewd enough to avoid the insidious pitfall cunningly set to entrap him.

The only merit he has is that of the chameleon; taking kindly the colour of surrounding objects, and yielding unmurmuringly to the domineering dictatress who rules his destiny, as a writing-master rules a copy-book in straight lines or aslant; and he has to form his letters accordingly, and above all, to mind his p's and q's.

If the "happy, happy, happy pair" are going out to a party, he is literally worried.

"Now, Peter," cries the lady, impatiently, from the parlour-door, her sweet voice ascending the stair to his dressing-room, "what are you dawdling about? Here have I been waiting for you this quarter of an hour."

Poor Peter, flurried, grasps both his white kid gloves in his red right hand, and rushes to her presence.

"Here I am, dear,—right as a trivet!" says he good-humouredly.

"I beg, sir, you will not use such vulgar kitchen phrases in my presence," exclaims his "dear," who has been practising propriety, and endeavouring to put on her best manners with her best clothes; "but it's of no use talking; there's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Come; let me look at you"

Peter instantly stands before her in his bran new blue coat, with gilt buttons, extending his arms with all the grace of a clothes-horse, his head bolt upright.

She regards him from top to toe with the glance of a drill-sergeant. "In the name of goodness! what have you crumpled up your gloves in that fashion for?"

"I hadn't time, dear, to put my fist in 'em, you were in such a dev—such a hurry, that really——"

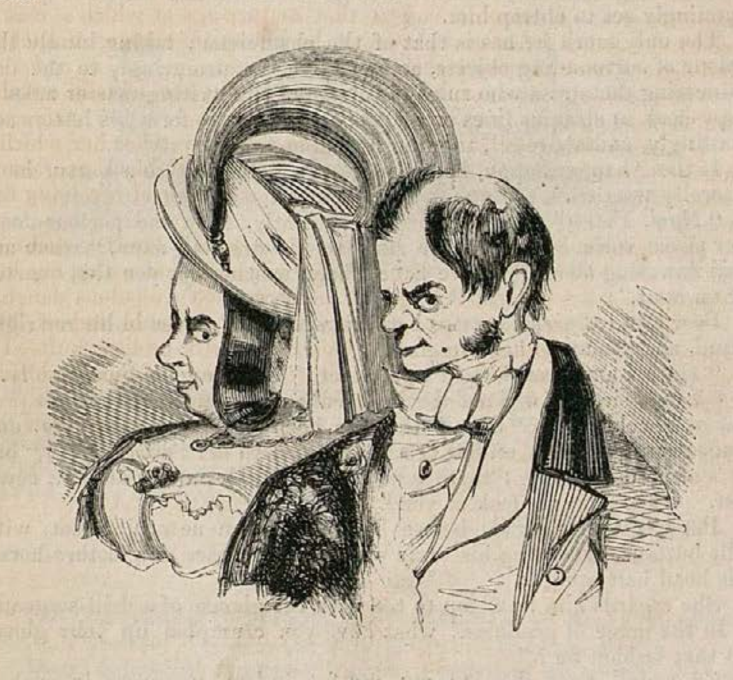
"Don't talk to me!" interrupted the lady snappishly. "But—well, I do think you are enough to make a clergyman execrate!" and, darting forward her hand, she seizes hold of the tie or rosette of his white cravat, and nearly throttles him in the endeavour to snatch it from his neck. "Was ever woman so plagued and pestered? Peter, you *are* a fool! Why, I declare you have fumbled and tumbled your cravat about till it's dirty, and tied it so clumsily, that it looks like an old towel about your neck. Don't speak—don't answer me; but take the keys, and fetch a clean one out of the top-drawer, and, mind, don't rout the things about, like a pig in a turnip-field. Well! I suppose we shall be ready to go by the time the company are coming away. You dolt, you, you've put me quite in a fever with your stupidity; and really (turning to the mirror) if I ain't as red as a roost-cock."

Peter scuttles away upon his errand, with a flea in his ear, without daring to utter a word, and quickly returns with the cravat.

"Sit down on the sofa, do!" says the amiable creature (a dumpy woman!), and then proceeds to tie it on to her liking — although not at all to his, — for she almost strangles him in the attempt to execute

her task with smartness and dexterity. "Peter, Peter, you *are* a helpless animal, — a perfect disgrace to me. Now, don't utter a syllable, but put these shoes in your pocket, and this cap in the other, and take my music under your arm, and—and—here, carry my cloak, and take care you don't drag it on the ground. Well, now, I suppose we shall be off at last. Come: come along."

And away she walks with the obsequious, hen-pecked Peter, at her heels.



LINK THE FIFTH.

The attentive husband is, on an average, about forty years of age, with a bald place on the crown of his head, his hair carefully combed over from both sides, to conceal the thinness or scarcity of the capillary crop on the front.

He has probably been rather gay in his youthful prime, but, having sown his wild oats, is now settled down to the calm enjoyment of domestic delights.

His wife is, usually, from eighteen to twenty, with long curls; a sort of wax-doll with blue eyes, — a drawing-room dawdle, recently transplanted from a boarding-school, who plays execrably, draws indifferently, and dresses extravagantly, and exhibits her sense of his attentions by acting whimsically; and, if thwarted, talks of going home to her "ma," has tears always at command, and sometimes indulges in a display of hysterics. He is devotedly attached to her; the broad current of his ardent love not being very frequently diverted into those smaller channels of affection—children.

She is, in fine, both wife and child in his estimation, and his love partakes more of the paternal than the marital.

He attends her to quadrille parties, although neither his legs nor his lungs permit him to join in the amusement; and no sooner is the "set" gone through than his ready hands envelope her fair shoulders with scarf or shawl, and assiduously tender the refreshing lemonade or negus.

The only thing in which he contradicts her on these occasions is her taste for ices. Having arrived at that mature age at which a man is said to be either a fool or a physician, he knows the danger of such an indulgence, and positively prohibits it.

She pouts, and, in revenge, it is ten to one but she joins in a waltz, which she knows he detests.

His head—his poor head!—grows giddy as he watches her whirling about the room, reclining on the arm of a stripling in black pantaloons, who is likened, in his jaundiced imagination, to a pair of revolving fire-tongs.

He ventures to whisper in her ear, as he gently lays the cachmere on her shoulders, "You should not have joined in that waltz, my love. You know what a decided objection I have to that ridiculous dance."

"Stuff and nonsense!" she tartly replies. "It would, indeed, have appeared singular to refuse. But you are always finding fault—I'm never in the right. Well, I can't help it. I would a thousand times rather stay at home than not do as others do, and look like a fool."

A threatening cloud of displeasure gathers upon her fair brow, and the poor man is unhappy until he has succeeded in dispersing it.

LINK THE SIXTH.

There is another male specimen of married life, in many respects resembling the soft husband; but then he has the additional recommendation of being generally useful, whereas the latter is, at best, but ornamental. From his handiness in the nursery, and his impertinent intrusion in the culinary department,—his advice gratis to the laundry-maid in every branch of her manifold labours, (from the getting up of smalls to the plaiting of a shirt-frill,)—and his dabbling in domestic medicine, as far as regards the diseases of children, (possessing the ocular perception of a raven or a duck for "worms,") and compounding, with the manual skill of a grannam, the brimstone and treacle for a spring course;—from all these, and a thousand other little harmless and ridiculous peculiarities, he has, by common consent, been dubbed with the unflattering but comprehensive title of "Molly Coddle."

If a child suddenly cry out in company, he promptly catches it up, with the exclamation that he is sure the "darling has a pin;" and, with a dexterity confirmed by practice, proceeds to "hunt" the little squaller, turning over its short clothes as a gardener would the leaves of a cabbage—to examine the heart!

He invariably carries lollypops or lozenges, "millions,"—ginger-bread, or bulls' eyes in his capacious pockets, for the interesting little beings, to appease, or coax, or propitiate a friendly alliance with them.

He fondles them with a tact quite *maternal*, and appears sensibly gratified with the very breath of the babes, redolent as it ever is with the savour of milk and bread and butter.

He quotes nursery-rhymes to the young scions; and, in speaking of animals, it is evident that the source of his knowledge in natural history is not to be found in Buffon, Cuvier, or Goldsmith.

He talks of cock-horses, moo-cows, baa-lambs, nanny-goats, poll-parrots, chickabiddies, cock-a-doodle-doos, pigg-wiggys, pussy-cats, and bow-wows!

The lyrical compartment of his brain contains a choice selection of those classical reliques, more popular than Percy's,—

Little Jack Horner—

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross—

Sing a song,
The days are long,
The cuckoo and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hung to-morrow.

Sing a song for sixpence,
A pocket full of rye, &c. &c.

His wife is generally an indolent nonentity, who is too happy to resign her duties to his control and management; and, while she quietly sits down in her morning-gown and slippers, her hair in papillotes, greedily devouring a volume of dear, delightful Bulwer, or satirical Trollope, he, good man, combs and dresses the children, and takes them out "a-walking,"—or, if they should be very tender and juvenile, packs two of them in a chaise, and carries a third in his arms, and so parades them abroad for the benefit of the air.

Madam declares he is a "good creature," and an excellent father; and pray, who has a right to take an exception to such an approved pattern of a conjugal partner?

LINK THE SEVENTH.

Of the victims of the "green-eyed monster, Jealousy," ninety-nine out of a hundred are the lords of the creation; and, upon the most accurate computation, ninety suffer without the shadow of a cause, although they industriously cudgel their brains, and try a thousand ridiculous tricks to prove the veracity of their suspicions.

The majority of these self-tormentors are of that class which are said to make the best husbands,—namely, reformed rakes; their morals having been so warped, and their minds so distorted, that, like the reflexions of certain ingenious mirrors, they present to their "mind's eye" every image in its most unnatural form, elongating, magnifying, or diminishing it.

If the lady of one of this amiable genus should chance to sigh,—(and, by the mark! she has abundant reason,)—the conclusion is that it is for something or somebody—

Eyes roll, and cheeks grow pale—

"Are you ill?" cries the unhappy fool, starting up; and then, should the abruptness of his manner or his hideous look frighten his partner into a faint, which is very probable, he "hugs misery to him," —and is assured—perfectly assured—that he has accidentally touched the chord that vibrates in her faithless heart, and, if very desperate, sometimes finishes his doubts and his destiny by touching another *cord* —yes, hangs himself—with the sort of Hibernian apology that *suspense* is intolerable!

Women, when jealous, generally give vent to their suspicions by tears and reproaches, rarely cherishing the viper in secresy and silence in their tender bosoms. Some, on the other hand, "speak daggers, though they use none;"—and, in sooth, a jealous woman is—

LINK THE EIGHTH.

Similarity of disposition does not always constitute a happy marriage. As in a duet, they may accord beautifully, although they sing different notes. But here the simile ends, or is at fault; for the husband should invariably—take the lady's part!

Disparity of age is not a necessary bar to domestic felicity. A man of forty may make a wife of twenty extremely happy. When Plutus presides at the nuptials instead of Cupid, the "match" frequently proves a "lucifer," and the least friction sometimes produces an explosion that is anything but harmonious or agreeable.

Old women who set themselves up for judges quaintly observe,

> Happy 's the wooing
> That 's not long a-doing.

We are of a different opinion. Love may sometimes cool a little in a protracted courtship, and gradually assume the milder symptoms of a confirmed friendship; but, as in the decoction of roots, a slow simmer is more likely to draw out the virtues than a rapid boil.

In the purchase of a horse or a watch, a trial is allowed; and surely in the choice of a wife some time and consideration ought to be permitted; for, after all, a breach of promise of marriage is a better alternative than a divorce. The one is only probable; the other difficult, and frequently impracticable.

In fine, youth of both sexes, if you wish to be happy,

> "Choose not alone a proper mate,
> But proper time to marry."

LINK THE NINTH.

Marriage is like a silk purse,—most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it.

Marriage is like a mouse-trap:—once get into it, and you are caught, without the least prospect of recovering your liberty.

Marriage is like a "rose-tree in full bearing." How attractive are its flowers! But the bright leaves fall after a season, and the thorns alone remain.

Marriage, among fools, is like a boiled calf's head without the accompaniment of brains.

Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday — served up cold on Monday, — ditto, with pickles, on Tuesday,—and hashed up on Wednesday.

Marriage is the sunshine of life; beneath its genial influence spring up the best affections, and the noblest virtues of man, which in the sterility of selfish celibacy would have lain dormant and useless. It is the source of virtuous pleasure in youth; the balm and solace of old age.

A good wife is, in fine, a priceless jewel; for, as Solomon truly says, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the way of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Marriage — By jingo! here comes my adorable wife! — mum! — Ahem! —

Ends in 'amazement'!

OLD COMPANIONS! WHERE ARE THEY?

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Old companions! old companions!
  Brothers once in childish glee,
Memory brings the scenes of boyhood,
  But they come subdued to me!
Though I trace each well-known feature
  Of the friends now pass'd away,
Still the thought is one of sadness,
  We are parted, and for aye!
    Old companions! where are they?

Old companions! old companions!
  Ye are never once forgot;
Still remember'd are our pastimes,
  Still endear'd each olden spot!
Though the world may shine around me
  With its rich, delusive ray,
Brighter glory doth surround ye,
  Playmates of my childhood's day!
    Old companions! where are they?

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Which treats of divers matters very necessary to be read by all who would acquire a full knowledge of the character of Richard Savage.

I HAVE already said that the particulars of which I have supplied a brief outline in the foregoing chapter, were imparted to me by Elizabeth upon several occasions, and that it was not until after a considerable time that I was able so to connect them as to form them into one distinct body of evidence against my mother. That evidence, as I have given it in brief, may possibly incline the reader to acquit Mrs. Brett of any participation of Sinclair's villanous scheme, as an agent, wittingly, in his proceedings. He will, probably, believe that my mother's hatred towards me so far outweighed her love for Elizabeth, that, in order to gratify it, she did not scruple to sacrifice the happiness of her ward; but that she would not for the world have compromised her honour, or blasted her fame. Let it be so. I confess I am in no case to disprove the assertion of Mrs. Brett, many times solemnly repeated, that she knew not of Sinclair's intention, and that, had she known it, she would have resisted it; in a word, that she had been as cruelly deceived as the girl herself.

Within a month, Sir Richard Steele withdrew his daughter from Myte's house. The Countess of Hertford had kindly consented to take her under her care, saying that Miss Wilfred would be useful to her in many ways, but chiefly in the instruction of her children, till they became of sufficient age to require the assistance of masters. During Elizabeth's stay at Myte's house, Steele frequently called there, and upon every occasion very handsomely acknowledged the obligation he lay under to the little man and his family for the protection they had afforded his daughter.

Sir Richard, it appeared, while he but slightly adverted to the timely aid I had afforded his daughter, informed her that he had waited upon Mrs. Brett, and had avowed the strong indignation he felt towards her, for permitting Elizabeth to be in the power of Sinclair even for a moment; and when Mrs. Brett was at length obliged to confess that she had given her consent to a forced marriage, and had purposely left the coach to facilitate its contraction, he flung away from her in a rage, declaring not only that his daughter should never return to her house, but that he begged to relinquish all further acquaintance with her. He said, further, that he wished the villany of Sinclair to be kept private, since he did not desire to destroy the character of Mrs. Brett, which must be irretrievably ruined

should her conduct become known; adding, that the world would never be brought to believe that Sinclair's intentions and her own were not one. He had already enjoined the strictest secrecy upon Myte and his family; and he hoped, if Elizabeth *retained* (he used the word) any influence over me, she would dissuade me from the publication of my mother's participation of the matter, and, indeed, of the entire adventure. He assured her, the day previous to her departure, that her hand should be at her own disposal, and expressed his confidence in her sense and judgment; and, in conclusion, consented to Elizabeth's reception of me as her future husband, if the Countess of Hertford permitted my visits, and I should be found (how I detest setting this down!) at once worthy, and likely to make my way in the world, which he thought far from improbable.

But this last was told me long afterwards.

In the meanwhile, I attached myself more closely to Merchant, whom I felt bound in honour to relieve, so far as in me lay, seeing that I had been the indirect means of his losing a patron. He told me, when I saw him for the first time after the scene at Robinson's, that Sinclair, as soon as he was able to leave his bed, had left London, he believed for Scotland; and that he had sent a message to him by Lemery, to the effect, that when he returned to town he should do himself the pleasure of waiting upon him, and of cropping his ears.

"I laughed at this, and snapped my fingers at Lemery," continued Merchant; "not that I am a man of war — not that I am a man to cry ha! ha! at the thunder of the captains, and the shoutings; but that I estimate threats at their real worth, which, like promises that carry futurity on their backs, sink under their burden before they reach their destination."

"And how is the amiable Lemery?" I inquired.

"In doleful dump," returned Merchant. "The departure of his very good friend—the tide on which he sailed—has left him 'high and dry,' as seamen, I believe, say. He won't be able to keep his vices alive; and of all the trials that can befall a man, that of being virtuous when he does not wish to be so is the most vexatious and perplexing. He accuses me of having been instrumental in taking the bread out of several deserving mouths, his own being one; and cannot but wonder how a man of the world, as he honours you by proclaiming Richard Savage to be, should officiously have intruded himself where he was likely to have been pushed through the body. 'But,' said he, with a smile and a shrug like Bullock the actor, 'Mr. Savage is a poet,—a very rising genius, Merchant. I assure you the distress of his Sir Thomas — what was it called? — Otterbury, or some such name—affected me very greatly. A great deal of feeling and human nature in it. But what have we of the world to do with feeling and human nature? Nothing whatever. The worst of poets is, they can't look at the affairs of this life with a prose eye.'"

Burridge had relinquished his school, and was settled in London for the remainder of his life. I felt a degree of awe in the old gentleman's presence, (a remnant of the school feeling,) which I cannot call to mind—if I ever experienced it—having been sensible of, before any other human being. Age had not improved Burridge. There is, perhaps, a tendency in every man who, having abjured the follies

and vices of his youth, re-establishes his fortune and his position in the world by dint of his own exertions, to glorify himself, and to exalt the merit of his achievement, and to feel a corresponding contempt for those who will not, and a distrust of those who cannot, have recourse to similar methods towards the same end. Burridge had a horror of being obliged, or of being thought to be so, to mankind; and he delighted overmuch in vaunting his own independence. Now, although there are many men who love and practise independence that are worthy patrons, and as many who hate being obliged that can confer great obligations, yet these are not the men whom you can readily ask, or from whom you can safely receive, service or assistance. And yet (not knowing then what I now know) I ventured an application to Burridge. He did, and hardly did, as much as I requested, and with a very bad grace; and with an intimation, moreover, that this his first favour was to be his last. This conduct shocked, and somewhat incensed me.

"Not that I designed to request this favour again, or often, from you," said I, almost resentfully, "but because you suppose I shall do so, it is that I beg you to take back the sum you have placed in my hand. I will not accept it. Trust me, Mr. Burridge, you have not spoken well or handsomely."

"Ah well!" said he, "it is my way, and I can't help it. I shan't take it back. You want it, or you had not asked for it. What I said, was said out of kindness—out of friendship. Trust *me*, Dick, the man who is often beholden to his friends is oftener in need than he who earns his guinea a-week. I want to see you above being obliged to such an old curmudgeon as Francis Burridge. He is no better than his neighbours, after all, and will be telling his good deeds, like the rest."

I was a little softened. "You will not do so, I am sure, sir."

"Don't be too sure," he replied, hastily; "*I* am not. It is true, he who proclaims his benevolence cancels the obligation incurred by it; but don't you see that, were I to act so by you, you would feel yourself my debtor; and it is a cursed feeling to owe money to a man whom you despise, and whom you cannot pay. Out upon it! Live, and get the means whereby you live, and save wherewithal to support you when the hands and the head can do no more work. Look at Steele, now: *Sir* Richard—an empty title that—much good may it do him!—it has done him none hitherto. There is a man of parts—of genius! What opportunities have looked that man in the face, desiring him to lay hold upon 'em; but he has turned his back upon 'em all. Why, he tells me he's going to retire to Wales when he gets his affairs settled; and I doubt, cheap as the living is there, whether he'll have enough to live upon. Now, I have a leg of mutton for life, and pudding for the other end of the table, and a bottle of wine in the cellar."

Henceforth, I saw Burridge but seldom. Let me be just to him. He loved me, and, if advice could have done it, would have served me; but I am not sure if, impatient of my obstinacy in declining to follow his directions, he did not as obstinately enforce them.

I believe I have incidentally informed the reader that I was acquainted with Aaron Hill, the poet and projector—happier as the former than the latter, since I believe his projects have almost as much depressed his fortune as his poetry has raised his fame. The

modesty of this gentleman is, if possible, greater than his merit; and if at any time he feels, or has ever felt, a reluctance to undertake a good action, it is because he shrinks from an acceptance of the gratitude that is called forth by it. One word of two gentlemen, whom I esteem and reverence. Mr. Pope, my benefactor and my friend, will not accuse me of presumption when I venture to tell him that he ought never to have introduced a man of genius like Hill into the Dunciad, even with the qualifying couplet, for the sake of which many a man (myself, for instance) would have been glad to figure in that immortal burlesque satire. Mr. Hill is himself too candid a man to be offended with me when I say publicly, what I have frequently told him in private, that in my opinion he resented the injury done him too warmly. I know not how either will take it, when I inform one and remind the other, that it was at my suggestion that Pope dismissed Hill with a grace such as Pope alone can aspire to and reach. I could not forbear coming out with this. The couplet,

"He bears no token of the sabler streams,
But sails far off amid the swans of Thames,"

was of my suggestion. I must add, that Pope, who has a due sense of Hill's merit, most readily and willingly availed himself of the suggestion; and that it is with no design of lightening the obligation I am under to Hill, and which I have ever been, and shall always be, happy to acknowledge, that I have mentioned this.

Aaron Hill had shown his kindness towards me by supplying a prologue and epilogue for my Overbury; but he had previously evinced his magnanimity by permitting me to reject the alterations he had, at my own instance, condescended to make in it,—a magnanimity the more conspicuous and prolonged, when it is remembered that clumsy Colley was permitted afterwards to lick the kid into the shape of one of his own cubs.

A man of merit in letters, or a man whom he supposed to be so, was ever certain of Hill's countenance and support. Upon being made acquainted with the state of my affairs, he warmly and zealously plunged into a consideration of the best means of altering it. What was I, or rather, what was *he* to do?—what was to be done? His brain was at all times teeming with projects, as many for the benefit of others as for his own; and a project speedily suggested itself to him, so strange, so attractive in purpose, but so repulsive in plan, that it fairly staggered me. He was at that time one of the conductors of a weekly work called "The Plain Dealer," the sale of which was not so extensive as it was select. He suggested to me to issue proposals of subscription to a volume of miscellanies; and himself offered to prepare an account of my birth, parentage, and education, to be published in "The Plain Dealer," which, he doubted not, would interest the town in my behalf, and make them willing to show their sense of my misfortunes by subscribing to my book.

I hesitated a long time before I would consent to this. It is true, I longed to tell the world in print how I had been treated by Mrs. Brett; so much so, indeed, that I was loth that to anyone else should be confided the telling; least of all was I desirous that Hill should be that man. Hill had too little of the devil in him to shame or to shake so prevailing a fury as this. Whilst he sympathized

with my wrongs, and (I believe he spoke the truth when he averred it) almost felt them as his own, yet his expression of them would be his own—not mine. He could not feel as I felt. His heart would be that of a generous domestic man, seated by his comfortable fire, stirring it probably oftener, and with better effect, than his own bosom would be stirred;—mine was the fervour of a fiend, as poignant, if not so wicked, as the one I had to deal with, ministering at a volcano.

It is possible that, had I possessed as much faith in the success of this measure as Hill undoubtedly felt, I might with less reluctance have given my consent to it, which at length I did, with so bad a grace as must have disgusted a man less generous and disinterested than my friend. As I foresaw, so it was. Hill's statement, although full of warm and manly resentment of my mother's barbarity, was mixed up with so much piteous and mawkish commiseration of myself, that I was thoroughly ashamed to show my face in any of the coffee-houses for some days after its publication. In addition to his statement, he had supplied a copy of verses, purporting to have been written by the meritorious applicant for subscriptions,—so woe-begone, so wretched, so puling! They were verses to set a man thinking to what a depth of pusillanimous abjectness the wretch could be reduced who could write and print them. And it was stated that they were mine. My wig suffered for them when I had read them, and my finger-nails, which I gnawed to the quick. How *she* must have laughed at—scorned—jeered me!

Betwixt an uneasy (uneasy, because it was a perfect) consciousness of the sincere friendship of Hill, and a disgust at the manner in which he had pleased to display it, I found myself in a state of the most perplexing irresolution as to what course I should pursue. At length, perceiving that my acquaintance could look upon me without a laugh or a sneer, and that many of them appeared to interest themselves in the success of my proposals, I ventured upon a visit to "The Plain Dealer," who received me with extended arms.

He listened to my remonstrances with that amiable and supreme smile common to projectors, nodding his head as I proceeded, as though he knew, forsooth, not only what I had said, was saying, and was proceeding to say, but also as though he was aware, indeed, how little sense and wisdom found its way into some skulls, and how much was safely housed in others.

"Have you been to Button's?" said he, when I had concluded. "There, you know, we have advertised that subscriptions are received."

"I have not."

"Why not?" he returned, with raised brows, but with a kind of prim composure.

"To say the truth, Hill, I can't face the drawer. The fellow would burst in my face."

"Really, Savage," said he, "you have as poor an opinion of your own merit, as you appear to have of my testimony to it. Go thither, I entreat; or I will. I shall be greatly mistaken if you do not find it worth your while."

Hill was right. He had baited his hook with a worm, and the fish caught at it;—shall I add, and *were* caught? The reader may, if he please. What was my amazed delight when, calling at Button's,

I found that more than seventy guineas had been left for me at the bar! What was my exultation of triumph when, running my eye over the list of subscribers, I perceived that it chiefly consisted of the names of the nobility!

This was beyond expectation—above my hopes. What of subterfuge now was left to Mrs. Brett? How, henceforth, could she evade—evade she might—but how could she deny the reality of my claims? I had the satisfaction of hearing from many quarters that she was greatly disconcerted by this exposure; and, although she persisted in her old story that I was the son of a poor couple to whom her own child had been intrusted, which child had died in its infancy; yet, whereas she had formerly been under the necessity of telling this falsehood to a few who believed her, she was now compelled to relate it everywhere, and to be believed by none.

Old Burridge urged moderation — exhorted charity — whispered forbearance. Pshaw! could he judge of my fever by feeling his own pulse? I had my mother at a disadvantage, and I was resolved, if possible, to keep her so. I had been too long moderate, charitable, and forbearing; and what had I gained by being so?

I hurried the Miscellanies through the press, and ushered them into the world with a preface. I think it was sufficiently apparent in this production that, although Hill was acquainted with every particular of my history, and had correctly related it in "The Plain Dealer," yet that I had not been consulted as to the manner or the spirit in which it was presented to the public. Elevated by my recent good fortune, I executed this short performance with a mischievous and a devilish humour, which is, I suspect, nowhere apparent in my present narrative.

But whatever might be said of this preface, considered as a satirical and humorous composition, I admit that it was written in the vilest taste.

The Earl of Tyrconnel, a nephew of Mrs. Brett, expressed a desire, shortly after the publication of the Miscellanies, to know me. I was introduced to him at Will's. He saluted me with great politeness, passing many flattering encomiums upon my abilities.

"Mr. Savage," said he, in a very friendly manner, before I left him, "I have long deplored the unnatural quarrel between Mrs. Brett and yourself. Forgive me for taking the liberty of remarking, that however I may admire the vigorous sallies and sprightly humour of your preface, I cannot but lament that you penned it, or consented to print it."

"Your Lordship," said I, in the utmost good humour, however, "directs your lamentations to the wrong person. You should lament my mother's wickedness before you blame my resentment of it. To submit to oppression is to deserve it. I was not made in the mould of Hamlet's Horatio,

'As one, in suffering all, who suffers nothing.' "

"Nay, you would have us believe you are," he rejoined, laughing. "But, seriously, no man condemns your mother more than I do, and have done. Don't you perceive, however, that having made the town a party to your quarrel, there is no hope of future accommodation?"

"There is no hope where there is no inclination, my Lord," I replied; "and *that* neither of us, I believe, is likely to feel. The town will have forgotten us both before we are disposed to forgive each other."

He said little more at this time, but took many subsequent opportunities of assuring me how happy he should be to serve me in any way,—hinted his intimacy with the minister,—and, at length, gave me strong hopes of being able to obtain for me a lucrative appointment. I was very much obliged to him.

I shall have more to speak of Lord Tyrconnel, and more at large, ere long. I dismiss him, therefore, for the present.

The death of George the First furnished occasion to the poets of raising a monument of verse to his memory. I brought my stone to it, and it was a heavy one, — a stone I had some difficulty in carrying, and which I was heartily glad to "get shot of," as Mrs. Short would have said. I should not have mentioned these verses at all, for I am duly ashamed of them, in spite of the assurances of my friends at the time that I had borne away the palm from my competitors, whose friends severally told them, doubtless, the same thing, —but that they obtained for me an invitation to the house of the Countess of Hertford, a lady who loved kings and queens, whether dead or living,—the living, perhaps, better than the dead,—and who, accordingly, was disposed to a favourable opinion of the man who could celebrate them.

I soon discovered that her Ladyship was acquainted with the attachment subsisting between Elizabeth and myself, and that she approved it. On my taking leave, she pressed me warmly to repeat my visits, an encouragement of which I availed myself. Confiding in the promises of Lord Tyrconnel, but assured, at all events, that a man of my capacity and pretensions (was there ever a young man that was not a greater ass even than he looked?) assured, I say, that a man of my pretensions need never wait long for an honourable and profitable employment, I expatiated to Elizabeth upon the prospects before me—before *us*, and filled the dear girl's heart with hopes as strong as, and more trusting than, my own. Lady Hertford counselled prudence and circumspection, and fortified her reasonings with "modern instances" of young couples—a gloomy and spirit-harrowing series they were —who had begun well, gone on languishingly, (some, by the by, hap-hazard,) and ended most woefully.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Wherein the most lamentable event that ever befel our author is described at large.

Having made a rough mental draft of a considerable poem, to the completion of which I proposed to devote myself, I found it expedient to the due execution of it to retire from London. In the quiet and seclusion of the country I could pursue my studies without interruption; or rather, (for a man may live, if he pleases, as sequestered in London as in a wilderness,) withdrawn from the temptation of taverns and company, which I could not resist on the spot, I gave myself a chance of labouring at my work successfully, so that it might

place me in that rank amongst men of letters which, I had an opinion, my abilities entitled me to hold.

Accordingly, I had taken a lodging at Richmond. Doubtful, however, of the stability of the resolution I had formed, of abjuring the town for several months, I continued to rent my rooms there, which were in Great Queen Street, Westminster. A fortnight passed at Richmond confirmed me in my virtuous determination, which the gentle reader will not be surprised that I maintained, when I inform him that during that period I saw Elizabeth Wilfred daily, who was living with the Countess of Hertford at her delightful villa on the Thames.

Prudence, whose persuasions were seldom very pressing upon me, induced me to go up to London for the purpose of discharging my lodging at Westminster. I had despatched this business, and was crossing St. James's Park, on my return to Richmond, when I was met by Gregory and Merchant.

The two laughed heartily at my apparition, as I approached them.

"Ho! ho!" cried Merchant, "how comes it, good hermit, that we meet thee so far away from thy cell, and in this worldly garb? —a laced cravat where the flowing beard should be? Nevertheless, thy blessing, father. Give us a root each, pr'ythee, if thou hast any about thee."

"I have the root of all evil — a few guineas," said I, "which I have not come to London to eradicate, I assure you. I am returning to Richmond," and I told them what had brought me to town.

"Many a pilgrim who never reached the shrine," said Gregory. "Come, you must spend the day with us. Having got you, we don't mean to part with you. Moreover, to-morrow we will accompany you back to Richmond."

I hesitated.

"Don't you know," urged Merchant, "that in a few days, Gregory, 'to torturing and tormenting flames must render up himself' at the altar of Hymen, and that mine uncle's death enables me to live a little longer without my wits. Let us three make fools of ourselves to-day, be wise who will. The louder Folly jingles her bells, the more likely is she to wake Wisdom."

It was to be. I consented to pass the day with my friends. I should return to my studies with a greater zest after it. It would establish my good resolutions. A man never wants reasons when the pursuit is pleasure.

We strolled to Chelsea; and, having dined there, decided that it was impossible we could mend our quarters. The wine was good, and the company of each better than the wine, and good company takes small heed of the clock. To our surprise, it was midnight when we arose to leave. The lateness of the hour made me willing to engage a bed for the night where we were; but upon inquiring of the drawer, I found that every room was occupied.

In this emergency, Merchant, who either had drunk deeper than Gregory or myself, or upon whom the wine had taken more effect, proposed that we should amuse ourselves by wandering about the streets all night,—an amusement that lacked the charm of novelty to me, and was by no means new to the proposer,—but to which Gregory readily assented, observing that this was the one of all the fooleries of young fellows, of which he had never been guilty; and

that he held, a man should have shone a fool in all the phases of folly before he presumed to marry a wife.

"He needs no such credentials, brother," cried Merchant; "the man who marries a wife takes the first form, as a matter of course. Savage, make yourself *one*, and lead the way. Strange! gentlemen, that wine should set a man's eyes quarrelling, like man and wife. They won't see to each other. Each sets up sight on his own account."

We sallied into the street. Merchant, who in his cups was alternately frolicsome and mischievous, bringing up the rear, vociferating a song. The wine we had drunk had flustered Gregory and myself, and had made us very ready to enter upon any new scheme of pleasure that might be laid before us; it had, at the same time, induced a sense of our own exceeding wisdom, coolness, and self-possession; a conceit not uncommon with men who can see that their companion is in a worse plight than themselves. We resolved to stand by our friend Merchant, and take care that he brought himself to no harm; a resolution which sober men might have commended, and would themselves have followed; for Merchant, when drunk, was a man who required very good friends indeed to manage him. For, although sometimes he was perfectly good-humoured, and would continue so, yet a trifle would make him otherwise, and then there was no vehemence of extravagance, no brutality of language or of action, of which he would not be guilty, especially towards strangers who persisted in taking no heed of him.

By the time we had reached town, our charge became excessively violent and troublesome, calling us, with many scurrilous epithets, a couple of poor pitiful rogues, who neither had a sense of enjoyment in ourselves, nor a tolerance of those who had.

"Come along!" exclaimed he, breaking from us. "Let us turn into a night-cellar, and see some of our betters, whom the world can't away with, because they practise the world's ways openly, and without grave professions. I assert decisively—it is not to be contradicted — that the company of thieves is the very best to be met with in London. They are at once polite, considerate, and respectful; generous to a fault, and for a song! Gay can't write thieves' songs. The man has stolen none of that inspiration."

"Come along, you blockhead, you," cried Gregory, taking him roughly by the shoulder, "thieves are worthy and excellent fellows; but they are, very properly, particular as to their company. Plain men, like ourselves, who have done nothing to entitle ourselves to their good offices, have no right to intrude ourselves into their society. No sect more jealous and exclusive than that of thieves."

"You 're wrong, Gregory; but, being drunk, we must not be too critical with you. No men more liberal, or who have less of the narrowness of a sect than thieves, whom I love as much for that as for their other virtues. But, hilloah! a light in Robinson's Coffee-House. Friend Gregory," and he turned about, and took him by the coat, "this is a house to which Savage and I must insist upon introducing you. The worthiest creature keeps it! A woman, sir, who, happily for her, till her time comes, has not the remotest conception that there can be the slightest distinction between right and wrong, and who, it is to be presumed, as frequently practises the one as the other, which is as much as can be said of others who draw the

line strictly, and jump over it to and fro, hither and thither, knowingly. You must know her. Here it was, sir, that the heroic Savage, his courageous heart thumping in his bosom, rescued a young lady, whom it is impossible he should ever deserve, out of the hands of a man who thought that desert went no way towards gaining a lady's favour. Follow me!" and, so saying, he rushed up the passage, with a loud halloo.

"Shall we go after him?" said Gregory. "For my part, I'm almost tired of the man, and of myself, for this night. Let us leave him. He is known here, I dare say; and will be taken care of."

"I am not so sure of that," said I; "the persons they do know are those with whom they use the greater liberty. No—no. We won't desert him. He has money about him, — so rare a case, that he'll be telling everybody he sees of it, — and before morning, perhaps, may have another story to tell."

On entering the room, we discovered Merchant standing with his back to the fire, which was opposite the door, his arms a-kimbo, which supported the skirts of his coat. His eyes were directed obliquely, towards a company at the other end of the room, and his lips were apart with a smile, disclosing his clenched teeth. The whole expression of his countenance was that of extreme and provoking contempt for the persons at whom he continued to gaze.

On our first entrance into the room, Gregory and I had turned to the left, concluding, from the partial darkness in that quarter, that that portion of it was unoccupied, as indeed was the case.

"Come, Merchant," said Gregory, calling to him, when we had taken our seats. "Come this way, man. Shall we order a bowl of punch?"

"Come *this* way," he returned, beckoning us towards him, but still with his impudent stare upon the company, "and having seen whom we have got here, order what you please, only take care to order some asafœtida along with it, to purify the room."

"I suspect Merchant will get his nose slit," whispered Gregory to me. "Don't go near him. We can the better assist him, if we take no part with him, should he get into trouble."

Moved by curiosity, however, (the place, as well as Merchant's speech, had awakened it,) I arose. What was my astonishment, when, glancing at the company, I observed Sinclair and Lemery a portion of it!

And here, to make what follows the easier intelligible, I must mention, from my after-knowledge, of whom the party consisted. There were Sinclair and Lemery, and a brother of the latter,— whose wife, a showy, masculine woman, was seated by the side of Sinclair, — and a huge, ferocious ruffian, well dressed, however, to whose ill-favoured aspect a broken nose added an expression of extreme pugnacity.

Sinclair recognised me in an instant, and turned pale. The colour presently returned to his face, and his eye encountered mine, and returned its wrath boldly.

"Mr. Sinclair," said Merchant, with a formal bow, "your most obedient. Mr. Lemery, your servant. Mr. Seth Lemery, yours. Madam, (how could I fail so egregiously of the polite point?) your faithful slave. Mr. Nuttal, when I next propose to enjoy the diversions of the Bear-garden, I shall be happy in your company."

Having said this, he burst into a loud derisive laugh, and tossed his hat into their empty punch-bowl.

Nuttal sprang out of his chair.

"By the soul of man, Mr. Sinclair, I don't know why I should put up with this fellow's insolence, if you are disposed to do so. You seem to know the other fellow. Who is he?"

"Get out of the way," cried Gregory, thrusting Merchant aside, and walking towards the table to Nuttal. "Hound! what do you mean by the other fellow? This gentleman is Mr. Savage, and my friend."

"I don't care who he is," returned Nuttal, laying back the cuffs of his coat. "You are all disposed for a quarrel, I can see. Sinclair, Lemery, Seth — we are enough, I should think, to kick these three blackguards out of the room. I 've borne with Merchant's insolence before, but he shall have it now."

He was advancing, encouraged by the woman, Mrs. Seth Lemery, with, "That 's right; that 's a brave lad! kick the three rascals out," when Gregory fetched him such a blow upon the face with the back of his open hand as for the moment staggered him.

"Back, fool!" cried Gregory. "Sinclair, whistle your dog off. Dick, keep an eye upon Sinclair,—he looks mischievous. Where 's Merchant?"

This was no time to satisfy ourselves as to the last point.

"By the soul of man, sir," cried Nuttal, drawing, "I 'll have your heart's blood out of you for that."

Sinclair's sword also flamed forth.

"I 'm for you, sir," said he to me; "remember! I owe you one. Look to yourself."

"You lie, Sinclair, you owe me two. You have most need of caution. Look to *yourself*."

My sword was out.

At this juncture, the brothers Lemery and the wife retreated into a corner of the room, setting up loud cries of "Murder!"— cries that were taken up by Mrs. Edersby, the landlady, and another woman outside. A trampling over head, — a hurrying along passages,—a whirl of uproar and confusion.

Gregory swore a great oath. "D—— you all! I 'll have your swords. Give up your sword, you ugly face-making rascal," to Nuttal, "unless you wish to be laid by the heels in Bridewell."

"When it has done its work—not before," cried the fellow, flourishing his rapier like a broadsword. "I shall be through you, my gentleman, if you don't make haste to lug out."

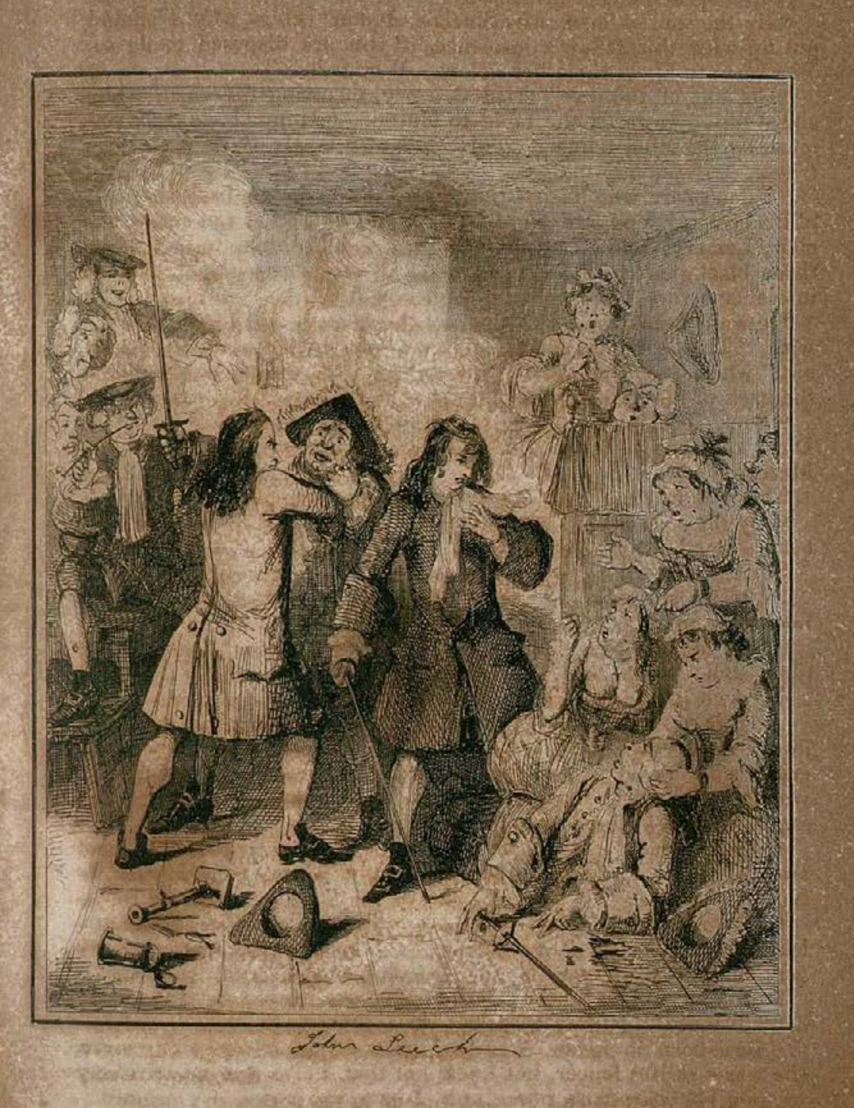
In the meantime, Sinclair had come from behind the table, and had advanced upon me.

"Base-born impostor!" said he, running his sword along mine, (he was a skilful fencer, but knew not that I also was master of my weapon,)—"base-born impostor! I have you now."

"Well-born blockhead! you *shall* have. Ha! ha! sir."

Three or four men ran into the room at this instant.

"Swords out!" cried one. "Playing at gentlemen, eh? Don't part 'em! Fair-play 's a jewel, say I. The tall one, with his sword broken, 'll strangle old broken-nose, I 'm thinking. Go it. Give it him!"



John Leech

The Death of [illegible]

London, Richard Bentley

Sinclair had made several passes at me, which I parried; but out of no design, I confess it, of acting merely upon the defensive. It was sport to dally with him awhile. What followed, whatever has been said to the contrary, was not altogether chance-medley. At length, he made a desperate push at me, which I put aside so smartly as caused him to swing round. Gregory, at that moment, rushing forward upon Nuttal, drove Sinclair's sword entirely from its guard. But, before this,— if it can be said to be before, the two actions being almost instantaneous,—I had run him into the body.

There now arose such a hubbub,—such a hellish noise before, beside, behind, around, as it is impossible to describe,— as it was terrible to hear, even to those who contributed to it. Be sure I was not one of these. Transfixed with horror, remorse, pity, I was "grown cool too late." That face, malicious, revengeful, grinning like a wild cat, the eyes a-start,—life looking blood and death,—in a moment—in a glimpse of time, as it were;—how changed! "Oh!" from the very depth of the bosom,—that one word told me, and all that heard it—and who, spite of the cursed clamour, that did not hear it? that he had got his death. The muscles of the face relaxed,—and of the body,—the jaw fell,— the darkening lids sank upon the eyes,— the stony whiteness overspread the face and lips; he fell upon the floor as only a dying man can fall.

Mrs. Lemery was the first to run towards him.

"The dear Sinclair is killed — murdered!" she shrieked, tearing off her head-dress, and falling upon her knees by his side. "Mrs. Edersby! Mrs. Edersby! Mrs. Rock! Mrs. Rock! why don't you all get from him? let him have air."

"My house will be ruined. O Lord! O Lord!" cried Mrs. Edersby, wringing her hands. "Mrs. Rock, go to the gentleman; you have better courage than I, and have been used to these things."

"No blood flows," said Mrs. Lemery. "Dear Sinclair—Sinclair! I say, speak—only speak to poor Harriet."

"Does no blood flow?" said the woman who was called Mrs. Rock. "Let me come to him," pushing her way through the crowd.

In a moment she was by his side, and had torn open his dress. She examined the wound.

"O my good God! but I know it 's of no use."

At these words she stooped her head, and applying her lips to the wound, attempted to draw it, but, as it seemed, in vain.

"No blood will come," she said, at length; "why doesn't some one run for the doctor? Edersby, get some of the men to help Mr. Sinclair to bed. Run for the doctor, you," to Gregory.

He did not move. For the first time since the swords had been drawn, I saw him. He was deadly pale.

"A bad night's business, Savage," said he. "Let us hope we may get fairly through it—*fairly*—for these devils, and that fellow, whom I 've pretty well pommelled," pointing to Nuttal, who was clearing the blood from his swollen face, "will swear hard against us."

"Which is the fellow that first began the quarrel?" cried Mrs. Rock.

"It was Mr. Merchant," said Lemery: "he ran out of the room when he saw the swords out."

"A gentleman ran against us in the passage as we came in," said one of the men; "but this shorter gentleman in black," pointing to me, "was the person who stabbed Mr. Sinclair."

Mrs. Rock turned her face towards me, and saw me. The head of Sinclair dropped from between her hands, which she smote together in triumph.

"D—— you!" she exclaimed, rising, "you know me, and I you."

Mrs. Ludlow! the beast I had not seen for years, and whom I had imagined howling for her filthy sins long ago. A cold sweat came upon me when I beheld her, and my knees knocked together. The avenging fury! sublime she almost seemed, as she arose from the floor, like a she-fiend conjured out of hell to drag me thither!

She flew upon me, and endeavoured to hale me to the ground.

"I'll hold him fast,—he sha'n't escape," she exclaimed with awful oaths, such only as her tribe are accustomed to utter. "Watch! watch! run for the watch, good people! Murder! murder! murder!"

"Murder! murder!" was echoed on every side; the women's voices prevalent over all, making a mad and hideous uproar.

What was I to do with the tenacious, clinging, strenuous creature, blinking and mouthing, her cursed face pushed close into mine? I knew not what I did. I threw out one spread hand, and caught her by the throat, and cutting her on the head with my sword, flung her, like a loathsome reptile, from me.

The yells redoubled.

"Fly for your life," cried two of the men, seizing me by the arms, and pushing me towards the door. "Never mind your hat and wig. They're gone for the watch by the back way. You've done Mother Rock's business."

"Where's Gregory? Gregory!"

"Never mind him. Look to yourself. He's all safe. He didn't stab the man. Away with you," and they thrust me from the door.

Seized with panic — for I feared I had killed Mrs. Ludlow also, I ran down the long passage, and out of the place, and crossing the Strand, fled up a court. All was darkness there—that was well; not so, however, when I discovered that there was no outlet at the further end.

"Hist! Savage, is that you?" whispered a voice close at my ear.

I started round suddenly.

"It's only I. Good God of Heaven! what! it's Merchant."

It was well for him that he disclosed himself. Such was the tumult of my spirits that I had run him through the body else.

"Heavenly Father! what's the matter? how you tremble!" (he trembled as violently while he spoke,) "what have you done?"

"Killed Sinclair."

"Good Heavens! They'll take us — they'll take us. We shall all be hanged. Oh! how came you to do it?"

I pushed him away.

"They are coming. We can't escape."

There was, indeed, a terrific hubbub in the street; men calling, rattles springing, cries of murder, windows thrown up, doors unlocking and unbolting in the very court. I hastened down it, fol-

lowed by Merchant, clinging to me, and entreating me to bear witness that he had nothing to do with the quarrel. We ran back again, — Merchant with a loud cry of terror. We had been seen by the watch; who, accompanied by several soldiers, pursued us, and made us their prisoners.

They dragged us into the street, where we beheld another body of the watch, with Gregory fast secured amongst them, — pale, indeed, but perfectly calm and collected. His presence and example re-assured me, but had no effect upon Merchant, who whined most pitifully, calling all the powers to witness that he had left the coffee-house long before the quarrel began.

The evidence of the Lemerys, and of Nuttal, which they loudly tendered, was not needed to prove the contrary.

We were forthwith conveyed,—preceded and followed, and flanked on either side by a multitude of execrating ruffians, to the Gate-House, where we were ushered into the presence of the constable of the night, who, having taken down the charge against us, consigned us to several cells in a small paved yard.

"Heaven bless you, old friend!" said Gregory to me, pressing my hand earnestly, before they separated us. "A dreadful thing this; but we must go through it like brave fellows. You will, I know. That cur—Merchant!"

And here I shall be very brief. On the next morning, handcuffed, and strongly guarded, we were taken before three justices, who heard the evidence that Nuttal, the Lemerys, and Mrs. Edersby had to offer, in which I could not but observe a slight discrepance, which evinced that they had not as yet laid their heads together to be in one story, or that they were not yet so perfect in their parts as to be able to make it cohere so exactly as the lover of strict and consentaneous evidence might approve. Mrs. Ludlow was not in a fit state, at present, to appear; but the wound on her head was not dangerous, and it had been dressed, and there was every probability that on the morrow she would be forthcoming. In answer to a question from one of the justices, Mrs. Edersby stated that Sinclair was not yet dead, but that the doctor held out no hope of his recovery.

Having heard all that could be urged against us, the justices remanded us till the following morning; and we were taken back to the Gate-House; and in the evening were told by the constable who had charge of us, that Sinclair was dead.

On our re-examination Mrs. Ludlow was present, and the doctor. If the several statements of Nuttal and the rest, on the previous day, did not hang together in parallel lines, still less did the evidence eagerly furnished by Mrs. Ludlow — Mrs. Rock, as she was called, — agree with their's. Her story was, however, rendered plausible by what was elicited from the doctor on his examination.

He said that, finding there was not the slightest hope of saving Mr. Sinclair, he had considered it as a duty on his part to tell him so, and to remind him that, if he had anything to say touching the quarrel, it was his duty to say it at once. The doctor repeated that he had warned Sinclair that he was a dying man, and had adjured him as one who was about to meet his Maker, to state the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He had taken down his words.

Sinclair, it seems, related pretty exactly the conduct of Merchant,

which had led to the quarrel; but he asserted that Gregory and I had encouraged him in it; that I was the first to draw, and that while Gregory was engaged with Nuttal, I had rushed upon him (Sinclair) unawares, and, before his sword was well out of its sheath, had stabbed him. He added, that no amount of provocation could have induced him to use his sword, which he would never draw in a tavern brawl, except absolutely compelled in self-defence to do so.

In partial confirmation of the solemn asseveration of the dying man, the doctor said that, in his opinion, and to the best of his judgment, no man could have received such a wound, (and he described it) as had caused the death of Sinclair, when he stood in a posture of self-defence, unless he had been a left-handed man.

Upon this evidence we were committed to Newgate; whither we were forthwith conveyed.

DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Sleeper! onward to thy dwelling
  In the silent house of gloom,
Ev'ry heart around is swelling,
  Thus to yield thee to the tomb!
Now thy rest thou wilt be taking
  Where the dreamless sleepers lie;
All the cares of earth forsaking,
  Soon thou 'lt wake in yonder sky!

Rest thee! thou who hast departed
  To a brighter—better sphere;
Wearied out, and broken-hearted
  Thou wert in thy sojourn here!
Coldly fell each gleam of gladness
  Care had wrinkled o'er thy brow;
But the ling'ring pains of sadness
  Cannot mar thy slumber now!

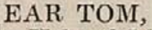
Lo! we bear thee where no sorrow
  Can thy happy spirit cloud;
Dark the night, but blest the morrow,
  When thou 'lt break Death's icy shroud.
As a bird thou wilt be singing
  Joyous pæans on thy flight;
Eagle-like thou wilt be winging
  In the sun-beam's glorious light!

Hark! the requiem ascending
  To the regions far above,
Viewless seraphs there are blending
  Notes of sweet and holy love!
Angels! open wide each portal!
  Stars! receive another gem,
To increase the host immortal
  Gather'd round Night's diadem!

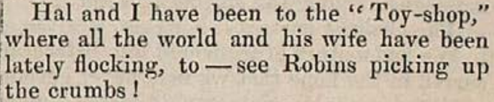
" What ! ho ! boys ! "

ROBINS PICKING UP THE CRUMBS!

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



DEAR TOM,

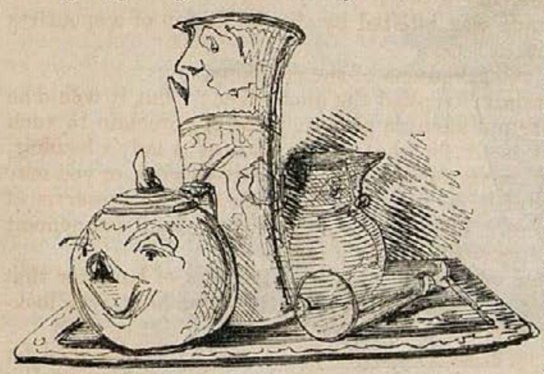


Hal and I have been to the "Toy-shop," where all the world and his wife have been lately flocking, to — see Robins picking up the crumbs!

What a marvellous *sight* of curiosities crammed into a house of closets! a huge pedlar's pack, — an omnium gatherum of odds and ends from all quarters of the habitable globe. Variety, indeed, but no order. There are many things, however, worth their weight in gold, and some their weight in silver—we mean, of course, those that are composed of those precious metals. As for the "locks of hair," "cardinal's hats and cloaks," and the other choice articles of that sort, whether genuine or not, there will, no doubt, be found some modern cockletop who will not only appreciate and purchase, but appropriately deposit them beside his "Niobe's tear" and "Neptune's trident."

Notwithstanding our catalogue promised us a *free* admission, we had great difficulty in making our way into some of the rooms. The "crockery" department appeared very attractive, which Hal attributed to the march of teetotalism, and declared aloud "that he never saw so many pretty *mugs* before in so small a space!" and certainly

there was a bevy of beauties, dotted here and there with a dumpy dowager, gazing with saucer-eyes at the thimble-sized cups.



"How much these china-closets put me in mind of the epistolary style," said Hal. "On one hand they seem to say, '*my service* to you,' on the other, '*ewers, &c.*' But," continued he, "farewell China! your doom is sealed! *the* Robins is *your* Pottinger, and you will speedily be disposed of!"

The celebrated "silver bell," said to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini, particularly attracted our notice.

"If Cellini really *cut* this beautiful *Bell*,"—said Hal.

"There is—there can be no doubt of it," said, emphatically, an old gentleman, who was looking at it through his gold eye-glass.

"Then, sir," rejoined Hal, "I must say he was a most heartless fellow—that 's all."

The portraits are very fine; but, as our friend remarked, there is not an *original* among them,—being all *copies* of great personages long since *taken off* "from the life" by the hand of death.

As for the fair ladies, some of them unblushingly displayed so much of their natural charms that he doubted whether they could fitly be catalogued among the objects of *virtue*.

The choicest curiosity, however, was the great puffer himself.

We had neither of us beheld him before, and both most heartily concurred in the hope that we may never encounter him again. Well acquainted with his elaborate "literary" efforts, we had formed a very different estimate of his oratorical style; a bland, honey-tongued speech, garbed in a mock-Johnsonian phrase, we had anticipated a something a little below Christie, and expected a hearty laugh at his inflated foolery; but, instead of the realization of this imaginary picture, lo! we beheld a blunt, and somewhat coarse old gentleman, with a red, *puffy* countenance, whose *brusquerie*, indeed, on one occasion was signalized by a very unequivocal expression of disapproval by the company.

A lot being knocked down to a Jew, who, one might suppose from his "habits" and appearance was a dweller in the far East, he inquired his name, and added, "of Bond Street, sir?"—with a sly, satirical leer, that was certainly offensive to the purchaser, and intended to create a laugh.

"I 've paid my money, Mr. Robins," said the Jew, pointedly. "What more would you have? I am only a plain dealer, and you—*you* want the *address* of a gentleman!"

"Bravo!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"'Sold,' without any reservation," whispered Hal, delighted,—"a most *jew*-dicious answer."

"Let 's pass on to the next lot," said old Knock-em-down. "Ladies

and gentlemen, that is a gem of the first water. The shape is exquisitely classical,—the paintings perfectly unique. In colour and form, two of the essentials of beauty, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that article is unparalleled."

All this rhodomontade was elicited by the exhibition of a spoutless tea-pot of Sèvres china.

"It is imperfect!" remarked one of the company.

"As a tea-pot, certainly," replied the auctioneer; "but it would be an unpardonable sin to put such an elegant piece of porcelain to such 'base uses.' Why, it is fit for the marble slab of a lady's boudoir, and may be admirably converted into a vase for wax-flowers, or you may make a pastile-burner of it, or a receptacle for the choicest preserves of the East or West Indies. Indeed, a person of taste and refinement may do a thousand things with it. You may——"

"*Spout* it!" said our mad-cap friend, and the roar of laughter that followed this impromptu almost disconcerted the great bear, who looked round in vain for the speaker.

By the by, I must mention to you that they have erected a shed for this renowned individual, where he sits enthroned in a beautifully-carved chair, once pertaining to the Abbot of Glastonbury, with a table before him, covered with cut velvet.

We not only had "sporting lots,"—but "lots of fun." The muskets and pistols, although apparently more ornamental than useful, "went off" admirably; and *Ursa Major*—of course received the "shot,"—or "charge."

One of the Indian bows being knocked down to a lady, she became the butt of our facetious friend, who declared that he thought her an arch-looking beauty before, and now she looked a little archer; but, from the delicacy of her form, he imagined she was more likely to *attract* than to *draw*—a *beau!*

Being fatigued with the repetition of the "putting up" and knocking down, (the skittle-play, as Hal said,) and not being inclined to become the purchasers of any of the articles, we returned to the Castle of Otranto. A group were admiring the beautiful steel gilt suit of armour of Francis the First.

"How very degenerate must the present race have become," said a very slight old gentleman, as brown and genteel as a gold-mounted dragon-cane. "How very few could now support that weight of metal. Of course, Francis himself must have always gone to the field on horseback;—he could not possibly walk confined in that iron case."

"Certainly not, sir," replied Hal seriously; "for Froissart distinctly says, the King invariably went in the royal *mail*, and always remembered the *guard!*"

"Inside the Mail—with an excellent Guard."

"Very good," cried the old gentleman, approvingly, and offered our chum a pinch of snuff from an elegant tortoiseshell tabatière. "Really there is a great feast here for the eye; but I do think a little refreshment of a more substantial kind would be very acceptable."

"If you are that way inclined, sir," said Hal, "I should advise a return to the shed; for I understand the great *Thor* is about to submit some *pettitoes* (Petitot's) to the *hammer*."

"Extravagance bringeth down the hammer."

"Ve—ry good!" repeated the old gentleman. "Why, you are quite a wit, sir."

"It is merely the atmosphere of this particular spot inspires me," replied Hal. "Remember the wit that has been lavishly scattered within these walls from the lips of Pope,—(*mens curva in corpore curvo*, as some unkindly critic called him,)—the lovely Montague, and all those deep-blue and deep-read personages who were wont to assemble under this roof, or in that villa in the vicinity, delighted with the voice of the 'Little Nightingale.'"

"Your remarks are so pleasantly in unison with my own feelings," said the old gentleman, "that I will, if you will permit me, go through at least a part of this miscellaneous collection with you and your friend."

"My dear sir, I am so flattered by your offer," answered Hal, "that I would willingly go through the *whole*, if you think we can *get through it*."

Our new (old) acquaintance proved a most excellent audience, and certainly a provocative of fun to our crony, and we jogged on most amicably together; but it is impossible for me to recall the thousand-and-one good things he uttered during our review. I can only jot down a few of these "light antitheses," that, like meteors on a frosty night, die as soon as they are born.

Two shields of leather for tournaments, painted by Polidori, attracted our attention.

"There's a pun on the very face of these," observed Hal. "In battle the men are beaten,—in the mimic fight, or tourney, the shields only—are *leathered!*"

In the same room (the Red Chamber, I believe) was the "*Top* of a warming-pan," that belonged to Charles the Second, with his arms and his motto, "Serve God and live for ever," — "proving," as H. said,

"the warmth of his religious zeal;" and probably, being short of "*cole*," he had sacrificed the *Pan* to *Plutus*.

In the armoury, among the Indian weapons, was a hatchet inlaid with brass.

"When old Robins gets *that* in his hand, depend upon it he'll not give it away. No one knows the use of such a weapon better than he; for he has practised it continually."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman, listening with the most profound attention. "I was not aware that he had ever wielded anything but a hammer."

"You're mistaken, sir," continued Hal. "There is no one can '*throw the hatchet*' with such dexterity and precision! That American calumet, too, that pipe of peace, he'll puff it, sir, as pipe was never puffed before!"

But I must conclude this long epistle with assuring you that we spent a very pleasant day; and, although we lost the boat which was to convey us to the Temple, this misfortune was repaired, for, "as the 'old gentleman' would have it," (as Hal said) we went home in his carriage, and not only enjoyed a most agreeable ride, but got an invite to an excellent dinner of "wax candles and silver forks," as you term it,—and did not part till midnight.

On taking our leave, Mr. B—— (our entertainer) earnestly requested he might have the pleasure of seeing us again,—declared 'he was an old-fashioned man, and hoped we would treat him like an old friend."

"My dear sir," said Hal, "we shall treat you like a *Jarvey;* for it must be confessed your *fare* is exorbitant, — that you have 'taken us in,'—and therefore we shall 'take your number;' and depend upon it you will be 'called upon' before many days are over. Such characters, sir, are always *visited*, sooner or later, as they deserve."

Farewell! Yours truly,

H.

One who knocks down the Lot.

THE LIFE AND SONGS OF ANACREON.

EDITED BY BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

PART THE SECOND.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Song of Solomon, ch. ii. 11, 12, 13.

Y vuesta merced créame y como otra vez le he dicho, *léa estos libros*, y vérà como le destiérran la melancolia que tuviére, y le mejéram la condicion si á caso la tuviére mala.—*Don Quixote.*

Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendóre,
O bella Vénere,
Madre d'Amóre.
O bella Vénere.
METASTASIO. *Hymn to Venus.*

Huc igitur Camenæ
Fonticolæ puellæ,
Quæ canitis sub antris
Mellifluos sonores :

Quæ lavitis capillum
Purpureum Hippocrenæ
Fonte ; ubi fusus olim
Spumea lavit almus
Ora Juba aquosis,
Pegasus in nitentem
Pervolaturus æthram.
Lat. Anthol.

Προσελεξαμην οναρ Κυπρογενεια.
SAPPHO.
Methought I lay a-bed with Venus.

J'ai toujours remarqué que les gens faux sont sobres, et la grand réserve de la table annonce assez souvent des mœurs feintes, et des âmes doubles. Un homme franc craint moins ce babil affectueux et ces tendres épanchement qui précèdent l'ivresse; mais il faut savoir s'arrêter et prévenir l'excès.

ROUSSEAU, *Eloise. Lettre*, 23.

I have observed that deceitful men are generally sober, and that peculiar reserve at table frequently indicates a duplicity of soul. A guileless heart is not afraid of the unguarded eloquence and affectionate folly which commonly precede drunkenness ; but we ought always to avoid excess.—B. B.

THE great majority of Anacreon's translators and biographers seem to have found pleasure in misrepresenting his muse and life ; so that between both he resembles the man in the story, whose old wife plucked out his grey hairs, and whose young wife plucked out his white ones, until in time his head became as bald as a piece of marble, or one of my Wogden pistols. It would be a melancholy task for one who so ardently admires Anacreon as myself, to chronicle the many murderous attempts which have been made upon his character ; but I must do justice to one F. T. Manning, student of King's College, London, and declare that of all the translations of Anacreon which have come in my way, *his* seems certainly the most diabolical. Just read the annexed translation of the 16th ode, and tell me, candidly, is it not more like a whale than the inspired lyrist of Teos ?

At Thebes and Troy
Dire arms destroy,
Another death I die ;
I scorn the spear :
The darts I fear
Are shot from woman's eye.

This is no bad specimen of the general run of translations of this poet, and is only inferior to another of the same genus, lately given to the world by a laughable poetaster named Barry. But, base and vil-

lanous as such translations are, they are even preferable to the bare-faced pieces of biography which are usually prefixed to his poems. Can anything, for instance, be more decidedly bad than to declare that Anacreon was never acquainted with Sappho? People are found to denounce high treason and Atheism, and to condemn the excellent Mr. Greenacre; but these delinquencies, though great, are infinitely less than to fly in the face of a fact so well established by Barnes and by me. We have both, indeed, proved the coincidence of the period in which they flourished as clearly as such a thing can be demonstrated, and little doubt can now remain in any reasonable reader's mind that they were as well known to each other as Lady Montagu and Lord Hervey, Provost Andrews and Mrs. Woffington, Byron and Guiccioli, Dick Turpin and Black Bess. Some, also, labour hard to prove that Anacreon was a saint. Athenæus speaks of him as a very moral fellow, who seldom or never got drunk, and we have already seen into what a passion Ælian flies at the very supposition of his intemperance. What is all this but mere cant, and the worst of cant also? — for why should Anacreon play the counterfeit? Why should he, who affected to be a *Roué*, be in reality a Puritan? Why should he praise wine in his songs, and order it from his table? Nobody accuses Lord Byron or Lord Rochester of sanctity—their works were but the mirrors of their lives; and yet Anacreon, whose entire remaining poems are consecrated only to themes of jollification, is, by some absurd metamorphosis, transformed into one of the most pious, church-going, and exemplary of Pagans. I need not dwell further on this inconsistency. It was no discredit to a Pagan gentleman to be a rake. The majority of their philosophers were libertines of the first order; and even Diogenes, with all his cynicism, was one of the most corrupt ruffians of all antiquity. The ancients seem, indeed, to have had a greater fitness than we for Epicurean enjoyments,—for bright glances and full goblets,

> Χειλη μεν ῥοδων ἁπαλωτερα και στομα κηριον γλυκυτερον, το δε φιλαμα κεντρου μελιττης πικροτερον.—LONGUS.
>
> Lips softer than roses, and a mouth more gentle than wax, and a kiss more piercing than the sting of a bee.

They had argued themselves into the conviction that thought and care were enemies to life, and idleness the best of wisdom.

> Εν τῳ φρονειν γαρ μηδεν ἡδιστος βιος.—SOLON.

—an axiom which a French author well translates:—

> Laissez moi, philosophe austère,
> Goûter voluptueusement,
> Le doux plaisir de ne rien faire
> Et de penser tranquillement.

These were their precepts, and they lived up to them. This was their religion, and they observed it. How else could any among them hope to be a poet? Who ever heard of a sober man being able to compose readable stanzas? Who ever turned lawyer to save his soul? The only one of the English poets who carried sobriety and soda-water to any great degree, is now scarcely ever read. I allude to old Chapman, the translator of Homer and his Hymns. Wood tells us [*Ath. Oxon.* i. 259,] that he was "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and tempe-

rate—*qualities rarely meeting in a poet.*" *Ecce signum!* His temperance and his religion have sent him to the dogs, and scarcely one in a million has ever heard of him. Poor Drayton is also unread, and the reason is, that he had no head for wine. The author of *The Return from Parnassus*, a play acted in 1606, says of him, "However, he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is, *he cannot swagger it well in a tavern.*" [Act I. sc. ii.] Hence his downfall. But Anacreon was no such spoon as this. He always

"Kept his spirits up by pouring spirits down;"

he drank, and joked, and frolicked,

"Like old King Cole,
That merry old soul;"

and to this sensible conduct he owes his immortality. A reverend father, the pious Anthony Possevin, it is true, awards the wreath of superiority in this respect to Tibullus, and never sat down to the elegies of that writer, and the fourth of the first book, in particular, without having prayed to the Virgin Mary to preserve him from temptation. But, notwithstanding so great and grave an authority, I am still inclined to accord the palm of rakishness to Anacreon. In his amours he was a very Sybarite, and his symposiacs were worthy, by their taste and splendour, of that elegant epicure, Aristippus. Βιος δ'ην αυτῳ προς ερωτας παιδων και γυναικων και ωδας. His life, says Suidas, was dedicated to Love and Venus: the number of his attachments verifies the remark. To the butcher Ache-inside, (as Mr. Bell, in his Lives of the Poets, pleasantly calls him,) we are indebted for the first true poetical character of our bard:—

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume,
His cheeks display a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay:
Let me the wanton song enjoy,
While in smooth dance the light-winged Hours
Lead round his lyre the patron powers,
Kind Laughter and convivial Joy.

To Barnes and Brallaghan, two of the most illustrious scholars and critics of modern days, we are indebted for the first true historical delineation of what the poet really was in almost every feature of his character; and as all that really can be discovered relating to Anacreon has been given to the world by the latter of these worthies, it is to be hoped that no one will ever again give himself the useless trouble of editing a bard, whose life and songs have been now, for the first time, illuminated by superior genius and profound learning.

Anacreon. Ode I. To his Lyre.

"Deeds of Battle, deeds of Kings,
These are themes for poet's strings:
Bacchus hence, and wild Desire."—
Thus I said, and struck my lyre.
Vain the task, its every tone
Breath'd and spoke of Love alone.
Then I chang'd my lyre and strove
To sing the son of starry Jove,
Only Love, in accents sweet,
Still my truant strings repeat.
Fare ye well, then, epic themes.
Welcome Eros to my dreams.

"All the songs of Anacreon,"* says Cicero, "are amatory." Could he have selected a better prologue to them than the foregoing? Henry

* Anacreontis quidem tota poësis est amatoria.—*Tusc. Quæst.* 4. 33.

Stephens bears testimony to the propriety with which the collection of Anacreon's love verses is here introduced, and admires the allegory in which the minstrel apologises, as it were, for his constant devotion to Cupid, and his kinsman, Bacchus. [Lepido nitens commento quo se quodammodo excusari velle videtur.—*Pref.*] In the same spirit Bion writes.

Ην μεν γαρ βροτον αλλον. κ. τ. λ.

When Gods and Heroes grace a loftier strain,
My falt'ring tongue attempts to charm in vain;
When Love and Lycidas the song inspire,
My voice is music, and the swains admire.—Addison.

When the muse of Ovid essayed a loftier flight than it had been accustomed to, Apollo plucked him by the ear; and Tibullus, without any ceremony, kicked out of doors those ladies of Helicon, who could not inspire him with love-thoughts.

Ite procul Musæ, si non prodestis Amanti:
Non ego vos, ut sint bella canenda, colo;
Nec refero Solisque vias et qualis ubi orbem
Complevit, versis Luna recurrit equis.
Ad Dominam faciles aditus per carmina quæro,
Ite procul Musæ si nihil ista valent.—Lib. II. El. iv.

Ode II. To the Ladies.

Nature gave the lordly steed
Hoofs of pride, and lightning speed;
Vigour to the forest-king;
Feet of fleetness to the hare;
Horns to bulls; and lightest wing
To the birds of crystal air.
To the dwellers of the wave
Oary fins the Goddess gave;
And to Man imperial mind;—
What for woman sweet remains?
Beauty, Beauty, which doth bind
Earth and Heaven in its chains.

Anacreon, having dedicated his first ode to Love, very properly inscribes his second to the source of it—the ladies. There has been terrible wrangling among the critics about the proper interpretation of the word φρονημα in the text. Some have translated it "magnanimity," as if women had not as much of that quality as men. (See Lucretia, Cornelia, Arria, Joan of Arc, and a million other illustrations.) Others make it signify "reason;"—a third set maintain that it means "valour." The most absurd of the entire is Stephens, who calls it "prudence," when every schoolboy knows that prudent women are proverbial. "Interpretatus sum," quoth he, "φρονημα, prudentiam. Nam quis nescit eam viris esse peculiarem, nec in muliebre ingenium cadere eam vim ratiocinandi quæ in viros."(?) This is fine twaddle of yours, Master Hal. Because, forsooth, the ladies have not *eam vim ratiocinandi;* in other words, because they know nothing of Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, and the similar absurdities of logic, they are to be set down as destitute of sense. I have translated it "mind," which I believe to be the *distinctive* attribute of men,—a very different thing, by the bye, from saying, as half the translators of Anacreon have done, that because we have it, the ladies must, necessarily, be without it. If I were asked my opinion, I really think the ladies have the best of the bargain. Mind did not shield Homer from starvation, nor Socrates from the hemlock; nor Plautus from being a day-labourer; nor Terence from being a slave. Beauty gave a coach-and-six to Lais, and

acquitted Phryne: it made a *duchesse* of Du Barri, and gave a coronet to Blessington. Mind, quotha! who ever yet saw a man of mind with ten guineas in his pocket? Venus with her beauty conquered the whole world, while Minerva with her wit was never even asked in marriage.

> No spear, no regal pow'rs fair Venus wields,
> Yet to her sway the world enraptur'd yields;
> Her guards the Cupids; sparkling eyes her darts;
> These are her arms; with these she conquers hearts.*

The same sentiment is repeated a little farther on.

> *Εργα μοθων ουκ οιδα τι γαρ σακεων Αφροδιτη·*
> *Αγλαιη πολυ μαλλον αριστευουσι γυναικες.*

> To Venus shields, or war-camps nought avail;
> The sex by beauty, not by force, prevail.

Ode III. Cupid.

In the middle hour of night,
When the stars were shining bright,
And the golden spell of sleep
Sat on ev'ry mortal eye.
From a slumber sweet and deep,
Cupid rous'd me with a cry.

"Open, open."—"Tell me, pray,
Who art thou who com'st this way?"
Straight the rosy god replied.
"Fear me not. I am a child
Wand'ring without friend or guide,
And the night is wet and wild."

From my couch I quickly rose,
My doors to Cupid to unclose,
Seiz'd a lamp, and by its beam
Saw a Boy of beauty rare;
On his shoulders arrows gleam,
And wings white and light as air.

By the hearth I plac'd the child.
His eyes on me softly smiled:
Then his hands I chafed in mine,
And wrung his locks until a glow
Of heat did o'er his features shine;—
Suddenly he seiz'd his bow.

"Stranger, I must try," quoth he,
"If my bow-string injured be."
Instantly he shot the shaft,
And transfixed me to the heart.
"All is right," quoth he, and laugh'd,
"But I think thou 'lt feel love's smart."

This ode has been imitated by every man and woman that ever was born: and I believe even maids of honour have versified it.† It contains a pathological fact, which I have not translated above. The ancients fixed the seat of love, not as we do, in the heart, but in the liver: consequently, it was in that useful portion of the body that Cupid pierced Anacreon.

> Cor sapit, et pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras,
> Splen ridere facit, *cogit amare jecur.*‡
>
> Ebrard de Bethune.

Eustathius tells us nearly the same thing. *Ὡς γαρ Καρδια θυμου τις εστια, και λογιστικου κεφαλη, ὅυτω και ἡπαρ της επιθυμιας.* [Fol. 1700, l. 8.] I once recommended Tom Hood to commence a song on a girl he was in love with, according to the old classic fashion,—

> Dearest mistress of my liver;

* Μουνη Κυπρις αναλκις ἐὴν θεος· ου Βασιληων.—*Coluthus Raptus Helmæ.*

† The reader will recollect Walpole's classification of mankind into men, women, and maids of honour.

‡ Græcismus, cap. xix.

but he refused, and said "heart" was a much better word, because it rhymed so nicely to "Cupid's dart."

Ode IV. On Himself.

On this blooming lotus bed,
Shaded by its bower of myrtle,
Let me lay my rose-bound head,
While young Love, with flowery kirtle,
And eyes like a diamond mine,
Hands me cups of ruby wine.

Life is like a charioteer,
Whose steeds o'er the stadium thunder;
Hearts should happy be while here,
Ere the Fates our threads do sunder.
Let us drink while drink we may;
Give not wines to senseless clay.

Cupid haste, and trimly braid
For my brows the loveliest posies;
Bring me hither, too, the maid
Whose smile is a wreath of roses.
Live—while life is in its bloom,
Pleasure buds not in the tomb.

In the spirit of this last line Virgil very sensibly asks—

Quid cineri ingrato servas bene olentia serta ?

a sentiment which the excellent Sam Lover has made the groundwork of a very good bacchanalian song, commencing,

A man that is dead cannot dhrink whisky-punch, &c. &c.

Ode V. On the Rose.

Cupid's roses let us twine
With the verdant Bacchic vine.
Cups are always sweetest found
When with flowery garlands bound.
Sweet 'tis of the rose to sing,
Nursling of the laughing Spring,
And the glowing Queen of flowers,
Worthy e'en Olympian bowers.

Cupid often binds, 'tis said,
Rosy crownets round his head,
When he dances with the Graces,
And would win their fond embraces.
Let me, then, my temples gem
With a rosy diadem,
And with my sweet mistress sport
Here, where Bacchus keeps his court.

The ancients were skilled in the art of getting drunk poetically: they wreathed the god of drinking in flowers, and thus endeavoured to hide the deformities which his orgies exposed. Wild as their excesses may have been, they could not have been without a charm, for roses and perfumes were there.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas.—Hor. lib. iii. od. 4.

They drank, also, in their gardens, amid flowers and sunshine.

Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum beâris
Interiore notâ Falerni.—Hor. lib. ii. od. 3.

Our modern poets, I am told, get drunk in taprooms and taverns. Do you wonder that their songs should not be so brilliant as those of the men who tippled under myrtle and lotus bowers? It is not without reason that roses are here called the flowers of Cupid. Roses, as dear —— once said to me, are the nymphs of the earth: what so like to beauty as the rose? An old translator of Anacreon has, in his version of the above ode, prettily expressed this alliance between beauty, Cupid, and the rose.

Pretty rose, thou gaudy flower,
Sacred to Love's mighty power :
*(Whence there 's no lover ever seeks,
But finds thee in his mistress' cheeks.)*

The stanza in italics is not in the original; but it is a graceful interpolation. This similitude of roses and woman was never more elegantly portrayed in verse, than by an old Latin author. It is a gem of song. The whole Anthology does not possess its equal. To translate it properly seems to me beyond the wit of man.

To Critia.

Deign to accept, mine own sweet friend,
The rosy wreath, and songs I send.
The songs of love are meant for thee,
The wreath an auspice fair to be.
The first essay with Joy to sing
The dawning of thy fourteenth spring.
The flow'rs will whisper in thine ears
That as *they* shine, so may thy years.
How bright—how blest my fate would be,
If, for this spring-wreath *I give* thee,
Thou, who a living summer art,
Wouldst *give* me, sweet, thy loving heart!
Then — for the buds that here entwine—
'Tis thy dear arms should wreathe with mine.
And—for *my* roses—I should sip
The purple roses of thy lip.
But, if when to my bosom press'd
Thou 'dst breathe thy soul into my breast,
No fragrant flowers, no music sweet,
With thee, my charmer, could compete.

These verses breathe the soul of Apuleius: and yet of so divine a poet scarcely a record exists. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing here the 34th epistle of Philostratus, which is an eulogy on the rose. This writer is very little known. Bookmen care little about him: and I have met few who have perused his works. Yet the severe Attic mind of Sir Philip Francis could delight in the florid prose of Philostratus. His copy of that author (from which I transcribe the following,) has passed since his death into my possession, and it is filled with his manuscript annotations.

Ep. XXXIV.—*Ουτως τα ῥοδα ερωτος φυτα, κ. τ. λ.*

To his Mistress.

In sooth, roses are the fostered flowers of Cupid himself. Like him they are young: like him they are gentle, and delicately fair. The tresses of Cupid shine like gold: the cheeks of the roses are scarcely less brilliant. Roses, too, have, like him, arrows in their thorns: their scarlet hue is like Cupid's love-torch: their petals resemble the pinions of the little god. Both are short-lived. Eros passes away fleetly: so is it, too, with the flowers of roses. Time spares not the form of beauty. Winter is fatal to the rose. See in the streets of Rome how quickly pass by those who wear garlands. Their speed is a symbol of the instability of bright things. Experience universally teaches that the present is the hour. Delay but for a little while, and you are late. The hour has escaped. Woman's beauty passes away like the beauty of the flowered plants. No longer, then, O fairest! defer thy happiness. Let us sport together; let us laugh and love, and twine rosy chaplets for each other's heads.

Ode VI. On a Banquet.

Quick—let us bind the chaplets round
Our perfum'd heads;
While smiles and purple cups abound,
And to the lute's enchanting sound,
Yonder fair maiden treads.
Mark ye her musky locks with roses dress'd,
Richly profuse, enwrap her snowy breast,
That heaves with passion sweet, and pants to be caress'd.

See yonder boy, with golden hair,
And lips the shrine
Of songs whose music charms old Care,
Chants to the lyre a Lesbian air
In accents most divine,
While the small archer-god, whose eyes beam glee,
With vine-crown'd Bacchus joins the revelry,
And Venus, love's own queen, sprung from the silver sea.

The critics have sorely blackened each other's eyes on the subject of the proper title to this ode. Ten of them assert that its genuine name is *The Masquerade:* ten thousand and forty-eight swear lustily that it is *A Party of Pleasure.* The controversy is absurd, from the egg to the apple: from beginning to end. The poet has here described a Grecian feast, with its adjuncts:

Μολπη τ' ορχηστυς τε τα γαρ τ'αναθηματα δαιτος.—*Odyss.* i.

And calls aloud for chaplets, in the manner of Horace, and other lovers of good cheer.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.—Lib. i. od. 4.

Everything that charms in Epicurean pleasures he has here united. Garlands, incense, music, maidens—no, not exactly,—dancing-girls,—a singing-boy, and the three gods—by whom antique life was rendered really worth enjoying. The ancients never forgot that there was another world; but the use they made of their memory on this point was not exactly puritanical. Its existence and its gloominess were the very arguments which they used to stimulate the raking propensities of each other; and it must be admitted that Charon and Styx operated as an excellent bugbear to frighten the pious from piety, and induce them to make the best of their time. I have written a little paraphrase of this ode, which may be sung to an Irish air.

Air—"*The time I've lost in wooing.*"

Wreathe ev'ry brow with roses
The fairest, Spring discloses,
And pour profuse
The purple juice
The swelling grape incloses.
Smiles our board surrounding,
To Music gently sounding,
A maiden bright
As morning light,
With fawn-like foot is bounding.
Then wreathe your brows with roses
The richest, Spring discloses,
And pour profuse
The nectar-juice
The swelling grape incloses.

As round our cups are going,
Yon youth with tresses flowing
Shall softly play
A roundelay,
With Love's sweet fancies glowing,—
While Cupid, ever-wiling—
And Bacchus care-beguiling
With Beauty's Queen,
May here be seen,
Like stars upon us smiling.
Then wreathe your brows with roses
The fairest, Spring discloses,
And pour profuse
The purple juice
The swelling grape incloses.

Ode VII. Cupid.

Love, with hyacinthine wand,
Spoke me thus, with accent fond:
"Wilt thou run a race with me?"
Instantly I did agree.
Over lawn and sunlit mead
We both ran with fawn-like speed,
When a water-serpent fierce
My poor harmless foot did pierce.
Off I swoon'd, and should have died
But the god stood me beside.
"From mishaps like these," quoth he,
"*Love*—and thou shalt aye be free."

Cupid is described by an old author as:—

Παντων κληιδας εχοντα
Αιθερος, ουρανιου, ποντου, χθονος.—Stobœus, *ex Orphio*, c. 71.

Having the keys of all things,
Æther, heaven, sea, and land.

A modern Frenchman, named Danchet, has made him equally omnipotent:—

Chantons l'amour, chantons le pouvoir de ses armes,
Il blesse les mortels, il enchaine les Dieux;
Il brûle au sein des eaux, il regne dans les Cieux;
La terre, les enfers sont soumis à ses charmes.

How easy thus must he have felt it to cure Master Anacreon!

Ode VIII. A Dream.

As at night I lay reclining
On a couch of starry brightness,
Straight a choir of damsels shining
Mov'd before me in their lightness,
One of whom, to me inclining,
Beckon'd with her milky hand;
Up I rose and join'd the band.
Their dark eyes methought were beaming
Gem-like 'neath their flowing ringlets,
While among them Cupids, gleaming
Like the Wine-god, clapp'd their winglets;
One I kiss'd, the loveliest seeming—
But I woke, alas! to pain:
Worlds I'd give to dream again.

This ode is so exquisite, that Euphrosynè, the youngest of the Graces, might have written it. Those who have not drunk from the classic founts will be surprised to find Anacreon comparing the beautiful Cupids to Lyæus, who is associated in profane minds with a portly cask, and a portly paunch. But Bacchus was the most graceful of the gods. Ovid describes him thus:—

Eternity of youth is thine: enjoy
Years roll'd on years, yet still a blooming boy:
In Heaven thou shin'st with a superior grace—
Conceal thy horns, and its a virgin's face.—Eusden.

And Mr. R. B. Greene, in his work entitled "Heads after the Antique," thus portrays the god of wine:—"The extreme mildness of the countenance, the features at once graceful and noble, may seem at variance with the modern ideas of the 'jolly god;' but, it is properly to Silenus, the fit symbol of inebriety, and not to Bacchus, that this epithet applies. Bacchus was at all times depicted by the Greeks with a peculiar sweetness of expression, and with the delicate and flowing outline of the female form."

Inger ingentes pateras minister
Et rosâ undantem Bromium coronâ,
His dapes festos simul apparato
Non sine cantu.
Affer argutam citharam chelymque
Huc ubi ad fontis caput hydrocelli
Quercus atque ilex sociata densas
Explicat umbras.

Bring me a goblet brimming
With Bromian, crown'd with the rose,
And viands like nectar beaming,
And a song that in sweetness flows,
And a harp, whose silv'ry singing
Shall charm me while I recline
Near this streamlet of crystal, springing
Beneath an old oak's shrine.

Ode IX. To a Carrier-Pigeon.

Friend.

Gentle pigeon, hither, hither
Fly, and tell me whence or whither
Thou art come, or thou art winging,
Such sweet incense round thee fling-
ing?

Pigeon.

What boots it to thee to know it?—
From the famous TEIAN poet
To BATHYLLUS, boy of beauty,
I wend—'tis a charming duty.
Though o'er every heart he reigneth,
Only one his love retaineth.
APHRODITE, as they 've told me,
To my present master sold me,
For a lyric which he gave her
On some pretty heart-enslaver,
And I now, with fondness fervent,
Am his little humble servant.
When his thoughts some fair one fet-
ters,
Me he trusts to bear his letters.
He has promised me my freedom,
And rich gifts—but I not need 'em.
I would rather with him tarry,
And his darling sonnets carry,
And partake his joys domestic,
Than put up with fare agrestic.
What care I in groves to linger?—
Food is sweetest from his finger,
And the wines that light his glasses
Sparkle like the cheeks of lasses.
When I drink, I dance before him,
Or my pretty wings throw o'er him.
With his mode of life I 'm charm'd,
And, whene'er with wine I 'm warm'd,
Lull'd to sleep by master's numbers,
On his lute I take my slumbers.
Fare thee well—here ends my prattle.
Like a wench you 've made me tattle.

Longepierre declares himself enraptured with the thought of Venus purchasing a little hymn from Anacreon with one of her doves. The ladies of the olden and classic days seem to have been partial to winged favourites, and to have thoroughly despised the feline and catuline likings by which females of an unwhisperable age in our own time are distinguished. All the world has heard of that pretty sparrow, for whose death Lesbia, the mistress of Catullus, wept; all the profane have read of the ganders of the chaste Empress Theodosia. There was a time when falcons and herons were the appendages of every lady: tom cats and puppy dogs, to the disgrace of taste, have succeeded these noble birds. Hence our ladies are less chivalrous, and their boudoirs less agreeable, than when, as of old, they were tenanted by the fire-eyed falcon or the silver pigeon. If the ladies be so earnestly bent on having four-footed animals and creeping things about them, why, in the name of the Graces, will they select the least graceful? Lambs are perhaps too pastoral for the present generation, though in many noble galleries the ladies of Old England are drawn with these pretty creatures by their side; but, fair Mistress Dorothy, or gentle Miss Olivia, *why will* you select a horrid monkey in preference to a fawn? —or is a milk-white rabbit less agreeable as a plaything than a hideous ape? Is a young hound to be compared to a greasy poodle? Fie, fie. It is a depraved and villanous fancy. Quit it—quit it. Then shall our poets be again poetically sad when your doves and falcons die. Think you that a foul ram-cat could have inspired the poet Shirley with such a glorious melody as the feathered songster which he presented for his ladye's acceptance?—

PRESENTING HIS MISTRESS WITH A BIRD.

Walking to taste the welcome spring,
The birds with cheerful notes did sing
On their green perches, 'mong the rest
One whose sweet warble pleas'd me
best,
I tempted to the snare, and caught,
To you I sent it to be taught.
'Tis young, and apt to learn; and near
A voice so full of art, and clear
As yours, it cannot fail to rise
Quickly a bird of paradise.

JAMES SHIRLEY, 1646.

Even Mr. Pope, with all his poetry, could not have addressed a lap-dog in such verses as he composed on a lady's singing bird :—

Oh, were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower,
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And *I* the kisses *he* receives enjoy.

Ode X. On a Waxen Cupid.

On a day, beside my dwelling,
A boy-sculptor I saw selling
Love, in wax divinely moulded,
With bent bow and wings unfolded.

"For how much, boy, prithee tell me,
Wilt thou this fair image sell me?"—
"What thou wilt," quoth he, replying;
"And in sooth he's worth thy buying."

"I'd not part the witching stranger,
But his friendship's full of danger;
Sculpture, and not Love, my trade is;
Little time have I for ladies."

Then I answer'd,—"Give him to me,
Let him breathe his fires into me;
If he fail, I'll try in turn
Whether I can't make *him* burn."

The *equivoque* at the conclusion of the foregoing song is thoroughly attic. The Greeks did not cultivate or possess that delicate thing known to the moderns as wit. They were humorists and punsters, but not *beaux esprits*.

Ode XI. On himself.

Phyllis and my blue-ey'd Rose
  Tell me that my brow is bare,
And that Time hath shed his snows
  Thickly o'er my perfum'd hair.
"Take thy mirror, and thou 'lt see,"
Say the roguish nymphs to me.

If my tresses, blanch'd by years,
  Mantle thinly o'er my brow,
I know not;—but it appears
  Wisest to be happy now.
Age should be than youth more gay,
As it sooner fades away.

Virgil tells us of a young shepherdess who threw an apple at her swain, for the purpose of being punished with a kiss; and Horace talks of a certain hoyden, who ran into a corner to laugh,—not, of course, with the intention that her lover should follow her into the dark. I have always suspected that these young coquettes to whom Anacreon addressed the above ode, and who rallied him on his white hairs, had more in view than is generally suspected. Gentlemen with white hairs are not such vestals as young Phyllises and blue-eyed Roses imagine.

Anacreon, like many other clever men, was as great a rake when his hairs were white as when in their darkest raven; and these young laughers who mocked at him wanted, I suspect, merely to draw him out. A modern poet has left us an account of a young rogue who kept him constantly on the rack, by being a prude one moment and a flirt in the next.

ANYSIUS *ad puellam.*

Te velle ostentas ubi non conceditur; at quum
  Est locus ad Venerem tum improba velle negas:
Haud aliter mediis torquetur Tantalus undis;
  Frustratur facilis lympha, miserque sitit.

Air—*Arrah Teddy ye gander.**

You 're all I desire, your eyes sparkle fire,
  When people are near, when people are near;
But when we 're alone, you 're as cold as a stone,
  My sweet little dear, my sweet little dear.

---

* Charles O'Malley's song, "The Girls of the West," written to this air, is worthy of Horace or Catullus.

Like Tantalus old, I 'm but doom'd to behold
  Your lip and your breast, your lip and your breast;
But whenever I try to touch them you fly,
  You dear little pest, you dear little pest.

Horace appears also to have met a lady of this kind. Here is his song:—

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, &c.

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn that seeks
Her panting mother through the mountain's maze;
With footsteps tremulously light she starts
At each new murmur of the winds and trees.

Whether the zephyrs kiss the fluttering leaves
Of mantling vines, or through the shrubberies
The azure lizards gambol in the sun,
How beats her heart, how sink her quivering knees!

But I, my gentle Chloe, do not seek
(As tigers fierce, or fell Getulian beast)
To hurt thy loveliness; no longer coy,
Leave, leave thy mother, on thy lover smile.

I cannot resist the temptation of inserting here a charming sonnet, which I have just translated from the Italian, and which displays the roguish humour of Master Cupid just as perfectly as this ode does his martial achievements.

Sonnet by Giambista Zappi.

Air,—"*Many a bottle I cracked in my time.*"

As a troop of young Cupids in gambol and play
Ran about through the roses one morning in May;
One wing'd little urchin called out, "Let us go—
There are roses more charming than these that I know."

All the Cupids demanded at once, when and where
Grew flowers more lovely than those that grew there?
"Come along," quoth the urchin, "with me, and I 'll show
You the garden of beauty wherein they do grow."

To my own pretty Mary he brought the bright choir,
And he show'd them her eyes, those sweet wells of desire,
When, like bees round the roses in summer's sweet glow,
These wicked Loves tripp'd through her charms to and fro.

On her ringlets one hung, on her sweet lips one play'd,
Three or four danced about on the cheeks of the maid,
Round her mouth cluster'd dozens, like pearls in a row,
And on either arch'd eyebrow sat one with a bow.

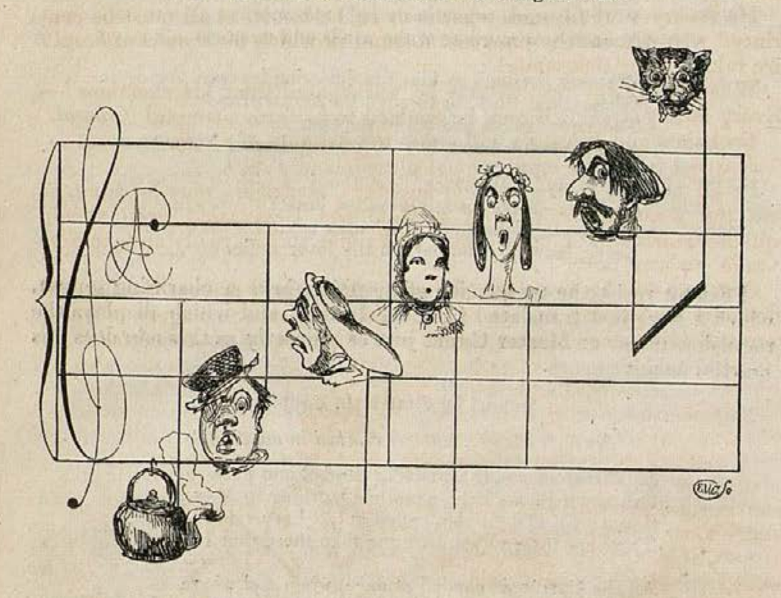
In her beautiful eyes, too, beneath the white lid,
Two Cupids with torches of lustre lay hid;
But so throng'd was her neck, that seem'd shining like snow,
One Cupid was hurl'd by the crowd down below.

He fell into her bosom, and there took his rest,
Than all his companions more joyous and blest.
"Can one of you," cries he, "a sweeter spot show
Than this breast, which the Graces with witcheries strow?"

HULLAH-BALLOO!

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."



C *orde* D *eum* E *t* F *idibus* G *emitque* A *lto* B *enedicam*
UT RE MI, FA *ciat* SOL *vere* LA *bra* SI *bi*.

In these thrice-blessed days of popular progression, the organ of music would appear to have rapidly developed itself, — Hullah has been appointed chief grinder,—and all the world is singing mad.

But there is nothing new under the sun; for the ancients considered music as an essential part of education; the Romans and, above all, the Greeks, granted the greatest privileges to the professors of this ennobling art. In proof of which, we refer our readers to Plutarch, Thucydides, Herodotus, Quintus Curtius, Ovid, Horace, Pindar, and Virgil.

The Government has sanctioned the attempt to make John Bull musical; and he, good soul, is quite astonished at his own capabilities; for, like Monsieur Jourdain, who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, he is surprised at the fact that he has always possessed the power of issuing notes of different value, although, in *base* ignorance of his vocal powers, he has contentedly pursued the even *tenor* of his way, when the real amount of his intellectual enjoyment might have been *treble!*

The "*vox populi*" appears to be quite in unison with the delectable project; and we have, consequently, little doubt but there will arise a New Harmony, which will rival that of the renowned Owen of Lanark.

Rapid as is the march of *Time*, the new aspirants will *beat* him.

Hullah, with his tuning-fork in one hand, and his pitch-pipe in the other, will become the Apollo of the multitude, (and—the great Pan of the dairy!) notwithstanding he is the "legislator for *classes*;" and we have no doubt his pupils will give an annual *bawl* in honour of their leader.

He deserves *credit*, and, what is more, he has it, as all must be convinced who witness the punctual manner in which his "*notes* of *hand*" are taken up by thousands!

What delightful results may be anticipated from his exertions!— Every family *circle* will soon be enabled to perform a tuneful "*round*."

Bachelors and spinsters will enjoy the delights of a *solo*.

Married folks, the more refined pleasures of a *duet*.

In all parties, or even public meetings, madrigals may be sung, as was the wont in the days of good Queen Bess; and even should squabbles arise, or a fight ensue, every one will be ready and able to "take his own *part*."

Concerts will be deserted; for every family will possess the needful elements for getting up one of their own; and the managers of these rare and expensive entertainments will of course be *dis-concerted!*

"Five Bars Rest."

A "singing in the head" will become a fashionable malady, and quacks will "harp" upon it in their advertisements and puffs, pro-

mising a speedy cure, and proving themselves—"Splendid lyres—not to be equalled!"

Estates will be "offered for competition" to be sold, not a "bargain," as was customary in unmusical days, but for a "mere song," and the improvements by the "present proprietor" will be stated to have cost a sum "to the *tune* of a thousand pounds," &c.

Wits, poets, and projectors, will have more *crotchets* in their heads than ever.

Billbrokers and pawnbrokers will advance their money—*lento*—with a particular eye to *time*, and calculate the interest and commission according as the borrower shall happen to be a *major* or a *minor*.

"A Major and Relative Minors."

Rogues and swindlers will be able to speculate upon the exact value of *a-cord!* and improvise a "run" to prevent their critical dupes from admiring their "execution" and "finish."

Gay deceivers will be making their insidious and insinuating declarations in a *falsetto*." The peripatetic purveyors to pussy-cats and puppy-dogs will vocally advertise their delicate viands in a *barrow-tone.*

The ladies of Billingsgate, with their crushed black silk bonnets and flat-baskets, will cease, under the new system, to vituperate *con fuoco,* and to execrate *ad libitum,* and accost the master of the fishing-smacks with

"O! pescator dell' onda!"

purchase mackarel by the "*score*," and, instead of choosing cod by the gills, value it according to the "*sound*."

Horse-dealers will, as a matter of course, all become "*chanters*," and "The Horse and his Rider," will be *heard*, as well as *seen*, in Smithfield on all market-days. Banker's clerks will be arranging their notes and half-notes according to the gamut, and reckon their gold and silver by "*scales*."

All punsters will be improved by the study of "*counter-point*."

Boatswains will lay aside their silver-whistle, and use a *pitch*-pipe to direct the evolutions of the *tar*.

Chartism, Radicalism, Republicanism, and rheumatism, like the bite of the tarantula, will be perfectly cured by a few doses of music properly administered.

For, as Zamolxis, a heathen philosopher and physician, observes:—"In healing a body we must not forget the mind, the serenity of which may be restored by the power of music."

Music, in fine, quickens the pulse, enlivens the imagination, excites hilarity, promotes digestion, induces sleep, soothes pain, and prolongs life.

And, although these *dicta* are chiefly applicable to instrumental music, *vocal* music may become *instrumental* in the production of the like happy effects.

Is it, then, strange that an educated and enlightened people, aware of its value, should now call upon their "leaders" to "strike up?"

The call is answered, and—"won't there be a hullah-balloo?"

"Some of our best Composers."

ANACREONTICS.

Carpe diem minima quàm credula postero.—Hor. lib. 1, Ode xi.

Come crown your brows with flowers,
  Fill high the mantling glass,
We 'll pelt the laughing hours
  With rose-leaves as they pass.

Free from all care and sorrow,
  Let us be blithe and gay,
Whate'er may chance to-morrow,
  At least enjoy to-day.

A DETACHMENT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

CORGARFF CASTLE.

BY H. CURLING, H.P. 52ND FOOT.

I REMEMBER being sent on detachment (soon after I had joined a regiment in Scotland) to Corgarff Castle, in the highlands of Aberdeenshire. Perhaps, unless on occasion of being sent to Siberia, nothing more dreary could be well imagined to an English eye. The detachment consisted of about seventy men and two officers (a captain and a subaltern); and the immediate business in hand was still-hunting.

Corgarff Castle was, at that time, except to the adventurous grouse-shooter, almost an unknown building. No one could I find who had ever seen it, though many could "prate of its whereabout." Amongst the good folk of Aberdeen it seemed to be regarded as a sort of visionary fortress; for, though every one knew its name, no one appeared to believe in its existence.

"Pray, can you inform me," I asked, at the stable where I intended to hire a horse for the expedition, "whereabouts is Corgarff Castle?—for I am going up there to-morrow."

"Eh, sirs! but yon's a queer place! Ganging up to Corgarff, said ye? Why, it's a good seventy mile awa', man! I dinna ken vera muckle about it mysel', but I've heard tell it's awa' up in Stra'don somewhere."

I went to a party that night, and inquired of every gentleman of whom I had the slightest knowledge about Corgarff Castle; the reply was always the same. "I never was there, neither do I ken anybody wha kens aught about Corgarff, except the fact that it's away somewhere in Strathdon." I asked all the young ladies I danced with if they had ever heard of Corgarff; but not a person could I find who had an idea of what it was like. One young lady, however, came nearer the mark than any I had yet inquired of. She affirmed she had a friend who lived some twelve miles from it,—a beautiful girl, the daughter of a Colonel Something, whose highland residence was a perfect picture of a building, with turrets and towers, drawbridge and moat. She was confident she had heard her friend name Corgarff; but she doubted much if she had ever been at it.

The following morning, on reaching the stables, I found a little old bald shot of a hostler, who consented to tell me something a trifle more about my route and place of destination than I had yet been able to glean. He affirmed that he had seen a man who "lang syne" had caught a glimpse of the castle; but that it was hard to get at in winter. His friend had seen it "looming large, like an Indiaman in a fog;" it was hanging, as it were, on the side of a rocky mountain; but no one that he had ever known had been in it, or at it, since the time it was garrisoned by troops in the Forty-five, when bonnie Prince Charlie cocked his bonnet in Aberdeenshire. "Indeed," said he, "there was the Pretender's road, as it was called, which was cut at that identical time, from thence to Fort George, near Inverness, and the route was marked by long poles, which yet remained standing.

Alas!

> "How chances mock, and changes fill
> The cup of alteration."

'T was some ten or twelve years back when I sought Corgarff on this service. "The way was long; the wind was cold;" the road in some places was almost impassable, and in others there was no road at all. My horse's sides were furrowed with the spur-rowel, and my right arm was as sore as if I had been thrashing all day in a barn. The mountains environed me as I proceeded, and each chain of hills I surmounted seemed to shut me up for ever from the world; the sky was black-looking and awful; the snow came down with a driving wind, that absolutely excoriated my visage; the sharp and biting cold seemed to go through my chest; twice I was nearly lost in some kelpies' flow; thrice I had to re-thread my dubious route; not a living being did I meet for twenty miles at a stretch. My horse's knees were dilapidated, and the wounds ripped open by fresh genuflexions; and

> "Darkness settled lone and still
> On the smooth lake and mighty hill,"

when, with my steed in my hand, I reached the little inn of Glenbucket, still ten miles from Corgarff.*

I shall not, indeed easily forget that "ghastly ride"—the first time of making an excursion into the highlands "in winter and rough weather." The snow-storm had already commenced, as I left the "gude town of Aberdeen" early in the morning, and before I had proceeded a dozen miles, I had fairly lost my way. However, I held onwards, and threading my dubious route through the pine woods, and, nearly blinded by the storm, ran my horse's nose against a castellated mansion, called the House of Skene. Here I came to a halt, and roared lustily for somebody to direct me on my route; but no soul answering to the summons, I dismounted, and tying my steed to a large iron ring in the gateway of the court-yard, I commenced a game at snowballs with an immense bell which dangled above my head. Still its own dull sound was all I could obtain in reply to the endeavour at bringing myself into notice,

> "Like some lone Chartreux stood the good old hall,
> Silence without, and (apparently) fasts within its wall."

I rambled all about the building, putting a girdle round about it in something less than forty minutes, in the vain hope of discovering some out-door domestic, but not a creature could I see; though, from the old-world look of the place altogether, and the style of the grounds it stood in, I almost expected at every turn to see some daft companion—some David Gellatly, come capering and singing wild snatches of antique ballads along the avenues I was exploring. At some little distance from this cold-looking building I found the stables; but even there all was dreary and disconsolate. The stalls were untenanted, the dog-

* Now, however, (in the short space of time I have mentioned,) the roads are levelled, a stage-coach runs to the little inn at Glenbucket; and, I dare to say, many an English sportsman has heard the heath-cock whirr over the waste, and loitering beside the moss-covered walls of Corgarff, listened to the howling wind as it moaned along those barren hill-sides, where the very heather will scarcely grow.

kennel was empty, and the dovecote was deserted. At length, returning, I opened a door in the court-yard I had first entered, and made my way into what appeared the entrance to the servants'-hall, and so on into the kitchen. A peat-fire was alight, and an old and infirm pointer-dog, deaf as a post, roasting himself before it. He uttered a sort of sepulchral howl, or deep-mouthed sound, which he intended for a bark, as he assaulted my shins with his boneless gums; but, saving himself, the house seemed all deserted. "Poor house that keeps thyself," methought. The door was open leading to the lower rooms. Not to be rude, I called aloud,

"Ho! who 's here? If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage, take or lend. Ho! no answer? then I 'll enter."

A full-length portrait of a highland officer, in bygone uniform, hung opposite me in the first room I entered. He wore bonnet and trews; but the stripes of the tartan were large in pattern, and gave him more the look of a harlequin than a soldier, and the whole dress and accoutrements were curious-looking, and somewhat quaint, when contrasted with the more modern garb of our highland regiments of the present time. As no one was yet to be seen, I made bold to "hope I didn't intrude," and, opening another door, made my way into a sort of hall, well-furnished, and "hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows." Progressing onwards, I entered a goodly parlour; here, although still without living inhabitant, I beheld a breakfast spread out upon a table, as a Scotch breakfast, and a Scotch breakfast alone, is wont to be served. A roaring fire of billets blazed upon the hearth, and the kettle sung most melodiously before it. Half frozen, and my toes and finger-ends in a state of absolute torture, hungry as a hunter, too, the sight to me was delightful, but tantalizing. The clock upon the mantelpiece struck eight as I entered. The family (I conjectured) having not yet made their appearance, the breakfast waited; but, as it was not my cue to prompt them, in order that I might not be considered too intrusive, I retired by the way I came.

Once more in the court-yard of this apparently-enchanted castle, where everything seemed furnished without human hands, I was blessed by the sight of a door opening on the further side, and a small barelegged lassie, with a basket under her arm, making her appearance; the first glimpse, however, effectually put her to flight, and vanishing by the way she came, she fled like a lapwing. There was nothing for it but pursuit; dashing, therefore, at the door, I gave chase; she ran like a hare, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she was captured. "What 's yer wull?" was all I could elicit from her when I did succeed in catching her; and, to all my inquiries, she would only condescend to inform me of nothing more intelligible than that she was the "henwife's lassie;" but, where the henwife herself was I could not discover.

At length, to my especial relief, half-a-dozen more little ones made their appearance, with a full-grown female trudging after them. The little ones, like the wild urchin I had just arrested, retreated as soon as they caught sight of a stranger, crying out as they ran, "Eh, sirs! but here 's the muckle laird himsel' arrived!" took shelter behind the approaching female, whom I had hastened to meet. She greeted me as an expected guest before I had uttered a sentence.

"Yer servant, sir," she commenced. "Eh! but I did na expect ye this hour yet. However, all 's ready for the Colonel, and the lave o'

them. Eh! but it 's a rough morn ye ha' brought wi ye. I 've made a' ready, though I half expected an excuse."

I now found that a party of gentlemen (in whose hands the estate was held in trust) were to arrive on that morning on especial business; that the house was quite untenanted, although always kept in order, and frequently visited; and, as the party were expected at nine o'clock ("wind and weather permitting,") breakfast had been prepared by the housekeeper, who was apparently the sole inhabitant of the place.

"I was awa' down at the lodge," she said, "to get some nice eggs, thinking, maybe, I would meet the Colonel's man; and that 's why ye found no one in the way to answer to your call; but, come away, ben, and warm yersel'. As ye say ye ken the Colonel, he 'll be right glad to meet wi' ye. Corgarff! eh! but ye 'r na ganging to Corgarff in siccan a day as this is like to prove. Hout tout! ye 'll no gang awa' frae Skene without yer breakfast, any how. So, come awa' ben, put yer beast in yon shed, and I 'll gie him a sup o' het brose, puir fallow! Corgarff! ye 'll ne'er win Corgarff the day, I 'se wager."

In short, I re-entered this curious building. The good dame had meanwhile received a letter to say that, owing to the weather, her expected guests deferred their meeting till the next day; and, as I was a friend of the muckle laird's, she vowed she would herself bestow a breakfast upon me on this rough morning. Accordingly, I found myself quietly seated beside a glowing fire, in one of the most comfortable old-style apartments I ever was in, with a breakfast spread out that would have almost created an appetite under the ribs of death. The weather brightened as I supped my tea, and demolished the eggs; baps, baunches, and haddies were set before me; the snow-storm abated; the sun shone bright and joyous through the window which looked out upon the pleasure-garden; the trees glittered as though covered with diamonds, and I thought, with Burns, that man need ask no more

"Than just a highland welcome."

"But pleasures," says the same delightful poet,

"are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed:
Or, like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever."

Accordingly, the sudden retire of the bright sun, and re-commencement of the snow-storm, warned me that I had better leave the delightful haven I had got into, and make my way onwards, if I had any intention of reaching my destination. The wind howled again dismally around the house of Skene as I mounted, and set forth. The hospitable dame offered her parting instructions as kindly as she had offered her breakfast, and reiterated her hope again and again, that I would bide the night at Alford.

"Haud on till ye reach the lodge at the end of the avenue; tak a turn then to the left, gang forward till ye gat the main road; tak the right hand, and follow yer nose till ye reach the brig of Alford. Stay ye there, if ye be wise," she continued, bawling after me, with her gown drawn over her head, stay ye there the night. Gang on to Glenbucket the neist day, and tak Corgarff the day after, unless ye want to get yersel' washed away in the Don.

"She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would'st be found deep-drown'd in Doon,"

thought I, and following her instructions, after some difficulty, spite of wind, and snow, and rain, I managed to skate my horse onwards, and reached the bridge of Alford without further adventure. The inn stood on the other side of the bridge; and here I proposed baiting my horse, and staying an hour. The weather had not improved; what with snow, and sleet, and rain, I was powdered from top to toe, and sheathed in armour, like Hamlet's ghost. Eye-brows, whiskers, and eye-lashes, were blanched, and the shell upon my body gave me the appearance of an armadillo. Taking care to see the best part of my horse's feed down his throat, I entered the inn's best room; it was cold-looking and dirty; with no appearance of comfort; not even a wood fire; and, contrasted with the breakfast-parlour at Skene, it made me melancholy and miserable to contemplate; so I e'en betook me to the kitchen-fire, and, begging a portion of the dry and tasteless beefsteak the landlord was endeavouring to get his teeth into, together with some delicious bannocks and honey, I filled my pocket-pistol with whiskey, and again took the road. The very hostler shrunk into the house, and gladly closed the door against the storm as soon as he received his guerdon, and I spurred onwards. I shall never forget the dreary look of the country before me. The road wound at times round the base of barren rocks apparently; occasionally a desolate plantation of firs hung on either hand; and then dreary and white-looking hills lay before me, which seemed as though there was no end to their interminable wilds. Sometimes the snow fell so fast that (as Falstaff has it) "thou could'st not see thy hand;" then again the sun peeped through, and the way was more perceptible.

My steed was also occasionally wading up to his knees, and snorting with alarm. More than once we fell head over heels together. Twice or thrice we stuck fast in deep ruts, and were brought to a stand-still for some minutes, and then we floundered forwards again; and thus we fought our way onwards for some hours. It was a business of life and death; both my spurs were hanging under my heels, and my riding-whip was half demolished. Luckily, the beast was strong, and tolerably well-bred, for the fatigue of the journey was immense. At last we came quite to a stand-still, and were completely puzzled. Very uncomfortable reflections suggested themselves. I sat down in the snow; the beast stood, knee-deep, beside me; and, in order to rest him, and consider the best course to pursue, I determined to smoke a pipe over it, and accordingly struck a light, and ignited a cigar. There is nothing like a cigar, after all,—"solace of the wounded heart," as some author somewhere says:—

"Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labours and the Turkman's rest."

"Give me a cigar." Before I had smoked it half through, I felt warm and comfortable, all except my toes, fingers, and nose. I even began to think the situation was romantic, and chanted Amien's song,—

"Here shall you see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

When I arose, I forgot which was the front and which the rear.

However, remembering that the wind had been in my teeth, I set my face against it. Luckily there was a lull in the storm; all looked white and drear; the chances seemed against us both; we had missed the road. It was a tombstone-looking spot,—hills upon hills were before us,—not a cot, not a hut, not a sheep, not even a bird was to be observed. At length, however, I spied a something not quite so white as the rest of the world:—it looked like a bridge,—nay, it was a bridge. After toiling over precarious ground for half an hour, we won it, and once more gained the road; though, indeed, it was easier far to regain it, (thus pointed out by the bridge,) than to keep it, where all was becoming confounded in one white winding-sheet.

The snow had now, in many places, drifted, and the way was more difficult every step. I knew full well that to be benighted in a snow-drift in this waste was to perish. I had nothing on but my regimental frock; for my portmanteau was to follow some time after. The cold was intense. I lighted a second Havannah, and looked into the Siberian region before me, then behind, then on either hand—all was desolate and dismal—nothing but hills. I seemed to have got into the devil's punch-bowl. The sky, too, seemed to have a bilious and ill-tempered look. "Yond' same cloud" (as Trinculo says) could not choose but fall by pailfuls. There was neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather. However, I felt more hurt and chagrined at having left the gay and festive scenes in the good Town than at my present condition. "To-night," I thought, as I puffed out volumes of wreathed smoke from my Havannah, "to-night is an assembly night, and, 'woe the while,' here I am buffeting about, miles and miles away, and quadrilling it with my four-footed partner in a snow-wreath. And here we are again, fast as a church, and up to the saddle-girths. Dance, quotha!—it will be a dance of death, I 'm thinking. However, it 's of no use to give it in:—let 's try eight bars more. Come, let me see thee caper," I said, laying on with all my might.—"Higher—ha, higher!—Excellent!"

We were through the difficulty; ere long we were fast again; then came more floundering, more bastinadoing, and more melancholy thoughts at having to leave the most delightful quarter in the world, for such a detachment, and such a region. So many quadrilles as I intended to have figured in—so many charming partners, too, and the one more charming than the rest!—

"And oh! if e'er I do forget, I swear—
 But that 's impossible, and cannot be.
Sooner shall this bleak mountain melt to air—
 Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I forget thine image, oh, my fair,
 Or think of anything excepting thee."

It was now a labour of some time to gain twenty yards to the front. I thought of abandoning my horse, and dismounting, fought all on foot, driving him before me for some time. Still we fought for very life through the deep road. We were now rounding the base of a hill, the night came down sudden and dark, and, as I foresaw, the snow again began a fearful cannonade, stinging my visage like so many sharp bodkins.

"Foundations fly the wretched," as Imogen has it. My horse hung back obstinately; he appeared knocked up. I took a pull at my

whisky-flask, and began to bawl aloud, "What ho! Signior Brabantio, ho!" No one answered but the bog-bittern. I got again in rear of my steed, and let fly a thundering bastinado on his crupper, for I was now determined not to part company. I remembered to have heard of killing a horse, and getting inside him, on such an occasion. The idea was not a bad one. I had my rapier with me; and, if all else failed, why not perform the Cæsarean operation?

I thought I heard the bark of a dog come down the wind — it grew plainer and plainer; a twinkling light threw its beams from afar—it was like a ray of hope. I led my jaded beast towards it—we had won the inn at Glenbucket.

The inn at Glenbucket, like the establishment at the Clachan of Aberfoil, had its guests, although there was no wand stuck up at the door to warn off travellers from the only house of entertainment (as Bailie Nicol Jarvie had it) for miles around. The apartment I made my way into, too, like the one at Aberfoil, had its sleepers and its revellers at the same time,—closets, like the berths in a steam-boat, being cut in the walls, which were occupied at the same moment that three or four persons were enjoying themselves at a table in the midst. Two of them were armed to the teeth, but there all similitude to Aberfoil ended; for there was neither a Galbraith, with "more brandy than brains in his head,"—a Highland militiaman, with trews and singed pladdie,—nor a shock-headed Dougald Creature, in kilt, targe, and claymore. The armed men wore blue, with black belt, cutlass, pistols, and fusee. They were sailors belonging to a cutter, and stationed amongst the hills for the same purpose that I myself had wandered so far, namely, to look after the smugglers and all their works. Mine hostess and family were also of the party, and the assemblage were at that moment about to commence their tea— "delightful task." There could be nothing more fragrant than the odour of that herb to the nostrils of a man cold as an icicle, and wearied with travel. Ever while you live remember to call for tea at a Highland inn; it is a perfect feast. There was bread and bannocks, eggs and findon haddies, mutton-collops, marmalade, black-currant jelly, and a dozen things beside. "But more than this, than these, than all," there was another "Highland welcome."

It might reasonably have been supposed that, having undergone this inclement ride, I should now be delighted to take mine ease in mine inn; but no—I felt restless and miserable. The party had dispersed, and I sat alone watching the glowing embers on the hearth. Distant scenes were brought to my recollection, and, as I mused on past times, I grew more discontented with my present situation. Now and then came a prolonged snore from the sleepers in the closets; bitter thoughts intruded; I philosophized upon life. What was it, after all, but (as some man somewhere says) a stone shied into a horsepond? There was a terrible run upon the cigars that evening, and yet I could not get mine own content. Why had I been thus sent to eat the bitter bread of banishment at Corgarff? "'Tis the curse of service," I again philosophized aloud; "preferment goes by letter and affection." Like all young soldiers, I thought myself aggrieved at what I ought to have rejoiced at. "I shall never look upon my northern friends again," said I, mournfully; and, having satisfactorily made up my mind to believe so, I arose, and went to look upon my horse.

The snow-storm had ceased, the sky had somewhat brightened, and the frost was more intense. I felt I could never, in my present frame of mind, remain where I was. "Corgarff!" I said, once more philosophizing, "I'll find thee out this night." I fell in with one of the armed sailors in the stable, and we made a bargain to try and reach the castle together. At last I found a man who knew where to put his hand upon Corgarff.

"Hire yon shelt," said the man, "if ye'r wise; for we'll ha'e a tussle for 't ere we win through."

My new comrade was a hard-favoured, rough-looking fellow, broad-shouldered, square-built, and strong-jointed, with his pistols in his belt, hanger by his side, and short black stump of a pipe in his mouth. He was no bad representative of Dirk Hatteraik, or, at least, one of "der fine fellows" composing the crew of his lugger. He strode manfully on for some distance, and I followed after upon the shelt. It soon, however, became necessary even for him to slacken his pace, as the depth of the snow made the road in some places impassable. Thus we held onwards for some hours, till I began to be suspicious that Corgarff was either indeed the visionary fortress it had hitherto appeared, or that it must be retreating before our laboured advance, or, what was more probable than either, that my guide had overrated his knowledge of its whereabout, and lost his way. I was the more convinced this was the case, from his now frequently coming to a halt, taking off his hat, scratching his knowledge-box, and staring into the unpicturesque landscape around, falling to such perusal of its features as if he meant to draw them. Accordingly, I thought it best to have an explanation at once.

"My friend," said I, "you're cast away, I find. You've been making several tacks lately; but you don't seem to regain your course. Another such treacherous foundation as you led me into just now, and you'll make shipwreck of the expedition altogether."

"Why, yes," he answered, "I do find myself rather puzzled here, I acknowledge. The snow coming down again has misled me. However, though I don't exactly know where I am, I'll take my davy we can't be far from Toumantoul,—that I'll swear to, anyhow."

"Come, my man," I said, "light up your dudeen, take a pull at my whisky-flask, and move forwards again. It's no use remaining stationary: we shall take root here where we stand, if you don't resolve on something soon."

"I'm thinking," said the sailor, "now the snow is abating, "that I begin to ken something more of the part of the country we're in. If I'm not very much deceived, there's a hut on the side of yon rise; but the snow prevents me from being quite certain at this distance."

"Now, Heaven be praised for it!" I exclaimed; "let us have at it *instanter*. As friend Sancho says, 'He that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil eschew, his folly deserveth to rue.'"

Spurring my pony impetuously forwards in the direction he pointed, in a few minutes he floundered forwards, and sunk up to his middle in a "slough of despond," it was in vain to try and deliver him from it with all our efforts. As for me, "most provident in peril," I threw myself off as he rolled into the mire, though not in time to prevent being glued up to the middle in a mud-bath, from which my friend and guide was fain almost to lug me out by the ears. The steed being thus stabled in a half-frozen morass, the sailor proposed making the best of his way

to the cottage, which he now was confident he could see, to procure assistance, whilst I remained where I was.

I cannot say that I ever felt perfect solitude till that moment. Zimmerman could have no idea of it. A gloomy feeling enveloped my mind, and a thick coating of half-frozen mud my body. Without stopping to say good-b'ye, my only friend had turned his back upon me, and left me in this unpleasant dilemma. I felt inclined to despair. What if my guide, finding the difficulties of the situation beginning to accumulate, and not finding the hut, had resolved (very wisely) to leave me to my fate? Every minute seemed an hour; I was so perfectly chilled, that I could not walk a step further.

The snow, as if to add to my misery, began to increase in fury, sounding in the wind as if hissing me to scorn. Even the pony, who was blowing like an otter only a few yards from me, was now hidden from my view. My flasket had, like myself, become a body without a soul almost, and I felt perplexed in the extreme. I began to call aloud. Was that the howl of the wolf, or the cry of the hill-fox? To my relief, it was neither;—'twas the halloo of my sometime comrade.

Two sturdy Highlanders drew out the shelt with ropes, and, being assisted on his back, we breasted the hill, and were in a few minutes withinside the hut. Here we procured some of the mountain-dew, which brought the tears into our eyes, and warmth into our hearts. The turf fire was alight; some bannocks made a grateful supper; and one of the Highlanders offering to guide us to Corgarff, which, he affirmed, was not above a mile distant, we started again with renewed spirits and fresh energy, and, after a rapid walk of some minutes, began to ascend a small hill.

"There's the castle," said the Highlander, slapping his hand upon a white mass, almost indistinct in the pelting snow and murky night.

"Where, where, I prithee, where?" I exclaimed, in my eagerness to behold the long-sought fortress.

The rattling sound of a musket and fixed bayonet brought to the port, and the challenge of a sentinel, on the other side of the loop-holed wall, instantly proclaimed its whereabout.

"Who comes there?" shouted the sentinel within the walls.

"'Friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane.'"

"Serjeant of the guard!" roared the sentinel, "here's the officer from Aberdeen."

The word passed from sentinel to sentinel, the clash and clatter of armed men rushing out of the guard-room was heard on the other side of the building. We progressed round to the front. The ponderous gate was unlocked, and swung open; the door closed upon us as we entered; three turns, like the twist of a turnkey, secured it behind our backs, and we were at last within the castle of Corgarff.

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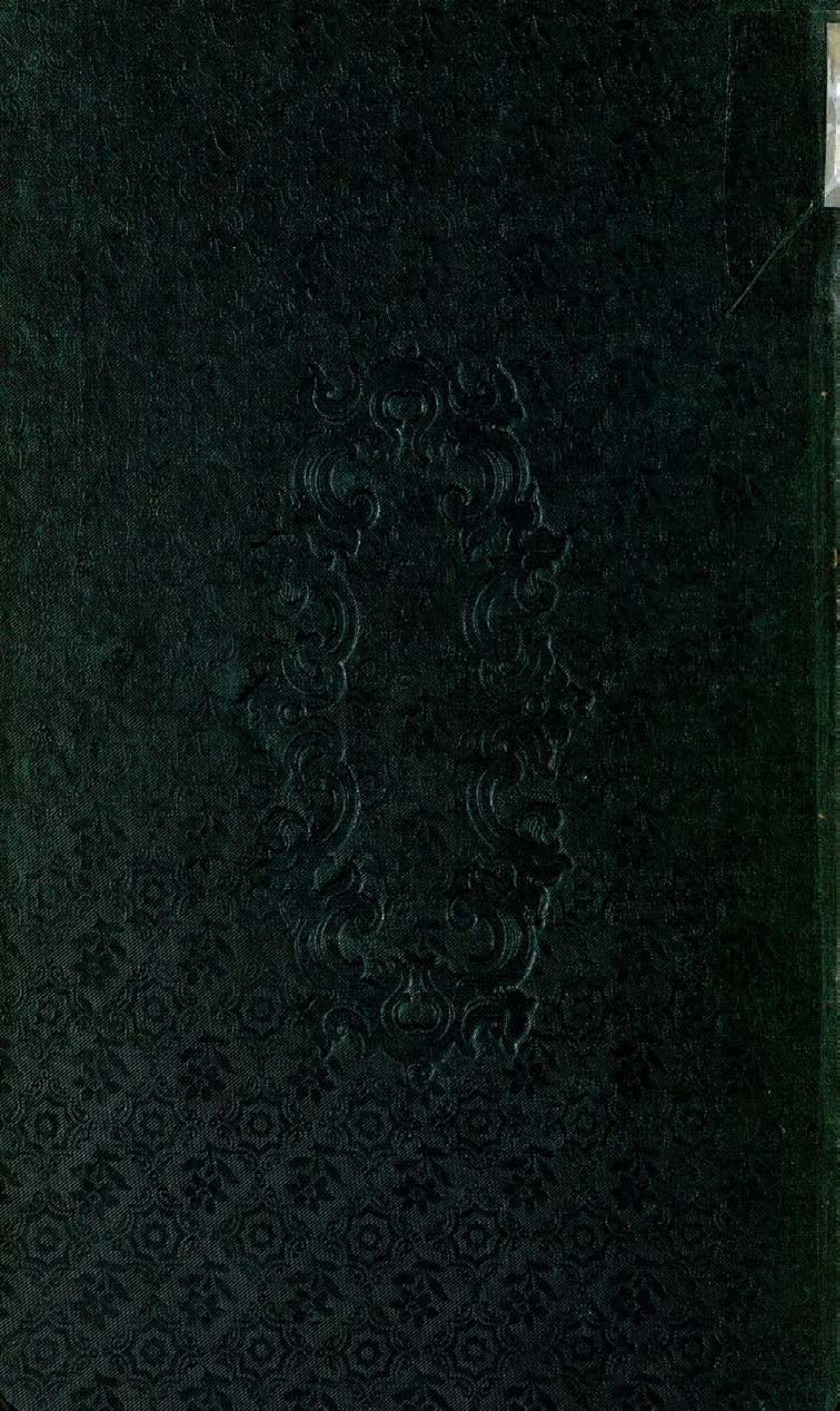
LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND J. BENTLEY, WILSON, AND FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.



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